

THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE.



"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE.
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER. WHOM TO KNOW
IS LIFE ETERNAL."

VOL. IV.]

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[No. 47.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?—MATT. XXII. 42.

READERS, what think ye of Christ? Come, now, let us at least for a season leave men, and mere doctrine, and things generally, to themselves, whilst we come at once to the very vitality of what is only worth calling religion. Opinion—profession—mere outward forms and ceremonies, will all stand for naught, if we are not well rooted and grounded in a personal knowledge of Christ. It is a solemn truth—increasingly we feel its importance; and in the responsible position in which we stand, as dying men holding intercourse with dying men, we are deeply anxious to acquit ourselves as in the sight of God.

Our occupation of late has been anything but an enviable one. In the admission of papers which have been for the investigation and establishment of truth, we have entailed upon ourselves no small degree of censure; however, whilst conscious of the motives by which we have been actuated, we do trust and believe it has been appointed and overruled by the Lord the Spirit, to examine more closely our own standing, and that of our readers. And we cannot but here magnify

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3 L

and bless the name of Jehovah our covenant God, for all the means He has adopted to bring us to the position where it is his good pleasure we should now be. As creatures we feel—and most deeply too—the taunts, and rebuffs, and rebukes, of our varied correspondents and readers; our fleshly minds would love flattery as much or more than any—and the same flesh is as much annoyed and is as indignant at being opposed, as others; but when the Lord breaks in—humbles us at his feet by some fresh pledge of his favour, we become as quiet and placid as possible; we thank Him for being so patient with us;—bless Him for enemies—praise Him for troubles—and out of the very depths of sorrow, whilst perhaps sighing, and crying, and groaning for support and deliverance, bless Him, and praise Him, and adore Him, for the troubles under which the flesh is at the very moment writhing.

Readers, do you know anything of this blessed experience—this real, heartfelt religion? It may be, and doubtless is, paradoxical to the mere professor, but it is nevertheless the way, the good old beaten way, the saints in every age have trod. What! to bless God for troubles? Yes, to bless God for troubles. Pray, did not David? “It is good for me that I have been afflicted;” and Hezekiah? “Good is the word of the Lord,”—that very word which denounced such judgments upon his seed. The dear Shunamite? “Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well;” and yet her child was dead—yes, left at home in the house—really and truly dead! Oh, beloved, beloved, how the contemplation of these things warms one’s heart. How *little* it makes trouble appear, and how *great* the Deliverer! Never mind the peculiarity nor the magnitude of your trials. It is the same God—yes, the self-same Deliverer, and we tell you again, as we have often told you, the more strange—perverse—peculiar your afflictions, sorrows, and crosses, the more visibly of God your deliverances. Viewed thus—brought down, after struggling and contending, till natural wisdom and natural strength, are all gone—we are fond—yes, very fond, of some *right down good troubles*; not in a human point of view, remember, for troubles in themselves are anything but good or pleasant; we mean, in a spiritual light—in the way in which faith views the dispensation. Without trial—without soul-exercise arising from some cause or other of which the Holy Ghost is pleased to make use, we have about as much religion,—as to present powerful operation,—as there is in a horse. We are either as dull, as formal, as the most “pious” pharisee, or as light, as frivolous, as the most volatile professor. So that of one thing we are becoming tolerably certain, that just as long as the Lord is pleased to keep the soul lively—the affections towards himself—and the eye of faith looking and longing for his appearing, just so long we shall have plenty of trouble. But, blessed be his holy name, He turns it to good account; it keeps us upon very intimate terms with himself; makes Him and our souls very familiar; ah, more familiar, candid, and open, than we could be to any creature living, and causes us generally to feel ready at a moment’s notice. Ready? what for? Why, for his summons, to be sure. Death! thoughts of

death ! why, readers, since the dear Lord hath been pleased to show us that He has fulfilled the law for us—satisfied divine justice—wrought out and bought in everlasting righteousness which is unto all and upon all them that believe—vanquished death—finished transgression, and made an end of sin ; we see no reason to fear in the contemplation of death. We regard him as a *friend*, not an *enemy*, for

“ Death is no more a frightful foe,
Since we with Christ shall reign,
With joy we leave this world of woe ;
For us to die is gain ! ”

He has nothing to demand of us except this old clay carcass, and the sooner that is laid under the clods the better. We shall be happy as princes then. The poor body will be sleeping—mouldering in the grave, but, because united to the dear Lamb—bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and precious in his sight,—its fragments shall all be gathered up again. And then when collected by his own divine hand, then, then oh how sweet ! the old, worrying Canaanite gone !—for ever fled—done away with—left in the grave—burnt up and finally destroyed with all the rubbish of nature and of worlds ; and the church—the bride—the Lamb's wife spending eternity in his presence ! Can it be true ? Do we write of fiction ? Is there reality in the subject we contemplate ? Is the day—the glorious day—in prospect, when trial, and sin, and sorrow, shall be felt and feared no more ? Yes, 'tis true ! Jehovah hath declared it. “ Because I live ye shall live also.” “ Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.” Poor nature cannot rise so high ; 'tis faith, and faith alone, that soars aloft, to dwell in anticipation sweet on future, blessed realities. The curtain yet conceals—behind the scenes is hid—the wonders of eternity. That part of Zion which hath crossed the flood, beholds but partially the glories which Jehovah hath to show ; He waits—yes, e'en Jehovah tarries—the arrival of his church, all perfect, all complete—ere He displays in greater magnitude that which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Oh ! wondrous thought ! delightful vision yet to be unfolded. Stand by, dear doubting Christian—yea, stand beside the dying bed, of some despised follower of the Lamb. See—see, though agonized with pain, his heaven-lit countenance ; behold the upward glancing of his eye, as it dwells with untold rapture on the scene which opens to his view ! How calm—composed ! He dies to earth—bids relatives and friends adieu, and waits in joyous musings the approach of his Beloved.

But to the subject—for we have been rambling indeed. *What think ye of Christ ?* Now, as we cannot get your answer, we will, as the Lord enables us, just tell you what *we* think of Him ; and then if *your* views and *our* views agree, “ for face answereth to face, and the heart of man to man,” we shall rejoice together ; our souls will be warmed—our hearts knit together in love—and God, even our own God, will be glorified.

What think we of Christ ? Why, we think He is, and was—one with the Father and the eternal Spirit from everlasting ; distinct in Person, yet one in essence and incomprehensible union ; “ for there are Three which bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these Three are One.”

What think we of Christ ? That He is the same to whom the Father gave the church in eternity ; and He the Almighty One who undertook—covenanted—to redeem that church out of the miseries of the fall, ere that fall was.

What think we of Christ ? That He it was who, “ passing by the nature of angels, took upon Him the seed of Abraham,” became bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh ; was conceived in the Virgin’s womb by the mighty overshadowing of the Holy Ghost ; though born of a sinful woman, He inherited no part of her sin ; her nature not in itself being sinful, but sin only dwelling in—running through the veins (so to speak) of that nature ; “ that as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, He also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil.”

What think we of Christ ? That by his holy obedience, He confirmed and honoured the law, and that that obedience is imputed—put down to the account of—considered as belonging unto—his church, of which He was the glorious Representative and Head ; and that she stands as perfect in the obedience of Christ as if she had fulfilled every tittle of the law. That that law is now and for ever done away as a covenant of works ; and that the church, as the bride—the Lamb’s wife—is now not looking to the law as that given to be observed in a legal sense ; she views it as “ holy, just, and good,”—a transcript of the divine mind. She is not now looking to Moses, but unto Moses’ Lord. And being manifestively brought into a living and vital union with Jesus, all the blessed properties contained in that law, are written on her heart. It is loved and revered after the hidden man of the heart, and yet not in the least looked to, or depended upon, as a covenant of works, or in the least wise to be relied upon as a ground of acceptance with God. She is accepted, and therefore hath to look for no further acceptance ; and now, as the fruits and effects of that holy calling wherewith she is called, she is looking to her Head and Husband, for a daily revelation of his will ; and desiring to “ walk in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless.”

“ I delight in the law of God,” says the apostle, “ after the inward man ;” and so does every soul that is brought into the real liberty of the Gospel, to behold that law fulfilled and ratified in Christ his dear Surety ; but to set up as law-keepers, is to reject the work of Christ, and become Christ-despisers. Beloved, they say—professors generally we mean—that we do not contend for the law—that we disown it as a rule of life ; blessed be God, we do, for we take a higher view of it. We see its demands so fully answered in the person of the Lord Jesus, that we can calmly read down its contents as a bill paid. The receipt is in characters of blood ; and it is not merely put upon the file of

“bills discharged,” but the payment is ratified—confirmed in the heart; and so far from being opposed to the law, or wanting to shift out of it, as it were, we do say, that analyze it as you may, and however conscious we may be of our total inability to keep a single iota of it, as far as the old fleshly mind is concerned, yet it is loved and revered by the new man of the heart, as beheld, remember, in the face of Jesus Christ; for in no other point of view can it be regarded with satisfaction and composure. “Do we then make void the law through faith?” says the apostle. “God forbid: yea, we establish the law.”

Beloved, we feel the difficulty of simplyfying our meaning here. So many are in bondage to Moses and the law, that we are so much the more anxious—if the Lord the Spirit were pleased to enable us—to convey the true spiritual position of the church in respect to the law. Our meaning is this—that the law is an old demand or debt standing against the church; that this debt was owing to Moses, as personating the Justice of God; that the sinner man was utterly incapable of paying this debt—that he was, in fact, insolvent—a bankrupt; that under these very circumstances Christ comes forth and says, “I’ll pay that man’s debt; here’s my blood, and here’s my righteousness. Now, Justice, liberate that man—Moses, set him free.” And pray can Justice or Moses want more? Nay, nay. Here is the debt paid—here is the justness of the demand acknowledged—and the fullness of the demand answered; and says the poet most sweetly,

“Payment God cannot *twice* demand,
First at my bleeding Surety’s hand,
And then again at mine.”

No, no, blessed be his dear name—we have not such a God as this to deal with. Well, what is the effect? Why, the poor liberated debtor is brought as it were into a new relationship—into that of reverence, and gratitude, and love to his dear Sponsor—his ever-adorable Surety, with whom he desires now to live and walk in unity and concord.

Oh, thou dear Jesus, do give thy people to see their standing in thee; free, completely free—perfect, yes, all-perfect—Moses satisfied—Justice honoured—and God, thy God and our God, well pleased. We do magnify, and adore, and bless thy precious, precious name, O thou lovely, all-adorable Lamb; for it is of thee, and through thee, and by thee, we are what we are; once strangers—aliens—afar off by wicked works, but now brought nigh by the precious blood of Christ. Hallelujah! Amen and amen.

What think we of Christ? That He it was who laid down his life—shed his own precious blood, to atone for transgression; and that such was the virtue of that blood—so great its efficacy—as fully and completely and for ever, to wash away every stain of the church’s sin; that thenceforth and for ever she stood as free from sin as if she had never sinned.

What think we of Christ? That if the sins of the church, past, present, and to come, were not fully atoned for by Christ, there being no more sacrifice for sin, Christ hath died in vain; but “now once in

the end of the world hath He appeared, to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." That as He rose, on the third day according to the Scriptures, He rose as the first-fruits of his body the church; that as the grave could not hold Him, neither can it hold them; for by virtue of union to Him—being one with Him—they must of necessity rise and be glorified with Him. If the Head rise, and the body remain in the grave, then must there be a head without a body; if the head rise, and only a part of that body rise, then it follows that the body is imperfect; the living temple, of which Christ is the corner-stone, is incomplete.

What think we of Christ? That "as He hath ascended up on high—led captivity captive, and received gifts for men;" so "having gone away, He will," according to his promise, "come again and receive his church unto himself, that where He is there she may also be."

What think we of Christ? That as He stands in connexion with his church, He is that church's *wisdom*. The church, in its individual members, or in its collective body, hath no wisdom of any worth but in Christ. However much any member may have of the wisdom of this world, and be endowed with intellectual prowess, yet is that wisdom foolishness with God: it cannot unfold divine mysteries, nor unravel celestial problems. "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light;" and, generally speaking, the most illiterate among men, are the most learned and best taught in the school of Christ.

Christ is the church's righteousness.—She has none of her own. "All her righteousnesses is as filthy rags,"—like cast-off, dirty, loathsome, garments, or pieces, patches, shreds of what once constituted a garment. She has nothing else—of Christ's righteousness alone she can boast; if her righteousness is to be an inherent righteousness, then is she for ever undone; but Jehovah saith, "I bring near my righteousness," and again speaking on behalf of his church, He saith, "And this is the name wherewith she shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness."

Christ is the church's sanctification.—All other sanctification is fanciful, treacherous, and vain. The sanctity of a pharisee is a stench in Jehovah's nostrils. Every act of the creature, however sanctimonious, is set up in opposition to Christ, and therefore is anti-Christ; all real or acceptable sanctification is that which springs from the Spirit's revealing to the soul the person and work of Christ. It is, in fact, a standing and walking in Christ, in all He hath and is. It begets a softening, humbling frame, causing the soul to crouch down in sweetest nothingness at the feet of Christ, and to lose sight of itself, and all that belongs to self, in the contemplation of its best Beloved.

Christ is the church's redemption. She hath none other. If the church were not redeemed when Christ shed his blood on Calvary, she never will be to all eternity. But she *is* redeemed, and Christ *is* her redemption; and in all the attacks of Satan—amid all the assaults of the world; when sin rears its head in the old carnal members, it is her privilege to point to Christ, as "my redemption—my Head—my Husband—my Redeemer, Advocate, and Friend." It is of no use to look within, nor to parley with Satan. Christ, and Christ alone, must be

her object and subject. "Here—here," she must say, "here I rest, and here alone." "It is true I am a sinner—one of deepest die—a law-breaker, "but Christ hath redeemed me from the curse of the law, being made a curse for me."

What think we of Christ? That He dwells in me (says the soul) the hope of glory. That thereby I am at once made manifest a sinner and a saint; a rebel and a true citizen; a servant and a son; that I am as bad as sin can make me in the first Adam,—as holy as Christ is holy in the second; that I hate God and I love Him; that I would that there were no God, and that I long for his appearing; that I call in question the propriety of his every dealing, and that I can from my inmost soul exclaim, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." That I am utterly destitute of all that is good, and that yet Christ dwells in me, and walks in me—that God is my God, and that I am his child; that I have nothing in myself, and yet possess all things in Christ; that I dwell in Christ, and Christ dwells in me; that He is mine and I am his.

THE EDITOR.

ANECDOTES.

"**EXTREME UNCTION.**"—Mr. Guthrie, an eminent minister in Scotland, was one evening travelling home very late. Having lost his way in a moor, he laid the reins on the neck of his horse, and committed himself to the direction of Providence. After long travelling over ditches and fields, the horse brought him to a farmer's house, into which he went, and requested permission to sit by the fire till morning, which was granted. A Popish priest was administering extreme unction to the mistress of the house, who was dying. Mr. Guthrie said nothing till the priest had retired; he then went forward to the dying woman, and asked her if she enjoyed peace in the prospect of death, in consequence of what the priest had said and done to her. She answered, that she did not; on which he spoke to her of salvation through the atoning blood of the Redeemer. The Lord taught her to understand, and enabled her to believe, the message of mercy, and she died triumphing in Jesus Christ her Saviour. After witnessing this astonishing scene, Mr. Guthrie mounted his horse, and rode home. On his arrival, he told Mrs. Guthrie he had seen a great wonder during the night. "I came," said he, "to a farm-house, where I found a woman in a state of nature; I saw her in a state of grace; and I left her in a state of glory."

"**THE THINK.**"—A little girl in Yorkshire, about seven years of age, went, accompanied by a brother younger than herself, to see an aunt who lay dead. On their return home, the little boy expressed his surprise that he had seen his aunt, saying, "I always thought when people were dead, that they went to heaven, but my aunt is not, for I have seen her." "Brother," replied his sister, "I fear you do not understand it; it is not the body that goes to heaven; it is **THE THINK** that goes to heaven; the body remains, and is put into the grave, where it sleeps till God shall raise it up again."

THE DEATH OF CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S JOY.

BELIEVER in Jesus, how cheering the thought,
While Mesech's the place of our stay,
To have in our vision a permanent rest,
With a taste of its sweets by the way !;

How sacred the moments ! how hallow'd the spot !
When devotion in spirit we find ;
We leave all the flippant amusements of earth,
For things that ennoble the mind.

The wonders of love, in its deepest profound,
In Jesus stand present to view ;
We dwell on its glories in ages now past—
We prove it each moment anew.

Ere earth from chaotic confusion arose,
Or time's revolution begun,
The church, in the mind of Jehovah, were given
To Jesus, as virtually one.

Omniscience at once, through ages to come,
Knew all that his people would need ;
Their sins must be pardoned—but Justice can't yield,
Then Jesus, their Surety, must bleed.

He comes, when the "fulness of time" had arrived,
To fulfil all his Father's commands,
Who calls to the Justice of heaven to smite,
Nor cease till He has his demands.

He smites !—Oh, how pungent the sorrows He feels,
When the sword finds a sheath in his heart !
Yet, prompted by love, and supported by God,
He yields to the torturing smart.

He dies !—but, in dying, gives life to his church,
And proclaims it aloud with his breath ;
" 'Tis finished !"—the church is for ever redeemed,
And freed from the confines of death.

He rises !—(full proof of his Godhead and power) ;
In triumph ascends to his throne,
While God, with his saints and angels, unite,
To welcome the Conqueror home.

He lives for his church—bore all that can harm,
In heaven, on earth, or in hell ;
To control all the winds of temptation that blow,
And the waves of affliction to quell.

How sweet thus to trace the source of our bliss
As it flows through a channel of blood !
Had Jesus ne'er died, we ne'er could have known
The sweets of communion with God.

THE FIVE POINTS.

(Continued from page 446.)

It is not difficult to see that the whole scheme of Arminianism originates in the creature; and therefore the procuring cause of salvation is made to originate in him too. What certainty is there that any of them will persevere to the end? The divine attribute of sovereignty is by this article completely taken away; the love and grace of God is reduced to the smallest possible measure, and made contingent upon the will of man; faith is supposed by it to be an innate principle, equally possessed by all, and therefore not God's special gift. And the power of the creature is so much magnified, that he is made capable of resisting effectually the efforts of Deity; indeed there is not a relative character by which Jehovah is set forth for the comfort of his people but is rendered contemptible by such an article of faith. The bridal tie is easily broken; the Father's feelings are numbed, and rendered apathetic; and the friendship of God less to be depended upon than the friendship of men; and not only the relative characters of Jehovah, but every attribute and perfection of Deity suffers in like manner by this unscriptural, and therefore ungodly article of Arminian faith. I would just add the expression of John Bradford, the noble British martyr, in a letter to some free-willers, as he calls them; he says, "I hope they do not err perversely, but ignorantly."

On the other hand, good men saw and felt the sovereignty of God in all things, and that He, as the infinity of intelligence, must have had eternally some great purpose in view; and that his wisdom laid down not a doubtful scheme to bring it about, but a scheme "ordered in all things, and sure;" and that those persons who are to possess the benefit must have been foreknown, and loved; and therefore elected as to their persons and exact number, in all ages and countries, by his unmerited grace, to stand in his presence for ever and ever; and that with regard to them, He purposed, in his love and wisdom, what He performs, and performs by his Almighty power and grace what He purposed; "and none can stay his hand, or say unto Him, What doest thou?" And moreover, every attribute, perfection, and character He bears, is sustained unsullied in this doctrine of predestination, and shines forth with inconceivable brightness, to the astonishment and admiration of all holy intelligences. But, in this doctrine of predestination, it is true, the sovereignty of God in awful splendour first strikes our minds, which we rebellious creatures never like to acknowledge or submit to; and there is one reason, if not more, why even good people are disposed to reject it, and that is, because they improperly connect sovereignty and tyranny together, as though they were synonymous, or as though one could not exist without the other; they know that every absolute earthly Sovereign

has swayed his sceptre, more or less, with tyranny, but they forget that the great Attribute of all other divine attributes, HOLINESS, united with infinite wisdom, must and will shine conspicuous in all God's sovereign acts, through all eternity, to angels, men, and devils, though we may not be capable of seeing it now.

There was, and is, through the awful glory of this doctrine, some difference of opinion amongst those that receive it, about some points in it, which it will be well to state, and only to state. Some godly men think that God elected his people without reference to the fall, and that they were considered, elected, and given to Christ, in the pure mass of creatureship before they were created; and as they were to be created, and not as fallen, and that then they were permitted to fall in Adam, with the rest of his race; that the elected from amongst them may be redeemed by Christ from their fallen state; so that all were created for his own glory exclusively, and that either in the elect or the non-elect the attributes of God should shine forth before all intelligent beings for ever. Others think that God beheld them from eternity in their fallen state, and then, of his sovereignty and compassion, He predestinated a certain number to eternal life, and decreed the means by which it should be brought about, through Jesus Christ. And I think simple minds generally take this latter view of the subject; in both cases, the great principle of God's sovereignty, and eternal choice of his people, is fully recognised, and their utter inability equally so: we should always remember that most minds advance progressively in knowledge, and particularly in the knowledge of subjects which lead us unto Deity. A babe in grace can sometimes hardly look at this sublime subject; and the farthest advanced are struck with astonishment and awe, when they look into this profound mystery. Hence the mighty mind of Owen was appalled when contemplating divine justice, and he writes:—"Those points which dwell in more intimate recesses, and approach nearer its immense fountain, the Father of Light, darting brighter rays by their excess of light, present a confounding darkness to the minds of the greatest men, and are as darkness to the eyes breaking forth amidst so great light. For what we call darkness in divine subjects is nothing else than their celestial glory and splendour striking on the weak ball of our eyes, the rays of which we are not able, in this life, which is but a vapour, and which shineth but for a little, to bear." I am persuaded that much injury is done to weak-minded and young Christians, by the irreverent, and I might add, presumptuous, manner this glorious subject has been advanced by some preachers. If we bring a poor wretch from a dark dungeon, to which he has been confined, without the least gleam of light, it is absolutely necessary to bring him to the light by gentle degrees; lest the light of the natural glorious sun should blind him altogether; and God works in grace as He does in natural things. And hence our blessed Lord said to his disciples, in great compassion to their weakness, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now" (John xvi. 12). And so the Holy Spirit of God lets divine truth into the minds of his people as they are able to bear it, and even then fits and strengthens them to

endure the sight, as dear Newton observes, in his preface to the *Olney Hymns*, "I am deeply convinced that no one can profitably understand the great truths and doctrines of the Gospel, any further than he is taught of God." And to that I add my amen. Let no poor soul be troubled about it because he cannot see it in all its parts, and lest he should not be one of the elect; let every trembling soul wait at the feet of Jesus with his, "God me merciful to me a sinner;" ask his teaching, and leave their helpless souls in his hands. I believe many poor souls have gone to heaven without a sight of more than the grace of God through Christ to them, giving them a gracious pardon, and a blessed peace in believing. Such, I think, the poor thief had; his "Lord, remember me," is sweet humble language, and leads me to think that he did not know that the Lord had remembered him from eternity, and put his name in his eternal register, "the Lamb's book of life." This would hardly strike his mind in the agony of his death; the poor soul that cannot be an Abraham, or a Paul, may still take courage if the Lord the Spirit has put the poor thief's "Lord, remember me," into his mouth, and may he be enabled to open his mouth unto the Lord, as the thief did; and may he open his mouth, and cry often, and lustily; it is sure to prevail, for if it does not turn to praise now, it will hereafter. Now, I believe this most blessed, sublime, and holy doctrine of God's predestination of his people in Christ to eternal glory, and his predestination of all the means by which it is brought about, because it leads me out of self into Him, and because his word clearly states it. The glorious Trinity in unity must be the source of all. What would be said of the man of science, in his search for the source of light, if he were to be seen peeping into some dark hole, in which but a few rays had entered? Such is the Arminian, who prys into the human heart for that which must have come from Deity. For if we differ, and possess a faith, which others are destitute of, who made us to differ? "or what have we that we did not receive," our size, our countenances, our parents, our country, our names, our minds, their capabilities. Are all these ordained by Him? and can greater things, eternal things, be left to chance? No. All must have been under his control. Does He manage time things, and will He not arrange eternal ones? Or what should we say of the navigator, who professed to sail on the vast ocean, in order to search out a little of its greatness, if the bow of his vessel was always turned to puddle in some muddy creak? Such is the Arminian, who professes to lead the minds of men to God, as the source of all, and yet always points them to the muddy creak of human nature, as the source of the most important of all things, "the first step to salvation." And it may be taken for a tolerable criterion, that all truth will lead the mind to Deity, and, as a consequence, to profound and awful mystery, always confounding to human reason, which will produce in a truly spiritual mind great self-abasement, and the farther he goes into these mighty subjects of grace, the deeper will be his humility.

"The more thy glories strike mine eye,
The humbler I shall lie;"

for if they could be easily comprehended by our finite minds, they would be unworthy of the God that revealed them. It may be said, where is Scripture to support it? I answer, it was not my intention to have said so much, and I did not intend to prove it, but merely to state the subject as an important article of faith, and a doctrine of the Reformation; but there is plenty of Scripture that might be brought, yea, enough to fill a volume, for there is not a passage in reference to God's people, but it is either asserted or implied. Take the following (Rom. viii. 29), "For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that He might be the first-born among many brethren. Moreover, whom He did predestinate, them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified: and whom He justified, them He also glorified." Hence He is the source and centre of all (Rom. ix. 11), "For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God, according to election, might stand, not of works, but of Him that calleth." Where can the foreseen good be, about which the Arminian talks? I can see none here, but all that is the very contrary, "not of works." The best works make nothing for salvation, and therefore not for predestination. The best modeller in this world may make the most beautiful human form of wax, earth, marble, wood, or metal, and the more exact the resemblance, the more complete the failure. We all see that it is destitute of mind, and it does not produce or merit mind from its beauty. So the best works cannot produce that which is spiritual, the predestinated "new creature." And certainly no one ever merited his creation before he was created, so no work can possibly merit what none but God, according to his purpose of election, can give, which is "not of works, but of Him that calleth." Again (Eph. i. 4, 5), "According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy, and without blame before Him in love: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children to himself." Now, according to what? Is it according to good works, faith, or love, or perseverance, or anything else? No—no such thing; it is "according to the good pleasure of his will." One more Scripture must suffice—(1 Peter, i. 2), to the "elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ; grace unto you, and peace, be multiplied." The whole Trinity of Persons named in this brief text are engaged in the salvation of the elect of God, and that not because they are holy, or because they can make themselves holy, but through the Spirit's sanctification, and not because of obedience, but that they might be obedient.

It is in vain to quote more. It may be observed, that the Arminian obtains his sentiment, not from any direct Scripture, but by drawing inferences from some Scriptures which contain language of invitation; and those inferences are evidently contrary to the plain letter of God's truth. No inference can be sound and good that is opposed to any plain portion of God's blessed word; there is a divine, sacred, solemn, beautiful analogy in God's truth, and that analogy exists between God's

truth and his sacred attributes, and perfections. May faithful men never cease to write and preach this great doctrine of God's truth, with all reverence, clearness, and meekness; it is too solemn to be trifled with, and those who do not receive it cannot be scolded into it, nor ridiculed into it, nor frightened into the belief of it; the Holy Ghost only, leads men spiritually into it; and if we would be instruments in his hand for good to others, we should prayerfully and constantly study his ways and will. This, then, is the first of the five important points between Calvinists and Arminians, which too many attempt to jumble together, though they are as wide apart as the poles. We will now proceed to the

“SECOND POINT.”

II.

THE CALVINISTS

Maintain that the death of Christ was a most perfect sacrifice and satisfaction for sins of infinite value, yet it was the absolute will of God, that Christ, by the blood of the cross, should efficaciously redeem all those, and those only, who were from eternity elected to salvation, and given to Him by the Father.

II.

THE ARMINIANS

Maintain that Jesus Christ, by his death and sufferings, made an atonement for the sins of all mankind in general, and of every individual in particular; that, however, none but those who believe in Him can be partakers of their divine benefit.

Then, according to Arminians, God had no fixed purpose about the salvation of men; He had no chosen church—all were chosen alike; no ancient people—all were ancient alike; the death of Christ was to accomplish something undefined in the divine mind; a price paid for all, and yet all not bought; the debt discharged for all, but all not cleared from the obligation to pay it again; the curse borne for all, but millions bearing it again; a heaven provided for all, yet hell receiving many of them, and might receive them all at last; the very Trinity is hereby set at variance; the Father designing nothing more than the death of Christ; with its divine efficacy He has no concern; the Son ardently loving, praying, bleeding, dying, rising again, and interceding for all men, and for every man; the Holy Ghost rejecting a large portion of his claims, and withholding his power to assist them to save themselves, allowing that they had a little ability to do so. Again, the First Person in the Trinity is the inexorable and cruel Judge, inflicting his vengeance both upon the Surety, and those for whom He stood. The Son intends to save all—bleeds for all—lives for all; and yet the Holy Ghost the Sovereign in the Trinity, bestows the blessing only according to his will, and not according to the Son's purpose, prayers, or desires; so that all Sovereignty centres in the Spirit; and the awful state of so many millions prove that Christ will never “see of the travail of his soul, nor be satisfied,” to all eternity. And after all the salvation of every soul that may be saved, is depending upon the first motions of the creature, whom the Scrip-

tures say, is "dead in trespasses and in sins." This is certainly putting men's favourite doctrine of chance at a tremendous discount, for the whole scheme of Arminians must be that of chance; and it is not too much to say, that upon the doctrine of chance no soul ever went to heaven yet, but thousands have been deluded to hell by it. The greatest experiments that have ever been made about the doctrine of chance have proved it to be "a land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness" (Job x. 20). Such a doctrine then is damnable, if carried out to the full; and the least leaven of it should be avoided. Our Lord says, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees," which is only another name for the doctrine of Arminians, for the very leaven of it is poisonous, polluting, works secretly, and "vainly puffs up the fleshly mind," robs the soul of its comforts, and Christ of his glory; and whenever found in the books or sermons of divines, or in the prayers or motives of good people, it is "the dead fly that causeth the ointment of the apothecary to stink."

Shall we, then, allow men undisturbed to rob the Trinity of unity, Christ of his glory, the church of its safety, and believers of their comforts? No; let us turn to something more consistent, more safe, more solid, and more definite. Then we must turn to the opposite position; there is no middle way; the Lord Jesus Christ, moved by his great love, wherewith He loved the elect from all eternity, received them as a gift, and, becoming their Surety, stood in their stead; all that law required was laid on Him; not a vestige left upon them; the infinite mind of God could discern and count every sin—could weigh them altogether—could estimate their just demerits—could impute them to Him, and execute his just wrath upon his Person. To say that it was not done perfectly is a reflection upon the wisdom and holiness of Deity, from which may his Holy Spirit keep us. It is but right to say that the sufficiency of the atonement was somewhat differently stated by good men, as may be seen by the beginning of the Calvinistic article above given. Many of the old divines would speak of the atonement as a sufficient satisfaction for the sins of worlds; Calvin did not, I believe, write abstractedly upon the subject, but many parts of his works are said to imply it. Luther, in his Comment on the Galatians (i. 4), laying a great stress upon the pronoun "our," says, "But hath given himself for our sins, and with an oblation hath put away the sins of the whole world; hath fastened them upon the cross, and put them clean out by himself." Also, Dr. Goodwin, in his *Christ the Mediator*, revised and recommended by Dr. Hawker (book iii. ch. 13), strongly asserts the same, in these words, and in the whole tenor of the argument, "Will his satisfaction serve but for one sinner? No; Christ's satisfaction will serve for worlds." Modern authors, who call themselves Calvinists, have written largely upon the subject, but it appears to me that they differ materially from the above good men; the former intended to set forth the glory of Christ, and the all-sufficiency of his atonement, for the comfort and establishment of the elect, keeping in view the grand purpose and design of God in

it; the redemption and salvation of his loved and elect family exclusively. The latter advocate the sufficiency, or, as it is called, the universality of the atonement, that they may undermine and reason away the doctrine of God's election altogether (although they in words acknowledge it), and open the way to set up the ability of the creature, in order to give him a chance to be saved, if he should like to be. The doctrine thus expressed by the two classes of writers is similar as to words, but essentially different as to objects and ends. The satisfaction of Christ was (to the Reformers), with all its infinity, designed for the elect, and for them exclusively; and when they saw a poor penitent soul groaning beneath his sins, they were assured that the whole efficacy of Christ's atonement was for him, and all like him, to the end of time; and all the blessedness of Christ's super-abundant and infinite satisfaction belongs to such to all eternity, for a broken and contrite heart is the sure sign of an elect soul; not the cause of his election, but the blessed effects of it, wrought in Him by the Spirit of God.

T. W. GITTENS.

(To be continued).

GRACE REIGNING.

The Lord rules in heaven, and swayeth the earth;
 All things speak of Him, from the womb to its birth;
 The morning's bright dawning—the midnight's dark cloud—
 The lightning's quick flash—in the thunder, so loud.

In judgment or mercy, the voice is his own,
 Which roars in the distance, his mind to make known;
 Directed or staid, the dread fiat to prove,
 His favour or vengeance, below or above.

To scan his great wisdom let mortals be mute,
 Nor dare, by proud reason, his will to dispute;
 Since nought can take place that omniscient eye
 Does not from the first, all its workings espy.

Proud nature, abased, must bow in the dust;
 God's law is his standard—here man is accus'd;
 No quarter, no mercy, it ever can give—
 No sinner before it, in justice can live.

Adored be his love! I his goodness can trace,
 Though one of the vilest of Adam's lost race;
 And in the dear smiles of Immanuel view
 My name in his bosom, while hell is my due.

Dear beamings of grace in the Lord to arise,
 What a sovereign display of his love from the skies!
 To fix on a number—that number to save—
 His life in demand He so willingly gave.

Why, Lord, was it so, thou in counsel should plan—
 Thyself be accus'd, to save rebel man?
 Its wonders to ponder—so high is the theme—
 I bow in the dust, and extol thy dear name.

Esser.

J. G.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

DEAR SIR,—An humble follower of Jesus Christ, and constant reader of your valuable Magazine, believing it to stand alone in the interpretation and spiritual application of Scriptural truth, would feel much obliged to you, or any of your able contributors, to give me, through the medium of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, a true, Scriptural, and evangelical solution of Matthew xvi. 19, and xviii. 18, according to, and in consistency with, the true principles of the Christian church. I feel very anxiously concerned respecting this subject, not only on my own account, but as it regards others also; and more especially as we live in a day when so much error and superstition abounds, and when some would sit as lords over God's heritage, wilfully perverting the truths of the Gospel, and laying stumbling-blocks in the way of the weaklings of the flock of Christ.

A reply to the above will greatly oblige, dear Sir, yours, in the bonds of Christian love and affection,

York, Sep. 18, 1844.

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

THE ETERNAL WORD AND HIS ETERNAL CHURCH.

That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the word of life; that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you.—1 JOHN I. 1, 3.

As my mind has been much exercised on the above everlasting subject, and seeing also that there appears to be much controversy (when there ought to be none—1 Tim. iii. 16), concerning the word of life, I take up my pen, in hopes that God the Holy Ghost will guide me into all truth, and that I may write, not to glorify self, but to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein HE has made ME accepted in the Beloved (Eph. i. 6). And on entering the subject, let us take off the shoes of our natural wisdom, as we stand on holy ground; and let us stand in the shoes of the everlasting Gospel, not standing in the "wisdom of men, but in the power of God." Wonder then, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! at the glorious sight, for that which was from the beginning, that word of life, is no less a person than He of whom it is said (John i. 1), "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with

God, and the word was God." This eternal word was one with God from everlasting, one with the Father and the Holy Ghost, over all, God blessed for ever (Rom. ix. 5); and "God was manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. iii. 16). And thus in the man Christ Jesus we see all the fulness of the Godhead dwelling bodily; and if we dream of seeing God out of the person of Christ, we shall be much mistaken, for "no man shall see God, and live" (Ex. xxxiii. 20); but our Lord himself said to Thomas, "He that has seen me has seen the Father also." That therefore which was from the beginning evidently alludes to the person of our glorious Lord God and Saviour Jesus, who himself says, "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was" (Prov. viii. 23); not my Godhead or my manhood, but "I was set up;" "the Lord possessed me in the beginning of his ways, before his works of old" (Prov. viii. 22).

Thus we get into the depth of the subject at once, and behold, not only the Eternal God, our Refuge, but the Eternal Mediator, in whom our persons were chosen, and with whom we had a union from everlasting, and of which our vital union is but a consequence; for "whom He did foreknow, them also He did predestinate, to be conformed to the image of his Son, that He might be the first-born among many brethren;" for "both He that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are all of one, for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." Thus we plunge at once into the very bowels of God, and "our life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. iii. 3); and again, "Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's" (1 Cor. iii. 23); and again, "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, as we are" (John xvii. 22). So that as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, were never divided, and never separate, though distinct, so our persons were never separate from our glorious Head, and our God in Him; and thus we may say, the church was never out of God. Oh, the heights and depths, the breadths and lengths, of the subject! What natural man, with all the natural wisdom of all the philosophers in the world concentrated in him, could possibly even obtain a glimpse of this eternal word, merely by his own wisdom? For "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. ii. 14). But the greatest fool that ever was born may, under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, have a full enjoyment of them in his heart, for "He has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise" (1 Cor. i. 27). And again, "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, for it is written, He taketh the wise in their own craftiness" (1 Cor. iii. 19). Let us, then, cast overboard all our human wisdom, all carnal reasonings and speculations, and let us dwell a little on eternal realities, and know that "this God is our God for ever and ever, and that He will be our guide even unto death;" and also, that this same God, who is our guide, and "our refuge and strength, and a very present help in trouble," is "the Man who is a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the storm" (Is. xxxii. 2). So that the eternal word is not only "the mighty God," but the strong man, as

David speaks by the Holy Ghost, "Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, and upon the Son of Man, whom thou madest strong for thyself" (Psalm lxxx. 17). That which was from the beginning is now and ever shall be, for He is "Jesus Christ, the same-yesterday, to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8), although some may say that He was a different person in the days of his flesh. But no; He was still the same Christ, the same person, only clothed in our nature, in order that He might be visible, or "manifest in the flesh," "take on Him our nature" (Heb. ii. 16), bleed and die for the sins of his elect. So that there is as much difference between the human nature of the Son of God and his person, as there is between a man and the clothes that cover him. And hence has arisen that "strife of words" in the present day, as to what died, some saying, his human nature only, and others, his person. The Scriptures on this subject are very clear, and to my mind, very blessed; thus (1 Pet. ii. 24), we read, "his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree (1 Cor. xv. 31). "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; He was buried, and He rose again the third day;" and "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities" (Is. liii. 5). And in every part of God's word, where the death of our Lord is mentioned, either the personal pronoun is used, or his own name. Thus, then, He was always the same person, the same man,* as well as the same God, but "was made flesh," in order that, "according to the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, He might be delivered into the hands of wicked men, be crucified and slain, manifestly to put away the sins of his people for ever by the sacrifice of himself," although He was "the Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world."

We see, then, that this was not chance work, as some would have it. No; Christ is not a come-by-chance, but the eternal word, the eternal Son of God, the everlasting Father of his everlasting children; and when He comes into the world, He says, "Lo I come (in the volume of the Book it is written of me), to do thy will, O God." It becomes still more evident that it was not an after thought of our Lord's, by what He says (Ps. cxxxix. 16), where it is written, "In thy book were all my members written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there were none of them." So that He must needs come forth from the bosom of the Father to do his will as his servant; and that will was to die for all the members of his body, written in the Lamb's book of life from before the foundation of the world," as He says also, in John vi. that of all which He "has given me, I should lose nothing, but should raise it up at the last day." And herein is another most

* Our correspondent will pardon us when we say, that we think there is a want of clearness here; his language would appear to favour the Pre-existent scheme. Now, although we rejoice as much as he does in the mercy, that our Jesus is one with the Father and the eternal Spirit from everlasting; co-equal, co-eternal; existing and subsisting from eternity to eternity, the absolute I AM, yet as touching his manhood, that body which was prepared for Him, we do say that its *origin* (except in eternal purpose) was in the virgin's womb, conceived there by the mysterious overshadowing of the Holy Ghost.—Ed.

beautiful and precious feature in the word being made flesh, the depths of his humiliation, for "consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds" (Heb. xii. 3). And in considering who He was that lay in Mary's womb, and that, as Hart sweetly sings,

"His shoulders held up heaven and earth,
When Mary held up Him."

We may well fall down in the dust of self-abasement of our own nothingness and unworthiness, more particularly when we are led to consider that it was for our sins that He thus "humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name. That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" (Phil. ii. 6—11). Herein then is a marvellous mystery, that He that was in the form of God should take on Him the form of a servant, of whom the Father says to his church, "Behold my servant whom I uphold, mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth." And that same blessed servant says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else, and besides me there is no Saviour."

Here, then, is no half statement—no mincing the matter, but a plain declaration of the Holy Ghost, as to the person of our precious Christ, his humiliation, his exaltation, his suffering, his glory; and may the Holy Ghost thus testify of Jesus to our souls, that "our hearts may be inditing (or bubbling up) a good matter," so that there may be continually in us "a well of water springing up into everlasting life;" so that we may be constrained to cry out, "Thou art fairer than the children of men." And thus we shall "come away from Lebanon, from Shenir, and Hermon, from the lion's dens, and the mountains of leopards" (Song iv. 8). From all the high mountains of our own righteousness, our own attainments of grace within us. We shall thus also come away from indwelling corruptions, which we may feel as it were like so many wild beasts feeding on our vitals; and thus we shall be "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;" for "to whom should we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we know and are sure thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God" (John vi. 68, 69). Who then has any love for his person? who ever has any feeling towards Him, who "desires the sincere milk of the word, that He may grow thereby" (1 Pet. ii. 2). Such a one may have, under the teaching of God the eternal Spirit, a slight entering into the Scripture I have quoted from Philippians; and may God keep us from slurring over any part of God's word, that we may not have any present entering into. Paul prayed that he might "know Him (not a part of Him), and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." A knowledge of Him is the continual desire and prayer of the renewed mind, and is the effect o

the operation of the Holy Ghost ; and if any poor sinner is praying to know Him, it is a true sign that he knows Him already, only Satan and his own unbelieving heart are continually fighting against him, and he is tempted to say, "All these things are against me," when, at the same time, "God is for him." "No man can say that Jesus is Lord but by the Holy Ghost ;" if therefore we have ever soul-feelingly cried out, "Lord, save me," we are as certainly saved as if we were in glory ; and it is a true sign that we are one of God's elect, chosen in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, but now made manifest to be the children of the Lord God Almighty.

"That which was from the beginning," then, is the same person who was conceived in the womb of a poor virgin by the miraculous overshadowing of the Holy Ghost ; led a life of insult and suffering, having "taken on Him the seed of Abraham, was made sin and a curse." And I verily believe, from God's word (Mark vi. 3), that the curse pronounced against Adam fell on Him, where God says, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." So that from the age of twelve years old, to the time he began to preach, he must have worked at the trade of a carpenter ; thus He, "by whom all things were made," "the God of the whole earth," and the Creator thereof, condescended thus to make himself of "no reputation," and take on Him the form of a servant or slave, yea, a Servant of servants ; and He who could have crushed all his enemies with the breath of his mouth thus endured such a contradiction of sinners against himself for the sins of his elect, and was so weak, that He was wearied with his journey, and asked a poor harlot to give Him water to drink." "He took not on Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham ;" "grew in wisdom and stature" (Luke ii. 52) ; "ate butter and honey, that He might know how to refuse the evil, and choose the good" (Is. vii. 15). So that in eating honey He eat that, the first-fruits of which, under the Levitical dispensation, was commanded to be presented to the Lord. And herein we may see a blessed figure of Him who was "the first-fruits of them that slept," the first-born among many brethren. "Forasmuch as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, He also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil ; and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. ii). The nature of angels was not low enough for Him, besides which, as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, He must of necessity take part of the same, so that they may be "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh ;" and "no man hateth his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church" (Eph. v).

Plymouth.

LUKE.

(To be Continued.)

BEHOLD THE MAN !

CHRISTIAN, see your Saviour bending,
To his Father bows the knee ;
Groans and blood together blending,
Mark his mental agony.

Why should He, so pure and holy,
Thus endure such torturing pain ?
Why submit so meekly—lowly,
Ne'er to murmur or complain ?

Not t' evince a martyr's spirit,
Nor a patriot's burning flame ;
But that " his own " might inherit
Life eternal through his name.

Hear Him with his Father pleading—
Hear that solemn, fervent prayer,
For his " chosen " interceding,
For " his own peculiar care."

" Righteous Father, hear ! O hear me !—
For those given me I plead,
That they dwell for ever near me,
As thou hast before decreed.

" From the power of Satan save them—
(He would make their souls his prey) ;
Thine they were—to me thou gave them—
Keep them till the perfect day.

" Holy Father ! glorify me—
Glorify thy only Son ;
Let this bitter cup pass by me,
But not mine—thy will be done."

O how high the Christian's calling !
Pass'd from " night " to " endless day ;"
Grace still keeps his foot from falling—
Leads him on the perfect way,

Till he gains the blissful station,
Safe beyond the swelling flood,
There t' ascribe to Him salvation,
Who redeemed him with his blood.

Whitby, Good Friday, 1844.

T. K.

THE "CHRISTIAN WITNESS" (SO-CALLED) SPEAKING
FALSELY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Be not angry, my dear brother, nor think it merely the concomitant of old age which has induced "the inmate of the stall" to look in upon you again; for, while admitting much for the garrulity attendant upon the budding of the almond tree, so visible in the silver locks which scantily adorn my brow, I do hope a zeal for the Lord and his truth hath given me the zest to come forth against those unhalloved and uncircumcised lips who have dared to calumniate the memory of one of those excellent of the earth, that great luminary, which shed such lustre over the horizon of our church, before the dark and gloomy night we are now under had thrown its midnight mantles around us—a night in which scarcely "a man child is born," to whom we may look for direction concerning the good old paths, or on whom our hopes might be placed, as means, in the Lord's hands of restoring the kingdom unto Israel. "Alas! for the day." "Wailing shall be in all streets; and they shall say in all the highways, Alas! alas! and they shall call the husbandman to mourning, and such as are skilful of lamentation to wailing" (Joel i. 15; Amos v. 16). "Behold the day, behold, it is come; the morning is gone forth; the rod hath blossomed; pride hath budded. Violence is risen up into a rod of wickedness: none of them shall remain, nor of any of their multitude, nor any of theirs; neither shall there be wailing for them" (Ezekiel vii. 10). Surely the enmity of these men show the rebellious house in whose midst we dwell, who, having eyes, see not—ears, yet they hear not. "Therefore, thou son of man, prepare thee stuff for removing in their sight; carry it forth in the twilight, with thy face covered, that thou see not the ground; for it is a burden, concerning the prince in Jerusalem, and all the house of Israel."

The well-known maxim, with "Matri Medica," is to judge of the disease of the body from the vitiated state of the stomach; and the same will hold good whether applied to the body politic or ecclesiastic; and what need have we of further proof of the disease now raging in what, by a mis-nomer, is called "the religious world," when in one section only of it the vast number of 35,000 are monthly required of that heterogeneous publication "cycloped" "The Christian Witness"—a publication the very "antipodes" of what it professes to be, seeing it sets itself in opposition to "the faith once delivered unto the saints," whose Editor, with the whole phalanx of coadjutors, is presumptuous, self-willed, and not afraid to speak evil of dignities. "But they, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things they understand not, and shall utterly perish in their own corruption, and shall receive the full reward of their unrighteousness." These are those certain men crept in unawares who were of old ordained to this condemnation, ungodly men turning the grace of our God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ. Woe unto them, for they have gone in the way of Cain in destroying the good reputation of those who were more righteous

than themselves; they have run greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, in writing essays on "Mammon," &c. when a premium is held out. In the gainsaying of "lore" shall they perish, even these title-hunters, the D. D. and M. A. men, famous in the congregation—men of renown, who riseth up against the Lord—murmurers, complainers, walking after their own lusts, speaking great swelling words speciously, via "The Christian Witness," having men's persons in admiration because of advantage. Hence the host of professors, tutors, essayists, religious novel writers, with the long list of well-paid Editors, which compose the pandemonium of these false witnesses.

I beseech thee, my dear brother, lengthen in this the cords of thy forbearance, and allow a little latitude to an aged Barzillia, who would willingly accompany you in this holy warfare against those enemies of all righteousness; for I scarcely know where to find a Chimham who will go over with you. "Be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man: for I go the way of all the earth" (1 Kings, ii. 2).

These preliminary remarks have arisen from having my attention directed to the leading article in the "Christian Witness" of the present month, the reading of which has not a little tended to fan into flame the embers that appeared smoldering away of "Old Crispin," who, oft a martyr to the morbid drowsiness which indicates the time of shutting of the doors in the street; yet, while feeling "the memory of the just" was endeared unto him by the most tender of all ties, could not refrain from entering the ranks once more against those who have come forth to defy the living God, in the defaming of his members, the standard bearer of which vauntingly exhibits the pompous, and not less wicked motto in the fore-front, "Natural History of Antinomianism—Theology of Romaine," no doubt intended for a subterfuge by the sycophant Editor, to extricate himself from the barefaced imposition in which he was detected a few months since, in stealing the words of this master in Israel, and to whose aid the fraternal flock of "Roystone crows" flew, of whom nothing has been heard since: by the aid of your steam press a few of Crispin's shreds were thrown at them, while their mighty Captain, having strengthened himself, comes forth with the zeal of a Prince de Joinville to mount the pedestal of fame, discharging the floating battery of his imagination at a nondescript of his own creation, the report of which runs the length and breadth of the land, arousing all to the astounding inquiry, "What is Antinomianism?—In what does it consist?—How may it be best extirpated?—How may the churches of Christ be most successfully preserved from its influence?" The questions, nor their oft-repeated replies, borrowed from a man of whose hatred to the truth there can be no doubt, would not in the least have troubled me, had it not been for the purpose of using my feeble endeavours to rescue from the fangs of this destroyer the revered name and memory of that saint, and servant of Christ, the holy William Romaine.

Herod and Pilate were made friends when Christ was to be crucified, and professors, whose views are as distant as the two poles, can unite, when his truth is to be trodden down in his members. Hence this renowned Editor, instead of giving one line of his own by which we may judge of his prowess in checking the career of this much-to-be-dreaded Antinomianism, has dragged from the shades the man whose insanity of mind was well known, and whose enmity to the Gospel was manifest to all—the man who himself has acknowledged he could give no reason of the hope that was within him, being destitute of the vital power of godliness in his own soul. I mean the redoubtable Robert Hall, of "ooze and mire notoriety," in the whole of whose writings not a shade

is discovered of that unction and life found in the pages of those eminent saints whom he delighted to vilify; and well did our late dear friend, the uncompromising Walter Row—peace to his memory—deal with him on the first appearance of this madman's firebrand. But this Editor copies closely the conduct of those whose maxim is, "No pay, no work." But let some one hold out the tempting mammon of a few hundred sovereigns as a premium for an essay—the copyright, of course, secured to the author—the whole hive of divinity dabblers would be in motion; and, after settling in "conclave" who were to be allowed the privilege of contending, a start would be made to produce something new against the "thick-skinned monster." "He beholdeth all high things; He is a king over all the children of pride."

Surely the Editor of "The Christian Witness" was ill advised in his attack upon the morals of dear Romaine, to call into his aid a man who, being engaged to preach at a certain place and hour, was, after a long search, at nearly the time when the service should have closed, found, not in the study, but at a low inn, called "The Three Magpies," in the town of Bury St. Edmunds, regaling himself. What was this but laxity of morals? Yet with many similar ones they are hood-winked, and ascribed to the intensity of the man's thoughts. What would have been said of the laborious Romaine, if, while enduring (as oft he did) the pitiless storm, with his dear followers, amidst the opposition shown by the ungodly, at Old Dunstan's, he had ever taken shelter within any of the inns of that neighbourhood? Would it not have been a crime not to be pardoned by these judges of "The Christian Witness" bench? I desire not to wade through myself, or put the task upon your readers, of coming in contact with the nauseous slough exhibited by this imbecile and reckless scavenger; he has long since been called to the bar of Him who judgeth righteously, and where he was denied the power of erasing one line of what he had written against the excellent of the earth. Well would it have been had he never been followed by those who, regardless of all "moral responsibility," "sell the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes" (Amos, ii. 6).

A baser act of ratiocination was never committed than that of this Jesuitical Editor, in the means made use of to stamp the writings of this well-instructed scribe with that most terrific of names, without meaning, "Antinomianism." Thus, while apprehensive of bringing down too much upon his guilty head, if he openly avows the thing he intends, he feigns an admiration of the things he hates, and even calls him the excellent and the amiable, "whose writings are equalled by few, and surpassed by none." And yet Sabbath-school teachers, lay preachers, junior brethren in the ministry, with the students and admirers of the late excellent William Romaine, are told in the same breath, with the most consummate effrontery, that those volumes of sterling divinity, "The Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith," supply the most striking illustration of the views of Hall any where to be found. In other words, the hideous monster pencilled out by this crazy scribbler is found to exist in the writings of this "master in Israel." Vile calumniator! How hardened must he be, through the deceitfulness of sin, when his heart prompted his pen to write in legible characters its own venom against all that is holy and good! How low in the scale of morality is that man fallen who could utter, in opposition to the testimony of thousands on whom heaven's broad seal has passed, and who in the writings of good Romaine have seen the preciousness of that "faith which worketh by love," can unblushingly avow that "paucity of practical instruction dwelling almost exclusively on doctrinal and experimental topics, with a sparing inculcation of the precepts of Christ, and the duties

of morality, were the defects visible!" At the same time asserting they were "without the slightest admixture of error," yet they "did more, perhaps, than those of any other of his time to pave the way for Antinomianism, and that his writings are still one of its main bulwarks." May it not be justly stated, "The poison of asps is under his tongue?" Time has swept away those who could have refuted the charge of this stickling Editor for morality, as it regards bearing false witness, by testifying what were the nature of the pulpit exercises of this revered saint; but his writings, which are beyond the power of the whole host of these false witnesses to extirpate, will stand a memorial in their own defence of the untired zeal and affection of this good man, for "Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, or of good report."

History informs us of an infuriated priesthood who, some years after the good Wickliffe had been gathered to his fathers, disinterred his bones, and burnt them. Our own day furnishes us with the appalling fact that certain Doctors, *cum* Editors, can, under the garb of decided piety, and extraordinary zeal for sanctity, use means to deprecate the labours of a man whom the Lord hath pre-eminently blessed, whose writings will ever remain an unshaking bulwark against their Dagon idol of free-will, and before which it is impossible to stand, although supported by the whole host of Pelagians of the nineteenth century.

In order to amuse his readers, and craftily hide the cloven foot, the Jesuit of the "Witness" fraternity plays a kind of "boo-peep" game, between character and creed; blasts the one, and then, with demonical fury, attacks the other, by asserting the "dear man did not preach the whole truth," the real fact being he preached too much truth for these moral obligation men, as the force of truth in his powerful writings expose the craft from whence cometh their gains. Should not the Divinitatis Doctor of their diploma be rendered "Divinity in Danger?"

"The doctrine of moral obligation" is the watchword of this unholy alliance, by which they beguile the unwary; and thus this Editor deals out his thunderbolts against one of whose fame he is envious, and scruples not to say of holy Master Romaine, that "The doctrine of moral obligation, whether as to saint or sinner, was neither fully taught nor clearly understood by him; he shrunk from boldly summoning the one to believe, and he was hesitant and feeble in his attempts at calling the other to obey.* We get a

* How utterly ignorant must any man be of the first principles of "our most holy faith," who adopts such language as this. Talk of "*summoning* the one (the sinner) to believe," and "*calling* the other (the saint) to obey," why, in the former case, there would be equal propriety in the Editor's taking his stand in some church-yard, and "*summoning*" the dead from their graves, for where is mankind at large but dead—dead in trespasses and sins, until the Lord the Spirit himself infuses a new and eternal life into their souls? And as to the latter—"the calling upon the saints to obey," the same Almighty Minister of life leads by a very different route: his work is to show the saints their own utter incapacity to obey—to bring them down to a knowledge—a deep-felt, thorough conviction of their own helplessness—their own bankrupt condition, as much *after* conversion as *before* conversion—as much now that they are called forth from a death by sin as they were when lying dead in their graves in sin; and all this in order that He may thereby discover to them most blessedly their strength and their standing in the Lord Jehovah-Jesus. And who—who we ask—was more fully and conspicuously led into these mysteries—these precious

glimpse of him occasionally, as of a revolving light on the face of the ocean, when he apparently approaches the true position, but he immediately disappears; he made much—not too much—of Christ the Priest—he made too little of Christ the King." How full of all subtlety and all mischief! What an enemy to all righteousness! When shall it be that thou wilt cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord? My soul, come thou not into their assembly; it is quite impossible to understand what these men of wisdom mean by their "doctrine of moral obligation;" for if words have any meaning its whole base must rest upon that of law, the whole fulfilment of which lieth here, "We should love our neighbour as ourselves; and love worketh no ill to his neighbour, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."

By a kind of legerdemain this champion for "moral obligation" suggests the idea of using means to legalize Romaine, that is, to expunge all matter of a spiritual nature, and bring into the class of those writers, whom he says are held in contempt by those Antinomians, to whom the writings of Romaine are considered as their oracle; and a precious sample does he produce, for who can hear the name of Andrew Fuller, without bearing in mind that he was one of the first who, after the death of Romaine, came forth and sowed the seed of that baneful tree, which has since grown up, under the care of Howard Hinton, Jenkyn, and others, which has produced that morbidity so visible in the avowed hatred to those doctrines and truths found in such writings as those the "Christian Witness" would teach its readers to despise, under the false charge of being defective of morality. How they forget the language of one of their own poets—

"Talk we of morals, O thou bleeding Lamb,
The best morality is love of thee."

depths of Christ-exalting truth—than Romaine?—the ever-to-be-esteemed, loved, and revered Romaine?—the man whom this popular Editor dares associate with Antinomianism?

To talk of "moral obligation," in the manner in which he regards it, is awful; *he* may have it if he pleases, but *we* would not exchange with him for worlds: for although we contend for the *fruits* and *effects* of a living faith as strenuously as ever the Editor of the "Christian Witness" can, if the weight—the responsibility of the church, be not upon Christ, as the Head, Husband, Surety, and Representative of that church, then indeed has Christ died in vain—the church is yet in her sins, still under condemnation, and the whole salvation-scheme is void, and becomes a total failure. But, blessed be God, notwithstanding all that the Editor of the "Christian Witness" may say to the contrary, Jehovah's salvation *is* a finished—a complete salvation. The church *is* everlastingly saved; by virtue of union to Christ her head and husband, she is as free, yea, more free, more perfect, than if she had never fallen; and now so far from any weight or responsibility resting upon her in the sense in which the Editor of the "Christian Witness" represents, all that she has to do, is to show forth his praise—to rejoice in what *He has done*, and not in what a fleshly fancy would lead her to suppose *she can do*—to testify of *His* grace, *his* love, *his* mercy, rather than to be found in the snare of bringing mere human agencies to bear upon those things which are the special prerogative of God the Holy Ghost to bring forth in the varied departments of his one church.—ED.

I fear, dear Editor, you and your readers will be ready to conclude the old gentleman of the "stall" is warm; it is impossible to be otherwise, when inroads are made in what I hold dearer than my life, and those are traduced who had this testimony, that they pleased God, and none more so than the beloved Romaine. Surely the energy of an old man will not be despised when he rallies, for the purpose of confuting these vile perverters. I have written until the taper be nearly exhausted, and the wary pacing of the Police to and fro seems to intimate his surprise that, while all is wrapped in silence, in the Corner, the man who has long been a wonder unto many should be thus late in his "stall."

*From my Stall, Amen Corner,
Midnight, Sep. 12, 1844.*

CRISPIN.

THE SECRET OF THE LORD.

PSALM XXV. 14.

BEHOLD a pilgrim journeying on,
Through the wide maze of earth;
His staff, his prop to lean upon—
Unknown his place of birth.
Ask whence the smiles you see him wear
"The secret of the Lord is there!"

Behold the traveller on his way,
Eying each scene around,
Deaf to each voice that bids him stay,
Fast speeding o'er the ground.
Ask what his errand is, and where:
"The secret of the Lord is there!"

View him beset by beasts of prey,
Aloof from human aid;
See, at his feet they prostrate lay!
How was the conquest made?
And why no look of fright or care?—
"The secret of the Lord is there!"

Behold him weary, sick, and poor,
Yet pressing onward still,
Each trial patiently endure,
And gain each toilsome hill.
Bid him his source of strength declare:
"The secret of the Lord is there!"

Tell him the few he used to meet,
Dearer than ought below,
Have gathered up their wearied feet,
And quitted life's frail show.
And whence his calm and chastened air?—
"The secret of the Lord is there!"

Go, see him on his dying bed!
Witness his gasping breath;
He talks of blood on Calvary shed,
And says, "How sweet is death!"
Bestows his blessing! mounts!—and where?
"The secret of the Lord is there!"

WILDERNESS MERCIES.

To the Readers of the Gospel Magazine.

CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,

I desire to state that, in bringing the following letters before the Church of Christ, it was not by my own wish, but in compliance with the desire of our Editor, and several other Christian friends, as one feeble means of reducing the more towering flights of theory to practice,—that God may be glorified in the rehearsal of his gracious acts of goodness, daily, to his children, in their varied trials through this chequered life. They were written as a narrative, expressly for the perusal of a Christian daughter, to make known to her the preserving mercies of the Lord towards her father from his childhood, and his gracious dealings, in proving the truth of his word, that “To old age I will be with thee.” As such I leave them for the Lord to bless.

Essex.

J. G.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I have long felt a desire to leave you a *small legacy*, consisting of a few particulars of my *own life*, and of the many preserving providences of God to me, both in body and soul; but whenever the wish has pervaded my mind I have found such a host of impenetrable barriers to prevent me, that I have hundreds of times given it up as altogether hopeless. However, I at length sit down for the express purpose of doing it; and with the alone help of the Lord, I proceed to inform you, that in the year 1784, May the 4th, your father was brought into this world, a sad sufferer of immeasurable woes, which have followed me from that moment to the present. My father, at that period, rented a considerable farm in the parish of Grundisburgh, near Woodbridge, in the county of Suffolk. The lease being up the same year, there were some unpleasant circumstances connected between the family and the landlord, to preclude my father from having the farm longer. He retired, therefore, into a cottage, and branched into another line of business, with a person who affected to have judgment, and my father found money; but in this, loss and disappointment very soon followed. By these means of unguarded procedure the family became reduced; and I, being the last and least of my father's house, shared many hardships; my elder brothers and sisters escaped,

of whom it appeared there were at that time six in number; two my father had from a former marriage—a half-brother and sister, and four by my own mother—two brothers and two sisters, though if all had been living, they would have amounted to fifteen. And well do I remember, from early childhood, the sorrow I experienced, even when hanging on my mother's breast; astonishing as it may appear, I have now a painful remembrance thereof, though many have disputed my mention of things so rivetted in my early recollection. I had barely reached my third year of age, when I remember being taken to school, to the house of an old lady, who treated me very tenderly, being herself of an exceedingly sensitive mind. I believe she discovered in me (from the rest of the children placed under her care) a most sorrowful spirit; and, from my weakness and continual sobbing, would frequently allow me to sit beside her, and let me rest my little head upon her knees.

Poor child! this rest was of short duration; my kind preceptress was soon removed by death—her name was Scroggins. From that early period, until I was seven years old, I remember not to have been from home, if I may so term it, as it was anything but that in reality. My mother being of a proud and haughty disposition, though a clever woman in house management, carried everything with an exceedingly high hand; and being mortified by outward circumstances (though I have reason to believe she was the cause of them all), was far from being a tender parent to her timid child, and left me to the care, or I may rather, in truth, say, to the cruel neglect of others, whose non-attention to my wants rendered me often a subject of commiseration to the neighbours around. At that time I struggled with many rising fears in my tender breast; destitute of everything that one in my situation needed, I trembled, and often reeked, under the rod of one who ought at that time to have treated me differently. Sensible in a measure of my then present ills, I had constant forebodings of what I might expect for the future, which crippled up all the energies of my infantine mind. At that time an old woman, whose name was Jessop, used to visit at our house, whose constant study was to talk of ghosts and spirits from the dead; their appearance at night in the chambers of the living, and of ministers binding them to some dark corner or room of the house, pond or place in the yard. This so terrified me, that it laid a foundation for continual agony. O the horror of feeling it occasioned I can never describe; I dreaded all day the approach of night, and when in bed, so great was my terror, I used to cover myself over with the clothes, and lay and perspired to that degree, that made my life a burden; and if I dared to say, or own I was afraid, I was punished, or threatened that some such nocturnal being would take me away.

When I was about seven years old my father moved into another house, about half a mile from the former, and nearer the parish church, to which I was sometimes taken. About the same time I remember first to have had some natural thoughts arise in my mind about God,

heaven, and hell, and meeting with a book which was in the house having cuts, therein representing the torments of the damned; I used carefully to examine them; if I mistake not, I learned it was "Dillingcourt on Death," and I remember it was death to me. I was then put to school to learn to read and write, and soon learned all I had ever the means of doing, from the straightened circumstances of my parents. The short time I remained at school, from the natural timidity of my disposition, and weak, fearful, and nervous constitution, I always stood in fear of every boy in the school, and was continually in trouble, lest they should falsely report me to the master; and as I could not stand up against any of them, was often insulted, and treated ill. Often I was behind school hours, and frequently was kept beyond time to make up the deficiency; but this arose, not from my truant or neglect, but from my hard task at home, which was, to spin twopence a-day to pay for my schooling. Independent of this, I had sometimes to rise at five in the morning, to fetch a pitcher of milk from a farmhouse, a mile distant from our own. I had also, in addition, to gather wood from the fields for firing, and have many times been taken by the farmers, who would sometimes tie me up to a tree, beat me well, and leave me crying as if my heart would break; and used to tell me they would send a press-gang after me to take me away. I had no comfort at home; almost without a shoe to my foot; bare of clothes, and an empty belly; none to pity; without a friendly hand to help me in the world. I strove with these trials, and surely had died under them, had it not been for that imperceptible hand which held me fast, for a future and more open display of his glory, and my present, future, and eternal good.

Having finished my schooling with a very limited knowledge; not able to read but very imperfectly, besides making a few letters in writing, I was taken to work in the barn with my father at threshing. Working hard, and short allowance, soon brought me down, and I fell a prey to a raging fever; the disease deprived me of my reason for several days and nights, except at short intervals. I recovered enough to behold my perilous situation, with all around me full of wretchedness and misery; I cried to God for mercy, and wished to die rather than live, and heard my mother say it was impossible I could live through the day. However, contrary to all expectations, God, who saw me in that forlorn condition (though I knew Him not) had his eye of love upon me, and raised me as one from the dead; I recovered gradually; the skin peeled off my whole body; my frame appeared completely changed, and I became as it were a walking ghost, and was truly a stench in my own nostrils. I crawled about; looked like death, and for a long time felt the need of human aid. Returning again to my hard labour, I experienced much affliction, and found many temptations lay in my way, which, had not a stronger than myself kept me, should have brought disgrace upon myself in self-murder. Tried and jaded down by many deprivations, I at length determined to run away, and go to sea, and set off for that purpose, thinking to walk to

Woodbridge, and offer myself as a cabin-boy in a trading vessel laying there. I did so, but the captain would not take me; and I returned to tell out my woe amid taunts and threats, till I could have destroyed myself. Mourning over my hard fate, I got up the next morning with a view to walk away, but had not gone far before I met with the clergyman of the place; I was greatly afraid of him; his voice was enough to strike me with dread; he asked my name—what I was doing, and inquired if I could work, to which I answered in the affirmative. He told me to go with him, and he would give me something to do. I did so, and I was glad. He moreover ordered his housekeeper to give me refreshment; and, after I had eaten and drank sufficiently, set me to empty a fancy fish-pond; and I pleased the old gentleman well. God sent me there to gain strength, but I did not know it; He sustained me and fed me in this “dead” priest’s employ and house, and provided me with money too, for I was paid liberally; and when I had finished, I had enough to get a change of raiment. And I can say, before I was nine years old I boarded myself, and after ten never cost my friends a single penny. Sometimes I used to go into the fields to keep cattle; at other times picking stones from off the land.

And now began a more important period of my life, which rendered it truly miserable. I had taken up the thought of death in a solemn manner; nor could I stifle my conscience, young as I was, from a sense of natural right and wrong; and generally found myself wrong, though, as I thought, I had it in my power to do better, but whenever I attempted so to order my steps aright, they followed the wrong. However, I set up a resolution to follow a train of duties; go constantly to church, and duly and most carefully to read a book I found, called “A Family Preparation to the Altar,” and used to take it on my knees—sit down in the porch of the church to show the people how “holy” I was. I also made it a rule to walk for hours together solitary among the tombs, to read the grave-stones, and meditate upon the condition of all the good folks buried there. I had at times, however, notwithstanding this sanctimonious observance, great squalls of conscience, and never dare approach an open grave, or meet a coffin on the road, but have leaped over a hedge into a field to avoid meeting it. I worshipped also my old benefactor; the surplice and band he wore; the clock and chimings of the bells; and the very rattle of the keys of the church door were holy sounds to me. O the stupidity, the ignorance, and blindness of the human mind! But God had better things in reserve for me.

About this time I heard of a gentleman, an attorney, at Ipswich, who wanted a lad; his name was Long; I started off—made personal inquiry after the place, and got it. I was to look after a pony, do all work needful, and wait at table. I engaged in my new situation; my mistress was lame, and was much confined in the parlour; she used to call me often to her, and give me lessons how to behave properly before company, which I took very kind of her; but the impatience of

her mind was so great, I used to be terrified at her ; and the peace of my own was so broken, I saw no likelihood of my staying, and from a multiplicity of other difficulties, I begged of the Lord, in my own poor way, to provide me another place, and made a merit of it too ; and thought I was justified in leaving, which I did, and looked out for another master, whom I soon got. I was to drop peas and beans for a person, who, after I had worked for him for one whole month, and had gained credit some of the time for food, robbed me of part of my wages which left me minus, and in debt.

This was a sad trouble to my poor mind ; but the Lord was pleased to appear for me in the following manner :—Walking in the church-yard one morning, I saw at the head of a grave-stone, upon the ground, laid a shilling and some coppers ; these I picked up, which I found very useful. *The Lord helped me to it.*

SELECT SENTENCES OF EMINENT DIVINES.

“ Make sure of Christ ; He is the one thing needful ; all beside is nothing worth. Pursue what you will of this world—attain to ever so much, you only get a great estate ; vanity at its best ; in its enjoyment, vexation of spirit ; and in its duration, passing so fast away, as not to be worth one farthing, when compared with Christ, and the eternity of his heaven.”—REV. WM. ROMAINE, A.M.

“ Do but think aright on God, and then see if it be possible for thee to fear aught. All thy little doubts and despondencies of mind will vanish before one clear sight of thy God and thy Father in Christ.”—ROBERT LEIGHTON, D.D., Archbishop of Glasgow.

“ It is a rudeness amongst men to ask a favour, and not to stay for an answer. And do we count it no fault to pray for blessings, and never to think of them afterwards, never to wait for them, never to give God thanks for them ?”—WILSON.

The late Rev. James Hervey once met with a lady in a stage coach, who was speaking much in praise of the theatre ; among other things, she said there was a pleasure in thinking on the play before she went ; the pleasure she enjoyed when there ; and the pleasure of reflecting upon it when in her bed at night. When she had done, Mr. Hervey, in a very mild way, said there was one pleasure more, which she had not mentioned. She replied, “ What can that be ? Surely I have included every thing, in considering the enjoyment beforehand, at the time, and afterwards.” To which Mr. Hervey, in a manner peculiar to himself, answered, “ Madam, the pleasure it will give you on your death-bed.” She was struck with great surprise ; the stroke went to her very heart, and she seemed, during the rest of the journey, quite occupied in thinking on it ; and the consequence of this well-timed remark was, she never went more to the play-house, but followed those pleasures which would afford her true satisfaction on her death-bed.

G. P.

Sep. 9, 1844.

A Lancashire Traveller.

REGENERATION, AND THE INDWELLING OF THE HOLY GHOST.

EZEK. XI. 19; JOHN, III. 3; I COR. VI. 19; 2 THES. II. 13.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR EDITOR,

Although your valued Magazine has lately contained much that is Scriptural and excellent respecting the work and operations of God the Spirit, yet I must confess I have been disappointed that so little has been said of his *internal* power in the hearts of the elect—his mighty energy as exercised in their regeneration, and his *inworking* and perpetual *indwelling* in their souls. I regret I did not enlarge more upon this in the paper I sent a short time since, but I hoped it would have been undertaken by some one more competent. With your permission, I will now venture to make a few remarks on the invincible power of the Holy Ghost, as manifested in regeneration, and conclude with a word respecting his personal indwelling—in the souls of his people.

I. What is regeneration, or the new birth?

In reply to this important question, I will quote the words of one deeply taught of God; and doubtless his name and writings are familiar to many of your readers.

Samuel Eyles Pierce speaks thus, concerning the new birth:—

“Regeneration is a new creation. The mind is the subject of it. Adam is the root of generation; Christ is the root of regeneration. If we had not been in Adam by creation, we had never been produced by generation. Such as were not in Christ by eternal election, will never be manifested to have being in Christ by regeneration. Adam was the head of the natural world. Christ is the Head of the spiritual world. We cannot enter into his world but by a new birth. We must be born into it. As when we are born naturally, we have then all the faculties, senses, and members, we ever shall have, and are thereby fitted for living in this world; so the soul born again hath every sense, faculty, and affection, of the new man it ever will have. It is thereby fitted and qualified for living in Christ's world. Like as Adam, when created, and brought into existence in our world, had every faculty and affection, temper and disposition, suited to every creature, object, and subject, which the Lord God had made in this world; so a man in Christ, created anew in Christ Jesus, is brought into Christ's world with every grace contained in his new birth, whereby he is exactly fitted to take into his mind, enjoy in his heart, and embrace in his affections the Lord Jesus Christ, as his Head—his Redeemer—his Lord—his Righteousness—his Sacrifice—his Glory—his All. Now, without a new, or supernatural birth, he could not know Christ; he could not enjoy Christ; he could not have communion with Christ; he could not have his heart and affections set on Christ. The new creation is suited to all in Christ;

and Christ is suited to every faculty, sense, and perception of the new creature. The new birth is a new nature, created in the mind, which never existed in it before. It is conveyed by the Spirit of God; He is the author of it. Hence it is called after his name, "Spirit," 'That which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' It is contrary to every desire and propensity of the old man; there is no sin in it. Hence the Apostle says, 'Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin: for his seed remaineth in him, and He cannot sin, because He is born of God.' Regeneration is an act wrought instantaneously in us; we are altogether passive; it is an immutable act. Our meetness for heaven is contained in it; it is an act once for all; it is altogether perfect and divine; it admits of no degrees; it is one and the same in all who are the subjects of it; such are in a state of life. There can be no motion without life; and the first act of the Spirit of God upon the mind, is to quicken it with spiritual life. The Holy Ghost is the breath of all spiritual life; He, as the Spirit of life, enters into a dead sinner, quickens him, and communicates to him life everlasting."

Dear Editor, is not this a clear definition of regeneration? How it sets forth the Holy Ghost as the Glorifier of Jesus, in taking of the things of Christ, and revealing them to us. And what a distinction is made between the new nature implanted in regeneration, and the old corrupt, carnal, natural mind. Oh, it is most important to understand, and strenuously maintain, that regeneration makes no change whatever in our old nature, but that the carnal mind in the believer, as well as in all others, is "enmity against God—not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," for "that which is born of the flesh is flesh." Hence arises the conflict between the flesh and the Spirit—that struggle which will only terminate with death—for there exists a mortal hatred and enmity to each other; and this the poor tried believer full well knows. But, blessed be God for these words, "Sin shall not have dominion over you." No, the new man shall not be overcome, but finally gain the victory. Even now, he is enabled, through grace, to "crucify the flesh." Mark the expression, "crucify," not destroy, but mortify, as in Rom. viii. 13, "For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do 'mortify' the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

Dear Editor, these are the words of God, and why should we fear to use them? Let us not be deterred because they are misapplied by some, who are seeking after creature holiness, and dreaming of creature perfection, and talking of "progressive sanctification." As to the word *sanctification*, I believe, with Dr. Hawker, that "it has a different meaning in different Scriptures. But the most general sense is, either to set apart, consecrate, or dedicate, to a sacred service, or to purify, cleanse, and make holy. In the former sense, Christ is said to have sanctified himself (John xvii. 19). In the latter, the church, when regenerated, is said to be 'washed, to be sanctified,' &c. (1 Cor. vi. 11). He also mentions that the word is used in Scripture with reference to the peculiar work of *each* Person in the Trinity. It is applied to God the Father, Jude i.; God the Son, Heb. x. 10—14; God the Spirit, 1 Pet. i. 2. I humbly conceive that in the last mentioned passage, and also 2 Thes. ii. 13, the word may be understood in both the senses mentioned above, inasmuch as the Holy Spirit both sets apart and consecrates the elect to a sacred service (Eph. ii. 19—22), and also bestows upon them a holy, yea, a divine nature (2 Pet. i. 4). Indeed, for my own part, I am strongly inclined to think that the term *sanctification* in these two passages is synonymous with *regeneration*; and thus the

respective work of each Divine Person is clearly manifested. As to what is called "progressive sanctification," there is in fact no such thing. The Spirit's work in regeneration is perfect and complete—it is *one* act—whereby, with Omnipotent power, He communicates life to the soul once, and for ever. It is true, the Scripture says, "Grow in grace;" and what is growth in grace? Not any improvement in the new nature, or alteration in the old, but is an increasing knowledge of Jesus, through the revelation and illumination of the Spirit, who discovers to us constantly more and more of our own utter vileness, and of Christ's beauty and suitableness. What believer can say he is becoming holier, or growing in holiness? On the contrary, he daily sees in himself fresh sins, and hates himself more every hour, on account of his desperate and deep-rooted iniquity: Oh, the nearer we draw to Jesus in sweet and blessed communion, the more will the innate evils of our hearts be discovered to us; the Spirit will lead us from one "chamber of imagery" to another, and in each succeeding one we shall be amazed and confounded, to behold "yet greater abominations than these." How blessed and soul-reviving, dear Editor, in the midst of such experiences as these, to know that "the Lord beholds not iniquity in Jacob, neither does He see perverseness in Israel;" for through his Son's justifying righteousness our "iniquity is forgiven—our sin is covered."

But, before concluding, I must say a few words, as I purposed, on the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. What wondrous words are these! (1 Cor. iii. 16), "Know ye not, that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." Again (1 Cor. vi. 19), "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost;" and (2 Cor. vi. 16), "Ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, I *will* dwell in them, and walk in them; and they *shall* be my people." Here we are taught how the Spirit of the living God comes with omnipotent and irresistible energy into the hearts of his elect ones. He cannot—He does not—strive, and woo, and beseech in vain, and, after seeking an entrance, find himself disappointed, and frustrated of his purpose. No; He comes with authoritative power, saying, "Here *will* I dwell." He makes his people willing in this day of his power. O astonishing, marvellous, overpowering love! The pure and heavenly Dove condescends to make our bodies his temple!—there He dwells, in accordance with the Saviour's promise (John xiv. 16), "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Yes, "the world cannot receive Him;" to none but the children does He come, and then not to make them children, for they were so from all eternity; but because they are sons, God sends forth the Spirit of his Son (their Elder Brother) into their hearts, crying, Abba, Father!

That you, and all the chosen family, may be "filled with the Spirit," is, dear Editor, the desire of,

Yours in Jesus,

A DEBTOR TO THE FREE GRACE OF THE TRIUNE JEHOVAH.

Plymouth, Sep. 10, 1844.

THE MIND OF MAN.

WHAT a strange, inexplicable thing is mind!—there is no comprehending, no defining its properties. Variety, immensity, and intensity, form its component parts. Its elasticity is surprising—the pressure it will bear, and yet rise uninjured. I believe, if the spirits in hell could be released, and their sentence revoked, they would be as free from the effects of their sufferings as if they had never known them. Then its extension and contraction; formed to soar in illimitable space, and longing to range in boundless and unfettered freedom, it is yet pent in a noisome dungeon, and contracted to a span; diffusive in its tendencies, it partakes of the nature of its Author, and in any or in every state marks the hand that formed it. This wild, ungovernable thing, that takes its flight to worlds unknown, has yet a home—a state of rest, where it can repose, be soothed, and hushed to stillness and quiescence. Its Maker is its rest, and it never knows where it can repose until it returns to Him from whom it proceeded. Its action is in distance; in nearness is its rest; God is the loadstone that draws it to himself, as partaking of his nature; Satan is the interposing medium that produces separation, and Christ the conquering force that removes this impediment, and reunites the connecting and impelling powers that blend in one. This union is indispensably necessary to the enjoyment of man's existence; without it he is like the branch severed from the tree; it is true, the life of immortality remains secure, but all that renders life desirable is lost; the sap of divine communications; the growth of the living principle; the freshness, the beauty, the vigour of life is gone, and he remains a withered, dry, barren, senseless stick, the shadow of his originally purposed existence.

Such is man before the spiritual communication of divine life is imparted; and among lost souls this lack of life is made up by the curse, the energy, the power, the vigour of which is communicated, instead of the happiness and glory derived from an eternal union with the God-man Jehovah. Man, though an immortal, is not an independent being; and this must be felt and acknowledged even in a state of perfection. God will admit none into those blessed abodes who have not learned experimentally their dependent state. It was this that Satan rebelled against, and which occasioned his fall. This, too, was the bait with which he allured Eve. "Ye shall be as gods, not merely knowing good and evil, but possessing power over them." This is implied in the promise of godship. Simple knowledge would not raise man to this height; and this proves Satan to be the father of lies from the beginning, for man has no such power, though he has yielded to the tempter, and though he is still beguiled by Satan into a false assumption of it. Self-existence, self-derived happiness, is what man

in every age and every state is seeking after—a feeling of independence, that will shut God out of his thoughts—and give him the power of his own actions and conduct; and what is this but an independent existence? It is sometimes called free agency, but how can that be free that is subject to the will and power of another? Man is often an agent of the devil's, and does his work freely enough, but then he is subject to the permissive power of the divine will. The servants of God do the work of God, and render their service with a free and willing mind; but they readily acknowledge, from heartfelt experience, that they are subject to the power of God, and cannot do anything independent of Him. They must have his direction, his assistance, or there will be no success in their work; God will own nothing that shuts Him out from supremacy, and man cannot effect anything without Him. "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things," and He alone must have the glory; He never will yield it to man or devil. Neither good or evil is in the power of any hand but his; and this is not making God the author of evil, as some would affirm; it is simply making Him Lord over it. Satan is the creator, the source of evil, the first who introduced it into existence; and God will make his mighty power known by counteracting, overruling, subduing, and so regulating this powerful influence, that his works and ways shall be rendered more glorious by it, and his perfections and attributes meet with a scope for display and manifestation, which could never have been known but for its existence.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

As a constant reader of your Journal, I have sent you some Pulpit Sayings of the late Rev. William Howell's, of Long Acre Episcopal Chapel, most of which were taken down by myself as they fell from his lips, a short time previous to his death. If you think they would be acceptable to the readers of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, they are quite at your disposal.

Praying the Lord to be with you, to strengthen and direct in your arduous work, and that He may pour out a spirit of love among the contributors of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, and preserve them from angry controversy,

I am, dear Sir, yours in Christ alone,

Oct. 8, 1844.

H. J.

"Jesus' occupation teaches us that nothing debases a man but moral evil."

"Masters of families, be living Bibles in the midst of your domestics. The Bible stereotyped on the fleshly table of the heart is God's own edition of the Bible. Every other edition is destined to perish."

"I pity those that don't know what *trouble* is; they don't know what *pleasure* is."

"It is one of the attributes of sin to hide man from himself."

"When we can say from the heart, 'Thy will be done,' then we have pitched our tent at the very gates of heaven."

"The reprobating decree comes from man. Election from God. Reprobation is the offspring, not the parent of sin."

"There is a perfection in Deity that weeps over his enemies whilst he sees them dropping into hell. Away with that doctrine which makes God the author of reprobation, the same as He is the author of election."

"When Jesus wept over Jerusalem, tears of Deity appeared in all the loveliness of the weakness of human nature."

"The Gospel day becomes the noon of night to him who, in the light of it, is living in wilful transgression."

"Was Alexander, or Nelson, or Wellington, before me, I would ask them, Have you courage to enter into your own hearts? Do we know what it is to face ourselves?"

"God pardons once and for ever as a *Judge*, but daily as a *Father*."

"The hypocrite makes the truth of God furniture for the devil's house."

"That knowledge of doctrine which does not endear the preceptive part of God's word, only hardens the heart, and leads to every degree of evil. The man who knows the doctrine, and does not honour the precept, is in the most awful state of all."

"The fire of divine love is destined to destroy all our unhallowed lust."

"All calamitous circumstances shall in some way be made subservient to bring the Christian home to heaven."

"No man can be familiar with the appearance of evil, with innocence or impurity."

"The best divine I ever conversed with, was one who was altogether unacquainted with the learned languages."

"God frequently brings his children into such circumstances, that nothing can make them happy but himself. Necessity drives them to seek their all in Him."

"God's dwelling-place, which He has in the hearts of his humble and contrite ones, will be his most splendid mansion throughout eternity."

"Delicacy is as lovely in a man as in a woman. Young men, treat every female as though she were your mother or your sister."

"We may as well think of worshipping Satan himself as an absolute God."

"One of the most wonderful sights in the world, is to see a man in prosperity raised above his comforts, and seeking his all in God."

"Study your corrupt hearts, and then learn the doctrine of election."

"Rest not in the means of grace—travel through all means till you meet God before his throne in heaven."

"Hail as a blessing every thing that disposes you to seek God."

"The aim of a believer is to be *little*, that God may be *great*."

"Take the Deity of Christ out of the Bible, and it is the most absurd, the most unreasonable book ever published."

"So deceitful is the heart of man, that he may travel through all the means of grace to hell without being conscious of it."

"Be ambitious of setting an example to the world. The wicked will not read the word of God; let them in you read God's own edition of the Bible, written in the hearts of his people, and shown in their lives."

"We have entombed ourselves after the most barbarous act of suicide in the things of time and sense."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Rev. W. Tufnell to his Friend, "J. G.," Essex.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE BONDS OF THE EVERLASTING COVENANT,

Mercy, truth, and peace be with thee. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that He is also our God and our Father—the Father of mercies. I bless Him that in his wisdom and mercy He hath placed the members in the body of our beloved Head, that there should be no schism. Had He not, you, my brother, must long since have cast me off; but there is no casting off nor casting away in Christ. Be not offended with me, my brother, for not having answered your two very affectionate letters before; I have nothing to plead on my behalf, but the love of our common Head, and let his precious words intercede for me. "How oft," says one, "shall my brother offend against me, and I forgive him? Until seven times? I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven." How wonderful is his love! There is indeed forgiveness with him; and as He is, so is his body, for they live in Him, and with the very same love that He loved us do we love one another;—the same—not in quantity or measure, but in quality. Hence our oneness nothing can dissolve—neither life, nor death, things present, nor things to come, shall ever, says the Apostle, triumphantly, separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Blessed for ever be our heavenly Head, that He always causeth us to triumph, and that even under the very circumstances that apparently must cast us down. But, blessed for ever be our Jehovah-Jireh Provider, that in every strait and difficulty He maketh a way for the deliverance of his saints, and manifestation of his own glory. Indeed, my dear brother, the love of God constraineth me to bless and praise his holy name, for He hath dealt wondrously with me. Wonderful was the power He put forth in calling me—not suffering me to live and die under a form of godliness, which is indeed the very power of the devil, by which he satisfieth the natural consciences of worldly persons, and keepeth them quiet in his service; but He enabled me in his strength to go out without the camp to the tabernacle that He pitched. And as Moses when he came to years refused to be called the son of the king's daughter, so by faith did I prefer being called a son of the King of kings, and a member of his blessed family, and an heir, as such, of the unsearchable riches of Christ to all the treasures in Egypt. Yes, my brother, I admire, with you, the sovereignty of God's grace, that, whilst for the most part the rich, the great, and mighty of thisworld are left to wallow and perish in the pleasures they delight in, He should single me out—make me willing to forget my own people, and my Father's house, that I might be brought with joy and rejoicing into the King's palace. "Ye shall be led out with joy, and go forth in peace; the mountains and the hills (the decrees and purposes of God), shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field (God's dear people), shall clap their hands; instead of the brier shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the thorn the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign, that shall not be cut off." Yes, "it is the Lord's doing, and it is mar-

vellous in our eyes." His name is Wonderful; and in the path He has been leading me for some time this name has been manifested unto me in a way that I have never before beheld it; He has brought me through great and sore troubles—through grievous trials to the flesh, but in all these He hath shown me his faithfulness, his all-sufficiency, in supporting and giving strength according to my day, so that I am perfectly satisfied that they all work together for good; yea, his name is love, and in all his dispensations and dealings with me I can clearly discern the manifestations of this blessed name. Yea, He hath indeed remembered me with the favour that He beareth to his people; and I can rejoice in the gladness of his chosen, saying, "Who is like unto thee, O Israel? saved by the Lord, who is the shield of my help, and the sword of my excellency."

You ask me how I get on in my ministry. Truly I still go forth in the name of my Master to his poor and scattered flock, bearing his testimony. It is great encouragement to me in this work, that He says, "that it is through the foolishness of preaching that he is pleased to save men that believe." Were it otherwise, through the excellency or wisdom of man's speech, I would never go over the threshold of my door to minister, for I am naturally exceedingly indolent, and slow of speech; but it is through the ability of God that his people are edified, and himself glorified. So true it is that we have this treasure in earthen and despicable vessels, that the whole glory and praise thereof may be to God. All glory to his name! More and more do I see daily of my own nothingness in this work, as in every thing else; and more and more cause have I to bless and to own his faithfulness and all-sufficiency herein. "We are the circumcision, who worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and put no confidence in the flesh." And I am satisfied that the Lord hath owned and blessed his word, spoken by me, to the gathering in, and establishing of, his people. But my rejoicing rests not here, for my permanent joy is this, "that my name is written in the book of life;" and this gives me a title and right to all the promises and blessings of that covenant which is ordered in all things, and sure; and I can say, with David, that it is all my desire, as it is all my salvation; "My lot truly is fallen unto me in pleasant lines, and I have a goodly heritage." All things fail me here; my relations—my former friends forsake me—my natural strength; all that appeared great or good; all but God, the faithful God, He that says, "I will never forsake—I will never fail thee;" yea "He is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

Now I hope, my dear brother, you will not fail me, but that you will write to me once and again, for I assure you that I find your communications very profitable; you have been a means, in the hands of my Father, of stirring me up; a faithful friend is indeed a great treasure. You, perhaps, are ready to say, "Then he that would have, and keep a friend, should show himself friendly." Well, once more I beg your forgiveness. I do not find many pilgrims on my way to the heavenly Canaan, and therefore I intreat you to bear with me the remainder of our journey; it cannot now be long, and then we meet to part no more, and shall dwell for ever in the enjoyment of the fulness of his love, who will be all in all unto us—to all the glorified family.

Yours, ever,

G. Beyholt, Sep. 1844.

WILLIAM TUFNELL.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

In the indissoluble bonds of membership, to Him who is the Head of all the living, "from whom the whole body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love" (Eph. iv. 16); even "the Head from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God" (Col. ii. 19); thereby preventing a division in the body, the members having "the same care one for another; and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it" (1 Cor. xii. 25, 26).

Having lately, by "the good hand of my God being upon me," been directed to one of the many wells that abound in the wilderness (few of which can be called springing wells), and which truly may be said to be a Beer-lahai-roh, where He that liveth did see me, and looked upon me, although the question might be well asked, "Have I also here looked after Him that seeth me?" (Gen. xvi. 13). And since our ancient and venerable sister Rebecca has been favoured beyond all expectation to come forth once more with her pitcher upon her shoulder, which she has hastened to let down upon her hand to give drink to thy servant; I cannot feel content to retain it for myself, but claim your assistance in setting it forth before the Master's household, not doubting but, with myself, they will "bless the Lord God of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute my master of his mercy and his truth: who being in the way shall be led to the house of my Master's brethren" (Gen. xxiv. 15—27). The Lord bless thee, and cause the house of David to wax stronger and stronger, is the heart-breathing of him who, passing through the vale of misery, would use it as a well.

A STRIPLING.

"A letter has followed me to this place, directed by the well-known hand of my esteemed brother John, which I assure you was most cordially welcome, and for which I offer my sincere thanks. My divine Landlord, in his infinite wisdom, has indeed seen it necessary to set on his workmen to repair my poor old clay cottage; and they set about the work with such fierceness, that I really thought they were commissioned to take it quite down. However, He who is wise in council, and excellent in working, and who hath determined my days, and with whom are the number of my months, kept a watchful eye over them; and when they had gone as far as to answer his purpose in the pulling-down way, He commanded them to go no farther; then ordered it to be propped and patched up again, that it might stand its appointed time; but it is still very shakey, nor is it at all improved in appearance. It may be, you would ask, How fared the inhabitant through all this bustle? I have reason to be thankful that the upper story was kept pretty free from the workman's hammer; but alas! the windows were so darkened that I could scarcely look at anything but myself. And my good brother knows the sad effects when we are looking

to ourselves, unmindful of what the Holy Ghost saith by the Apostle—'Looking unto Jesus, who is the author and finisher of faith.' I had life enough to feel my deadness, and light enough to see my darkness, yet could not say, with Jeremiah, 'Mine eye affecteth my heart ;³ for that remained as hard as the nether millstone, till I was led to conclude the Lord had said, 'Let her alone;' while I could scarcely hope 'He would earnestly remember me still,' and hoards of unclean things which were bred in the heart of Adam after his transgression,* and tainted the blood of all his posterity, so that they bring forth abundantly; at least, it is the case with me; for the numbers that crept out in this time of darkness were really terrific, while a voice was heard in my soul, saying, 'Ah, ah, you have discovered your real character at last; you have deceived yourself and others also.' This was a dreadful condition—a day of adversity indeed; but wisdom saith, in the day of prosperity rejoice, but in the day of adversity consider. The words of Peter to his divine Master, 'To whom can we go but unto thee? for thou hast the words of eternal life,' followed me from day to day without arresting my attention, till at length they stopped my wandering thoughts; and, as I was led to consider their import, experience bore witness that I was in some humble measure like-minded with him; for I could say with my heart,

' My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside '

that great sin-offering appointed by Jehovah himself; thus I was holpen with a little help. Still the glory of the person and work of the Lord Jesus, with all the blessedness arising therefrom, as to seeing my interest therein, was eclipsed from my view by mists and clouds of depravity and unbelief. Another consideration brought to my mind was that valuable passage in Holy Writ, 'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light: let him trust in the Lord, and stay upon his God.' Thus I was convinced that the Lord's people did walk in darkness; and as it is God who worketh in them to will and to do, so He brings them to trust in Him, while the Holy Ghost declares, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever." And why? Because the Lord has put his name there, and this is the secret place of the Most High; and all that dwell in this secret place "shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." There I trust the Lord hath brought me to dwell; and although I feel sin plague from day to day, and believe the warfare will not end until mortality is swallowed up of life—I pray for grace to fight the fight of faith, trusting to come off conqueror, through the great and wise Captain of salvation; and also that I may say, with holy Paul, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I live in the flesh is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.'

"I find my paper filling, so will turn to your letter, wherein you ask for information as to what instruction I have gained by being led down to the potter's house. You know, whoever is commanded to go down there, it is not for them to either work or speak, but to see and hear; and while we behold the work wrought on the wheels, and the vessel that is made of clay marred, yet what a mercy it is still in the potter's hand, and not cast away, but by his wisdom is made into another vessel, as seemeth good unto Him to make it; and cannot I do with you, as this potter? Saith the Lord,

* Qy. Does not my sister mean "they came into life with the transgression?"

'Behold, as the clay is in the hand of the potter, so are ye in my hand, O house of Israel.' And very blessed it is to have an experimental knowledge of this by the teaching of the Eternal Spirit, so as to lay passive as clay in the hands of our Divine Potter, and amidst all our afflictions, bereavements, trials, and crosses, to have the voice of truth speaking in our inmost soul, 'It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good,' and our outward submission to the Lord's will bearing testimony to the truth within; resting assured, by Him who cannot lie, that our marred vessel, after it is gone through the fining-pot of the grave, where our mother corruption, and our sister worm, shall perform their appointed work, the vessel being part of the purchased possession, for which our glorious Redeemer gave his life, shall at the sound of the last trumpet arise, new modelled, and made meet to be united to its immortal companion, being washed from all sin in the blood of the Lamb, and clothed in the Righteousness of Him in whom they stand accepted by the Father, shall sit down at the marriage supper,

'Free from a world of guilt and sin,
With God eternally shut in.'

Such honour have all the saints. Hallelujah! salvation is of the Lord.

"My son, who is now in affliction, is my beloved *Walter*; and how my heart sinks while gazing upon his wasted frame, and looks upon his youthful wife and two sweet babes. Poor dear girl, her bright sky of marriage life is but of short duration, for clouds gather thick over it; nor can they be dispersed but by Him 'who rides upon the wings of the wind.' O that she may see the sweet promise gilding each cloud like the rainbow in mild and beautiful colours, casting its cheering rays over her darkened hemisphere. As to my dear boy, I have the consolation to believe it will be well with him, having good evidence he is one of the Lord's redeemed, and only lent unto us for a season; and He who lent has an undisputed right to recal his own whensoever it pleaseth Him. How easy it is to talk of submission and acquiescence in the will of God; but nothing short of the power of divine grace will enable us to reduce to practice what we well know in theory. Pray for us, my dear brother, that our faith fail not. I did think ere this that my feeble frame would have been buried under the oak, instead of living to hear the rough wind blow amongst its branches; still I would not murmur, since He who has heretofore 'stayed his rough wind in the day of the east wind,' 'has ever been my shield, and a very present help in the time of trouble,' remains 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;' and having brought me down to hoary hairs, now I am old and grey-headed will not forsake me. Doubtless you have heard that James the less has entered into his rest.

"I have filled my paper, I fear, unsatisfactorily. Excuse my blunders; be assured of my best wishes to attend you; and when you feel disposed to write, none of your correspondents will more welcome a letter from you than your aged sister,

"From under the Oak, Farningham,
August 14, 1844.

REBECCA."

PROGRESSIVE SANCTIFICATION.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

Though my acquaintance with your Magazine is but recent, yet, as it has been the means of directing my thoughts to the important subject of sanctification, I wish to lay before you the state of my mind in that respect. Some time ago, a friend lent me several numbers of your Magazine, Hawker's *Visits to Jesus*; Kent's and Herbert's Hymns also fell in my way. Till then, I had taken it for granted that sanctification was progressive, having never met with a contrary opinion, either in books, preaching, or conversation; but I soon discovered that, in your view, the doctrine was erroneous. This perplexed me, and I immediately went to our wonderful Counsellor, to ask Him to show me which was right. Oh, it is very sweet when the mind is tossed to and fro with a variety of opinions, to go and spread the case at His feet who has promised to guide us into all truth. I am now waiting at his feet, and saying, "That which I see not, teach thou me." You will the more readily account for my perplexity, when I lay before you the sense in which I have always understood the doctrine; and this view I believe to be held by many dear children of God, who would shrink with as much abhorrence as yourself from anything like self-righteousness, or creature holiness.

I always believed that the work of Christ *for* us was our title to glory—the work of the Spirit *in* us, our meetness for it. When I say meetness, I do not mean fitness in the sight of God, but a capability of enjoying his presence. In Jesus all the elect are eternally justified; and the Father, no doubt, views them as complete in Him, even while in their unregenerate state, but surely the work of the Spirit in them is necessary, as a preparative to glory; and sanctification, not justification, makes them meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Again, we do not deny the doctrine of indwelling sin, or affirm that the old nature is ever reformed or improved; no, the Canaanite is still in the land till our dying day. "Nevertheless, when Israel waxed strong, they put the Canaanites to tribute." Though the old man does not grow weaker, does not the new man grow stronger? And thus is fulfilled that word, "The elder shall serve the younger." The babe in Christ is as truly born of God as the "old disciple;" but in one the spiritual life is weak, and unable to cope with strong temptations; in the other, grace, though not more truly alive, is stronger, and more fully developed. I believe the Lord often deals with young converts as with Israel; He does not let them see war at first, because their faith is not strong enough to bear it. But "the righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger;" not stronger in self (for what is all creature strength but weakness?) but strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus; he goes on from strength to strength, until he appears before his God in Zion. This is what I understand by progressive sanctification. And is there any self-righteousness in this? Do we boast of an acquired stock of inherent holiness? Nay, do we not ascribe the whole work to the Lord from beginning to end? It hath pleased the Father that in Jesus should all fulness dwell; and of his fulness do all we receive, according as the Lord the Spirit is pleased to reveal Him unto us. You admit that, while walking through this wilderness, believers daily find Jesus increasingly precious, and sin increasingly hateful. Every fresh view of their own vileness, and of his loveliness, is a fulfilment of that word, "He must increase, but I must decrease;" self sinks, and Jesus rises. For how can it be possible to behold Him who is altogether lovely, without having our love and adoration increased at each interview?

Surely they can best tell how sweet his company is, who have walked longest with him. What I mean by progressive sanctification, is a growing love, likeness, and devotedness to Jesus. If this is not holiness, I do not know what deserves the name.

The heart's desire and prayer of many of the saints may, I am sure, be expressed in those words of the poet:—

“Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore—
Oh, for grace to love thee more!”

But, according to your doctrine (if I understood it right), we are never to hope for a greater measure of love than we now have. This is not very consolatory to those who feel as if they had no love at all.

“Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?”

Again, does your view hold good with regard to the experience of believers? Do we not often evidently see a child of God ripening for glory? So that in proportion as he approaches nearer to heaven, he seems to breathe celestial air? So heavenly and spiritual does he become, that we may almost predict that the Lord is about soon to call him home to himself?

Dear Sir, I have now laid before you my difficulties, which, I have no doubt, are partly caused from my ignorance, as to how far you differ from me. My views, as above stated, I believe to be Scriptural; but, as I imagine you, and many whom I love for the truth's sake, think differently, I should be very thankful for a few words of explanation. As I think the Lord has taught you to have compassion on the ignorant, and on those who are out of the way, you will not be severe upon me, if I have misunderstood you. That the Lord may give you the tongue of the learned, that you may know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary, and the pen of a ready writer, to testify of Jesus, is the sincere prayer of,

Yours, in Gospel bonds,

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

Sep. 18, 1844.

We once thought—and our correspondent seems now to be of the like opinion—that religion or godliness, was the implantation of certain principles, which developed themselves in lively actings towards God—his people—and his ways; that these principles gained strength, and ebbed and flowed—became stronger or weaker, according to circumstances. The reader startles, and inquires, “Is not this your opinion now?” Beloved, we take a higher view of the subject. All real religion or vital godliness, springs from union to Jesus; that union was *eternal*, but made manifest in *time*, by regeneration or the new birth, when the Lord the Spirit having convinced of sin, reveals Christ as the Head and Husband of his church. Christ comes forth *himself*, takes possession of the soul,—not as the mere off-cut of a vine, but really and truly himself, dwelling, walking in and with his bride. “Then,” say you, “is Christ divided? Are there, as one said, as many Christs as there are believers?” Assuredly not. Christ dwells in the one body of his church, in a living, vital, indissoluble, incomprehensible union, bringing forth fruit to his own glory and praise. Hence the church's security. She can no more fall short, or perish, or die, than Christ can; nor can Christ, as the Head and Husband of his church, exist without his bride. Bold assertions, we admit; but nevertheless they are blessed truths for the poor tempted, buffeted family of God, wading through this howling wilderness, to contemplate. “Then is the Spirit's work rendered at all nugatory by this doctrine?” Most certainly not. Every sight of self, and every revelation of Christ, as the antidote to that *baneful self*, is of, and by, and through the eternal Spirit, adored be his

name! "What, then, is meetness for heaven?—what growing in grace?—what the sanctification of the Spirit?" What? Why, a daily growing in a knowledge of self and out of love with self, and a growing up into Christ, our living Head, in all things: a passing by men, and men's opinions, as of secondary importance, and a determination to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. This—this is making Christ all and in all—the Alpha and the Omega—the beginning and the end—the first and the last. We should have been glad to have entered into this subject more at large, had not our compositor limited our space to some twenty or thirty lines.—ED.

REVIEW.

The Truth as it is in Jesus: in Essays and Letters, on the Doctrines of the Gospel and Christian Experience. By JOB HURRON. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Pp. 374.

A SERIES of Essays and Letters which the author tells us appeared in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, in the year 1803—9, under the signatures "Ebenezer," "J. H—n," and "Eliakim." They contain, not merely a vast body of truth, but are written in a strain of peculiar sweetness. There is a richness, and a fulness, and a savour about them, not often now-a-days to be found; and, as the language of an old man "longing and waiting for fifty-six years to take his joyful flight from a world of boisterous wickedness," they come with a hearty welcome. May the Holy Ghost graciously set his seal to the same.

We fully agree with the author in his comments upon the hackneyed term "piety." In his chapter on his "Illusive Piety and Precious Faith," he says—

"I have used the term piety, not because I approve it in its general use; it is commonly employed to designate apparent personal religion; as when a person is represented as being the subject of religion, natural, moral, or what is called evangelical, it is generally said, that he, or she, is truly or eminently pious. The term piety occurs once, only, in the Holy Scriptures, 1 Tim. v. 4, and there it evidently means no more than pity shown in affording relief to indigent widows, and especially parents. I shall now for the present take my leave of these popular terms piety and its derivative pious, both, by misappropriation, rendered quite ambiguous, and shall substitute the definite apostolic term *godliness*, which is decisively expressive of all that is justly called true personal, experimental, and practical religion. The *substitution of faithless piety*, for that which the Holy Ghost calls godliness, must inevitably issue in most tremendous ruin."

How appropriate are such remarks in a day when this cant phrase teems forth from both pulpit and press. A little regular attendance upon the *outward* ordinances—an *outwardly* sanctimonious walk—and an association with the *outwardly* "religious," is sure to secure to the new candidate for a fair name and worldly promotion, the characteristic of being "decidedly pious,"—a "truly devoted, most amiable young man,"—and an "exceedingly useful member of society," whilst in truth it is ten to one if he is anything more than what the Lord

himself termed a "whited wall," and a "painted sepulchre." Trace such men a little onward in life, see them in their families—very pharisees; and in their business with their fellow-men—the veriest "screws" in existence. We are bold to say, that we would sooner have to do with men making no profession, but who pass current in the world as honourable, straightforward characters, than we would with any of these "decidedly pious" folk. We have seen enough—and do see enough—of them day by day, to make us heartily sick. There is far more genuine liberality in the world than among professors. When their names are to appear in print, they will play to the tune of pounds, and even hundreds of pounds, but these very contributions are too commonly the gains of oppression, and given with an eye to further emolument. Such—such is the state of this so-called "Christian country."

PRACTICAL HINT.

"AM I to put up with such conduct as this?" Very bad, certainly; but stop—let me tell you a circumstance. One man befriended another—a third taking advantage, charged the former exorbitantly. Remonstrance was unavailing, and, without parley, a summons was the result. A tissue of falsehood was resorted to in open court, in order to establish the claim; and, in the absence of the chief and only witness, that claim was granted and paid. Some few weeks after the parties encountered each other. The one dropped his countenance, and sought to pass; the other—the party injured—accosted with an hearty "how dy'e do?" as if nothing had occurred. What was the result? confusion—shame—and evident regret. Reader, "if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." V.

[Answer to a Correspondent].

TOPLADY was born at Farnham, in Surrey, November 4th, 1740; died at Knightsbridge, August 11th, 1778; and was buried in Tottenham Court Chapel.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "MUSINGS."

THE mind of man, whate'er his grade,
 Was, without doubt, for "Musings" made,
 That, by this thinking faculty,
 He might, with equal ease, descry
 Events and things abroad, at home,
 Or past, or present, or to come.

In books, whate'er the subject be,
 The author's "Musings" all can see;
 And by the "Musings," too, we find
 The nature of the writer's mind.

If only carnal, then the thought
 Will with carnality be fraught;
 But, if within the Spirit dwell,
 And act there as a springing "well,"
 Then will the "Musings'" streams ascend
 To God, their fountain and their end.
 Returning thence again, they'll flow
 Along our vale of sin and woe,
 In songs or sympathetic sighs,
 Commingling with our griefs and joys.

Such sober "Musings," friend, are thine,
 And clothed in accents so benign,
 That those who read shall surely feel
 Emotions thou canst not conceal.
 For, "as face answereth to face,"
 We a like correspondence trace
 In human hearts—and joy and pain
 Will in all breasts alternate reign;
 Though 'tis comfort, no worldlings know
 The trials Christians undergo
 From foes without, and worse within,
 While grappling with the monster, sin.
 But, if their *pangs* peculiar are,
 Not less so is the *bliss* they share,
 When Jesus bids the storm to cease,
 And sheds throughout the soul *his* peace—
 When comes the whisper, "*I am thine!*"
 And faith's response says, "*Thou art mine!*"—
 When God acknowledges his child,
 And smiles a Father reconcil'd!
 These sunny hopes, and gloomy fears,
 These laughing joys, and bitter tears,
 No stranger intermeddleth with, we say—
 He ne'er hath trod the hidden way;
 Nor hath the vulture's vision keen
 That secret pathway ever seen.

O may a blessing from above—
 A blessing from the God of love,
 Accompany thy "Musings" sweet,
 Whenever read, or in the street,
 Or in the house—by day or night—
 In times of darkness, times of light—
 In hours of business—and when,
 Excluded from the haunts of men,
 We taste the Sabbath's charms, and join
 The saints in fellowship divine.
 For, in such *varied* seasons came
 The fire that set thy heart on flame;
 And then thy pen was prompt to give
 The "Musings" thou didst *first* receive.

Muse on, dear brother, till the time,
 When thou shalt leave this lower clime
 For Canaan's bright, celestial shore,
 To muse with sins and sighs no more.

London

B. C.