# GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMPORT YE, COMPORT YE MY PROPLE, 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 EYER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE HIRRNAL-

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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.

# THE POWER AND PRECIOUSNESS OF FAITH.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—Heb.xi.13.

We seldom, if ever, stood in the pulpit under more deeply solemn feelings than we did last evening. As expressed under the heading "Visits to the Brethren," in the present number, upon the occasion of our last visit to Manchester, we came to preach the funeral sermon of the late beloved and lamented Rector of Openshaw, the Rev. William Parks. Upon the evening of the same day, and on the Wednesday evening following, we occupied, at his very urgent request, the pulpit of the late Rev. F. Whylock Davis. It was the last time we met. The Lord, some time afterwards, laid His afflictive hand upon our dear brother, and, after a long and painful illness, took him to Himself. And we went to the pulpit last evening under the deepest conviction that this was our last visit to Manchester, and that, as far as this place was concerned, it would be our final humble testimony for God and truth.

But there were other reasons on account of which we entered the pulpit of St. Thomas's, under deeply solemnized feelings, and which have served to bring the portion at the head of this page to our remembrance. It was the fact that the incumbent of the church was the son of the late ever-to-be-remembered and revered Rev. William Nunn, for twenty-three years the God-honoured minister

of St. Clement's, Manchester.

When we were engaged in a large and anxious business in the very heart of the city of London, in premises then occupying part of the site whereon is now erected the Aldersgate Station of the underground railway, in the good providence of God, the Memoir of the late Mr. Nunn came into our hands to print. Never shall we forget the sacred emotions enkindled in our heart during the time that blessed God-glorifying Memoir was passing through the press. It served to stir up feelings and awaken desires, in regard to the all-important work of the ministry, which had even before for so

many years been laid upon our mind. It helped us to hope and believe that there was, to say the least, a bare possibility that the same Almighty One who delivered the subject of that Memoir from the trammels and the turmoil of business life would, in His own good time and way, deliver us also. Notwithstanding, there were times and seasons when we have paced our then large premises with the word of the Lord as a fire in our bones, longing to give utterance to what was passing within, under the hope that such utterance would relieve; at the same time believing that it would verily require as almighty an arm to deliver us from our business thraldom as it did require to deliver Israel out of Egypt. This was the simple conviction of our mind, vivid to our recollection to this day. "Is there anything too hard for the lord?" was the momentous question—faith's mighty challenge—when to be answered, and how proved, we felt—and that most deeply too—God Himself only knew.

The observer, then, and the admirer of God's gracious leadings and tender, loving, providental interpositions and deliverances will readily understand somewhat of our state of mind when, years after the time and circumstances of which we have spoken, we found ourselves standing in the identical pulpit of St. Clement's, so long and so honourably filled by that eminent and blessed servant of God, whose memory (although we never personally saw or heard him) has been so long enshrined in our immost heart. Oh, it was a sacred—a most solemn—time indeed; in which one could but mentally exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" "This is the Lord's doings; and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Whilst yet occupying the premises before referred to, and still immersed in business care and perplexity, it fell to our lot to have to go to the office of the Blue Coat School, Newgate Street, with the presentation paper for the admission of one of the sons of the beloved departed Mr. Nunn. A presentation to Christ's Hospital is, or was, considered as good as a gift of £500. Well, therefore, do we to this day remember the sacred feelings which possessed our mind as we went upon what we deemed a sacred mission, ratifying and confirming, as we felt it did, the truth of the testimony, "These all died in faith." That dear servant of God did die in faith, as we shall have presently to show. Nor less sacred were our emotions when we went to meet the dear youth himself, on whose behalf the presentation had been given, upon his arrival in London, en route to the Christ Church kindred establishment at Hartford.

The reader will be able, in some little measure, to enter into our feelings when—two-and-thirty years afterwards—that self-same youth, after pursuing an honourable course through the school in question, and then followed by a successful and equally honourable course at St. John's, Cambridge, first conducts us through his schools \*—some of the first, if not the very first, in Manchester—and then invited us to occupy the pulpit of his church hard by.

<sup>\*</sup> God willing, small illustrations of these schools and the church will be given in Old Jonathan for 1

A day or so before, whilst being driven to the station, a dear friend pointed out the tomb of the deceased Mr. Nunn; and as we contemplated that tomb, and as we reflect upon the past career and the present position of the incumbent of the populous parish of St. Thomas's, we can but mentally exclaim, "These all died in faith."

Upon our last visit to Liverpool, and just as we had left the dear friend's house where we were staying, to go to a certain church to preach, we were recognized and saluted by one of the late Mr. Nunn's former hearers. As we walked towards the church, his late much-loved pastor and his God-honouring faith became the topic of conversation. "My God," said Mr. Nunn, on one occasion when speaking to our informant, "has supplied all my need, and," he added, "I am sure He will continue to do so, not only for me, but for mine after me." Said we to ourselves, "That's the very portion we are just going to preach from, 'My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.'"

"These all died in faith."

Do not the circumstances already named, dear reader, testify to the fact that the Lord has honoured the faith which He thus gave?

Upon another occasion, a beloved member of the late Mr. Nunn's congregation told us that he and others once waited upon their pastor, and asked him to allow them to insure his life, apprizing him at the same time that they would undertake to pay the yearly premium. "What!" was his memorable reply, "do you think I am going to play a game of chance with God Almighty?"

"These all died in faith."

Those who are familiar with the Memoir of the beloved departed will remember that the Lord so graciously recognized and honoured the faith He had thus given, that within three months of Mr. Nunn's death, so greatly was he beloved and respected, the sum of nearly

£3,000 was subscribed for his widow and fatherless ones.

By the way, this reminds us, at the moment of writing, of a still more recent illustration of the power and preciousness of faith. The late Rev. Mr. Vince, of Birmingham, who was lately called away in the prime of life and in the vigour of manhood, was for a time the subject of great anxiety and deep depression as he contemplated his failing strength, the progress of disease, and the prospect of his wife being so soon left a widow, and his seven children fatherless. passing a sleepless night, and pacing to and fro his chamber in great anguish of spirit, he at day-dawn at length drew up the blind. first object that met his gaze was a little sparrow helping itself to its morning meal. "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father" was brought to his mind. have been informed that from that moment Mr. VINCE had no more concern about either wife or children. Scarcely had he been

laid a week in his grave, ere some £5,000 was subscribed for his bereaved ones!

"These all died in faith."

Ah, dear reader, depend upon it, our God is all-worthy of trust. He will never forget His promises. He will never fail in the fulfilment of His word. He will never forsake the work of His own hands. He will never deny, disown, or dishonour the faith He gives. Never, no, never!

"The Lord will provide,
Not in my way,
Not in your way,
But in His own way,
The Lord will provide."

"These all died in faith."

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

Our God is not confined to times nor seasons; neither is He limited to the little lives of His children—the mere span of time during which they sojourn here. Oh, no, in that "eternal now" in which the Lord Jehovah ever lives, He, so to speak, spreads His mercies and deals out His benefits according as He sees the special requirements of His poor and needy ones present themselves. The members of His own vast family are regarded by Him, in all their different ages, stages, and circumstances. They occupy, as it were, different departments in the one vast area which lies open to His omniscient eye. He places them here, disposes of them there, or takes them over the little brook, the Jordan, or calls them behind the veil or the curtain that divides time from eternity—this world and the next; still He sees all His children—cares for all His children—loves and delights in all His children, just as may be feebly and most imperfectly reflected by the head of some vast establishment contemplating, from some elevated position, the movements of pupils, students, or artisans engaged in their several departments, separated or intersected as those departments may be, in which the occupants cannot overlook or see each other, but who are, nevertheless, under the eye and the scrutiny and the direction of him who has the superintendence and the control

"These all died in faith."

of all.

Moreover, we have been thinking lately of what must be the emotions of the redeemed and glorified, if they have knowledge or cognizance of earth, when they see answers sent forth to petitions which they had presented here below, when they were among the weeping and the sorrowing sons and daughters of a fallen head, and which petitions had been long registered in the court of heaven—filed in glory—to be answered when the poor applicant—the ardent wrestler—shall himself or herself be among the rapturous throng. Oh eader, will you deem it extravagant, or can we think it vain our riptural, that many a once all but heart-broken

mother, and many an equally anxious father, who has gone out of life without personally beholding the objects of their intense solicitude brought as yet to a saving knowledge of their Lord and their God have at length, in the land of light and love and liberty above and beyond, realized rapturously and joyously the great fact in regard to the very objects of their former agonized entreaties and soul travail, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth"?

"These all died in faith."

The regularly appointed lesson for last evening's service was Acts xx., from the 17th verse. We had not the least recollection whatever, when we took the 22nd to the 24th verses as our subject, that the latter verse is that which is inscribed upon the tablet to the memory of the late Mr. Nunn: "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

We thought it remarkable that, in the providence of God, such a portion should be brought before us for such an occasion; but we were additionally impressed when subsequently apprized of the fact

that so sacred a testimony stands where and as it does.

"These all died in faith."

We were greatly pleased to hear that just prior to the late Mrs. NUNN's departure, and after the power of articulation had left her, she was informed of the appointment of her son to his present most important sphere of labour. So that she, ere she was called hence, had another significant proof of divine faithfulness in confirmation of the faith and hope in which her beloved husband had departed. And he has already done good and laudable service in the noble schools he has erected, where some 900 children are in daily attendance, and are under Scriptural instruction. As a member, moreover, of the School Board, he has been a most strengous advocate for and defender of the Bible as an essential and indispensable feature in our school He himself takes a leading part in the religious instruction in his own schools, apart from day and Sunday, the teachers', and other classes over which he personally presides. So that in these important respects he is, we rejoice to think, following in the footsteps of his sainted father.

In regard, however, to the services of the church, we must be faithful in taking exceptions. Although a newly-appointed incumbent may find certain things, and, because he finds them, may be loth to alter them, yet in these most critical times—and when even a feather's flight is regarded as a sign which way the wind blows—we would unhesitatingly dispense with surpliced choirs and chanting the Psalms. Last night's, we believe, was quite an exceptional things; but, fond as we are of singing, if those who had the selection of an anthem for the occasion had sought out an additional well-known hymn to be sung to one of our good old tunes, of sweet, blessed, and reviving

association, they would have spared the preacher much of the sadness with which he listened and saw, and, instrumentally, would have sent him to the pulpit with a lighter heart. These vain, flighty, and superficial practices will not bear that ministerial review which the Apostle was taking, in our subject for the evening, neither will it bear a sickbed and dying hour's searching of heart and test of faithfulness in the dealing with immortal souls.

We cannot, however, close this article without gratefully acknowledging the kind manner in which our dear young ministerial brother offered his church for our use for the purpose of pleading for funds for a new church in Upper Openshaw; neither can we forget the warm-hearted way in which, at parting, he expressed a hope that he

should again see us in his pulpit.

And most sincerely and heartily do we pray that the blessing of the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob may rest upon him and his three beloved sisters, who were present on the occasion; and that the mantle of the revered and sainted father may fall upon the son, so that, when he shall be called to render an account of his stewardship, he, like his father before him, may be enabled, on the one hand, to say, as in the presence of a heart-searching God, "I have kept back nothing that was profitable" (profitable, not palatable, reader), and, on the other hand, "I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God;" and that he likewise may joyfully hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

God, of His great mercy, grant it, for Christ's sake. Amen and amen.

Manchester, February 4, 1875.

THE EDITOR.

### FRUITS NEW AND OLD.

"Let my Beloved come into His garden, and eat His pleasant fruits . . . fruits new and old . . . laid up for Thee, O my Beloved."—CANTICLES.

SAVIOUR! Thy promise is, that they
Who love and serve Thee here—
Like trees, the waterbrooks beside—
In verdure shall appear.

Oh, then, revive Thy work in me;
Breathe holy influence round,
That I may also fruitful be
Within Thy vineyard found.

I am a barren branch indeed, Unless heaven's dews descend To permeate the hidden seed, And make it upward tend.

But in Thy chosen garden, Lord,
Some goodly trees I see
Laden with fruit (faith's dear reward)
To be laid up for Thee.

Others with beauteous blossom rare, Are shedding sweet perfume: And Thou wilt gather also there

Rich fruit when Thou shalt come.

Visit Thy garden, Saviour, now, Pour down the latter rain; And oh! regard one little bough That needs it so, again.

The sunshine of Thy presence send,
To make me holier grow;
Let faith and love both sweetly blend,
Thine image bright to show.

For I would glorify Thee too,
Stunted although I be;
And love can make my graces flow,
And bring forth fruit to Thee.

DAISY.

# Mayside Notes.

### THE TWO NATURES AND THEIR WARFARE.

"Thy people Israel, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart."

—1 Kings viii. 38.

Bur there are many in the present day professing to be Christians who seem to know nothing of "the plague of their own hearts." They say, "We have done with all that sort of thing. Ours is a higher life, and we live in a state of sinless perfection and holiness which, if you would only exercise faith, you could attain unto." Now, is this real or is it false? "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." We have no wish to rake up the corruptions of the heart; but when we hear of perfection in others and find it not in ourselves, when we are told of Christians no longer considering themselves sinners, these things become a stumblingblock to those of us who are obliged to cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner;" and therefore it behoves us to test the matter by God's Word. The Bereans searched the Scriptures daily to see whether those things were so. Let us do likewise. And, probably, the best plan will be for us to do so under the enquiry, "When did Christians attain to this state of holiness through faith of which we hear so much in the present day; or, When did the language of our passage cease to be true,

know every one of them the plague of their own hearts'?"

If we go back to the patriarchal age, and take a few of the Old Testament saints mentioned in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, we shall certainly find that not one of them presumed to have arrived at a state of sinless perfection; they one and all knew "the plague of their own hearts." For instance, Noah, of whom the Lord said, "Thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." Did he, therefore, know nothing of "the plague of his own heart?" Let the following reply to the query: "And Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine and was drunken," &c. Ah, and this, too, years after the wonderful preservation of himself and family in the ark. Again, Abraham must have felt the old nature in connection with his unhallowed intercourse with the Egyptian handmaiden, who, afterwards, at the bidding of his wife, he had cast out. Isaac, too. Could he boast of purity of life and freedom from sin? Read evidence to the contrary: "And Isaac dwelt in Gera, and the men of the place asked him of his wife, and he said, She is my sister;" a deceit which caused Abimelech to severely reprove him as having brought upon him a great sin, and done deeds that ought not to be done. Jacob also, so specially blessed of the Lord, with a feeling sense of sin within, exclaimed, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and all the truth which Thou hast shewed unto Thy servant." And how truthful his acknowledgment to Pharaoh upon a review of his chequered life: "And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou? And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." There was no acknowledgment on his part of having attained to a sinless perfection. His days had been "few and evil." Again, Moses. True, he chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;"

but did he cease from sinning while on earth? How about his slaying an Egyptian, and "fearing that the thing was known?" It may be said, he was but a young man then. Take him, then, in riper years, when he refused to go at the call of the Lord, so that the anger of the Lord was kindled against him. And why was he not personally to have his desire satisfied, that he might go into the land of promise? "Because ye have trespassed against me in the wilderness of Zin, and ye sanctified me not in the midst of the children of Israel, ye shall not see the land, saith the Lord." Oh, methinks he must have received this declaration with a sigh, and have felt what a plague his heart had been to him all his days. It is equally clear, also, that the children of Israel, of whom he was the leader in the wilderness, could not put in their claim to sinless perfection. Says the Lord, "Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, It is a people that do err in their hearts, and they have not known my ways."

We shall look, then, into the patriarchal age in vain for evidence of the sinless state to which we are referring. One and all of them knew the plague of their own hearts." And shall we find a better state of things in the prophetical age? To the testimony of the Word again. Could David lay claim to this purity and holiness of life? What about the sin concerning which Nathan said to David, "Thou art the man," and in connection with which the Lord said, "I anointed thee king over Israel, but thou hast despised the commandment of the Lord, to do evil in His sight"? Read again his own testimony concerning himself years after this: "Innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of my head: therefore my heart faileth me." Elsewhere acknowledging, "So foolish and ignorant was I, I was as a beast before Thee." David certainly could make no claim to creature holiness, and was obliged to confess, "For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning." Further, read Isaiah's description of the old nature: "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores."

Jeremiah, too, drank deeply into this conflict between the two natures, and declared that the Lord had "pulled him in pieces." Mark the expression, beloved. Do you know what it is to be thus "pulled in pieces"? Rather different such experience to the holy serenity to which we are bidden to aspire in these days. More might be added, but these instances are sufficient to show us that we shall look in vain into the prophetical age for anything like sinless perfection. And shall we find things any better in the apostolic age? What says the Apostle Paul? "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. wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And be it observed that he was no babe in grace when he said

so, but that it was the declaration of a matured experience.

Peter, too, was compelled, from a full knowledge of the plague of his own heart, to testify to the same when, after denying his Lord," he went out and wept bitterly." But, then, to come to the "Gospel dispensation," a favourite expression in the present day, and which includes our own age, when by Scriptural authority was this doctrine of the perfectionists introduced? Certainly it is not a doctrine of the Established Church, or the faithful members of it would not be constantly uttering, "O holy,

blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners." Are they wrong in thus appealing to God? Most certainly not. It may be said. "But that prayer is put up by the unregenerate." This cannot be; for it is added, "Spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood." Or, to refer to another expression used Sabbath after Sabbath in the churches of our land, "O Lord, keep us this day without sin." Is this wrong for a child of God to desire? Certainly not; and that man who says he can render perfect service and pure worship to God is not conscious of "the plague of his own heart." Let him be under some home pressure or trial when he goes into the courts of the Lord, and I think he will find it difficult to keep the circumstances and care of that pressure from his heart and mind, and "sin will become mixed with his most holy things." But even supposing that he has no particular pressure, can he, surrounded by his fellow-creatures, keep his thoughts from wandering from pew to pew, and mixing up worldly things with his worship? If he can, he must be an angel, rather than flesh and blood, or have arrived at a state of experience far beyond we ordinary mortals. But it is a solemn mockery to assume anything of the kind, and it is far better to acknowledge at once that we are poor erring creatures, and that it is only as the Spirit works that we can attain to anything of a spiritual character, and that even then the old Adam nature is ever the same, and that

"When from an humble mind
To God I pour my prayer,
I look into my heart and find
That pride will still be there."

But, to bring the matter nearer home, take any of the divines. Look, for instance, at the language of Bishop Beveridge to the point: "I do not only betray the inbred venom of my heart by poisoning my inward actions, but even my most religious performances, with sin; I cannot pray but I sin. I cannot hear or even preach a sermon but I sin. I cannot give alms or receive the sacrament but I sin. Nay, I cannot so much as confess my sins but my very confessions are still aggravations of them. My repentance needs to be repented of, my tears want washing, and the very washing of my tears need still to be washed over again with the blood of my Redeemer. Thus, not only the worst of my sins, but even the best of my duties, speak me a child of Adam." Ah, this is a creature-humbling testimony which is ignored by the school of perfectionists to which we are referring; but every child of God who knows "the plague of his own heart" feels it to be too true.

Mark, again, the evidence to the point of the immortal Toplady, a man who, like the beloved John, lived closer to his Lord than many of his fellows. He says, "The remaining corruptions of a regenerate heart dim the prospect of salvation, and damp the fervour of inherent grace."

Again, the ever-blessed Hawker writes: "The indwelling sin in our poor corrupt and fallen bodies, after all our scraping within and without, plainly shows that, like the ivy in the wall, the root is in the heart of the building, and until the wall falls down together there will be many buddings of it."

Hart testifies also that, after experiencing what he calls a re-conversion, he was infested with thoughts of such a character that they cannot be spoken or so much as hinted at; and so fearful was he of these intruding visitants that he adds, "I feel myself now as poor, as weak, as helpless, as dependent as ever; but now my weakness is my greatest strength. I

now rejoice, though I rejoice with trembling." It was such feelings, doubtless, which made him write—

"What tongue can fully tell
That Christian's grievous load
Who would do all things well,
And walk the ways of God;
But feels within
Foul envy lurk,
And lust, and work,
Engend'ring sin?"

We have thus seen that the invariable testimony of the Lord's living people, in the patriarchal, prophetical, apostolical, and Gospel ages, is averse to this idea of an attained holiness through faith. Not one of them pretend to anything of the kind, but all put their seal to the truth of our passage: The children of Israel shall know, every one of them, the plague of their own hearts. To what other conclusion, then, can we come than that it is a new-fangled notion of these last days, not merely to be received with caution, but rejected as a delusion, contrary to the word and testimony of the Scriptures, and to the experience of the Lord's dear

people?

And then we are told that this perfect holiness and deliverance from "the plague of our own hearts" is to be obtained "through faith." As far as the writer feels about faith, it would be comparatively little that he would obtain if it depended upon the exercise of his faith. The Lord in mercy gives him far beyond this. I know great things are promised to great faith, but, then, great faith must be given by the Spirit of God, and we little faith ones would gain but little indeed if the Lord only gave in proportion to the measure of our faith. That He honours the faith of His own giving is certain, as in the case of Mr. Müller with his thousands of orphans; but his case is an exception, ordered by the Lord for a special With most of us the Lord supplies our personal needs beyond our faith; nay, we are constantly fearing that the barrel of meal will fail, and the cruse of oil run out, while He gives, as a Sovereign, gifts measured by His sovereignty and not cribbed by our faith. "But, then," it would be said by the school of religionists to which we have referred, "you should exercise more faith." You might as well bid the sun to stand still. The exercise of faith, as we have said before, is of the Spirit of God, and He gives severally to every one in Christ Jesus as He will.

Now, the very corruptions of this new nature, which we have enlarged upon to prove how vain it is to look for creature holiness, show us the necessity of a pure and holy life that we cannot find in ourselves. "The way of the Lord is an undefiled way," and His work an undefiled work; therefore we are pointed at once to that life which is described in the Word as a new creation, a spiritual resurrection, the inward man, and a becoming a partaker of the divine nature, and concerning which it is

written, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin."

The old nature is not born of God; nay, "in sin did my mother conceive me." And the distinction between these two natures is clearly drawn by our Lord Himself: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" and wherever there are these two natures manifested there will be warfare. And it is as Hart says, concerning him who has received this life, and who has been manifestly made a child of God—

"When all this is done, and his heart is assur'd
Of the total remission of sins;
When his pardon is sign'd, and his peace is procur'd,
From that moment his conflict begins"—

and we are persuaded that that conflict never ceases until he arrives on the heavenly side of his grave; for "the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other," constantly producing the conflict which Peter describes as the "fleshly lusts which war against the soul." Beloved, is not this so? Do not these Scriptural assertions describe what you are day by day experiencing far more than the sentimental idea of a living in freedom from sin, and a misty holiness of which we now hear so much? Oh, if you are a child of God, I am sure you do know what it is to fight your way to heaven, and, like the writer, cannot afford to let "the sword of the Spirit" be returned into its scabbard, cannot put aside the shield of faith as a useless weapon of defence, and cannot let the helmet of salvation grow rusty for want of use. No, the whole is required daily and hourly, and we find a deeper necessity than ever to take unto us "the whole armour of God, that we may be able to withstand in the evil day," and, having done all, to stand. Ah, beloved, read the following concerning this conflict:-

"Astonish'd and distress'd,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
The seat of ev'ry sin.

"What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there:
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear."

And who, think you, looking into his own heart, made this acknowledg-Some apostate, or some backslider? Far from it. This is the language of one to whom the graces of the Spirit were given in rich abundance, and who lived a brief but blessed life of nearness to God, namely, the immortal Toplady. Oh, I seem to be able to go side by side with such in divine experience; but I cannot find in my heart any drawing toward those who know nothing of this constant conflict. And it appears to us that, referring again to faith in this matter, it is in the midst of this conflict that true faith is brought into lively exercise. If we could attain to any cessation, and glide into the calm of a holiness on earth, we should cease to make faith a necessity of the Christian's course. But this is far from the writer's experience, who, after battling with the world, the flesh, and the devil for over half a century, feels more than ever the need of putting up the cry, "Lord, increase my faith;" and he never expects the conflict to end, or the need of faith to cease, till life terminates. But, blessed be the Lord, it is in the midst of the strife of life that Jesus manifests Himself in all His sympathy with our poor fallen humanity, and we realize Him, not in the picture-frame of a mock sanctity, but in the reality of a solid life of toil and labour. Do not you find it so, dear reader? Oh, yes, it is in the battle of life that Jesus is so precious. Some may withdraw themselves from the busy world, and think thereby to live a life of cloistered serenity; but it is a delusion—they cannot keep out pride from their sinful hearts even there. Bernard Gilpin says he had learned that his heart was the greatest of all impostors, and every child of God must experimentally endorse his acknowledgment, and we shall inevitably make a failure of it if we put any dependence in our poor frail hearts.

But there is another view of this subject we must not omit, namely,

that it is quite certain that we must be hely if we are to appear before God accepted; and, with the knowledge of "the plague of our own hearts" and our perfect insufficiency to attain to it, as described in the foregoing, how can we become so? We have drawn attention to enough to show that we shall never find it in the creature. How, then, is such a state to be attained? We have it in the three precious words that follow the word just named—"accepted"—namely, "accepted in the Beloved." Yes, that is it; to Jesus, our precious Jesus alone, can we look for holiness and everything else that will fit us to appear before the eternal Father, in the purity and majesty of His character. And, while thinking of this fact, sweetly have the words broken in upon the soul concerning our spiritual David, "He shall stand for evermore as the moon, and as THE FAITHFUL WITNESS IN HEAVEN;" showing that, having finished salvation for His people, He stands there witnessing who are His own. "I have manifested Thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world: Thine they were, and Thou gavest them me, and they have kept Thy word. . . All mine are Thine, and Thine are mine, and I am glorified in them." So that if the eternal Father demands that they must be righteous, to stand before Him in His spotless purity, the faithful Witness replies, "Look on me, their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." If He says they must be holy, the faithful Witness responds, "I am made unto them sanctification;" and so the faithful Witness testifying that they are united to Him, and have thereby become partakers of the divine nature, they are and must be "accepted in the Beloved." And He will "present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it may be holy and without blemish."

Here, then, is our standing, dear reader; and while we find, in personal experience, that we cannot maintain anything—not even prayer or meditation—nay, cannot pass a day nor an hour in an unvaried frame of mind, our completeness is in Him, and our standing is in an exaltation of eternal security, far above the faintings and fluctuations we are the sub-

jects of. We are "accepted in the Beloved."

"Mean as we are, by sins and griefs beset, We glory that in Him we are complete."

Oh, then, to have every tissue of our self-righteousness and creature holiness unmasked, and to realize that in Jesus we gain all, who will witness for us in heaven that we are Hisown—loved with an everlasting love, saved with an everlasting salvation, and glorified together with Him.

Away, then, with this sentiment of the age we live in, that "holiness can be arrived at through our faith." And we have exposed the fallacy

of such a position for several reasons.

1. Because it throws a stumbling-block in the way of the Christian; for, if he knows anything of his own heart, he must say, "I have not and cannot attain to it." And such teaching becomes an additional stumbling-block, because it is not put forth by the infidel or sceptic, but by men of undoubted integrity and unblemished character, and who do not in the least way wish to deceive others, but who verily believe what they state to be true. But the matter seems to us to come under the category of those who should arise in the last day, and, if it were possible, deceive the very elect. But, beloved, if not according to the word and testimony of the Scriptures, it cannot be true, but is like the gilt

which hides the baseness of the coin, and the rose tint of the sweet which

covers the poison. And then,

2. It dishonours the work of the Spirit. If we could arrive, in this mortal state, at a condition of perfect holiness, there would be no further eed of the grace of the Holy Spirit; but we find that we cannot do without His help every moment of the day, and feel more dependent upon the Spirit than ever. In young days in the divine life we did think that our zeal and love would do great things, but more mature experience brings one to fe 1: I am nothing, and can do nothing, but Christ must be all. Ah, and how much grace and strength we need for this conflict, "lest Satan should get the advantage over us, for we are not ignorant of his devices."

And, dear reader, in these days we should be very jealous for the honour of the Spirit. We hear sermon after sermon, even by so-called Evangelical men, but not a word of the work of the Spirit, but the application is made to be the work of the creature. Oh, to be kept adoring and acknowledging the Personality of the Spirit, and to insist

that all is in vain without His power. Again,

3. It arrogates to man a power he does not possess, and therefore utter failure must attend his attempts. Isaiah tells us "that the youths who trust to their own strength shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." This claim on the part of man to a power he does not possess, depend upon it, is at the bottom of most of the errors of the day, and is, in point of fact, an ignoring of the doctrine of the fall, and a giving the lie to the assertion in our passage, that "the people of Israel shall know every man the plague of his own heart." Furthermore,

4. It does despite to the imputed righteousness of Christ; for, if we can attain to a righteousness by faith, we need not Christ's righteousness imputed to us, and it is just because of these errors which abound that we hear so little from pulpit and press of the imputed righteousness of Christ. But will this stand? We are persuaded that it will not. Rather, therefore, let us glory in the fact, that Christ is our righteousness, and that "He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." And do mark that this righteousness is the Lord's free gift to His people, as the Apostle Paul says, "For if by one man's offence death reigned by one; much more they which receive abundance of grace and of the GIFT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS shall reign in life by One, Jesus Christ." Precious standing! My soul glory in its safety and sweetness! And then,

5. It will not do for the death-bed. No, when it comes to that solemn time, where is the man who can rest in his sinless perfection? In perfect prostration, with the valley of the shadow of death to pass through, with the sins of his life rising up in review, what then can a man say but what is said by the most eminent servants of the Lord who ever lived, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner"? We have, in the course of our life, stood beside many a death-bed, but it has only been those who have given evidence that they have remained unenlightened by the Spirit of God who have pretended to a state of holiness. Never have I heard a living child of God dare to take such a stand. On the contrary, simplicity marks every utterance, and Christ only is seen as their righteous-

ness and sanctification. Again,

6. It will not bear the scrutiny of the judgment-day. Think of a man standing before the great white throne professing that he has led a holy life; is not this tantamount to the position of the one who said in the temple, "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men"? &c. But it appears to me that the glory of the judgment-day will be in the salvation of sinners saved to the uttermost, and the marvel that such rebels are deemed worthy of an abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom. it as it may, the writer must take his stand among sinners saved by sovereign grace, and dare not put in the shadow of a claim to anything like perfection or holiness, and he does not say this because he is living in any open sin or in violation of God's laws. No, thank the Lord, he has been kept for many years "by the power of God through faith unto salvation;" but when he looks within, and feels "the plague of his own heart," he dare not take any other standing than that described. But will there not come a time when I shall sin no more, and become perfectly holy? Yes, there will; but not this side of the grave. "When this mortal shall have put on immortality," then shall we, standing in glorified bodies, be pure, and not before.

And this brings us to think, lastly, of the Victory. There is no uncertainty about this warfare; hot work as it is with us sometimes, it shall end well; though we fall, we shall rise again; and, though wounded, we shall come off triumphant. Yes, plague as the heart is, it shall be conquered; sorely as Satan thrusts at us, he shall be made, through the Captain of our salvation, to surrender; tiresome as the flesh is, it shall be crucified; importunate as the world is, it shall be overcome: for in all these things "we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." And then shall follow the reward: we shall be clothed in white raiment, sit with Christ on His throne, and inherit all things. "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said, unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made

them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Ah, this will make amends for all the strife and conflict of the way, and then shall we say concerning it all, "He hath done all things well."

Dear Lord, keep us from being drawn away by any of the specious and plausible errors of the day, may we view ourselves as we are in ourselves, vile and unworthy; but, on the other hand, gain a faith's view of our standing in the righteousness and perfection of Christ; and, oh, uphold us in this conflict, which we feel we shall have to endure to the end, between the two natures, and may we not lay down our weapons of warfare till we gain the conqueror's crown and enter into our eternal home.

"There shall my disimprison'd soul | Be with His likeness satisfied, View Jesus and adore,

And grieve and sin no more."

G. C.

No business can be so hasty but our prayers may precede it; the wings thereof are so nimble that it can fly up to heaven and bring down an answer before ever our words need come forth from our lips. In vain shall we hope that any design of ours can prosper if we have not first sent this messenger on our errand.

# Pilgrim Papers.

#### PROVIDENTIAL DEALINGS.

EVERY leading in providence, as well as dealing in grace, by which God exercises the souls of His living family, is designed to promote His glory and their welfare. His people's bodies are the temple of God, their souls an habitation of God through the Spirit, and God has said of them collectively, "I will dwell in them" (2 Cor. vi. 16), and to them individually, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" (Heb xiii. 5). His providential dealings with every "heir of salvation" are indeed a mine of hidden wisdom and goodness. "Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God hath led thee." And it will be a blessed remembrance to the saints of the Most High when they reach the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and "know even as they are known." Dr. Watts has it, with reference to this time-state,

"His providence unfolds the book, And makes His counsels shine; Each opening leaf and ev'ry stroke Fulfils some deep design."

When a little divine light shines on past dealings in providence, His hand is so clearly seen that the words of Job express the language of the exercised soul: "He performeth the thing that is appointed for me, and many such things are with Him" (Job xxiii. 14); and should the child of God, while passing through the waters of temporal trouble, the fire of trials and temptations, or the waves of perplexity, which Jehovah has commanded and raised up (Psa. cvii. 25), be constrained to ask, "Why has all this befallen me?" "Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me?" another inspired writer shall answer it thus: "I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment, that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures" (Pro. viii. 20, 21). Christ is that glorious and ever-blessed substance which the regenerated soul has been called to inherit, for "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." He is the Bread of Life, on which glorified souls feed their immortal life. But "folly is bound up in the heart of a child," and the rod of correction must be used; the mind is by nature filled with vanity, and in a state of grace is ever prone to observe lying vanities and forsake its own mercy. So that God must lead His people into trying providential dispensations, often making such His rod to purge the redeemed soul from idols and vanity "to serve the living God, and wait for His Son from heaven." There must be room made in the souls of Christ's people for Himself. In the days of His flesh He had to purge His temple of buyers and sellers, in order to make it an house of prayer, and to day He is graciously accomplishing the same blessed work.

> "Kind Jesus empties whom He'll fill; He casts down whom He'll raise."

But how much better is the Lord to His people than all their fears? Let the whole household of faith but testify, and they will speak well of His name; they will acknowledge that

> "Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face."

How it frowned on Jacob when his Benjamin must go from him, causing him to utter these words, which have been often since in the hearts of his spiritual seed, "All these things are against me" (Gen. xlii. 36). How it frowned on Joseph's brethren when they found their money in the sacks' mouth. "Their heart failed them, and they were afraid, saying one to another, What is this that God hath done unto us?" (Gen. xlii. 28.) How much deep, painful feeling is expressed in these words: "Their heart failed them."

I remember, one day, having walked about the streets of Liverpool for some hours, with many fears about obtaining employment, when all at once I felt my pocket-book, containing valuable papers, was gone. "How cleverly has it been taken?" and "Why was it permitted?" were my involuntary exclamations. For an hour I was greatly cast down about it, but I found, to my great satisfaction and joy, on getting home, that it had been left there. This will not be considered by those who watch His hand in the events of daily life as a very trifling incident; I believe it led me somewhat into the experience of Joseph's brethren already referred to.

What a frowning time in providence was that to Judah when he drew near to plead with the governor of Egypt, and ended his affecting appeal with these words, "How shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father" (Gen. xliv. 34). It was indeed a moment of the deepest anxiety and sorrow, yet to be immediately succeeded by a most astonishing

discovery and happy deliverance.

"The mount of danger is the place Where we shall see surprising grace."

All these trying providences towards Jacob and his sons did but pave the way for their sweeter enjoyment of the land of Goshen, and the kindness, friendship, and protection of Joseph; and in like manner do all the frowning providences into which the Lord's people are led from time to time below but pave the way for their fuller and sweeter enjoyment of Christ—for them the once crucified but now exalted Redeemer—in whom are all their well-springs, and in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

G. A.

## GOOD NEWS TO A HUSBAND ABOUT HIS WIFE.

It was certainly good tidings to Abraham when the Lord, speaking to him about Sarah his wife, said, "I will bless her" (Gen. xvii. 16). It is one of the greatest blessings for a man to have a God-blessed wife. A blessed wife is the gift of the blessed God, and will sure to be "an helpmeet" for her husband. It is not every husband who has a God-blessed wife. Abraham knew he had—not from what his wife said of the Lord, but from what the Lord said of her. Sarah did not put anything in her husband's way to prevent him following the Lord's direction, in leaving his country and going unto a land God promised to show him. What a sad thing for a man to have a wife who would rather her husband should do her will than God's! It is evident, from Genesis xii. 5, that Abraham

took his wife when he went forth to go into the land of Canaan. Abraham had some of the very best companions to travel with—a cluster of precious promises from God (Gen. xii. 2—4). The Lord's precious promises, known and felt in the soul in their sweetness and saving power, will make good wives and husbands, too, and enable them to go through fire and water. The Lord was Abraham's strength; and yet he showed weakness in the case of his wife, in saying, "She is my sister." A person, strengthened and encouraged to a certain extent by the Lord, may show some signs of weakness and fear before man. "Lord, what is man?" The Lord, however, took care of Abraham's wife. It is a good thing for any man to have a wife that is preserved by the Lord in the Egypt of this world—from Egyptian pollution.

Sarah owned the Lord's hand in that which was trying for her to bear

(Gen. xvi. 2).

When the Lord told Abraham He would bless his wife, that she should be a mother of nations, and that kings of people should be of her, he fell upon his face, &c. (Gen. xvii. 16, 17). He seemed amazed at the amazing words the Lord spoke to him about his wife. And well he might. As a wife, Sarah appears to have been "a keeper at home;" for when Abraham was asked by the angels, "Where is Sarah thy wife?" he said, "Behold, in the tent." This shows he knew where to find his wife. How different it is with some husbands who have wives that wander about from house to house, thus showing more anxiety to attend to other's business than their own.

Some part of Abraham's wife's conduct was very grievous in his sight (Gen. xxi. 10, 11). A God-blessed wife may say and do what is grievous to the mind of her husband. Still Sarah's deportment in the above case was pleasing to the Lord, although painful to her husband. It was better that Sarah should please the Lord and offend her husband, than that she should have pleased her husband and offended the Lord. A very good thing it is for a man to have a wife who acts in a way pleasing to the Lord. Abraham and his wife could not see alike, for a time, respecting the casting out of the bondwoman and her son, and this circumstance, for a while, made things a little unpleasant between them. Differences of opinion between men and their wives often occasion grief, especially upon matters relating to religion, and in regard to the two covenantsthat of works and grace. Sarah, however, was in the right, and the Lord commanded Abraham to "hearken unto her voice in all that Sarah said" (Gen. xxi. 12). Sarah spoke the Lord's mind to her husband when she said, "Cast out the bondwoman and her son" (Gal. iv. 30). A great privilege it must be for a man to have a wife who knows the mind of the Lord respecting the two covenants, and able also to communicate what she thus knows to her husband. Abraham had a wife that was able and willing to teach him what he was, to some extent, in ignorance of. a good thing when a man has a wife capable, through the divine blessing, of teaching him "the way of the Lord more perfectly." It is not every husband who shows a willingness of mind to be taught by his wife, nor is every wife able to teach her husband.

When Job's wife, in speaking to her husband, said, "Curse God and die," the Lord did not command him to hearken to her. No; Satan, no doubt, would have liked for Job to have listened to his wife, but grace prevented him from doing it. Divine grace led Abraham to hearken to his wife, and so it led Job to refuse the counsel—the evil counsel—his wife

gave him, to "curse God and die." The Lord can make use of a man's wife in giving her husband wise and good counsel, and Satan may make use of a man's wife in giving her husband foolish and evil advice.

The time came when Abraham's God-blessed wife was taken from him by death. She was blessed by the Lord, and she died in Him. The Word says, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Union with the Lord

of life is the secret of dying a blessed death.

When, after death, Sarah's living soul was present with the Lord in heaven, Abraham did not desire her dead body present with him on earth, but wished it buried out of his sight. What changes death makes!

It must have been a great consolation to Abraham's mind to know that

the soul of his dear wife Sarah was gone to glory.

Tetbury.

### STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

The great Lord Chatham, being taken by a friend to hear the then celebrated preacher, the Rev. Mr. Cecil, a discourse of much power being ended, Lord Chatham, on quitting the church, said to his friend, "I have not understood one sentence that man uttered; I listened attentively, but I could not comprehend one word he said. Now, tell me honestly, do you believe any person there understood what that man preached about?" His friend replied, "Most firmly I believe that among that congregation there were men, women, and even some children, who understood what he said." "Well, I have no such belief, and I know that certainly I did not understand him," was all the great and wise Lord Chatham could reply, thus proving the truth of the Scripture which declares, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned."

But there is a hearing of another sort—the intelligence of enmity which hears with hatred; which pricks up the ear at the sound of truth; which calls out the venom of the old serpent that lay hidden till the light of the Lord searched it out. The elect of God are found under all circumstances, but the manifestation of enmity is often the prelude to a work of grace on the soul. "When the strong man armed keepeth the palace, the goods are in peace, but when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour and divideth his spoils." This is a true history of God's dealings with a sinner saved by grace. There is a battle then in the soul, and "the goods" in which the sinner trusted are by sovereign power taken from him, and the light of truth reveals the work and worth of a dear Redeemer. When the kingdom of grace is set up in the heart, and the battle ended by the translation of the sinner from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, the battle-field is changed, and the war is carried on with the world of darkness that surrounds the believer. Error united to truth, false brethren, mixture of law and Gospel, a worldly heart covered over by pretentious sanctity—these are the stumbling-blocks in the path of the Lord's people; and, if the faith be not well weighted with trial, the natural mind will be led into zeal after an outside form and the machinery of religion that has its moral use, but is too often mistaken for vital godliness. To have wisdom given to walk in the Lord's fear, in humility of mind, in love to the truth, in a spirit of compassion to the ignorant, and in divine strength made

willing to stand alone, require the putting forth of sovereign power, whereby the believer is kept dependent upon God day by day for teaching upon all points. But it is written, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household;" and even so is it now. Not open and avowed foes, it may be, neither cruel, malicious, nor persecuting; but, if the minister loves and preaches the truth, it is not unfrequent to find the kind, genial, loving wife at hand, who says, "Oh, my dear, how strong your expressions were to-day! Mrs. — told me last week she did not think the doctrines were so important as practice, and Mr. — says he thinks you so harsh and discouraging that he must leave you altogether. You know it frightens people away when you preach so decidedly upon the doctrine of election." Then the minister meets a timid friend, who says, "I believe every word you say, but I do not think it judicious to set forth the doctrines as you do. Surely there is a way of preaching truth without offending people! Besides, there is 'milk for babes,' the Apostle tells us, and people should be encouraged." Another says, "You should preach more to sinners, and not harp upon one or two points. Now, there is Mr. —, his place of worship is filled, and every one speaks well of his ministry; he preaches about everything, and encourages people to come to Christ, and tells them what they must do to be saved, and that is much more hopeful than to be told we can do nothing." Then another tempter is at hand, who says, "I love the doctrines you preach; I believe every word you say myself; but I do not think they are necessary or useful for children; so I am prevented attending your ministry as I would wish, because my children do not understand you, so I must go with them."

But there is a stronger temptation than any of these we have cited, and that is in the Arminian nature and cowardly heart of the poor tried minister. There is the battle-field, where the contest is carried on, where the enemy plies his temptations, and turns all his artillery. Truths received in the soul, but rejected by sinners, bring the believer into ugly questionings sometimes as to the reality of the power in them to subdue enmity and produce conversion. A showy, united working congregation, built up on Arminian doctrines, looks fair to the eye, and the enemy is at hand to point out the advantages of keeping back offensive truths and setting forth a Gospel which will please the natural man. Various are the devices of Satan to allure men into error and make them "handle the Word of God deceitfully," and blessed are those God-made ministers to whom the Lord speaks as He did to Jeremiah of old, "Arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee: be not dismayed at their faces; they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee,

to deliver thee, saith the Lord God."

But further, most gracious encouragement is given to God's ministers in these words, "Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly ealling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, who was faithful to Him that appointed Him." And wherein was this manifested while Jesus was here below? It was displayed in His fidelity to God's truth, in spite of all the discouragements and opposition that surrounded Him. He took the place of a servant, "made Himself of no reputation," put Himself upon a level with all His own sent servants so long as time lasts, and, as a Preacher of the Gospel of grace and salvation, drew the line between the people of God and the children of this world, and set forth in His teaching and preaching the distinctive nature of salvation by grace, and the discriminating haracter of the truth of God, which may

be summed up in one statement: "No man can come unto me except it were given him of my Father; and from this time many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him," which made this Apostle and High Priest of our profession put this searching question to the rest, "Will ye also go away?" Doubtless He felt as a man, and the sympathies of His faultless humanity now go forth in hallowed tenderness towards His tried and tempted servants; but as God He knew what was in man, He could separate personally the elect and the reprobate, and, according to the divine knowledge of the secret purpose of the Father, He could say, "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" Here no minister can tread, but the solemn truths of God, as revealed in the Word, must be proclaimed, "whether men will hear or whether they will forbear," and the work of the Holy Ghost is to accompany the truth with power, and find out God's elect, and thus the faithful servant of Christ is "a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death," and the proclamation of the Gospel of Christ is a sanctuary for some and a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to others. "Behold, this Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against . . . that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed "(Luke ii. 34, 35). Fully was this proved in Christ's inaugural sermon, when, in the place where He had been brought up, He opened His commission to proclaim the Gospel (Luke iv.). Then and there He preached the sovereign, discriminating, electing love of God in the choice of Naaman the Syrian and the widow of Sarepta; but the measure of acceptance of these humbling truths differed in no wise from the reception they get from the carnal in every age. Of unfaithful ministers it is true now, "They are of the world; therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them;" but of the faithful few who dare to be honest to God's truth and their own conscience we trace out the line of apostolic succession, the proofs of which are given us by the pen of Paul, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. "In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of Christ. By the word of truth; by the power of God; by honour and dishonour; by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet wellknown; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." These are the marks, to this day, that attend the ministers of the Gospel who preach a full, free, and finished salvation.

We subjoin the following extract from a letter of that eminent servant of the Lord, the late Robert Pym, Vicar of Elmley, who thus writes, in 1849\*:—

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS,—You can scarce form an idea how I stand alone in these parts. You do not know how I stand up Sabbath after Sabbath, Sabbath after Sabbath, and seemingly no one with me. I see here and there, thinly scattered, some of God's dear children, the inward testimony of whose souls' experience is with me in the Word preached; while all others are against me, both within the building and without. Of those who are thus with me, scarce one of them are of this place, while those who come from a distance, from love to the truth, are subjected to reproach and scornful tauntings. "Here comes Mr. Pym," cries one. "Are you a Pymite?" says another. "Can you do with the preaching at Elmley?" asks another. So it is, my brother. You know nothing of this in London. If an inhabitant of

<sup>\*</sup>See Gospel Standard for October, 1874.

this place, unaccustomed to come within the walls of our building, ventures to do so, as soon as he gets out he is assailed with such enquiries as this: "Has he told you that you are one of the elect?" I am abused everywhere, up and down, by all except a few dear saints, who bless and praise God that they ever became acquainted with me. No kindness shown to people can do away with their bitter enmity to me on account of the Lord's precious truths, which He preaches by me, from time to time, and whereby He feeds the souls of His dear people thinly scattered up and down amongst the rough, wild, uncultivated, heatherish people of this particular district. The good Lord enables me to do all I possibly can to relieve the poor and needy, and on that account I am well spoken of, but I am hated, abused, reproached, and slandered on account of the truth I preach. Though I am not poor, as many of the Lord's dear-and to me very dear-people are, yet I know a great deal about the providences of God in this matter in dealing with His own. Many tell me their secrets, and I share with them in their trials, relieving them as far as the Lord enables me, while I have to bear their cases before a throne of grace, and watch the movements of Providence respecting them with deep, heartfelt interest. I am much exercised and much tried in this way. Though not circumstanced as you may be, I know perhaps as much, if not more than you do, of the trials, distresses, and afflictions of the Lord's dear family; and, blessed be God, I can, and do, enter into them with an interest and feeling which no one seems to understand but myself, and it is a great offence in the eyes of many that I relieve poor saints.

Remember, it is a poor blind, ignorant sinner that has scrawled this to you—nothing else. Any distinction of rank or station in life, of birth, parentage, or education, is all nothing, and less than nothing and vanity to me. Remember

this while I remain.

Affectionately yours in Christ Jesus,

ROBERT PYM.

#### TRUST.

How do we trust in the Lord? We cannot trust in Him till we know Do I trust a man I do not know? It would not do in this metropolis. I must know a man to trust him. So it is spiritually. must know the Lord deserves our trust before we can put our trust in Him; we must have proved His faithfulness before we can fully rest in Him. In a word, trust implies this: though we cannot see the object of our trust, yet we rely on him from the knowledge we have of his faithful-It is like the wife, who has implicit confidence in her husband: he is away from her, but her confidence in his faithfulness fails not. It is the confidence of the child in his parent, at school, and separated by many miles. It is the trust of friends divided by distance. Trust does not require sight, it relies upon the object trusted in, from what we knew of him, though present sight and present experience be denied. nature of faith is to trust in the dark, when all appearances are against it, to trust that a calm will come, though a storm be overhead; to trust that God will appear, though nothing but evil be felt. There is something filial in this, something heavenly, spiritual. Not the bold presumption of the daring, nor the despairing fears of the desponding, but something beyond both the one and the other, equally remote from the rashness of presumption, and the horror of despair. There is a mingling of holy affection connected with this trust, springing out of a reception of past favours, insuring favours to come, and all linked with a simple hanging upon the Lord, because He is what He is. There is a looking to and relying upon the Lord, because we have felt Him to be the Lord, and because we have no other refuge. - J. Irons.

# Mords in Senson for those who are Meary.

#### SPIRITUAL EVIDENCES.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT FOR HOPING, SEEKING, CHRIST-DESIRING SOULS.

DEAR FELLOW-READERS OF THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE,—You, I mean, who have been taught by the Spirit of God to value your immortal souls, and to highly estimate that which is of the Lord. Under a deep sense of my own inability to write aught of an edifying nature, I take up the pen to bring before you a subject which has, I may say, for years, more or less exercised my mind. Circumstances transpired some few months back which have tended to increase my desire to say a few words to you, through the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, with the Editor's permission, upon the matter. Let it be clearly understood that in what I say I am dealing with principles exclusively—not with persons. I feel it to be a very important matter to write upon spiritual subjects. I never attempt it without first seeking direction of that God who has said, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." Such is my felt weakness and ignorance sometimes, in connection with soul matters, that I often wonder that anything I say should encourage and edify any of the Lord's people. I pray the Lord to bless this feeble endeavour to testify of His precious truth to some poor doubting, trembling, hoping, fearing, ready-to-halt, who may be sometimes, like the writer, at a loss to know what to make of themselves. That God may be glorified, His children, great and small, edified, and the soul abundantly satisfied, is my desire for Jesus' sake.

The first circumstance which led to my taking up this subject is as follows. Some six or seven years ago, I was returning home from Bristol. It was in the month of October. The weather was rather cold, and, when this is the case, railway travelling is generally very uncomfortable. When the train by which I travelled stopped at Gloucester, I stepped out of the carriage in which I was seated on to the platform, for the purpose of taking a little exercise, one's limbs feeling cramped and cold. Scarcely had I alighted, ere a well-dressed young man, a perfect stranger, came up to me and said, "Will you please accept of this little tract?" I instantly replied, "With the greatest of pleasure." While tendering the tract, he put this question, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" In all simplicity I answered, "I hope I do." Never shall I forget his scornful, disdainful look, or the reply he made me. "Ah!" said he, "if it is nothing more than a hope, it is not worth much." My friend," said I, "there are at this moment thousands and tens of thousands around the throne of God singing and praising and blessing who never in all their lifetime got beyond this—a hope in God's mercy." I hadn't time to enter into the matter further with this young man. I never saw him before nor since. As I resumed my seat, passage after passage of the Word of Gcd, where it speaks of the grace of hope, came rolling sweetly into the mind; and with the Lord's help I will now try and bring a few of them before the reader, hoping that we may receive comfort and encouragement together in the things of God.

In the Epistle to the Hebrews we have these precious words, "Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable

things" (promise and oath), "in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us: which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil" (Heb. vi. 17—19). How great and how glorious the condescension of the infinite Jehovah to swear by Himself! No created angelic being was sufficient to swear by, nor heaven itself, with all its countless hosts. "He sware by Himself." Well might the Apostle, who was blessedly acquainted with the mysteries of God's eternal love, declare it to be "strong consolation." With reverence I speak it, Jehovah Himself could not have given His poor and needy people stronger proof of His interest in them than what He has. I wonder not at one of our hymn writers breaking out in these words.

"What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?"

Dear tried and exercised reader, notice the wording of the passage before quoted. It does not say, "Who have obtained refuge." If it did, we should feel ourselves sometimes, when

"Darkness thick as beamless night Hides the loved Saviour from our sight,"

out of the secret. It does not say, "You who have experienced so much of the Lord's goodness and mercy as that there is no doubt whatever upon your mind concerning your interest in that love which is 'from everlasting to everlasting.'" Oh, no. But it says "Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." Every soul quickened by the Holy Ghost has "fled for refuge" to lay hold upon the Lord Jesus Christ. What mean those sighs and groans which heave the breast of the feelingly lost sinner? What is the language of the secret "upward glancing of the eye when none but God is near"? What are we to understand by the "Lord, help me"? "Lord, bless me"? "Lord, undertake for me"? "Lord, appear for me"? "Lord, hear my poor

feeble, broken petitions"?

These things testify unmistakably that such a one has "fled for refuge." Let their condition be what it may, however apparently hopeless, according to their apprehenison of matters, the Lord has mercifully blessed them with His grace, and "called them with an holy calling, not according to their works, but according to His own purpose and grace which was given them in Christ Jesus before the world began" (2 Tim. i. 9). And, though the world may despise, and carnal, empty professors disdain, Satan, the Church's implacable foe, accuse, worry, harass, perplex, annoy, and their own heart condemn, yet "the Lord sitteth upon the flood, He sitteth King for ever." He will never suffer the righteous to fall short of their eternal inheritance. He has said in His holy Word, "This people have I formed for myself; they shall"—no peradventure about it,—"shew forth my praise."

Another precious portion where this hope is spoken of is 2 Thessalonians ii. 16, "Now our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts, and stablish you in every good word and work." What a privilege, what a mercy, to have a hope—a good hope—a Christ-embracing, Spirit-begotten hope! Though the child of God is the subject of many termenting fears, though he sometimes

finds himself enveloped in thick darkness, like Abraham of old, darkness that may be felt; yet, in the midst of all, there is a hope within, a secret "Who can tell?" underlying all, a something that fits in with Jonah's "Yet I will look again toward Thy holy temple." The poet has well expressed what I mean where he says,

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

A fact in connexion with one's own experience will serve to illustrate the subject a little further. Soon after I was led to see and feel my deplorable state of nature, and had had some sweet crumbs from the Gospel table, feeling at times a hope in my soul, I happened (speaking after the manner of men) to pick up a volume of Daniel Herbert's poems. I felt at the time very dark and disconsolate. I could find no relief in the Word of God, or at the throne of grace, and was beginning to call all in question; it really seemed as if I must give all up for lost. I do not recollect the title of the poem, but do remember the words which the Lord so sweetly, timely, and graciously spoke home to my troubled, downcast soul. They were as follows:—

"But though my heart is out of tune, Can neither feel nor see; Yet still there's something in my soul Cries, "Lord, remember me." \*

I burst into tears and closed the book, blessing and praising the God of all grace for giving me another token for good, another intimation of mercy. I have looked at the words more than once since that memorable day, but I have never experienced a tithe of the preciousness and melting power that then accompanied them. How true is that word, "That thou givest them they gather" (Psa. civ. 28).

Reader, have you a hope, a good hope through grace, in the free, full,

Reader, have you a hope, a good hope through grace, in the free, full, boundless mercy of a Triune Jehovah? If so, you are a blessed character. Let the proud, self-confident, flighty professor disdain if he please, and look contemptuously as he will; I would rather have my hope than his

confidence. Nay, I would sooner have my fears than his joys.

The Lord, upon another occasion, dropped these words with unction and savour into my soul, giving me to prove that He hath not despised the day "Better is a little with righteousness than great of small things. revenues without right" (Prov. xvi. 8). Some professing Christians seem to think that a child of God should always be on the mount; in other words, they speak as if God never intended His people to know anything of doubt, uncertainty, grief, sorrow, trial, or perplexity. Where is the trial of their faith? "which is much more precious than gold, though it be tried with fire." And where is the tribulation which the Lord said Hispeople should have while journeying through this sinful, dying world to the mansions of glory, if they daily, yea, constantly, possess that confidence which we hear so much about in some quarters? Of what use are those blessed "Fear-nots" which are scattered throughout the Scriptures, from Genesis to Revelation, if God's tried and exercised children are never in circumstances to need them? If there were no fearing ones, why the "Fear-nots"? God has spoken nothing in vain; therefore, from this consideration, I conclude there have been, and are now, and will be down

<sup>\*</sup> Reader, this "Lord, remember me," springing out of the deep of depths, is the very marrow of divine life in the souls of the Lord's quickened ones.—ED.

to the end of time, those who are weak in faith, those who cannot see and feel their interest in the love of Christ with that certainty and clearness

which they desire.

Again, in reference to hope. It was my lot to hear, a short time ago, the following, from the lips of an aged minister, at a public gathering of the Lord's people. Evidently he was one of those who despise the Lord's "little-faiths." He said, "I have observed that there is a great deal of doubt and uncertainty about the Lord's people. 'Do you know the Lord?' they say. 'I hope I do.'" That is not the proper way; either we have the Lord or we have not. You and I are called to the blessed privilege of light and illumination. . . . . We are sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Is it so? or is it not so? If it be so, then accept your privilege; dignify it; you are the people of God. I know not who are the people of God; God knoweth, and you yourselves ought to know, because that word is written, 'God's Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.' What means this? Is there not something clear and distinct? My object in addressing you is in order to call your attention to these things, that you may get into the reality and truth of them; that it may not be with you, 'I hope I am a Christian, but I do not know. I have felt something of the power of God; I desire to be this, I desire to be that.' No, this is not the language of the Gospel. The Gospel sets before us certainty; the whole language of the New Testament is certainty." I forbear making any comment upon this preacher's testimony further than this, I do not, I cannot, believe he knows much of the baseness and depravity of his own heart, or that he has experienced much of the emptying, humbling, crumbling, crushing, reason-baffling, sense-confounding, flesh-and-bloodmortifying teaching of the blessed Spirit. The children of God do not attain to that holy confidence whereby they are Scripturally and experimentally enabled to look up and call, without a waver, God their Father so easily and so cheaply as some would try to make it out. There must be the testing of their faith, the trying of their hope, and that gracious needful discipline to which the Holy Ghost subjects every vessel of mercy. I believe-firmly believe-that there is not the slightest uncertainty with the eternal, the infinite Jehovah. Every word of threatening against His foes, every word of promise made to His eternallyloved and everlastingly-chosen people, every stipulation of that everlasting covenant which is "ordered in all things and sure," with the certain ultimate glorification of every blood-bought, Spirit-taught sinner, will be, must be, fulfilled and accomplished. I believe this, on the one hand, and will now give the reader another quotation from an address delivered by another speaker at the gathering before alluded to, which fully conveys what I believe to be the Gospel of God's grace, on the other hand. The speaker said, "It is one of the greatest blessings to have a certain knowledge of the believer's standing in Christ. There can be no real joy until that blessing is vouchsafed. . . . It is the great blessing which all the children of God should desire and covet, and for which they should earnestly pray. But I would go a step further, and say it is not given to all God's children to see their standing in Christ so . . . We hear it continually asked, 'How can I tell I am God's child?' The answer comes again from many, 'If you believe, you are saved.' But faith is the mighty power of God, and no creature. power can convey it to the individual, and no moral suasion by others.

Let me illustrate this. A man is struggling with the waves of the sea, and is hurled by a mighty billow upon a rock; he may be but semi-conscious, and not really know if he be on the rock or not. Now, his safety does not depend upon his feeling that he is on the rock, but upon the fact that he is there. I pray God to send this home with power to some troubled hearts. If a poor sinner, conscious that he is utterly undone and without power to do anything towards his own help, feels that he is hopelessly lost, except Christ and His salvation be his, except he be clothed in His righteousness, and justified by His grace, I ask who brought this soul to such a state? Did he bring himself? Did he teach himself? No, I have God's authority for the contrary. 'No man can come unto me, except the Father draw him,' said our Lord. The sinner would never be at Christ's feet, thus seeking His mercy, were he not drawn by the cords of His love. They have not only life, but eternal life; and, whether they can grasp it or not, their safety depends not upon the consciousness of their own faith, but upon the fact that they are where God has brought them, and where His promise reaches them, and that the God who cannot lie has pledged Himself they shall not perish." This is encouraging, effective, experimental, Scriptural preaching. This is not making, what is too commonly the case, attainments the standard to decide by; but life, however feebly it may manifest itself. The Apostle Peter, in his first epistle, second chapter, second verse, says, "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby." Any father or mother knows what a new-born infant craves for, desires after, and is satisfied with—the breast. What use would it be spreading the table with the choicest dainties and strongest meats, and saying to the helpless infant, "Now, my darling, the table is sumptuously furnished, everything is of the best kind; spare not, satisfy your hunger"? If we heard of any parents thus acting with their loved ones, we should consider it absurd, the height of folly, unkind and inconsiderate in the extreme. As the babe, naturally, desires the breast, and nothing else will so well satisfy its cravings, so with the babe spiritually, it must have the breast of divine teaching, divine leading, divine consolation. It is quite as useless and absurd to tell the babe in grace he must feed upon the strong meat of the Gospel, and that he ought not to eat anything beside, as it would be to deal with the babe, naturally, in the way described. As in nature, so in grace; the Lord, in infinite wisdom, has suited the provision to the capacity. We never heard of-nay, such a thing never has been or will be, as a child born six feet high, able to walk and talk the day of its birth. So the Lord's people are not born six feet high, spiritually. The child, naturally, is not able for months after its birth to recognize its parents. It lives, breathes, moves, cries, craves and desires its food daily, like an adult, though not to the same extent. Just so spiritually. The babe in grace is as much alive, and needs spiritual food to satisfy its hungerings after a precious Jesus, after the manifestations of His mercy, quite as much as the oldest father in Christ. How sweet it is sometimes to hear the weak and helpless babe in grace breathe out their desires, tell out their feelings in God-honouring simplicity, at the throne of the heavenly grace. Language may be broken and disconnected to the human ear, the petitions and requests few and feeble; but what a mercy it does not require a person to be well lettered to be able to give expression to those blessed feelings and desires which the Holy Ghost indites in the soul. For as Watts sings"He takes the fool, and makes him know The myst'ries of His grace; To lay aspiring wisdom low, And all its pride abase."

The Lord, speaking by the mouth of the Apostle Paul, says, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His

presence" (1 Cor. i. 26-29).

One more thought in connexion with the child, naturally. Years must elapse ere it can understand and enter into that relationship in the which it stands to its earthly parents. Though this is the case, though it cannot in infancy and childhood realize and comprehend the sweet bond, the dear and precious union, existing between itself and its parents after the flesh, yet the relationship remains the same. Parents love and cherish their dear ones as much in the stages of helpless infancy and childhood-when they cannot enter into their parental feelings-why father does this or mother the other—as they do when their children can understand these matters. Nothing but death can sever earthly relationship. No waywardness, unmindfulness, ingratitude, rebellion, or revolt on the part of the child can for one moment destroy, or even affect in the least degree, relationship. Distance cannot, circumstances, however painful, cannot. My child is my child, and I am its parent, in spite of all earthly surroundings. And will not this hold good in a spiritual sense? Without fear of contradiction from those who have "heard and learned of the Father "-the Father of mercies, the God of all consolation,-I answer, "Yes!" How many a dear child of God is to be found at this moment longing to call God their Father, desiring from their inmost soul to know and experience the Spirit of adoption, that they might look up in adoration and admiration, and say, "Abba, Father," "My Lord and my God." They cannot as yet address God as their Father; full well they know He is a Father unto Israel. What they long to realize and enjoy is that He is their Father, their God, their Portion, their all. does not satisfy them to know that God is a Father. It must come nearer home than that. The divine relationship must be discovered and revealed by the power of the eternal Spirit to the timid, trembling children of God before they can take any comfort from the precious fact that they are sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. How absurd and useless to tell a poor hungering, thirsting, panting, buffeted, sin-convinced, self-condemned, Satan-harassed singer to "accept their privilege," to "dignify their position!" Such teaching is nothing short of free will, and is dishonouring to God. No good results from it. It begins in the flesh and it ends in the flesh. Instead of chiding and dealing unkindly and unscripturally with the weak, helpless, poor and needy "little faiths" of the living family of God; tell them of the fulness of Christ; tell them of His goodness; tell them of His power; tell them of the efficacy of His atoning blood; tell them of His everlasting love; tell them of His glorious Person and finished work; tell them of His tenderness and compassion; tell them of His "exceeding great and precious promises;" tell them of His omnipotence; tell them of His suitability;

tell them of His immutability; tell them of His ability and willingness to save every self-loathing, Christ-loving sinner; tell them of His faithfulness; tell them of His righteousness; tell them that they love Him because He first loved them; tell them that He must be Alpha and Omega in salvation's work; tell them that the Holy Ghost is the Revealer and Applier of the truth of God; tell them that Jehovah, the eternal I Am, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, have covenanted, bound themselves, agreed, staked their word, pledged their honour, to teach, lead, guide, direct, supply, uphold, sustain, preserve, and bless every poor helpless sinner with all he needs for wayfare and warfare all through life's uphill journey; to bless him with strength equal to his day; to bless him in the solemn hour "when heart and flesh shall fail;" and to take him, when the last struggle is over, to join with the glorified ones who have gone before in praising and adoring the God of free, sovereign, electing grace for ever and ever. Tell them of these things with the ability that God has given, in simplicity and truth, and you will have told them that which we feel sure the Lord will own and bless to their comfort, instruction, encouragement, confirmation, and establishment in divine things.

(To be continued.)

#### ASPIRATIONS.

I WANT Thee, gracious Saviour, I want Thee, night and day; I want to see and touch Thee; I want Thy smile alway.

I want Thee, mighty Saviour, I want Thee, ev'ry hour; To bear my fainting spirit Above affliction's power.

I want Thee, tender Saviour, For I am very weak; And oftentimes too weary Thy needed aid to seek.

I want Thee, patient Saviour, Sufficient strength to give; To bear Thy will with gladness, And usefully to live.

I want Thee, faithful Saviour, To fan love's flick'ring flame; Lest it become too feeble To magnify Thy name.

I want Thee, spotless Saviour, To purge away all sin; To "sanctify me wholly," And make me pure within.

I want Thee, changeless Saviour, With Thine own voice divine, To tell my list'ning spirit That Thou indeed art mine. I want Thee, loving Saviour, 'Midst sorrows or alarms, To fold me to Thy bosom, Or clasp me in Thine arms.

I want Thee, glorious Saviour, In quiet, or in fear; 'Neath cloud, or even sunshine, I want Thee near—most near.

I want Thee, dear meek Saviour,
To make me lowly; so
That in Thy fair, fair image
I momently may grow.

I want Thee, gentle Saviour,
To clothe Thy child anew
With Thine own sweet humility,
The robe Thou wearest too.

I want Thee—ever want Thee
To hold my trembling hand,
For hope, oft sick and fainting,
Sighs for the better land.

And, oh! I want, I want Thee
To make me meet to be
Partaker of Thy glory,
Eternally with THEE.

For, though I reach'd the bliss land,
And crown'd with glory were;
Oh. it would not be heaven
Unless Thou, too, wert there.

JAISY.

#### VISITS TO THE BRETHREN.

Bristol, 10.15 A.M. Train, 29/1/75.

Just starting for Manchester, viā Birmingham. Naturally my mind is led back to my last visit there, when, accompanied by one who so soon after took her departure from this vale of tears and trouble to be "for ever with the Lord," I was going for the express purpose of preaching the funeral sermons of the late beloved Rector of Openshaw. On that occasion I preached twice for another beloved brother (the late Rev. F. W. Davis), who has since "finished his course," and gone home to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

How often, when I think of these dear brethren and former fellow-

labourers in the Lord, do I mentally exclaim,

"Happy songsters! When shall I your chorus join?"

Yet I would not be impatient, but desire grace to exclaim, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change come." I would not be beforehand with my loved and loving Lord; but would patiently and acquiescingly wait until His time shall have come, and then, in the joy and rapture of my full heart, exclaim, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Yea, "I have seen His sal vation." I have seen for myself, heard for myself, known and felt and experienced for myself, the great, gracious, and glorious acts of my covenant Lord, until I am, as it were, lost in the review and contemplation of all that He has been and all that He has done.

I here set my seal to the fact, that, without a solitary exceptional feature in the case, "He hath done ALL things well." Although He has led me by a totally different way to that which I had ever thought of, or in the least wise imagined, nevertheless, it has been a right way—yea, "THE right way;" and, opposed as, alas! I have been times without number to my Lord's mind and mode of dealing, and rebellious as, alas! I have been at His so frequently frustrating my plans and purposes, yet now, in the review, I not only justify, but bless, praise, and adore Him for having taken His own course, irrespective of my cowardice or contention.

My present grief is, that, with these plain and positive facts before me, I should have learnt to so little purpose, as far as future trials and further discipline are necessary. To my shame, I speak it, that, notwithstanding all the past, and in spite of the fact that I can and do bless and praise the Lord for all He has been and done, still I have the same cowardly and contentious spirit as ever. That is, my heart recoils at the veriest thought of new trials and fresh sorrows. So that I exclaim, the same as ever, "How shall I stand the trying day?" and I feel, moreover, my wayward, wicked heart contending and disputing with the Lord, when He crosses my path and negatives my desires.

Well do I know that this ought not to be, but so it is; and well may I, of all men, testify to the humiliating fact, "the Spirit quickeneth, the

flesh profiteth nothing."

Well, now, I have shrunk amazingly from the engagements which I am now starting to fulfil, and again and again have I reproached myself for undertaking them; for the longer I live the more closely am I attached

to my own dear home. I love my pulpit (my only piece of freehold), and, as for my study, I generally go and take a last lingering look at it when about to leave; or, upon my return, as early a peep into it as I can get. Oh, how sweet is the place where the Lord reveals Himself, and how sweet likewise the spot where, either by word of mouth or by pen, the Lord indulges us with communion and fellowship with His own dear children—fellow-pilgrims through a waste howling wilderness; fellow-voyagers across the same stormy ocean; fellow-scholars in the same school of teaching and training; fellow-combatants in the same deadly warfare

against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

There was a little break in the cloud that has for days past hung upon my heart in regard to this coming visit. First, there was a ray of light as I sat for a few minutes by the bedside of the dear "OLD PILGRIM." It was sweet and unctuous indeed to hear his testimony for God and truth from that sick-bed. There was one word especially which touched me. "I say to the Lord, 'Speak, Lord, even if it be angrily.'" "The passage upon which I have just been commenting," was my reply, "was 'Ephraim is turned unto idols; let him alone.' Now, there is nothing a child of God so dreads as for the Lord to 'let him alone.' As you say, he would sooner the Lord appeared to speak angrily, or chidingly, than for Him to 'let him alone; but, if He does seem to speak 'angrily,' He very soon speaks soothingly. If He smites with the one hand, He always sustains with the other." In prayer by the dear old man's bedside, two or three precious Scriptures were brought to the mind; so that, upon leaving him, I said "I was looking forward to my preaching engagements, and could get no text, but now I think the Lord has given me two by your bedside, if so be

He is pleased to keep them upon the mind."

From the sick chamber I went to our usual week-evening service. The lesson was the early part of Acts xvii. I took as my text the 11th verse. "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." And, oh, how precious were the thoughts upon "receiving with all readiness of mind." Ah, why was there "readiness of mind" to receive, in striking contrast to that rejecting of the word on the part of the Jews of Thessalonica? Ah, because the Lord had prepared the way for Himself. "The preparation of the heart and the answer of the tongue are from the Lord." The Jews of Thessalonica rejected the testimony because Christ, in His own blessed Person and divine work, was the sum and substance of it. Upon this very principle the Jews of Berea, "who were more noble than those at Thessalonica, received the word with all readiness of mind." Having been made dissatisfied with the husks which the poor perishing swine of this world eat, they are made to "hunger and thirst after righteousness"-after Christ, "the bread and water of life." Consequently, when He, through the ministry of the written or the preached Word, is presented to their souls, they, as a blessed consequence, "receive the word"—the engrafted word, which is able to save their souls-" with all readiness of mind;" and well, as another blessed fruit, may they "search the Scriptures daily to see if these things are so." Can this precious, this so suitable and all-sufficient, Christ be for me? Yea, even me? Is there demonstrative proof in this self-same blessed Word that this is the very Christ who was not to "break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax," and whose flesh is meat indeed, and His blood drink indeed?

The first time that I visited Astley (one of the places to which I am now journeying) was, if I mistake not, just thirty years ago. I was then engaged in a large and anxious business in the very centre of the great London. I had a heavy payment coming due, and, unexpectedly, my principal debtor had started for Ireland, stopping for some days at Liver-I had, in consequence, to follow him to the latter place. I left London on the Saturday night, with a view of spending the Sunday at Astley, and then proceeding to Liverpool. So interested and deeply impressed was I with the services at my dear friend and brother's church and schools that I could not help expressing the wish that he would write an article or articles, entitled, "Astley As It Was, and Astley As It Is." With this dear Dr. HEWLETT complied; for who, in the contemplation of the then existing state of things, but must exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" I knew that when he was appointed to the parish there were scarcely a dozen persons attending the church. So dilapidated were the very doors that all the cats and dogs of the village had free ingress and egress to the building. So poor was the stipend—some £50 a year merely—that the bishop in whose gift it was expressed himself loth to offer it to the newly-ordained minister. But now, at the time of my visit, Dr. HEWLETT was preaching to a thousand attentive hearers, the church having again and again been enlarged, and noble schools, in addition, erected. It was a marvellous contrast, and could but excite one's admiration and gratitude.

But how little did I then think of the circumstances under which I should next visit that favoured spot. As already expressed, I was then immersed in a large and most anxious business. My heart, however -in consequence of certain long and special leadings-was in the ministry, and my dear brother (Dr. HEWLETT) had encouraged me with respect to those leadings. In fact, it was after a particular conversation with him, upon one memorable Saturday morning that the Lord broke in upon my soul, and applied to my heart the words, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest," with a power and a preciousness I shall never forget. At my second visit, then, to Astley, I, through the great goodness and mercy of my God, having been put into the ministry, was about to occupy the pulpit. At this distant day I cannot distinctly remember whether the text was, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles;" or "They looked unto Him, and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed." I remember another text I preached from during one of my visits to Astley, under which my late dear friend and early correspondent (MARY ANNE WAY) was deeply affected—so much so that she told me afterwards she was afraid I should see it. The text was, "Now the God of all grace, after ye have suffered awhile, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

If I mistake not, my last visit to Astley was simply for the Sunday afternoon service. I had preached at St. Clement's, Manchester (the late beloved Mr. Nunn's church), in the morning, and was to return in time for the evening sermon. After the sermon, however, I was so transfixed whilst listening to the dear Sunday-school children's most touching singing that I had lost sight of the time until roused from my reverie by a friend's stepping up the pulpit-stairs, and tugging at my gown, and telling me I must come at once, or I should be too late for the sermon at Man-

chester. I think it was on this occasion that, just as I was leaving the church, one of the hearers came up to me, and, speaking of what and how he had just heard, exclaimed in true Lancashire dialect, "If 'tis so good here, what will it be in' tother counthry?" And then, just as I was stepping into the cab which was to take me back to Manchester, with a very hearty grasp of the hand, he said, "Come again as soon as

ye can get loose."

Upon another visit to Astley (I think this must have been on the last occasion) I had preached in the morning and afternoon at Openshaw, on behalf of the church or the schools. It was a very wet day, and the congregation was consequently rather thin. In the afternoon, upon entering the vestry before the service, dear Mr. Parks sighed heavily, and exclaimed (if I remember rightly), "My times are in Thy hands." The utterance was very significant, for this was our last meeting at Openshaw Church; my next visit there was to preach his funeral sermon. I felt that sigh, and those words; and, without giving him the slightest idea of what I intended to do, at the close of the sermon, and when pleading on behalf of the cause that day advocated, stated what had just before passed in the vestry. I spoke to the effect that, in consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather, neither the attendance nor the collection had come up to my dear brother's expectations, and suggested, as a remedy, that each should double their intended contribution; at the same time I requested that they should be particularly observant of whether they missed that additional contribution. "If so," I said, "let me know, and, if God is pleased to bring me among you again, I will repay you. But," I added, "I'm not afraid of a single application, for my Bible says, 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty; " and with a "God bless you!" I hastily left the pulpit, to make the best of my way to Astley, for the evening service. But poor dear Parks's heart was touched, and so were the people's pockets, for, as I learnt afterwards, they had a capital collection; and, as far as money was concerned, there was no need for regret about the unpropitious weather. God can open hearts (and the hands are sure to respond when this is the case) upon wet or cloudy, as well as upon sunny days.

And now, as my object in my present visit to Astley and Manchester is, next to preaching the Gospel, to plead for funds on behalf of the proposed new church at Higher Openshaw, to which Mr. Noyes is appointed, knowing only too well the weight, anxiety, and ceaseless care of obtaining funds for church and school building, I can the more readily feel for the momentous work upon which my young friend has entered. May God, in great mercy appear for him, and show that the gold and the silver are His, as well as the cattle upon a thousand hills; and may He graciously prove, too, that all hearts are in His hands. Now, I go with the simple hope that my visit may add £100 to the funds. May the Lord grant it, if it is to be His blessed will. I am announced for five public preachings on behalf of this object; £100, therefore, would be just an average of £20 for each service. Hence I trust that this sum is not too much to hope and pray for, in submission to the Lord's will, who must

and will do all that is right.

Now, as we are approaching Birmingham (where, God willing, I stop for the night), I cease writing.

### A LETTER OF THE LATE JOHN RADFORD TO A FRIEND.

You complain, my brother, in your letter, of the weakness of your faith, while others are boasting of the strength of theirs, which evidently demonstrates that they are strangers to the faith of God's elect, strangers to the law in the members, which in a believer is continually warring against the law of the mind, and too often brings into captivity to the law of sin, and which makes the Christian groan, being burdened.

That passage which you mention of our Lord's address to Peter (Luke xxii. 31, 32). "Should you continue (you say) thirty years longer in this wilderness of fiery flying serpents, and a land of drought, you should see it more copiously fulfilled." Why, my brother, the wilderness serpents will never sting thee to death, though they may wound thee at times; there is the same life-preserving remedy now as for Israel of old. They were directed to look to the brazen serpent for healing under the Old Testament dispensation, and under the New Testament dispensation we are directed to look unto Jesus (Heb. xii. 1, 2). Consider where thy spiritual life is—with Christ in God; where the devil will never be able to rob thee of it. Thy treasure is in heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. Thou hast Omnipotence to protect and preserve thee, the everlasting arms to support thee under all thy weaknesses, and never-failing faithfulness to bring thee at last into the haven of eternal rest.

"Though winds and waves the bark of grace assail, And all a wreck, with neither mast nor sail, O'er raging floods her shatter'd hull is driv'n, She shall her harbour gain, her destin'd haven. Grace cannot founder in the boist'rous deep, Christ stands at helm, and navigates the ship."

My dear brother, you know that I have been a temporal, as well as a spiritual sailor, and at sea I have often experienced naturally, as well as spiritually, the 107th Psalm, verses 23 to 30; yet a God of providence hath safely guided me through all the mighty storms and foaming billows, and brought our ship with flying colours safely into a harbour of rest. You and I, my brother, are spiritual sailors; it is our duty to be often at mast-head looking out for squalls, as well as for enemies, and, like Habakkuk, "get upon our watch-tower" (Hab. ii. 1); for, whether we are looking out for them or not, they will surely come. John Bunyan, speaking from his own experience, says:—

"A Christian man is never long at ease, When one fright's gone, another doth him seize."

Gurnall says, "The devil cannot bear to see a fleet of Christians sailing to heaven with a fair wind; but, if possible, he will send a storm after them, to part them in the midst of their voyage." And good old Paul to young Timothy gives a sketch of what he had passed through, and what Timothy must look for (2 Tim. iii. 10, &c.), and what I look for even to my journey's end. "In the world," says Jesus, "ye shall have tribulation; but in me ye shall have peace." And blessed be God that we shall never be able to find any peace or rest here for the sole of our foot but in Jesus: if we did, we should be desirous of having our lot in this world. But the Lord sees meet to embitter every sublunary enjoyment,

to make Jesus our soul's everlasting rest, more growingly precious and desirable to our souls. Israel at the Red Sea, the three children in the fiery furnace, Daniel in the lions' den, found the God of Israel to carry them safely through all their storms and bring them to anchor in the haven of eternal rest, where they are now praising their glorious Pilot, who safely conducted them through all hurricanes and storms, from all rocks and quicksands, and are constrained to say in their glory-experience, as Joshua once said to Israel (Josh. xxiii. 14), "that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof." Ah, my brother, grace began, and grace will crown, the victory in glorious triumph at last, and to the topstone will be the shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it."

"Grace, like a gallant ship, outrides
The furious storms and adverse winds and tides,
'Tween rocks, o'er quicksands, urges on her way,
And anchors safe at last in Glory Bay.
With streamers of Assurance flying brave,
She enters port in spite of wind and wave."

Portsea.

J. R.

#### EVERLASTING LOVE.

Poor tried followers of the Lamb Christ Jesus, you who have known something of His manifested love and favour, who, in your past experience, "have tasted that the Lord is gracious," do you not often think "God has forgotten to be gracious?" "Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord"—my once loving Lord Jesus—"hath forgotten me." In long-continued seasons of darkness of soul, of conflict with Satan and sin, and of outward trials of various kinds, does not poor trembling "little-faith" stagger? Shall the writer attempt to comfort you? May the good Spirit enable him to express what is a source of comfort to his own soul

(2 Cor. i. 4).

Read Jer. xxxi. 3, 4. Dear friend, has the Lord Jesus "drawn thee with loving-kindness?" Cannot you remember any time or times when, in hearing the servants of God speak of His amazing love, or in reading the Word, or in singing, hearing, or reading blessed hymns, or in your own secret thoughts, while about your worldly business, the Holy Spirit has touched you, melting you down with the thought of the dying love of Christ, winning your heart over to Himself, captivating your affections, making you long to certainly know that He died for you? What does all this show you but that He has "loved you with an everlasting love?" Dear brother or sister in the Lord, "He hath appeared of old unto thee," in thy past experience, revealing His love, winning thy heart. Happy soul, who hast fallen in love with Christ! Why has He thus "drawn thee with loving-kindness?" How blessedly plain is our text! It is because He has "loved thee with an everlasting love." Dear friend, He loved you before you had a being, He loves you now, and will love you to all eternity. His voice of love, His winning of your heart, and all His manifested kindness, are but the flowings out, the foretastes, the earnests, the sealings of His eternal, unchangeable favour towards thee. May He enable thee to look up to the fountain when the streams are low, or even dry. He rests in His love; may He enable thee to do the same, and, by precious faith, to dwell on high—not in a dead assurance, but in a lively one, such a one as will stir thee up in th ways of God, make thee desire to serve Him, and strengthen thee so to do.

Many of the Lord's people, it is to be feared, entertain the idea that after the time of first love the remainder of their soul's experience will be nothing more than a continued time of trial, with little, if any, joy of the Lord—a dreary wilderness, with no springing of the sweet flowers of love, joy, and grace. But why so? What says our text, verse 4?

Now, dear friend in the Lord, you who remember the time of your first

love, and have passed through some changes since then, has not your soul been in a state well represented by a desert, a dry, barren wilderness, many times, and for a long time together, too? But shall you sit down in despair of ever attaining to a better state? Oh, no! "Again I will build thee," says our ever-loving Lord. Does He not sometimes come again to thee? I believe we must not expect precisely the same powerful manifestations as we had at first, nor the same overflowing feelings; for was there not much of the flesh about all that? Our nature likes novelties. Now, that sort of thing will surely die away. But—"Again I will build thee." Oh, pray, my friend, for grace to perceive, and at once to entertain, the smallest touch of the good Spirit on thy heart. Pray against sinking into the sad spirit described in Song v. 2—8. The smallest communications from the Holy One are of inestimable value. How often, alas! we grieve the Holy Spirit. How kind and loving of the Lord again to return and bless us (Jer. xxxiii. 7, 8). And, dear friend, when He again visits thy soul after a sad period of wandering and abominable sin against so good a God, and again shows Himself to be the same eternal Lover still, is it not heart-breaking? "Lord, dost Thou still love me, after all my vileness? Would I treat a wayward earthly friend as Thou dost deal with me?

#### "'Here, take my all, this worthless heart, And make it wholly Thine!'"

"Again I will build thee, and thou shalt be built." You cannot build up your own soul; no, it is His work, and His alone. That is a good mark in your favour, to have to wait upon and for God. "None can keep alive his own soul." And, when God does restore thy soul, how effectually is it done! All His works bear the stamp of His own omnipotence.

And now, dear brother or sister, if your experience agrees with the Word of God, and with what has before been said in this paper, will you believe the writer if he tells you that your love to the Lord Jesus is everlasting? We want to comfort you; our aim is, with the divine blessing, to "strengthen the weak hands." Now, you often think your love has completely died out; but has it? Let it be tried. How do you feel when you hear the holy name of God blasphemed? How does it affect you when any poor creature abuses your Lord in your hearing? (Psalm exxxix. 21, 22.) How was Lot affected with the filthy conversation of the wicked? Do you not feel these things as injuries to a personal friend; yea, as injuries to yourself? Yes, it is the time of trial that brings out the secret graces of the Spirit. God has implanted in thy heart that love to Jesus, in return for His love to thee, which "many waters cannot quench;" damped it may be, hidden it may be, but die it cannot.

Dear friends, may the Lord reveal more and more of His love to us, and that will draw forth our love to Him.

#### A BIBLE STUDY.

#### BY A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

"When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? and when He hideth His face, who then can behold Him? whether it be done against a nation or against a man only."—Job xxxiv. 29.

ALL things are ordered by God: He is absolute. He ruleth over all nations and over all affairs. He is God not only over the great events of time, but He condescends to the minutest of His creatures. His power is seen not alone in the prowling beast of the forest, but in the smallest insect that flits through the air. Man only is truly blessed as he is blessed by God. Take, as an instance, Israel of old: while as a nation they served God and followed His commandment, then they prospered; but, when they forsook the God of their fathers, then their enemies triumphed over them. Look at the time when Amalek came out against Israel, Moses upon the mountain besought God on behalf of the people over whom he was leader, and then Israel prevailed; but when, through weariness, his hands fell down, then Amalek prevailed (Exodus xvii.). Then again, the Assyrians came up against Judah, Hezekiah laid the letter before God, and the Lord hearkened unto the voice of his supplication, and smote in the camp of the enemy 185,000 men (2 Kings xix. 35). But Israel wandered after strange gods, and the Lord delivered them into the hands of their enemies; they were invaded by the Chaldees, the Syrians, the Moabites, and the children of Ammon, who laid waste the city and spoiled the treasures of Jerusalem (2 Kings xxiv.). The text says that there are some whom God comforts, and some whom He troubles. Let us look at the two classes here mentioned: 1. None can trouble those whom God comforts. God gives quiet to His own people. "He will speak peace unto His people" (Ps. lxxxv. 8). The convinced sinner finds no rest until his soul is sprinkled with the blood of Christ. When the blood of Christ is applied to his soul, then he has peace with God and is justified by faith "freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. iii. 24). God gives peace by His Spirit; by His Spirit the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts. "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 8, 9). "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God" (Rom. viii. 16). We are to draw nighto God in the assurance of faith, knowing "that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose" (Rom. viii. 28). Let us learn to say with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him" (Job xiii. 15).

This quietness is different from that which the worldling enjoys. There is a satisfaction in the world—it is false, insecure, unsatisfactory. The rich man spoken of by Christ enjoyed a peace of this kind when he laid up much goods, and said unto his soul, "Soul, take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?" (Luke xii. 19, 20.) "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked" (Is. xlviii. 22). This is God's estimate of the wicked. The peace of God's people flows from a peace of mind which passeth all understanding (Phil. iv. 7). What God hath promised He will most surely perform.

"God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent: hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?" (Num. xxiii. 19.) The assurance of God's love is a sweet peace. "We love Him because He first loved us" (1 John iv. 19). God gave His love unto our heart, and, just as we enjoy the rays of the natural sun, so, spiritually, do we enjoy the reflection of the "Sun of Righteousness" who ariseth "with healing in His wings" (Mal. iv. 2). He has given us His love from everlasting. He loved us, and prepared a rest for those who love Him from before the foundation of the world (Matt. xxv. 34). The expectation of His glory is a sweet peace. Paul enjoyed this peace in a large measure; for he says, "To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord" (2 Cor. v. 8). All who love God will have trouble. Satan, our adversary, "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 Peter v. 8). "The eternal God is their Refuge" (Deut. xxxiii. 27). So that they are enabled to say with the prophet, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation" (Hab. iii. 17, 18). And again with Paul, "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong" (2 Cor. xii. 10). As Christ triumphed over affliction, so will He enable His people to triumph. God's determinations are irresistible. God does not exempt His people from trouble. "Whom the Lord leveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth" (Heb. xii. 6). When God hides His face, none can behold Him. Hear David when he says, "Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled" (Ps. xxx. 7). "How long, Lord? wilt Thou hide Thyself for ever?" (Ps. lxxxix. 46.) "Give ear to my prayer, O God; and hide not Thyself from my supplication" (Ps. lv. 1). And Isaiah, "The Lord hath forsaken me, and my God hath forgotten me" (Is. xlix. 14). Christ knew this trouble in the fullest extent. Hear Him when expiring on the cross; He cries, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" (Matt. xxvii. 46.) God, in the text, had hid His face from Job, and the consolations of all his friends were un-This is true also with regard to unbelievers. God will hide Himself from them at the hour of death. Look at Judas after he had sold his Master into the hands of His enemies; he afterwards repented, and went out and hanged himself (Matt. xxvii. 5).

Take, as another example, the rich man in hell. God hid Himself from him at the hour of death, and without mercy he was cast into hell; and, being in torment, it is said he lifted up his eyes and saw Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, and, when he asked for a drop of cold water to cool his tongue, that little boon was denied him (Luke xvi. 23). None will avail the sinner then. Angels, who are the ministers who do His pleasure, will then be made the executioners of His vengeance (Rev. xvi. 1—12). No reflection on the past nor prospect of the future will be of use then-it will be too late. None can have true rest and peace save those who seek it He has said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are from Christ. heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). Even Solomon, who was the wisest of men, was, at the end of his life, compelled to exclaim, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit" (Eccles. i. 14). The firmest peace

may be lost; it can only be maintained by holiness, as it is written,

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee" (Is. xxvi. 3); "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation" (Matt. xxvi. 41). If God give you peace, nothing can harm you, and, if He hideth His face, none can behold Him: "that the hypocrite reign not, lest the people be ensured" (Job xxxiv. 30).

LILY HARRIS.

#### "CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST."

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF THE LATE REV. T. HUGHES, PASTOR OF THE CHURCH ASSEMBLING AT TRINITY CHAPEL, HACKNEY.

While lying down on my poor bed, writhing with pain and repeating the words, in the midst of agony, "I am crucified with Christ," a ring of the bell gives me to know there is a communication from you.

You would tremble did you know and see clearly how much the purity and spirituality of the ministry—which is hereafter to feed the Church when mine has ended—depends on the purity and spirituality of the souls

now received into communion.

As to Brother Young, nothing better could have happened to him for the destruction of his pride and detachment from all creatures, and especially the creature that suffers. I know the way well, and what again being led through it has been to me. If more of you were led in that way, you would, as a Church, be more according to God's mind. You do not know what dear Roff endured. You do not know what is appointed for you, and for you soon. You have it far too easy in the flesh. Your way has not been through the fire, through the consumption, where God, as a "consuming fire," lets the poor soul feel itself as sinking—out of God, and without God—into the anguish of the second death, there to die.

God's scourging is not some light work, and He "scourgethevery son whom He receiveth"— not here and there one, but every one of those He judges; and, if we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we be

not condemned with the world.

You cry, "Oh, for the ministry to help!" but God is rather saying, "Remember how you have received and heard." For nearly forty years have I warned you; for more than thirty years have I been carrying in my suffering body a mortal disease, brought on and confirmed by too ready an obedience to the cry, "Service! service!" My Jesus—who is the only sympathizing Friend I have, and who takes care it shall be so—seems to whisper in my ear, "You have spoken enough; you have warned and taught long, and they hear me not, and will not know me."

It is God's purifying fire, and when it has done the work ordained of Him, in completing this mysterious process, then through His mercy I shall, I trust, be quite ready for the last trial by fire which will try every

man and every man's work.

I have no cause to complain of impatience on the part of the people. It is a rare thing to see a people so quiet in these unquiet times, but it is my love for Jesus and for those who bear His image that sustains the earnest desire to serve.

I long for that dear hour which shall witness my being relieved from so great a burden. Ten months hence and I shall be seventy years old; Fifty of these I have served Jesus, forty-five in the ministry, and nearly forty in Hackney. I long now to be at home.

#### "DON'T WHIP ME HARD!"

How gracious the Lord is, in those little helps and familiar illustrations by which He furnishes us with a key to His loving, tender heart. sweetly were those words, "Like as a father pitieth his children," &c., once brought to my mind by the following simple circumstance. My wife had felt it necessary to gently tap our little one on her arm for some trifling indiscretion. Upon a repetition of it, a few days afterwards, the mother asked the little one what she must do in the matter. Must she not whip? "Don't whip me hard!" was the prompt reply. So touching was the appeal as to render the mother powerless. She could not punish the little offender. But oh, what a lesson, dear reader! There was teaching for you and myself. There was no denial of the fault-no excuse made for it-no resisting the chastisement, but a falling under it. The very request, "Don't whip me hard," was a virtual admission of the justness of the threatened infliction, but with the plea that it might be accompanied with pity and tenderness. Ah, dear reader, would that we could ever approach the throne of grace in this tone, acknowledging our guilt, "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me," at the same time pleading that, "in the midst of deserved judgment, He would remember mercy."

#### "I WAS BROUGHT LOW AND HE HELPED ME."

For the salvation I desir'd,
One mite I could not pay;
Nor perfect deed, nor word, nor
thought,
Upon Thine altar lay:
So sinful am I, Lord; and yet
I'll trust Thee, though Thou slay.

My nature, ruin'd and deprav'd,
I very plainly see,
Apart from Thine almighty grace,
Most helpless I shall be;
Nor can be saved unless Thou, Lord,
In pity succour me.

'No wonder that my spirit sank
Beneath the arch-fiend's blow,
Or that, in such a conflict fierce,
My flesh should tremble so.
Defeat were certain had my Lord
A moment let me go.

Oh, not the faintest gleam of hope
My confidence had stirr'd
Hadst not Thou, Saviour, interpos'd,
And whisper'd me Thy word.
'Twas Thy dear tender voice that
breath'd
The accents that I heard.

And yet, by many a sinful doubt, I since have given Thee pain; Redeemer, slay the unbelief That dared Thine honour stain; And let me never, never grieve Thee, Holy One, again.

Make me Thy loving, trustful child,
From self entirely free;
Not to be sullen, though Thou dost
The cross allot to me;
Rejoicing, if at last Thou wilt
But call me home to Thee.
Daisy.

When the sufferings of a fellow-creature fail to excite our sympathies, we have little left besides the outward form which can characterize us as human. The God of nature has implanted sympathy in our hearts, that we may pour it out like healing balm into the wounds of the distressed; and when we suppress this best of gifts we destroy the fairest feature of nature's works within us; but, when we make our lives a blessing to others, we find a tenfold blessing in our own hearts. If you would be happy yourself, endeavour to honour Christ, and make others happy. This is the direct road.

#### ANALOGY BETWEEN NATURE AND GRACE.

THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.

(MATT. xiii.)

(Continued from page 96.)

THE husbandman has prepared his soil; he has sown good seed in his field; he is satisfied with his work, and is gone home, to rest from his labours. He has wrought hard; his servants have worked with him, and they rest and sleep. Are they wrong in doing so? We think not. They have obeyed the master's orders; they have prepared the ground as he directed them; they have sown the seed which he gave them to sow; and why should they be anxious as to the result? "The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much," because he has no care. He has done his duty according to his master's directions; his wages are sure, and there rests no responsibility on him. As a good servant, he respects and loves his employer, and will rejoice to see the crops flourish. But, should the frost or the mildew destroy all, there will be no blame to

him, for he has obeyed his master's orders.

We well remember the remark of an old servant. The reckoning day had come. He looked at the money before him—the reward of many days' summer labour -- and, with beaming eyes, he exclaimed, "I do believe, sir, that the labouring man is the happiest man a-going. He has only to do his work according as his master tells him, and he takes his money, and goes home, and he has not a care." And is not the same very true respecting the labourer in the vineyard of Christ? The Master has given him a message, and that message is beautifully set forth in the "Ordaining of Ministers." He is sent forth to "preach the Gospel to every creature." And what is the Gospel? It is not an offer; it is not a proffer; it is simply a declaration. It is a proclamation of glad tidings to perishing sinners—a proclamation and declaration of mercy. It cries, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It does not tell poor sinners that they are saved by "believing," but that they are saved by the grace of God, justified by "the faith of Christ." We like the Apostle's way of speaking. Saved not by faith-not by our faith in Christ-but by the inwrought faith of God the Holy Ghost; and so the Apostle says, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

The work of the servant of God is simply this, as set forth by the bishop: "And now again we exhort you, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you have in remembrance, into how high a dignity, and to how weighty an office and charge ye are called: that is to say, to be messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord; to teach and to premonish, to feed and provide for the Lord's family; to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children, who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ for ever. Have always, therefore, printed in your remembrance how great a treasure is committed to your charge: for they are the sheep of Christ, which He bought with His death, and for whom He shed His blood."

So, when the servants of the husbandman had prepared the soil, and had sown the seed, they SLEPT, in the happy feeling that they had done their master's work according to his command. And the minister of Christ, who preaches the Gospel of Christ in accordance with the words of Christ may go home and sleep. Multitudes of souls are perishing in heathendom; multitudes are perishing in all parts of Christendom; multitudes are perishing around every faithful minister of Christ—that minister is responsible for the faithful delivery of his message, but he is

not responsible for the effects of it.

The labourers slept, but not so their employer. The enemy had long been known to him, and his eye is over his field "from the beginning of the year, even unto the end of it." He saw the stealthy footsteps of the enemy; he saw him enter the field. He saw the poisonous darnel scattered upon the well-prepared soil. He might have prevented it, but he did not. He had purposes to carry out, and so he suffered the enemy to work his mischief. Our God might have prevented the entrance of sin into our world, but He permitted it to enter—only, let the children of God ever remember that God still holds the reins, and rules and overrules every motion of sin. The seed is in the soil; the tares are there too. Both spring up together, and the tares grow freely. The servants delight in looking on the field which they have prepared, and the minister of Christ earnestly longs to see some development of the Gospel seed in the hearts and lives of his hearers. The good seed shows itself, and the tares appear. The fruits of the Spirit are manifest in the new birth of some souls, and the fruits of Satan's seeds are manifest in false professors

springing up and joining the people of God.

We once heard our old friend at Huish (whose obituary appeared in the Gospel Magazine about a year ago) speak of these things. He said, "Sometimes the work of God's Spirit is manifested in a congregation or a parish; sinners are pricked to the heart-convinced of sin; their hearts filled with godly sorrow; they believe and are saved. Satan sees what is going on, and devises means to obstruct this work. So he takes some of his own children, who never felt the burden of sin, who never knew 'the plague of their own hearts,' and he makes professors of them; he burnishes, and polishes, and brightens, and soon they appear before the world and the Church brilliant and shining lights, instant in season and out of season, always doing good, and always on the mount; the world wonders, and the poor sin-burdened child of God, daily feeling his insufficiency, groaning under the weight of his corruptions, the flesh lusting against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, looks upon them and becomes still more depressed. He sees them mighty in the Scriptures, and hears them speak of their experience, whilst he, poor soul, 'out of the depths' is crying unto God, the waves and the billows going over him. Thus Satan works. All eyes are turned upon these eminent professors, and then a stumbling-block is placed in their way; they fall, return to their old habits of sin, and the cry immediately is, 'Look on your Christian men—these are your saints! We will have nothing to do with them; they are all hypocrites alike—all false.' And so they act as the man who, discovering two bad shillings in a bagful of silver, flung the whole away, because he was 'sure it was all bad alike.' They forget what St. John said, 'They went out from us, but they were not of us; for, if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us; but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us.""

But we do not look upon it that tares mean only professors. Christ says, "the field is the WORLD;" He does not say, "the field is the CHURCH," but the field is the WORLD." God made man upright at the first; the devil sowed his tares in the hearts of our first parents, and they soon took such

deep root there, that "the imaginations of the thoughts of man's heart became only evil continually." Now, God puts a new principle into the hearts of those for whom Christ gave His life a sacrifice, and that NEW PRINCIPLE works, and will work, till the old nature shall be subdued and crucified, and at death be utterly destroyed. Yes, "the field is the WORLD, the good seed are the children of the kingdom"—(mark our Lord's words)—and "the tares are the children of the wicked one." Again, mark what Jesus says. He tells us that there are two seeds in the world—"the children of the kingdom" and "the children of the wicked one;" sons of God and daughters of men, Israelites and Ishmaelites, sheep and goats, wheat and tares.

The "enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way." Whither did he go? He could not abide the presence of the Lord then, and he cannot abide it now. Let the soul be in darkness, the presence of the Lord will give light; even in the night, if the Lord appear, "His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life." So the man of God found it when waves and billows had gone over him. "He

went his way." Yes-

"Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees;"

for the poor soul is then in the presence of God, and where God is Satan cannot be.

The darnel must be got out of the wheat at some time or other, somehow or other. Dr. Kitto describes it as of a poisonous nature, the pest of the farmer, growing abundantly in the corn fields of the Arabs and Turks; mixed with the wheat, it causes dizziness in the head, and injures the health of those who eat of it, and therefore, when thrashed with the wheat, it is separated by a fan or sieve. But the doctor tells us that in Syria, in the time of harvest, it is drawn out by the hand and tied in separate bundles. He also says that this (the Greek word) does not occur elsewhere in Scripture, and is not found in any ancient Greek writer.

Our God is the God of the whole earth, and His word is for "all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues," and, if we were illustrating our subject for the people of the East, we would speak of darnel as the tares of the East; but we are writing for the people of the West, and VETCHES in England are usually called TARES, and so we shall speak of them. The seed of them is not of a bright silver or golden colour, as is the colour of wheat; our tares are covered with a brown or black skin, and they are of a rank and unpleasant flavour. So the citizens of the world, in their natural state, are easily distinguished from the people of God. But we have often taken off the covering of the English tare, and have cut it with a knife into the shape of wheat, and then the colour is like that of wheat, and, beholding it at a little distance, we should find it very easy to make the inexperienced observer believe that it was really a grain of good wheat. And so Christian training, the usages of Christian society and education, with a naturally amiable temper, have often made an unrenewed man pass before the world—aye, and before the Church, too—for a child of God; but, like the denuded tare, there is no life there. We would not sit in judgment upon our fellow-sinners, but we look about us and we see great professors of religion, constant attendants upon the means of grace, many of them members of a Church, who, by and by, will, we are afraid, be found to be not wheat, but tares-not sown in the world by the heavenly Husbandman, but proving themselves at last to be the seed of the wicked one.

Aye, and are there not those who are deceived by Satan and will deceive themselves up to the very last? They will say "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works?" only finding out when all is over that Christ had never known them. The dear children of God feel the cerruptions of their nature—sin working within them—and are often ready to cut themselves off from the family of God, deeming themselves only fit to be bound up with the tares, and to perish with them for ever. Tares or vetches are useful in themselves, and they furnish good food for sheep. When ground together with wheat they give an ill taste to the bread, and it is needful, therefore, to gather them out before the corn is thrashed, or after it is winnowed from the chaff. And so the children of this world are often made very useful to the people of God, sometimes willingly—perhaps from a natural love—and sometimes very unwillingly. They are useful in the world, but they are hurtful in the Church;" and at the last they must be separated from the wheat.

Reader, go with me through yon field of green wheat. The previous crop was vetches, and in the harvesting of them some of them were wasted—"britted out"—and could not be gathered up; or it may be that when the land was in preparation for wheat an enemy walked across the field, and from his pockets cast forth the tares. There they are, grown up, and so entwined around the stalks of the wheat that, if you attempt to pull them up, the wheat will come too. They must grow together until the harvest. And is it not so in the field of the world? of the Church? The wheat and the tares are so intertwined—"the children of the kingdom" and "the children of the wicked one" are necessarily so intimately connected—that one cannot be destroyed without the other;

one cannot suffer without the other.

Behold the army of Israel gone forth to battle, but the king is luxuriating in his house of cedar. There he is, on the housetop, overlooking his neighbours, and with lascivious eyes coveting his friend's wife. He takes her, and adultery is committed. He takes her, and murder is concocted, and carried out; and he goes on and on in sin for months and months. "Cut him off," we should say; "he is only a tare; pluck him up, he is only fit for the fire." But then God's wheat would have been lost, Israel would have lost his king, Solomon would never have been born, and the poor penitent, sin-burdened child of God would never have been comforted with the 51st Psalm. There are the ten sons of Jacob. They are about to sell Joseph into slavery "Cut them off, they are only tares! pluck them up, ere they commit this wicked act!" But then God's promise would have been broken, His purposes would have been frustrated, and His natural Israel would never have existed. There is Manasseh, too. We should have said, "He is only a tare. He is about to kill the prophet Isaiah. He has made Jerusalem's streets red with the blood of God's saints. Cut him off! pluck him up! He has trained Amon in wickedness. He is only a tare—a child of perdition." But, had he been cut off, there would have been no Manasseh to mourn over his sins, and no Josiah to effect that grand reformation in the Church and nation of Israel.

In almost every analogy there is a discrepancy, and so there is here. Natural tares are easily distinguished from natural wheat, but only God knows who are *spiritually* wheat and who are tares. There are periods in the lives of all God's saints when we should classify them as "only tares." Hear Peter with oaths and curses denying his Lord. Mark Paul

at the stoning of Stephen, and behold him on his way to Damascus. And see, too, the jailer at Philippi. The magistrates merely give him orders to keep the prisoners SAFELY. Full of malice to Christ, he thrusts them

into the inner prison, and makes their feet fast in the stocks.

Let us stand by the cross, and view the scene of wondrous mercy which is being enacted there. Hear the cry of the multitude: "His blood be on us and on our children." Can we suppose them to be aught else than TARES? "Father, forgive them," prays the Lord. They are not tares, but wheat. The efficacious prayer of the Lord affirms this; the Day of Pentecost makes it manifest. The Apostles preach. The word of Peter is clothed with power, and the multitude, pricked to the heart, cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" A few days ago they seemed to be the devil's tares; now, they are revealed as the Lord's wheat.

But we must draw to a close. How many there are on whom we could lay our hand whom we once thought to be tares, enemies to God and His Church, whom we now recognize as the fine wheat of the Lord. A great mercy they were not in our power, or we might have pulled them up. We could point to some who are bright lights now in the Church of Christ—patriots in the best sense of the word—whose parents proved by their lives and deaths that they were tures only. God would not suffer those tares to be destroyed, or this precious wheat would have been rooted

up with them.

But come home, dear reader—we ourselves and you. For long years we lived "dead in trespasses and sins." Who would then have believed us to be better than tares? Who would have looked upon us as children of the kingdom? And again, we see a daring reprobate on the deck of a slave ship, we see him an arrogant, blaspheming vagabond on the shores of Africa. Who would not have plucked him up as a tare? But who afterwards so sweet in sounding the Gospel of God's grace as John Newton? "Let both grow together until the harvest," said the Lord. Then the full development will have taken place. There will be no mistakes then.

We should have closed here, but a poor wretch is passing before our mind. He is almost daily before our eyes. He once was in a respectable business, but became a drunkard, and so went on for years. Then kind friends urged him to become an "abstainer," and he signed the pledge. Then he attended "the preaching." He was urged to "give himself to the Lord," to "accept the offers of mercy," to "go to Christ just as he was." He professed to do so, was diligent at the prayer-meetings, and there, apparently, earnest in his approaches to the throne of grace. We have heard, sometimes, that God's grace will change goats into sheep, and good wheat; and here, apparently, was a tare of Satan prepared, as good wheat, to be gathered into the Lord's garner. He became a believer (so-called), a communicant, and a member of a Church. The minister thought "he had given his heart to the Lord;" but one who knew his own helplessness was wont to say—as tens of thousands of poor sinners in the same words have since said—

"Take my poor heart, just as it is, Set up therein Thy throne."

When God begins, He will sustain. When the Spirit sets up God's throne in the sinner's heart, He will maintain it there. The work of the

creature, in every instance, will come to nought. Tares and wheat! "Let both grow together until the harvest," saith the Lord, "and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn."

Wotton-under-Edge. J. F. P

#### DANGEROUS COUNTERFEITS.

At first, the way to heaven was through the "strait gate" and along the "narrow way;" latterly, human wisdom has attempted to "cast up" a wide even road, where there are no briers, and no stones; where only flowers grow, and whose travellers walk in "silver slippers." At one time the conditions of God's favour was the indwelling of the "Spirit of all truth," and the concomitants of allegiance to the "King of kings" were, the cross to the crown—tribulation succeeded by triumph. Now-adays a mimic cross is suspended to the neck, and the world's honours substituted for real glory, by not a few who profess to belong to God's family. Do not all these, alas! bear the mark of His displeasure, and strengthen the barrier between him and the Spirit?

Lord, make me willing to be "singular," and suffer not "my soul to come into their secret."

#### THE SUN AND THE CLOUDS.

A FABLE FOR THE TIMES.

"The number of churches in England and Wales where altar lights are used is now given at 532, and this is supposed not to exhaust the list."—Christian World.

One morning the clouds gather'd thick round the sun,

Resolv'd to prevent all this shining; E'en Cloudland they thought had by

far too much light,
The darkness, though deep, undermining.

The times were propitious, for people were tired

Of sunbeams, and felt them annoy-

The light of a candle was more to their taste.

Wax or tallow, but wax most enjoying.

"You come to make war upon light," said the sun,

"But what would the world be without it?

Tettenhall.

A sepulchre, truly, with weeds overgrown,

And desert all dreary about it!"

A thunder-cloud mutter'd, "We're gather'd in force;

Be sure we don't think of disbanding."

"A cloudy day's better than night," said the sun,

"I mean to shine on notwithstanding.

"A breath may disperse all the forces you boast,

And blow out your rushlights for ever;

Such monkish devices were never decreed

To enlighten the nations; no, never!"

D. G.

A TRUE Christian always goes heartily to work to find out what is his besetting sin; and, when he has found it, which he easily may if he looks sharp, against this sin he watches narrowly.

## Protestant Beacon.

#### THE PULPIT.

THE following is from the pen of the venerable Dean of Gloucester:-

It is raised between the living and the dead to stay the plague of sin. Its glorious object is to proclaim the only way of life, and to exhibit Christ in all His tender love, waiting to be gracious, willing to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him. It prevails when congregations separate with blessings on their lips for such salvation, with rapture in their hearts for such bright hopes. But this is not the common sequence of a sermon. Of course, if Christ be hid, and error takes the front, nothing but evil can ensue. If chaff is broadcast, can the crop be wheat! If the spring be poison, can the stream give health! If the pilot steers towards the rocks, wreck is inevitable. If medicines be adulterated, malady will not be healed. But too often, when no flagrant defect in doctrine can be found, hearts are not touched, worldly-mindedness is not checked, the desert remains a dreary waste, no trees of righteousness appear. Impression is evanescent as writing on the sand. A sound is heard only to die away. Converts spring not up as willows by the watercourses. Among the grievous causes of such disaster some are obvious. Let them be noted with aching spirit and reluctant pen.

1. Sometimes it is ruinously apparent that the preacher moves as an unimpassioned machine. The truths of his lips are not conspicuously the inmates of his heart. The knowledge which falls glibly from the tongue is not manifestly the rudder of the inner man. The terms of a creed may be accurately stated, while deep vital experimental reception is obviously absent. While sin is denounced, the viper is seen nestling in the heart. While the voice cries, "Flee from the wrath to come," the feet are clogged with the mire of the accursed plain. Christ is uplifted, and yet not evidently loved, as all salvation and desire. No marvel that such heartless work neither awakens nor gives warmth. A sympathetic chain unites the pulpit and the pew. No mask can hide a skeleton. If Christ be not the mainspring of the heart, affected zeal will be as empty breath. It is vain to expect that souls will be arrested, converted, quickened, saved, by specious acting. Death in the pulpit will be death throughout the seats. A discredited tale excites no sympathy. A guide will not be followed who has never trod the path. Can the warrior prosper in the fight who has not proved his weapons? A pasteboard sword inflicts no wounds. Undoubted experience wins confiding trust. Convictions follow him who testifies, "I know whom I have believed."

2. Again, can the pulpit's work succeed when the speaker descends to unteach his public words? The world has a keen eye. It quickly reads the language of the life. Distrust will sneer when sanctity appears only as the pulpit vest. Such inconsistency is a destructive blight. What jealous care, then, should pervade the pastor's walk! Daily conduct may pull down what the pulpit seemingly strove to build up. A web industriously spun may easily be unravelled. Let it not be supposed that morose asceticism, forbidding sternness, repulsive exclusiveness are here commended as ministerial virtues. Far otherwise; the pastor should be the model of gentleness and love. His sweet cordiality should win affection. The rich and poor alike should feel that in him they have a friend of friends. But such confidence is never gained by intermixture

in worldly vanities—by joining in the dance of frivolous amusements—by boisterous laughter on the croquet lawn—by skill and shoutings in the cricket-field—by witty merriment at the jovial board—by public fingering of the flute and fiddle—by languishing in plaintive love songs. He who would say, "To me to live is Christ," should not frequent places where Christ is excluded, and where His name would startle and disturb. He who exhorts the flock to watch for the Lord's return should not seek scenes where the last trumpet would create dismay. Let it be granted that many sports are wholly innocent, and check not close walk with God. But they become most faulty if they give offence. It is a heavenly rule, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." Unequivocal demeanour was Paul's boast, "Our Gospel came not unto you in Word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance, as ye know what manner of men we were among you for your sake" (1 Thess. i. 5).

3. Let it be added, that the edge of public admonition ceases to be keen when the pastor is seldom seen but on the pulpit's authoritative seat. When the prime of time has been devoted to Scripture-searching and strong prayer, then the sick room, the home of sorrow, and countless circumstances of the flock demand visits of sympathy, of warning, of advice. A friendly voice should deal in private with all the matters of the soul; a profitable word may oft be spoken in streets and lanes, in highways and by hedges. He who thus scatters precious seed will return bringing sheaves with him. But a stranger to the home will be a stranger to the people's heart. The flock will stray when not familiar

with the shepherd's voice.

4. In these sad days another snare lies at the pulpit door. Appalling heresies are rife. Traitors, enamoured of Rome's seductive wiles, are smoothing the path to deadliest corruptions. Flocks must be warned. It is not easy to censure baneful hearts without emotion. When feelings kindle words are prone to eatch the glow. The indignant spirit seeks indignant vent. But no bitterness, no acrimony, no irritable temper should fulminate in ministerial garb. No human passion should appear where spirituality alone should reign. Tender compassion for an erring brother may consist with horror at his faults. A tearful eye should see, a trembling tongue denounce such treason. Let no rancour, then, ever mar the pulpit's holy word. The foot must tread gently on consecrated ground. "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." Gentleness is true power, because it reflects the mind of Christ. Fiery outbreaks often prove a nipping frost.

To the enlightened man the world and his own kind may appear like "a reed shaken with the wind;" by the sensual man everything may be regarded as the means and fuel of luxury; but to the Christian whose eye has been purged, the sphere of whose vision has been enlarged by faith, the world is as a prophet that tells him of God, and he hears all nature, animate and inanimate, joining in choral hymns of adoration and thanksgiving to its Creator. "Hallelujah," is the sound of the waves, and the mountains reply "Hallelujah." "Hallelujahs" float along in the murmurings of the streams, in the whisperings of the grove and forest; yea, even in the silent courses of the stars his spirit hears the mystic "Hallelujahs."—J. Hare.

#### PASTORAL VISITS.

FIRST VISIT.

MINISTER.

My friend, the object of my care, I come to ask you how you are; How fast you run the heavenly race, And how your spirit grows in grace?

HEARER.

Your kind inquiries, sir, are such As often have concern'd me much; My progress is so very small I feel I have no grace at all.

W

But stay, my friend, lest you mistake, Such rash conclusions do you make; This plaintive tone and mournful sound

Among the saints is often found.

H

Sure saints can never feel like me— No heart so hard as mine can be; Produce its equal, sir, you can't, In steel, or stone, or adamant.

M

Are you of sinners then the chief? Saul, Magdalene, the dying thief, Your bold assertion would deny, And each in turn would say, "Tis I!"

H

No creature knows how much I feel, Nor can my lab'ring spirit tell; How cold, how barren, and how faint I am; and can I be a saint?

M

Did ever ice or stone thus feel? Or can you bend the harden'd steel? Since you this adamant have felt, It surely has begun to melt.

H.

The want of feeling I bemoan;
'Tis this that makes me sigh and groan,
While others light and joy obtain,
Lifeless and cold I still remain.

M

How inconsistently you talk! I hope you more correctly walk; You feel too much, yet feelings crave; Such feelings Christians often have.

H.

Do Christians when they try to pray Feel at a loss what they shall say? How to address the heavenly King— What words to use—what plea to bring? M

Yes; when their humble knees they bend, Their anxious thoughts to heaven

ascend:

Their groans, unutterable, rise, Like grateful incense, to the skies.

H.

But does not God from heaven declare Pollution shall not enter there? Sin still defiles my holy things, And must offend the King of kings.

M

All that's impure Jehovah hates; But Christ our Mediator waits To cleanse our sinful cries and prayers, And bear them to the Father's ears.

H.

The encouragement you give is sweet, My wretched case it seems to meet; But, ah! I want a lively faith To feast on what the Saviour saith.

M.

I'm glad the want of faith you know; For Jesus Christ can faith bestow: He is its Author, object, end; Through grace we on His grace depend.

H.

Oh, that I could on Christ rely! I fear to venture, yet I'll try; I tremble to approach His throne, Yet know without Him I'm undone.

M.

Such knowledge and such anxious thought Prove that you are by Jesus taught; And he who has such knowledge given

Intends to train you up for heaven.

I read of God's electing love, And names of saints enroll'd above; Fain would I know if mine is there, Can you this secret now declare?

M

Yes, if you will one moment pause And trace effects up to their cause; When blossom, leaves, and fruit we see,

We say, "There stands a fruitful

tree.

H

Alas! when I my fruit compare, None but wild grapes on me appear, But all the saints Jehovah loves Bring forth such fruit as He approves.

M.

A sight of self, a grief for sin, A thirst for holiness within, Seeking to hold converse above, Are fruits of God's electing love. H.

Such evidence do I possess, But still with grief I must confess My mind is not well satisfied That Jesus Christ for me has died.

M.

Beware of nursing unbelief; He, like a noted artful thief, Will rob you of your choicest food, Unless he be by faith withstood.

Now may the Holy Spirit give Grace all-sufficient thus to live Upon the word thy Jesus saith, And cry, "Dear Lord, increase my faith."

-Rev. Joseph Irons.

## Correspondence.

### A FEW MORE WORDS FROM AN OLD PILGRIM.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I have had all this morning those solemn words of our Lord and Master pressing upon the mind: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able," &c. "Why?" is asked. "Because of the exceeding narrowness of the entrance ?-no room for the flesh, with all its activity and energy? You astonish and surprise me," one and another says. "For I heard such a preacher (Evangelistic) say, 'Accept of Jesus naw -ere you leave the meeting-for "now is the accepted time." Like the girl you named—"Jesus offered Himself, and I accepted Him!" ("But I know nothing more about it," she might have said.) "We have not so learned Christ," my brother. Very different was it (more than fiftytwo years ago) when the soul was in an agony to know its interest (personal) in Christ. It was more like the jailer, when, in his extremity and distress, he cried out, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" He saw the calmness and composure of his two prisoners, whom he had treated so roughly and unmercifully on the past day, and thrust them into the inner prison, doubtless a cold, dark, miserable dungeon, and had made their feet fast in the stocks and treated them harshly and brutally-no tenderness and compassion shown them. But God had appeared for and on behalf of His injured servants (Paul and Silas), and they were "so happy," even in a dungeon, and with their feet in the stocks, that they "sang praises," and the prisoners heard them singing (here was the true melody and singing), and then there was an earthquake, and "God was in that earthquake." So terrible was it, and alarming to all but Paul and Silas (they were calm and collected, and singing and happy in God), and the shock was such as to open the strong doors of the prison, that the before hard-hearted and uncouth jailer came in trembling and terrified, and, in his extremity, drew his sword, and would have killed himself but for Paul and Silas, who cried out, "Do thyself no harm, for we are all here." What a change! And this was like God. God had come out of His ordinary course to deliver His servants and convert the jailer and his

household. "Then he washed their stripes, and set meat before them,

and was baptized believing."

Let us compare this and similar instances of God's power and sovereignty with those so much talked of in the present day, and they are a sham, we say, in comparison, and more like a counterfeit than genuine conversion. One often hears Revivalists saying that the question of sin being put away was settled long, long ago-more than eighteen hundred years ago -and we have nothing to do with what is passed. But the anxious enquirer says, "I must be better satisfied than I am just now about so important a matter as 'salvation by free and sovereign grace.' I have heard it is a free gift, without money and price, and that it is 'God's unspeakable precious gift,' and I wish to know more about it, that I may appreciate and value proportionately such a gift, and praise the Author and Giver." I have often compared the divine working of the Spirit upon the heart to a magnet and a needle. It is drawn by an unseen, imperceptible power, and to it holds, and only force will separate the two, and when applied again and again the attraction is renewed. So is it with a genuine soul, but otherwise is it with those who only experience a transient power and operation (like Satan's working). I have seen much of this under an eloquent, powerful, touching discourse by a fine orator, working upon the passions and imagination, while the heart is unmoved and unaffected and uninfluenced, and, ere they reach the outside of the place, "all is gone and passed away like the shadow of a cloud."

I think the dissenting churches have greatly erred in calling out young men of education, and somewhat talented as to fluency of language, and of gentlemanly appearance, into the ministry. "Oh," one and another says, "he is a promising young man;" but where is the evidence of his being called of God to the work? None at all; and they are sent out to preach before they know themselves experimentally what they are sent to preach. "Not a novice," says Paul to Timothy. Ah, we have many novices nowadays—enough to make one weep tears of blood to listen to.

I have thus given you a few thoughts which have passed through the mind this morning in quiet. Should they be of any use, they are at your disposal, to do with them as may seem best, either to use or lay aside till another time. There is one more thought I would add. Surely the Bridegroom is near to come. We have become familiar with the sound, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" Is not the Lord calling the wise virgins to trim their lamps and get a fresh supply of oil ready to go out and meet Him? I say, is not the time come to "awake to righteousness," and sin not, and be ready? Many are overcharged and surfeited with this world and its things and cares, and more unprepared for the Lord's speedy return.—Yours truly,

\*\*Hackney\*\*.

#### A DAILY MOTTO FOR BELIEVERS.

I HAVE nothing to do with to-morrow, My Saviour will make that His care; Should He fill it with trouble or sorrow, He'll help me to suffer and bear.

I have nothing to do with to-morrow,
Its burdens, then, why should I share?
Its grace and its strength I can't borrow,
Then why should I borrow its care?

#### THE OLD BEATEN TRACK.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Beloved in the Lord and for His sake, may every new covenant blessing rest on thee and thine, and on me and mine; with all the blood-bought family, who are travelling in the old beaten path of tribulation, and the oft faint in conflict, with the threefold troop, are yet kept pursuing, with the prize sometimes clearly in view, and sometimes obscured by the fogs and mists of unbelief. We have passed through another year; to me it has been one of more than common affliction, not really being well for a fortnight together since last April, and yet enabled, more or less, generally to attend to my Master's business. I was prostrated partially, more than six weeks ago, and, finally, a prisoner to the house and chamber. I am, through mercy, now much better. Since I was shut up I once more waded through Calvin's Institutes, and Bullinger's Decades, and a good portion of the Posthumous Letters of that master in Israel, the despised William Huntington, and found precious food for

faith to feed upon, and my spiritual strength renewed.

A few nights ago I was induced to reach down the "Recollections" of one whose memory is as dear to me, I believe, as it is to you; I need hardly say it was the late beloved "Gospel Cottage Lecturer." Those "Lectures" are worth their weight in gold to those who find their daily experience described in the 107th Psalm. In reading on this afternoon, I came upon the lecture (in the "Recollections") upon Hebrews v. 14. Such was the power felt in my soul under reading what he has there written that in overwhelming sweetness I could not help crying out, "O thou precious delineator of my soul's experience, thou dissector of the hearts of God's children, how richly fraught with heavenly wisdom and precious gifts thou wert!" He led me back for more than half a describing the many changes through which my soul has passed a multitude of times. Oh, what a secret there is in divine teaching! What a oneness of heart and way does the Lord give to His own covenant people! And what a purity of language is their privileged lot! I had his "Lectures" (which I took in numbers) bound in three volumes, and have the mortification to have lost one, although my name and residence are plainly written in the same.

During my recent affliction I have felt something of the goodness of God, being for the most part kept from murmuring or repining, calmly and peacefully resting upon the immutability of His love, His covenant oath and promises, feeling a persuasion that His infinite wisdom knew far better what was best for me, a poor worm, than I did, yet not favoured with the sensible enjoyment of His soul-cheering presence as I desired. Again, I was blessed last night in meeting with the following (in the "Remains" of dear G. D. D.): - "He heard the late Mr. Philpot at Croydon with blessed unction and sweetness, and the portion he so enjoyed (in substance) was this. Mr. P. said, 'Following on to know the Lord consisted in living, earnest desires after Jesus Christ,' and added, 'If you take away my longing and breathing desires to hear His voice, you take away my religion!" "Aye," said I, "and most assuredly mine too!" Nothing can ever extinguish the bubbling up of "those," as dear Hart says, truly, "feeble desires, those wishes so weak," &c. Why not? Because they are of divine origin, the production of that life of God in the soul which is indestructible, the sovereign free gift of God to all His sheep! The

bruised reed He will never break, nor quench the smoking flax; but will, sooner or later, fan into a flame of love those desires He Himself has

begotten in the souls of His lambs.

I cannot walk with those who are always on the mount; their pace is too fast for me: nor can I walk with those who appear to be always in the dark, and continually at work at the dung gate. In my experience, I have found to this day that, as sure as day and night follow in succession naturally, so do they in me spiritually. Kings, against whom there is no rising up, may appear very stately in their going. The warriors who only beat the air do not get many wounds in such a conflict. The prince of this world is not divided against himself; with the seed of woman he is ever at war. I found a sweet response in some of the pieces in the Gospiel Magazine; your own, G. C., and Mr. Burton's, from Coventry, and others besides. I shall very probably be off soon, being in my seventy-second year, but desire to spend and be spent (in my poor little way) in the cause of Him who hath long ago won my affections and bound my soul fast to His sacred sway!

Well I know that I must live and die an infinite debtor to sovereign grace; for that "all the work shall crown through everlasting days," &c.

We have lest another of our hearers, a steadfast friend of mine and yours, named Jacques, eighty-four years of age, a firm abider by the stuffs, though oft such a weakling in faith as not to be able to go over the brook to battle. He has followed another of the same description, who went home a year ago. They invariably heard you on your visit to this neighbourhood. The Lord will have His own. He paid too dear for them to ever let them fall out of His hands. It is a precious reality dear Hart states when he says,

"Blest soul that canst say, 'Christ only I seek;'
Wait for Him alway; be constant, though weak:
The Lord, whom thou seekest, will not tarry long;
And to Him the weakest is dear as the strong."

To such it was the delight of dear George to draw out the breast of consolation; such also is my heart's delight wherever I can trace divine life. Oh, it is sweet employment to set forth the glories of Immanuel before His sheep and lambs. The Lord bless you and yours, ever more!

I remain, thine truly in Jesus, our hope. Leicester.

THORPE SMITH.

## WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

[My DEAR BROTHER,—I received the accompanying letter from an unknown brother in the faith yesterday morning before service, in acknowledgment of my "New Year's Pastoral Address," which he had read, and it inspired me with so much comfort and encouragement, under the opposition which the doctrines of grace provoke, that I think it may be read by our dear brethren, who doubtless experience the same, with similar effect, if you insert it in the Gospel Magazine.

Hoping to meet you again at the Leicester Conference, I remain, my

dear brother, yours in the faith of God's elect,

Snargate. EDWARD WILKINSON.]

DEAR FRIEND,—Grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, be with you. Amen. It was not until to-day I received your "New Year's Pastoral Address," and the love I experience for the writer is better felt than described. I can truly say that it found an echo in my heart, and I felt the force of those words, "Whom having not seen, we love," which applies to all the members of Christ as well as to Him, their Head. I could but rejoice to know that God has a few names in this Sardis state who have not defiled their garments with the popish doctrines which are so prevalent in this solemn and awful day of profession. God says they shall walk with Him in white, for they are worthy. My heart's desire and prayer is that supplies of grace may be given to you, and that you may have enduring and ever-increasing grace granted to you, of which I have not the slightest reason to The reward is before you. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." I greet you in the name of the Lord, and would say to you as Samuel said to God's ancient people, "Consider what great things God hath done for you." And in this we may both, and I trust do, alike rejoice together. The doctrines laid down in your little work are the glorious doctrines of the everlasting Gospel, the foundation of the believer's hope, and the joy and the rejoicing of every real and sensible sinner. These doctrines are preached by very, very few, but hated by very, very many. In these days, when free will and duty faith are poured forth both from press and pulpit, who could have thought that God had reserved for Himself so near a neighbour, and had set up His kingdom in his heart? The same blessed truths He has taught you He has also taught me, and, as it is said, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," so is there joy also upon earth when brethren are of one heart and one mind. The poet says,

> "'Blest be the ties that bind Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above."

St. John saith, "He that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God." What a blessed bond is that which subsists between Jesus and His dear members! It is a sacred bond, which never breaks; and for ever blessed be that God who, through the redemption of Christ and the regenerating, teaching and sanctifying work of the ever-blessed Spirit, "hathmade us meet to become partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." The company we love, and are mated to here, will be our company above; for St. Paul says, "Who shall separate us from the love of God?" blessed love and fellowship which I feel towards you, for Christ's sake, I feel also towards a dear child of God in Derbyshire, who in a similar way was made manifest to my heart as being such. I allude to the Rev. Hely Smith, Rector of Tansley, Matlock, many of whose works I have purchased and given away. You may perhaps know both him and his work. The one on "Substitution" is a blessed one. He is a man of a humble mind, but mighty in the Scriptures. God hath done great things for him, and I feel that He has done the same for you, and, I trust, for me also, who think myself happy to have either of you for a neighbour, that we might be favoured to enjoy what they in old times carried out: "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another. And the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them hat feared the Lord and that thought upon His name; and they shall be

mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels. And I will spare them as a man spareth his own son, that serveth him."

At such seasons how often have I proved that Jesus draws near; and our hearts burn within us when our conversation has been about Jesus and His divine love for poor sinners. Who would not say with the two disciples at Emmaus, "Abide with us, for it is toward even, and the day of our life is far spent"? And sure I am, if there were more of this conversation and speaking from the heart to the heart, Jesus, according to His promises, would be present. I am glad you speak so highly of Wm. Huntington, Owen, and others, but it is because you love them, and so do I. They are men of blessed memory.

And now may the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob be with you, and abundantly bless both you and your labours, and when it is well with thee, remember yours affectionately,

C. B.

P.S.—Perhaps it is no more than fair to inform you that I am not a member of the Established Church, but the unworthy pastor of a little church at B——, in East Kent, which I have been the means of raising up. I live, however, in R——, as my bread comes here, and I travel to and fro. I am a companion of all them that fear the Lord, and am no sectarian. I love the doctrines laid down in the Prayer Book, so that I do not turn from the doctrines, but from the evil practices of too many of those who ought to set a better example.

# EXTRACT FROM CAPTAIN BUTLER'S "THE WILD NORTH LAND." \*

THE following event occurred some two years ago :-

In a band of Crees, travelling over the plains, there happened to be a blind Indian. Following the band, one day he lagged behind, and the party dipping over a ridge on the prairie became lost to sound. Becoming suddenly alarmed at having thus lost his friends, he began to run swiftly, in the hope of overtaking them; but now his judgment was at fault, and the direction of his run was the wrong one-he found himself alone on the immense plains. Tired at last by the speed to which feverish anxiety had urged him, he sat down to think over his chances. It was hopeless to attempt to regain his party; he was far out in the grassy ocean, and south, west, and east lay hundreds of miles of undulating plain; to the north many days' journey, but still near, in relative distance, lay the forts of the white man, and the trail which led from one to the other. He would steer for the north, and would endeavour to reach one of these forts. It was midsummer; he had no food, but the carcases of lately-killed buffalo were, he knew, numerous in that part of the prairie, and lakes or ponds were to be found at intervals.

He set out, and for three days he journeyed north. "How did he steer?" the reader will ask; "for have you not told us the man was blind?" Nevertheless, he steered with accuracy towards the north. From sunrise he kept the warm glow on his naked right shoulder; six hours later the heat fell upon his back; towards evening the rays were on his left side; and when the sun had gone, and the damp daw began to fall, he laid down for the night: thus he held a tolerably correct course. At times the soft mud of a lake shore clogged his feet; but

<sup>\*</sup> Sampson Low and Co., 1874.

that promised water, and after a drink he resumed his way; the lakelet was rounded, and the course pursued. There was no food; for two days he travelled on patiently, until at last he stumbled over the bones of a buffalo. He felt around; it had been killed some time, and the wolves had left scant pickings on ribs or legs, but on the massive head the skin was yet untouched, and his knife enabled him to satisfy his hunger, and

to carry away a few scraps of skin and flesh.

Thus recruited he pressed on. It was drawing towards evening on the fifth day of his weary journey when he found himself reduced to starvation, weak from protracted hunger, and faint from thirst; the day had been a warm one, and no friendly lake had given him driek. His scanty food had long been exhausted, and there seemed but little hope that he could live to feel the warm sun again. Its rays were growing faint upon his left shoulder, when his feet suddenly sank into soft mud, and the reeds and flags of a swamp brushed against his legs: here was water; he lay down and drank a long, long draught. Then he bethought him, Was it not better to stay here while life lasted? here he had at least water, and of all the pangs that can afflict the lost wanderer, that of thirst is the hardest to bear. He lay down midst the reeds, determined to wait for death.

Some few miles to the north-east lay the creek of the Eagle Hills. That evening a party of hunters from the distant fort of A la Corne had appeared on the wide prairies which surrounded this creek; they were in search of buffalo; it wantel an hour of sunset. The man in charge looked at the sinking sun, and he bethought himself of a camping-place. "Go to such and such a bend of the creek," he said to his hunters, "unyoke the horses and make the camp. I will ride to yonder hill and take a look over the plains for buffalo; I will join you at the camp."

The party separated, and their leader pushed on to the hill-top for a better survey of the plains. When he reached the summit of the ridge, he cast a look on every side; no buffalo were to be seen, but to his surprise, his men, instead of obeying his orders as to the route, appeared to be steering in a different direction from the one he had indicated, and were already far away to the south. When he again overtook them they were in the act of camping on the borders of a swampy lake, a long way from the place he had intended; they had mistaken the track, they

said, and seeing water here had encamped at sunset.

It was not a good place, and the officer felt annoyed at their simplicity. While they spoke together thus, a figure suddenly rose from the reeds at the further side of the lake, and called loudly for assistance. For a moment the hunters were amazed at this sudden apparition; they were somewhat startled, too, for the Blackfeet Indian bands were said to be on the war-trail. But presently they saw that there was only a solitary stranger, and that he was blind and helpless: it was the lost Cree. He had long before heard the hunters approach, but not less deadly was the fear of Blackfeet than the dread of death by starvation. Both meant death; but one meant scalping, therefore dishonour in addition. It was only when the welcome sounds of the Cree language fell on his ear that he could reyeal his presence in the reed-fringed lake.

I have told this story at length, just as I heard it from the man who had been in charge of the party of hunters, because it brings home to the mind of the outsider not only the power of endurance which the Indian displays in the face of physical difficulties, but also the state of

society produced by the never-ending wars among the Indian tribes. Of the mistake which caused the hunters to alter their course and pitch their camp in another direction than that intended by their leader, I have nothing to say; chance is a strange leader people say. But for my part I had rather believe that men's footsteps are turned south instead of west under other Guidance than that of chance, when that change of direction, heedless though it be, saves some lost wanderer who has lain down to die.

#### UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY THE LATE DR. HAWKER.

Dear Sir,—My prayers accompany my letter, that the God of patience and consolation may sanctify your sorrows, that you sorrow not as others which have no hope. The vacancy which the Lord hath made in your family and in your heart, Jesus Himself can, and I hope will, fill, and

having Him we have all.

In relation to your dear departed wife, you have the very precious assurance that she is sleeping in Jesus. The Lord the Spirit had long taught her the plague of her own heart, and from the same almighty Teacher she had learnt the suitableness and all-sufficiency of Jesus, and, if her views were not so bright as those of the Apostles, she had earnest desires to know more and more of God the Father's love, Jesu's grace, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. And sure I am, where these desires are, they are of God's creating. It is blessed, yea, very blessed, to be taken only into the school of Jesus. His little ones are as dear to Him as the highest scholars. In relation, therefore, to her who is now no more with us below, sleeping in Jesus, she is among the blessed dead (Rev. xiv. 13).

In relation to yourself, dear sir, I again repeat my prayers, that this providence, however painful, may be sanctified; that, though sowing in tears, the fruits of it may be reaped in joy. If it was among the designs of our gracious covenant God in sending His children into this world to form connections, to build houses, to get money, and to sit down to the enjoyment of them, then indeed such an event as you now deplore would be calamitous to an excess; but, as every voice in God's Word joins in assuring us that "here we have no continuing city," may the Lord's taking her from you be made instrumental in weaning you from everything here below, that henceforth your prospects may be more directed to that blessed country which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is

God.

To Him, whom truly to know is life eternal, I commit and commend you, and remain, dear sir, your faithful servant in the Lord,

Plymouth, Jan. 1, 1818.

ROBERT HAWKER.

Dr. Granville, whose religious principles had been upset by the perusal of some of the atheistical works of the encyclopedists of the last century, says (in his "Autobiography," page 21), "I shall have to confess in the course of this narrative how much harm the reading of this book had done me, and how happy I feel at the reflection that the subsequent continuous perusal of Holy Writ, under English interpretation, has served to restore that peace of mind and assurance as to my future destiny which my initiation into the contents of the work just mentioned had completely destroyed."