THE

GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my People, saith your God."
"Endeavouring to Keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace."
"Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever. Whom to know is Life Eternal."

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FAITH'S CONFIDENCE.

(Continued from page 439.)

"MY GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEED, ACCORDING TO HIS RICHES IN GLORY, BY CHRIST JESUS."—Phil. iv. 19.

Beloved, in our last we contemplated *the Claim*, "My God." We proceed now to consider the apostle's *Confidence*, "Shall supply all your need," &c.; and this will embrace three things:—

1. The Character of the supply;
2. The Cause of it; and,
3. The Certainty of it.

Now, with respect to the *Character* of the supply, it is necessary we should remember that the apostle does not say, his God shall supply all our *wants*, but all our *need*. There is a vast distinction. Not but what the Lord does sometimes give to his children very, very much of what they *want*, and then writes in very legible characters upon every such gift, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." The recipients in consequence feel the truth of Dr. Watts' language,

"How *vain* are all things here below,
How *false*, and yet how *fair*;
Each *pleasure* has its *poison* too,
And every *sweet* a *snare*."

With others of his family the Lord turns a deaf ear to their entreaties, and *afterwards* shows them how wise, and tender, and loving He was in withholding from them such and such things as they had once thought so desirable, and after which their hearts had so passionately lusted.

It may not be unprofitable briefly to consider the two characters. We see the former springing into life in all the vigour of youth, and with a mind perhaps fraught with the most extravagant notions of the happiness which certain circumstances and particular positions must undoubtedly afford. Perhaps the Lord had wrought upon his youthful mind; had given a spirit of discernment, by means of which, from the contemplation

of others' pains and pleasures, he formed a tolerably correct estimate of human life. He saw in others, and found in himself, *a something wanting;* an absence of that which could alone produce sober settled satisfaction. One Scripture would seem to meet the case—"Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. vi. 33). It may be that grace was vouchsafed to give heed to the exhortation. God was sought and found, to the joy and rejoicing of the heart. But with the subsiding of the *first-love sensations*, probably there was less of the "single eye," and the "these things which were to be added," were the more earnestly sought after. Preserved 'mid the snares and temptations of youth, the best, though but an imperfect, relic of man's primeval state, begins to operate, and, lighting upon its object, covets it earnestly at the hand of God. The Lord, perhaps, hears, and, answering the oft-repeated request, gives, and accompanies the gift with a deep-felt sense that nothing either shall supply or can supply *His* place in the soul. To this, the greatest of all earthly blessings, the Lord may add gift upon gift—favour upon favour—proof upon proof of his fatherly love, kindness, and condescension. Perhaps, as before intimated, nothing has been heartily desired that has not been marvellously bestowed; and yet with each gift—and upon the careful summing up of the whole combined—the partaker finds an *aching void*, and is of necessity compelled to look above and beyond them all, for happiness and satisfaction. Though as an indulgent Father, the Lord may be dealing out his gifts with a lavish hand, yet in the midst of so great a profusion of mercies, the still small voice is heard, "*Son, give me thine heart;*" and that heart must be—and is—given, for the Lord will never long suffer the *gift* to be idolized to the neglect and forgetfulness of the *Giver*. Every idol that occupies God's seat in the heart, mind, will, and affections, must become so afflictive and burdensome as to cause its possessor to exclaim,

> "The dearest idol I have known,
> Whate'er that idol be,
> Help me to tear it from thy throne,
> And worship only thee."

It is a painful ordeal, beloved, but a very certain one. Our God is a jealous God, and He will have no rivals! He must be everything or nothing! If the affections become so estranged from Him, that our thoughts and desires are engrossed with such other objects and subjects as fall short of Himself, if we belong to the Lord, some painful discipline will most assuredly fall to our lot to encounter. But yet, reader, we dare not omit to mention the fact—for a most consolatory fact it is—if in fatherly jealousy our God sees it needful thus to chastise us for having "followed after other lovers" (Hos. ii. 7), He lays on stroke after stroke with the *gentlest hand;* yea, and so considerate is He—so sensibly alive to the sensations which his chastisement enkindles—that He not only sustains with the one hand whilst He chastens with the other; but He does at such seasons unbosom more of his heart, and unfold more of the secresy of his love—yea, infinitely more than in apparently more prosperous times. What are the supplies of which we then stand specially in need? *Strength?* Yes, and we have it. *Succour?* It is vouchsafed. *Soothing*, and *sweetness*, and *savour?* They are bestowed—yea, abund-

antly; for though He seems to chide—"takes away the desire of one's eyes with a stroke" (Ezek. xxiv. 16), visits with crosses and losses, temptations and trials; yet He applies promise after promise, and gives assurance upon assurance—speaks "fear not upon fear not"—and

"—tells me I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with Him above the sky;
Oh what a Friend is Christ to me."

In the bitterest cup He does, with the utmost wisdom, and skill, and kindness, intermingle so much goodness, grace, and mercy, that we cannot but most readily testify to the fact, that He is

"Good when He *gives*—supremely good—
Nor less when He denies;
E'en *crosses*, in *His* sovereign hand,
Are *blessings* in disguise."

Assuredly it is so. Hence it is difficult to know which have most ample cause for praise and thanksgiving—those who have been most familiar with the *requesting* and the *receiving* of mercies, and the subsequent necessary surrender of them, or those who have *desired* and been *denied* them. To this latter class, perhaps, the *majority* of the Lord's people belong. Certain wishes have been cherished; some they have ventured to present at the throne—others they have endeavoured to cover in the privacy of their own hearts. By every means in their power they have sought the gratification of those wishes, and have often been secretly vexed with the Lord, and fretted against him, because he has withheld this and that indulgence. At length, by a *change* of *dispensation*, matters have been placed in a *totally new light*; nor could such fail to admire the parental discretion as well as fatherly love which has marked the Lord's conduct towards them. They have admired his wisdom and acknowledged his goodness in the *non-compliance* with their long-cherished desires. And thus have they, though in an unseen and unappreciated way, been supplied with *strength* and *patience*, in the midst of what appeared to them the most unseemly and undesirable circumstances.

Beloved, so extremely contracted are our minds, naturally, and so utterly unable are we, under the mere influence of the flesh, to know what is for our real and permanent advantage, that we can form but a very sorry idea of the wisdom and the mercy which a loving Father exercises towards us in the withholding that which we may have so ardently desired. The dangers, and the difficulties, and the distresses which may have accompanied, or followed closely upon, the gift, might have been such as to have filled us with unutterable vexation and sorrow. We might, when too late, have been willing to have made any sacrifice could we but retrace our steps. Bitterness and anguish—yea, the very deepest, heartfelt sorrow—may possess our hearts in the stead of the long and fondly-cherished expectation of pleasure and satisfaction. So much that *prospectively*, was hidden from our view, may suddenly burst upon us as perfectly to alarm, and, but for omnipotent grace, utterly to overwhelm. How infinite, then, the blessing, if the Lord causes us to pause upon the threshhold of each new or changing dispensation, and with the patriarch of old to exclaim, "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence" (Ex. xxx. 15).

"Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest paths I'll tread;
And joyful quit these mortal shores,
To mingle with the dead."

Darkness is comparatively nothing—a gloomy, doubtful, and seemingly forbidding prospect, no real cause of alarm—if there be but the inward, settled, deeply-rooted conviction, that it is *the Lord's* will and *the Lord's* way. If *marching orders* have been given—if "the cloud has been taken up from over the tabernacle" (Exod. xi. 36), if "the sound of his goings has been heard upon the tops of the mulberry-trees" (2 Sam. v. 24), if the "Fear not to go down into Egypt" (Gen. xlvi. 3) has been whispered into the soul, oh, how precious the sensations! How passive and how placid is the mind then! The "*I am with thee*" spoken softly, sweetly to the heart, would hush the storm in a moment; the waves subside, the billows cease to roar, "Peace, be still," echoes and re-echoes through every avenue of the soul, and instantly there is "a great calm." Hart knew the secret, and has thus aptly described it—

"Whene'er I make some sudden stop—
For many such I make—
And cannot see the cloud clear'd up,
Nor know which road to take;

"I to my Saviour speed my way,
To tell my dubious state;
Then listen what the Lord will say,
And hope to follow that.

"If Jesus seem to hide his face,
What anxious fears I feel!
But, if he deign to whisper peace,
I'm happy: all is well.

"Confirm'd by one *soft secret word*,
I seek no farther light;
But walk, depending on my Lord,
By faith, and not by sight."

Hence, beloved, we repeat that the after-contemplation of these two totally distinct methods of instruction—this *bestowing* and this *withholding*—leave those so taught in a dilemma as to which have most cause for gratitude. But in either case the *creature* will be humbled, and *Christ* alone exalted.

But we would further remark, with respect to the *Character* of the supply, that every child of God shall experience it and enjoy it in a two-fold sense—in *grace* and in *providence*. We give the former the precedence because of its importance, although the Lord's goodness in *grace* is often traced in and by the methods of his *providence*. *Providence* often proves the handmaid to *grace*. *Providence* commonly works above or upon the surface, *grace* below it. That the interpositions of *Providence* are often made the harbingers of *grace* is most blessedly proved in the case of the widow of Zarephath (1 Kings xvii. 8—24); and we doubt not that Naaman, the Syrian, was a witness of the same fact (2 Kings v.) In both instances *providential* blessings seem to *precede*, or prove the stepping-stone to, *grace*-blessings.

Reader, may we not appeal to *you* for confirmation of the fact? How often, in the methods of his providence, has Jehovah's hand been so signally marked, that you have been compelled, in the contemplation, to exclaim, "It was *the Lord's* doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes" (Psalm cxviii. 23). You have been in perplexity; you have been harassed beyond measure; you have been at a perfect loss to know what to do; not more difficult, nor dangerous, nor complicated, does Israel's condition appear in the review, with the Red Sea rolling in at their feet, the impassable mountains on their right hand and on their left, and the Egyptian host in their rear, than has at times appeared *your* position. No crea-

ture could help; no human arm deliver. God, and God alone, was your strength and your stay; and He, perhaps, turning a deaf ear—or seeming so to do—upon your agonizing cries for succour. But oh, how marvellous! when Faith itself has seemed ready to give up the ghost—when she has been relinquishing her death-grasp, abandoning her last hope, and just sighing out her last plea, oh, how timely—and how astounding—the means and the measure of relief!

> "Just in the *last distressing hour*,
> Our God displays delivering power;
> The mount of danger is the place
> Where we shall see surprising grace."

Beloved, have you not stood amazed at the wondrous way in which deliverance has been afforded? In the most unexpected, the most unthought of, the most unsolicited way; yea, in a way which God alone could have devised, and God alone could have effected. It was so entirely of Himself! No creature had been consulted; no human aid sought. The trial had been such—so delicate, so complicated, so far beyond the power of flesh and blood to meddle with—that God, and God only, was of *absolute necessity* resorted to. And, such being the case, how little less—nay, nothing less—than miraculously did He interpose! Was He alone consulted? Then He alone would take to Himself the glory of the deliverance. Was no human aid solicited? Then without human aid, in the strict sense of the word, shall succour be administered. Was God's glory the primary object—a jealousy for his name, his people, and his cause—a principal ingredient in the trial? Then God will glorify himself—magnify his name—comfort and confirm his people—and vindicate his own holy cause, in his own peculiar and blessed way. Moreover, his method shall be such as to "strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees," of the identical instrument which He has been thus employing for the display of his wisdom, grace, and power; and to such just now of a "fearful heart" will He personally and powerfully say, "Be strong, fear not, behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence: He will come and save you" (Isaiah xxxv. 3, 4).

Beloved, have you not thus had a personal and practical illustration of the precious truth, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus?" And would you have been without such trials and such teachings—such dangers and such deliverances—such sorrows and such songs? "No, no," is your reply; for—

> "When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
> Has gathered thick, and thundered loud;
> He near my soul has always stood,
> His loving-kindness, oh, how good!"

Brethren, let us unitedly add, with the same writer—for the contemplation is most soul-cheering and precious—

> "Soon shall we pass the gloomy vale;
> Soon all our mortal powers must fail:
> Oh, may our last expiring breath
> His loving-kindness sing in death."

And here, again, we must at present leave the subject.

THE EDITOR.

Bonmahon, Ireland, Oct. 7, 1850.

EVIDENCES OF DIVINE LIFE IN THE SOUL.

How often the following words of the Rev. John Newton describe the state of mind of many of the Lord's dear people—

> "'Tis a point I long to know,
> Oft it causes anxious thought;
> Do I love the Lord, or no?
> Am I his, or am I not?"

Now, reader, let me ask *thee* one question, for *thou* hast often put forth the inquiry expressed in the above stanza. Canst thou not look back to the time, when, Gallio like, thou caredst for none of these things, and when such an inquiry was unintelligible to thee, when thy feelings, and the language of thy life, were, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey him, or the Almighty that I should serve him? depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways?" Didst thou *then* ever feel any anxiety to know any thing of this matter? Thou didst not; then *from whence* arose the change in thine inclinations, pursuits, and desires, and what do they prove? Has not the change been wrought by God the Holy Ghost, and prove the existence of Divine life in thee? Let us look at the signs of natural life from its lowest ebb, to its full tide of strength, and see how far these natural signs, when viewed spiritually, may set forth the evidence of thy Divine life. There is natural life, when the only sign is breathing; this may increase to a sigh, then a groan, afterwards a cry, and so on, till the whole functions of the body are in operation, and the man talks and walks as a full evidence of life and health. The same may be said, in the case of natural birth; sometimes the infant is ushered into existence so exhausted, that "it breathes" is all that can be said, instead of that cry that usually ushers it into this world of woe; and yet there is life. To answer, then, the anxious inquiry, "Am I his, or am I not?" we will endeavour to discover the evidences of spiritual life as on other occasions that of natural. In our onset, let us listen to the inquiry, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" (Luke xxiv. 5).

When Divine life is first breathed into the soul by the Holy Ghost, it is called a quickening—"You hath he quickened." Although the mighty power put forth in this act, is the same as that by which Jesus was raised from the dead, it does not always manifest itself immediately beyond faint existence. As in nature, so is it sometimes in grace; when life is first imparted to an infant in the womb, for some time the evidence is faint and weak—so with the soul; life having been imparted, fresh sounds may drop upon the ear, attention may be arrested, an unusual seriousness may be felt; "Something has come over me," says the subject of this change. "What can be the matter?" may be the thought of the soul. A trial may be made to shake off this new feeling, but to no purpose; at last out bursts a sigh, a heaven-imparted sigh, a struggle of Divine life to ascend up to its author, God. Oh what mercy, reader, is there in that sigh, an expression of sorrow, the heaving of a heavy heart, a load is felt which so presses on thee, that it would seem to be thy death, it is "the sorrow-

ful sighing of a prisoner;" thou hast been made to feel thou art a sinner, and that by Divine teaching—and none but those that are thus taught know anything of these inward-wrought sighs—that seem, as it were, to be the heaving of the inward man; thou art now becoming acquainted with what Solomon records, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness;" or with David, "That thy life is spent with grief, and thy years with sighing; thy strength faileth because of thine iniquity, and thy bones are consumed" (Ps. xxx. 10). Jeremiah testified that he fainted in his sighing and found no rest (Jer. xlv. 3); also, in Lamentations he says (chap. i. 22), "My sighs are many, and my heart is faint." But this work, reader, does not end in sighing; thou feelest a heavier burden, or, I should say, thou feelest thy burden increase, and then thou utterest a *groan*, expressive of deeper feeling. David well expresses this (Ps. vi. 6), "I am weary of my groanings; *all the night* make I my bed to swim; *I water my couch with my tears;* my eye is consumed because of my grief." If thou couldst, reader, enter the chambers of all God's groaning children, many an eye would testify as to the occupation of their wakeful moments; and of many an one it may be said (Lam. i. 2), "She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks." To many an one may Elkanah's inquiry be put (1 Sam. i. 8), "Hannah, why weepest thou? and why eatest thou not? and why is thy heart grieved?" There are sorrowful spiritual ones; and thank God they are to be found, they are the workmanship of God the Holy Ghost. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted" in God's own time. But is there nothing more to be said about groaning? O yes (Ps. xxxviii. 8); "I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart." Then what says David? Listen to it, reader, "Lord (Lord, says he), all my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee." Groan on then, poor soul, it is not hid from thy covenant God, he hears it all; for, "He looks down from the height of his sanctuary: from heaven does the Lord behold the earth. To hear the groaning of the prisoners, to loose those that are appointed to death" (Ps. cii. 20). Thou art only walking in the footsteps of thy Lord and Master, for he knew what it was to "groan in spirit," and to groan in himself; but thou must remember that thy gracious Lord groaned under the imputation of the Church's woes and guilt, but thou groanest because of personal sin, personal transgression.

The next symptom of life in thee, reader, is the cry that thou sendest up to the throne; thy groaning breaks forth into utterance, groaning under the weight of sin; at length upwards goes the cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner" (be merciful to me because of an atonement made); this cry may not be heard by thy fellow-man, it may only be uttered in the heart, yet it is heard at the throne of thy God. Hannah spoke in her heart, only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard, yet her prayer was answered; so was the publican's cry. Many a time the Lord sees fit not to answer the cry of his people at their time, but at his own; hast thou not, reader, found this to be so? Where was David? where was thy covenant head? look at Ps. xxii. 2, "O my God, I cry in the day-time, and thou *hearest* not, and in the night season, and am not silent; but thou continuest holy." Here was David's position and experience: listen to him again, when in another state of soul, "I will bless the Lord, because he has heard the voice of my supplications." Now

reader, be honest; knowest thou not something of this crying unto the Lord? knowest thou not what it is to come before him under a sense of guilt and sin, crying, "Purge me with hyssop, wash me from my sin?" Hast thou never been found with the woman that was a sinner (Luke vii. 38), at the feet of Jesus, weeping, and that, too, under a sense of sin, pardoned? hast thou never enjoyed such a season? and felt that,

> "Thy willing soul would stay,
> In such a frame as this?"

Hast thou never cried, "Lord, help me," from a feeling sense of thine own helplessness? Canst thou not look back to some seasons, when with David, thou couldst say (Ps. xviii. 6), "In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God; he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him even to his ears?" Thou must have seasons of this kind to look back to; thou couldst not have travelled *all this way* without them; thou *hast* had soul troubles, known only to thee and thy God; thou hast had bodily troubles witnessed by others; thou hast had to wade through the deep waters of affliction, occcasioned by the Lord's hand being laid upon what was near and dear to thee; even it may be to their removal—and canst thou not bear witness to the heaven-imparted strength at those times? hadst thou then any doubt but thy God was strengthening thee? Didst thou not possess a sweet peace amidst the heavy stroke of thy God and Father, that none but his children know? O bear testimony to thy God's gracious dealings with thee; doubt not thy sonship—say no more, "Am I his, or am I not;" the secret of the Lord has indeed been with thee at times; thou hast trodden that path which "no vulture eye hath seen." Many a time hast thou had to cry out in the battle with thy foes, like Jehoshaphat of old, and thy enemies have been turned from thee. Again, reader, hast thou never uttered the cry for the application of atoning blood? hast thou never asked to be shown God's salvation? hast thou never with David, said, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation?" and was not this under a feeling sense of the need of salvation? Bear in mind, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that be sick." Was there not a time when thou fancied thyself whole? and dost thou not now feel a daily need of the good Physician's balm to thy wounded soul? Whence this difference? is it not because thou art his, and that he hath shown to thee that thou needest him—that, "from the crown of thy head to the sole of thy foot, thou hast no soundness in thee, but art full of wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores?" Was it always so with thee?—hast thou not cried out in these thy pangs for deliverance from thine inbred corruptions?—has not thy body, which thou pampered, and fed, and adorned, thy old man which thou once admired, become to thee a "body of sin and death?" and in it dost thou not now groan under its weight, and find it a clog to thy heavenly walk? Was it always so? Whence then this difference? why the change? Is it not because, "you hath he quickened," the new life has manifested itself in thee? But thou must not stop here—hast thou not? ever received one crumb of comfort, dropped in thee by God the Holy Ghost? hast thou never had a sight of a bleeding Saviour? hast thou never cried in faith, my Lord and my God? nor felt that thou wast pardoned and accepted in the Beloved? Has there never been one moment in thy spiritual existence, when a ray of Divine light hath shone into

thee?—never felt any melting under a sense of his love to thee?—never said,

> "Sweet the moments rich in blessing,
> Which before the cross I spend?"

Never seen Jesu's love to thee in his precious death on thy behalf?—never for one moment known what peace through his blood is? Hast thou never at any season looked up under bedewings from on high, and ventured to say, "My Beloved is mine, and *I am his?*" never found his fruit sweet to thy taste, whilst his shadow over thee caused delight? and when under such anointings, said, "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest?" Hast thou never lost these sweet enjoyments, come down from these heights of spiritual communion, and found thyself cold and lifeless again, and darkness taking possession of thy soul? Whence then this knowledge, but from the light that thou hadst previously experienced? Once all was darkness with thee, and thou knewest it not; but as light had shone in thee, thou knowest darkness by the absence of previous light that was manifested. Dost thou know nothing of longings, pantings, faintings, hungerings, and thirstings after thy God and Saviour? Hast thou never felt thyself like a dry and thirsty land, or, as the "hart panting after the water brooks?" Are these symptoms of death or life? Can these things exist in thee, and thou know it not? Impossible! Does thy body suffer hunger and thirst, and thou know it not? This cannot be. Shall the Spirit make intercession within thee, with groanings which cannot be uttered, and thou be unconscious? No, never. Hast thou never known what it was "for heart and flesh to cry out for the living God?" Oh, reader! if thou art a stranger to all this, thou art in a pitiable state; but if thou hast known all or any of these things, then hast thou a Divine life which is as eternal as its Author; and though here thou wilt be subject to changes in thy experience, yet thy God and Saviour changeth not. Ever remember, thou livest by faith, and that upon the Son of God; if thou attempt to live upon thyself, or even his work in thee, thou hast taken thine eye of faith off Jesus, and will find that he hideth his face. Evidences in thee are not thy food; they are so many stones of remembrance to refer to; they are not the objects for faith to rest upon; they are fruits of faith wrought in thee by the Holy Ghost; they are useful to thy comfort, but not thy salvation. Christ must save, and Christ alone. Let me again ask thee, reader, from whence spring all these evidences of Divine life, such as sighing, groaning, crying, longing, &c., &c.? Not from thy natural heart; only from above. The work is beyond thy power, out of thy reach; none but the Eternal Spirit, who is the omnipotent Spirit, can produce such, and when produced, maintain such in thee, and perfect that which he has begun. Be assured, if thou canst set thy seal to what has been recorded, thou art a new creature in Christ Jesus; thou art Christ's; his by eternal love; *his* by precious redemption; *his* by invincible grace; *his* by betrothment; *his* by vital union; *his* in eternity past; *his* in time, and shall be *his* to all eternity; no power in heaven, earth, or hell, can dissolve this tie. Well, reader, what sayest thou to these things? dost thou still say, "Am I his, or am I not?" If these precious things are the workmanship of God the Holy Ghost in thee, thou must be *his*, for it is only to *his own* that the things of Christ are made known. O then, be it thine, in the exercise of humble,

childlike faith, to say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." If thou canst do so, then take thy harp down from the willows of unbelief and doubts, and tune it with one of old, singing,

"Christ and my soul are now entire,
I'm smoking flax, his love's the fire;
Our firm uniting souls entwine,
Thus I am his, and he is mine.

"From me he never will remove,
He's mine by faith, I'm his by love:
By oath and vow our hearts conjoin,
Thus I am his, and he is mine.

"I am his guest, and he's my food,
I'm his by price, he's mine by blood;
He's my strong elm, and I'm his vine,
Thus I am his, and he is mine.

"He is my wealth and length of days,
And I his temples crown with praise;
Me he accepts, which is the sign,
That I am his, and he is mine.

"Blest with such proofs of his esteem,
No price can buy my heart from him;
Espous'd in righteousness divine,
Thus I am his, and he is mine."

EBED.

A FRAGMENT.

ZION's great Prophet communicates instruction through the medium of natural objects—"Consider the lilies," &c.; and the wisest of men received admonition from a view of the field of the slothful (Prov. xxiv. 32). Surely, then, I may venture to relate the following incident:—While I was once mowing the thick grass, the back of the scythe disturbed the repose of a frog, when, contrary to the common practice of that animal, under similar circumstances, instead of plunging into the grass for shelter, and thus subjecting himself to the liability of being cut to pieces by a subsequent blow, *he sprang to me for protection*. Then did I also see and receive instruction. Oh, thought I, may I ever be as wise as this little frog! When the great Lord of the field (the world) lifts his hand to mow down my comforts, may I return to him who smiteth (Isa. ix. 13). Since he who holds the rod is omnipotent, where shall I find shelter but under his wings? (Psal. xci. 1.) Oh, where shall I flee, to hide me from the presence of him who fills all in all? (Eph. i. 23.) Gracious God, while the men of the world put their trust in an arm of flesh, which is as grass, and must be mown down (Isa. xl. 6), may I watch thy lifted hand, and flee into the bosom of thine everlasting love. Amen.

METRIOS.

"THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS."

THIS is one of the clauses of that sound form of words, commonly called the "Apostles' Creed," which is constantly repeated by hundreds who give no thought as to the meaning of the words they utter; and by many who while they have a general idea of the doctrine set forth in these words, have a very limited conception of the depths of the riches embodied in them. It may be profitable to others of the Lord's family, as well as to thyself, my soul, to spend a short time this evening in considering what thou dost assert thy belief in, when thou art repeating these words.

And first pause to consider the strict meaning of the words grammatically, as that will be a means of throwing light on their spiritual import. The phrase consists of two nouns, "communion," and "saints." The first is a Latin word, and is used ordinarily to express equal participation. It is a compound word, containing a very full meaning; "*con, together with*," and "*munus, a gift, benefit*," from *munio, to fortify, defend. Munio* also expresses all the consequences of being effectually fortified, as *strengthened, secured, made to dwell in safety;* it also implies *to build up or repair* (as restoring fortifications), *to clear a passage, to pave, or make passable, a way.*

Saints is the French mode of writing the Latin word *sancti, those made holy*, or *separated*, or *set apart for the service of God.*

Now in returning to the consideration of what is meant by "the *communion* of saints," we observe that the word conveys the idea of fellowship or participation in a certain *munus, gift, or benefit.* In this the saints participate one with another. This is "the purpose and grace (munus) which was given" to them in Christ Jesus our Lord, when in eternal council of the blessed Trinity, Jehovah set apart unto Himself in Christ their covenant Head, a multitude that no man can number from among the children of men, that they should be his own peculiar possession, for the manifestation of the praise of the glory of his grace. It further expresses their mutual participation in the state or condition described by the meaning of the word *munio.* And here we must observe that the word *communion,* in its mere worldly signification, describes the association together of a body of persons for mutual defence and succour, from which comes the word *community.* This is the "communion of the saints," as "bound up in the bundle of life" (to adopt the words of the epitaph of the Jews) with Christ Jesus their head, whereby they equally participate in his SALVATION or safety, and in his meritorious work of REDEMPTION, *in opening a passage, making straight or passable the way, building up, repairing and restoring* the broken-down walls of Zion.

The words we are considering are not a *literal* quotation from the Scriptures, but it is a strictly scriptural expression, being synonymous with "fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God" (Eph. ii. 19), and "the general assembly and Church of the first-born which are enrolled in heaven" (Heb. xii. 23).

We have already noticed that in the meaning of the word "communion," is contained some of the many and various characters under which our Lord stands revealed in the sacred record. Thus it refers to him as

the faithful SAVIOUR, the loving REDEEMER, the WAY for the ransomed to pass over, the RESTORER of paths to dwell in, the BUILDER up of the breach. And further, it of necessity implies that He is the HOLY ONE and the JUST; for in order to be the glorious Saviour of his people, it was of necessity that in Him should be found no sin; and in order to his being the gracious Redeemer of his heritage, it was needful (it behoved Him, He owed) for Him to pay the debt which was justly demanded of her, for she was a lawful captive, and to deliver her without violating justice, the claim the law had must be satisfied: all this He did. He who alone in his own strength (Isa. lxiii. 3) walked uprightly through this world of sin and misery, paid to Jehovah by dying that penalty for sin which was not justly due of Him in his own person; but He lived and died in an official character, the responsible Surety for his people—the Surety who smarted for his suretyship—not merely making good what they had failed to perform, but doing that which He had absolutely covenanted and bound Himself to do for them, which they never could have done; but without which they could not be saved. Thus by living a holy life in conformity with the requirements of the law, and by submitting obediently as a servant to all its obligations, though He was the Son and heir; carrying his obedience to the length of learning the suffering consequent on violating its holy obligations, by undergoing the condemnation and punishment of a law-breaker among men, and by enduring the wrath of the holy God against the sins of them whom He reserved; He at once magnified the law and made it honourable, and made atonement between the perfections of Jehovah, so that justice triumphed while mercy rejoiced against it; holy vengeance on sin was glutted, while infinite love delighted in those who were some time sinners even as others. And He who thus died the sinner's death, bearing the weight of his people's sins, sanctified Himself, and not only lived a holy life, but worked out effectually a meritorious holiness on behalf of his redeemed, that they might be his saints (sanctified ones) through the effectual mighty working of God the Holy Ghost, according to the measure given to every man of that one and the selfsame Spirit of which He was filled without measure. For this cause He was not ashamed to call them brethren, seeing that their sanctification is the righteousness of God, wherewith they are clad upon by the anointings of that one and the selfsame Spirit under whose unction He Himself in the days of his flesh in time ministered and walked by faith as man.

It was remarked that the communion of the saints is in virtue of their union with their covenant Head; the Scripture illustrations employed to explain this mystery are manifold, and full of gracious import. There is the root and the tree, the vine and the branches, the body and its members, and many more, each of which throws light on some portion of the Lord's gracious dealings with his people; but perhaps there is not throughout the whole word of God one illustration or figure employed which so comes home to the apprehension and feelings of poor Adam-nature as that in which the Lord speaks of his Church as his bride.

The natural union which is a figure of the mystical union between Christ and his Church, shadows out much of the rich blessedness of the "communion of saints;" for in the Adam-nature union, the wife participates in her husband's possessions, has the benefit of his protection, enjoys the pleasures of his society and of *communing* with him—using the

term in the limited sense of making known to each other the inmost thoughts of the heart. And in order to the very existence of communion there must be equality, therefore the wife takes the rank and station of her husband. Now all this figures out to the saints their participation in the possessions of Him of whom and for whom are all things, who created them for the good pleasure of his will; their right to protection of Him who is Lord of all, and who rules all after the counsel of his will, causing all to work together for good to his chosen; their right to his continued abiding with them; and his pleasure in revealing unto them the thoughts of his heart, and in hearing from them all the thoughts of theirs, their supplications for all they stand in need of, their lamentations over their faithlessness and ingratitude, their adoration of his mercy and goodness, his long-suffering and lovingkindness.

As the saints are severally members one of another, herein lies the equality, without which communion cannot exist; so that however different may be their worldly position, they are all one in Christ Jesus. And those who on worldly matters have no one subject on which they could converse, can and do "speak often one to another" of the praises of their common Lord; He, too, loves to have it so, and has declared that where *two* or *three* of his saints assemble to hold communion, He too is with them.

Before closing the imperfect observations, one other thought occurs; none can truly say "I believe in the communion of saints," unless he knows what it is; and to know that, he must know himself to be a sinner, to be burdened with a body of sin and death, to groan earnestly desiring to be clothed on with that robe of righteousness which is the vesture of the saints: and must have the earnest of his inheritance ministered to him by the testimony of God the eternal Spirit witnessing to his union with the Lord Jesus Christ, and his consequent communion and participation in his finished salvation and accomplished redemption. One link in the chain of evidences which are given to the redeemed soul of his standing and security, is the love which is created in it for the brethren, partakers of the same heavenly calling, and a desire to act conformably to that blessed Scripture in the book of the prophet Malachi, where such rewards are settled upon the actings of brotherly love in the Lord, in those that feared Him and thought upon his name, holding communion together, telling of his grace and goodness; "and they shall be mine saith the Lord of hosts in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." And here, my soul, we must again digress a short moment to note the comparison the eternal Spirit has put into the mouth of Jehovah. He spared not his own Son that served Him faithfully, that thou who art utterly unprofitable and unworthy, faithless and rebellious, mightest be spared as a righteous son which serveth his father.

The Lord loves to see his dear children gather themselves to hold communion, and has made his apostle caution them not to forsake the assembling themselves together, and has given them a sweet assurance of his personal presence whenever two or three are gathered together in his name. They who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity delight so to talk together of what they find him to be as revealed in the record of God the Holy Ghost, and to communicate any fresh manifestation or view of his loveliness, opened up to them therein, under the anointing

of the same gracious Spirit. They delight also to hear and to tell of his faithfulness, truth, sufficiency, and suitability, as experienced by them in all their necessity and need, in every case and under every circumstance. Whereby (to take up another Scripture figure, used to illustrate this same subject) the whole body is nourished and sustained by the united functions of the whole of its members, each joint, limb, or member supplying that share which is due from it to the whole efficiency. Here a reflection grows out of the subject, which I would, if it might be, avoid, since to some it will appear to be levelled at them; and desiring, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, I have already put my pen through a passage which was a testimony against a *failing* (to use no harsher word) of these times. Too many of the Lord's people run after the recital of "*experience;*" they like to hear tell of what passes in the heart, or, to use one of the set phrases, "frames and feelings." They seek comfort under their several *frames* and *feelings* in searching for the recital by others of similar *experience*. This is a totally different matter from feeding the Lord's lambs, by testifying to our personal experience of HIS FAITHFULNESS and TRUTH, in appearing on our behalf in our low estate and distress, delivering us from all that would hurt us and do us harm in our transactions under his kingdom of providence; in which the worldling does not see any going forth of Omnipotence on our behalf, he sees only the agency by which the Lord works, and that to him appears the same as works for himself and others. But we tell of a difference; our eyes are opened to see him that sitteth on his throne above the wonderful machine, wheel within wheel, of his kingdom of providence, guiding and ruling all according to the good purpose of his grace towards his chosen. Telling also of our experience of his deliverances which he has vouchsafed from self and Satan. Those who enter into these subjects must indeed belong to the communion of the saints; for it is nonsense and folly to those whom the god of this world hath blinded. It is very gracious of the Lord to visit his people wherever they may be, and whatever may be their several circumstances and conditions, to commune with them, and, by his Holy Spirit's inspiration, to make himself known in that character and office, which is exactly suited to their necessity, and to open up to them more and more of the revelation made in his holy record; for if they were left to obtain their succour and comfort from the recital of the experience of others; or, even if the testimony of others was essential, they would often be in a sad plight, seeing that they are a people "scattered and peeled." But if it were possible that one of them should find himself in the position in which the prophet thought he was when he said, "I only am left;" yet still that solitary one would not cease to participate in "the communion of saints," for he would still be blessed with communion and fellowship with the whole body, the Church, in being privileged to commune with our Lord Jesus Christ, his God and ours.

May the Lord be pleased to cause an abundant out-pouring of his Spirit, and knit together in brotherhood-bonds the whole of his heritage, that, being rooted and grounded in love, we may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, and to know (by personal experience) the love of Christ, which exceedeth knowledge, that we may be filled with the fulness of God. Amen.

Sept. 22, 1850. T. W.

"MAN'S EXTREMITY IS GOD'S OPPORTUNITY."

"Blind to the workings of that secret Power,
That balances the wings of every hour;
Man—busy trifler—dreams himself alone,
Frames many a purpose—and God works his own!"

THE awful tragedy which the cruel Queen Mary had intended to act in Ireland, was prevented by a remarkable occurrence in the city of Chester. Dr. Henry Cole, a native of Godshill, in the Isle of Wight, and Dean of St. Paul's, was entrusted with the commission, issued by Mary, to empower the Lord Deputy of Ireland to institute prosecutions against such of the natives as should refuse to observe the ceremonies of Popery. The Doctor stopped at Chester, on his way to Ireland; and, having put up at the Blue Posts, in Bridge Street, was waited on by the mayor, to whom, in the flow of conversation, he communicated the business in which he was then engaged; and, opening his cloak-bag, took out a leather box, observing, "He had that within that would lash the heretics of Ireland." His hostess, named Edmunds, overheard the discourse; and having a brother of the reformed religion at Dublin, she became alarmed for his safety; and, with a quickness of thought which in ages of ignorance would, perhaps, have been deemed inspiration (and certainly every true Christian must clearly discern the hand of Providence engaged in the affair), she took the opportunity of the Doctor's attending the mayor to the door, to withdraw the Commission from the box, and place a pack of cards in its room. Immediately afterwards, the Dean sailed for Ireland, where he arrived on the 7th of December, 1558. He was soon introduced to the Lord Deputy Fitzwalter, and the Privy Council. Having explained the nature of his embassy, in a speech of some length, he presented his box, which his Lordship opened, and, with considerable surprise, beheld *the cards!* The Dean was absolutely thunderstruck; and, in much confusion, affirmed, that a Commission he certainly *had*, but some artful person must have made the exchange. "Then," said his Lordship, "you have nothing to do but to return to London, and get it renewed; meanwhile, we'll shuffle the cards." This sarcastic advice, the Doctor, though at such a disagreeable season of the year, was constrained to follow; *but, before he could reach Ireland a second time, the cruel Queen Mary died; and her sanguinary Commission became useless!* Queen Elizabeth rewarded the woman (whose dexterity and presence of mind had thus providentially operated in saving her Protestant subjects of Ireland from a cruel death) with an annual pension of Forty Pounds.—*From Britton and Brayley's History of Cheshire*, 1801.

VERITATIS.

Ipswich, Oct. 2nd, 1850.

CHRIST ALPHA AND OMEGA.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ.

What a precious mercy it is for all the children of God that their covenant God has promised they shall all be taught of himself; they shall know the truth, and the truth shall make them free; and the effect is, we are brought to sit at the feet of our dear Christ, and receive of his words, and of his fulness receive grace for grace, and live on him, feed on him, and prove him the bread of life to our souls. I have no words to express his love to my soul; his name is as ointment poured forth, his mouth is most sweet, he is the fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely; "this is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, oh, ye daughters of Jerusalem;" whether I hold him with a full delight, or seek him with a strong desire, it is he alone can satisfy my longing soul. How still more precious is the thought, that his Church is his body, and members, in particular, members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. On this foundation of blessedness all needful supplies (of necessity) flow to his mystical body, which is part of himself, as he has sweetly promised, "Because I live, ye shall live also." And we do find, in the sweet experience of it, day by day, that "I live, yet not I, but Christ lives in me." This is sweet living for God's dear children, to be casting all their care on him, for he careth for them; to be simply, by precious faith, looking, cleaving, hanging on a precious Lord Jesus Christ as their all in all.

"His everlasting love to me,
'Tis fix'd, it alters not;
Though I may change 'tis always free,
I cannot be forgot.

"Such matchless grace display'd to me,
I'm lost in love and praise;
'Tis Christ indeed has made me free,
I'll bless him all my days."

The preciousness of his love and salvation, in the sweet experience of the same, makes us cry out, in acclamations of praise and thanksgiving, "He is my Lord and my God;" and all things beside himself become as dung and dross, and we are transported in the vision of precious faith in the everlasting arms of his love and mercy, and we have a strong desire to be with Christ, which is far better. This heavenly teaching keeps us in acknowledgment of his precious truth revealed in the Scriptures, "By grace ye are saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." And we glory in the same teaching that taught the apostles and prophets, that they and all the one Church of Christ, are "elect according to the fore-knowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ."

I am yours, dear Sir,
In the bond of covenant love,
H. BATE.

Plymouth, Sept. 9, 1850.

THE PERSON OF CHRIST.

Rom. i. 1—4.

(Continued from page 443.)

Here let us pause for a moment, to recal to our mind the main argument of the subject in hand, which is both the key and key-stone of the whole before us—viz., the two natures of Christ; the union of which, in the unity of his Person, constitutes the very basis of those relative names of Father and Son, whereby one Person in God stands truly related to another Person in God, according to the truth of such relationship between them. Now, though we cannot form the idea of two natures in one Person without the idea of Christ, yet we need not the help of this idea of Christ to form the notion of three Persons in one God; for the heathen have been discovered to possess a knowledge of the unity of the Godhead, together with a plurality in the mode of its existence: but without faith apprehending Christ, we can never take in the idea of Father and Son as Divine Persons. Indeed, the Three who said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," must be conceived as previously possessing this image and likeness, after the pattern of which Adam was made; and that this was man's nature, is most certain; and that Person of the Trinity who brings forth that nature, and begets it, and unites it to God, is, therefore, truly and properly called the Father; whilst he in whom that nature is brought forth and begotten, and who unites it personally to himself by taking it on himself, is truly and properly the Son. But, again, these two Divine Persons go forth thus towards man's nature in their thus affecting it, and in their being thus and thus affected towards it, only through the immediate agency of a third Person, who sanctifies that assumed nature, and is the quickening and begetting power and influence under which it is thus brought forth and united to God, by virtue of what is called the hypostatical or personal union. Thus, however absurd it is to suppose that the Trinity are united and related to each other abstractedly as a Divine Father, a Divine Son, and also a Divine Spirit whose personality is derived from them both; yet if we take in the aid of the name of Christ, and man's nature subsisting in him, there is no absurdity in asserting that one of the Divine Persons is truly a Father to another of the Divine Persons, though he could not have been so without the consideration of something besides the Divine nature. "Let us have an image and likeness wherein to manifest ourselves and the glory of Jehovah in the Eternal Godhead," was God's first thought in secret covenant councils; and then God said openly, "Let us make man in our image and likeness." But the Holy Ghost has revealed these mysterious transactions more fully in Prov. viii., where Christ speaks as the Wisdom of God, and gives an account of his own bringing forth and setting up by Jehovah before the world was; together with the delights they had in each other, whilst Christ's delights were with the sons of men. For it was in our nature that Christ was thus brought forth and set up, or *anointed* (as the Hebrew may be rendered), so introducing the Person of the Holy Ghost and his part in this

great mystery; for the Spirit is the unction wherewith the Father anointed the Son. Thus by a birth from the womb of the Father, who conceived this vast thought, Christ was man from everlasting; and forasmuch as "the seed of the woman" was set up in him, and he in it, from the beginning, and because the Word of God was about to take that seed on him in the fulness of time, therefore his name from the beginning was also Son of Man: and thus early undertaking the character of man, and the Personage of the Son of Man, he sustained the glory, honour, and privileges of this name before all worlds, as he prays in John xvii., "Father, glorify thou me with thine ownself, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." And Jesus says again, "What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before?—None hath ascended into heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven.—He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things" (John iii. 13, vi. 62; Eph. iv. 10). Now if the Son were a Son without being Christ, or irrespective of our nature, it would be astounding to hear him say positively and absolutely, "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do;" even though he adds, "for whatsoever things the Father doeth, them also doth the Son likewise;" for it follows, "the Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all things that himself doeth." And again he saith, "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me shall live by me" (John v. 19, 20, vi. 57): for Christ is our head, even as God is Christ's head. Thus much for the Sonship of Christ as including the idea of two natures in that one of the Divine Persons who took human nature into himself, whose name Jesus in our text proves him to be Jehovah the Saviour, even "the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," for so the word Jesus signifies, and Christ alonei s truly whatever he is named, all others borrowing their names from him as figures of him. Jesus is the same word as Jehoshua, which is Jehovah-Saviour; for "Himself shall save his people from their sins;" He being "Immanuel, which being interpreted is God with us" (Matt. i. 21, 23). So that without being with us in our nature Christ is no Saviour, any more than if he were not with the Father and the Holy Ghost in the nature of Jehovah. Christ was thus man with God spiritually, before He was God with man after the flesh. But let us attach the word *Christ* to Jesus (as in our text) and we shall behold the Holy Ghost as seen in and on the Person of Jesus, qualifying Him for this great work of salvation. For besides the ability and suitability of the Person of Jesus as God-man, without the divine anointings of the Holy Ghost, such ability and suitability could not be called forth into actual exercise. Hence though he was generated in the womb by the Holy Ghost, who knit together these two natures, having formed the assumed nature which Christ took up into himself; yet this "holy thing" born of Mary, which was therefore called the Son of God, was at his baptism filled anew with the Holy Ghost, that under the teaching and power of the Holy Ghost upon Him, Jesus might preach and work miracles, as in Isa. lxi. 1, 2, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the meek," &c. And it was the Holy Ghost who made Him so willing to go through the work given Him of the Father to do; for as the law of the ten commandments was written by the Spirit in his heart, so especially the law of the atonement by the

sacrifice of Himself, and thus "He through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God" (Heb. ix. 14); and afterwards through the same Spirit He gave command to His apostles previously to His ascension (Acts i. 2). All the prophets, priests, and kings of old, were anointed into their various offices with the outward symbol of oil, as foreshadowing the Spirit of Christ who alone could enable them to execute their several functions in the faith of Him that was to come, and to the benefit of their own generation. And it is by the same Spirit who abode on Christ, and now is in Christ, and who is sent into the world by Christ, that we believe in Jesus, live in Jesus, and grow up into Jesus, bringing forth fruit from Jesus unto eternal life. Thus we have before us in our text, the *Son* a name of love, *Jesus* a name of power, and *Christ* a name of grace; whilst *Lord* is a name of sovereignty, authority, and dominion universal, for "He is Lord of all," and "God hath made this same Jesus both Lord and Christ" (Acts ii. 36, x. 36). But especially is He "*our* Lord," as the text says, speaking of the Church, and so bringing the Church into fellowship with Him, according to the force of all these blessed names in this its first sentence; for if Jesus be "our Lord," then "to us a Son is given" (Isa. ix. 6), and His name is also *Jesus*, for "He shall save His people from their sins." And God's *Christ* is anointed over His Church "with the oil of gladness above His fellows" (Ps. xlv. 7). And furthermore, "*our Lord*" leads us to contemplate Jesus in those various aspects wherein He is viewed as the Church's Lord; and first as *King* in his royalty, and kingdom, and sovereignty, and dominion, Ps. xlv. 11, says to the Church, "He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him." And as He is before addressed as God upon His throne, and she also as a queen, therefore this name includes the near and dear relationship of a *Husband*, as it is written, "Thy Maker is thy Husband, the Lord of hosts is his name, and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel, the God of the whole earth shall He be called" (Isa. liv. 5). Thus Sarah called Abraham her lord, even as Abraham called the angel his Lord, with whom he was interceding. Jesus is also our Lord as the first-born of the family, and our *Elder Brother*. So Jacob called Esau his lord. David in Ps. cx. calls Jesus his Lord as a *Priest* on his throne; and as the Teacher come from God, Jesus our *Prophet* said to his disciples, "Ye call me Master and Lord" (John xiii. 13). Nor can we exclude his Lordship over us from his being an *everlasting Father* of his family, as in Isa. ix. 6, 7; xxii. 21—24; for though his royal government over all is included there, yet even Rachel calls Laban her lord in Gen. xxxi. 35. Oh what grace and glory bursts forth upon our souls when we look into the heavens and say of Him who is "ascended up far above all heavens that He might fill all things." The Son of God Jesus Christ preached among us is *our* Lord (Eph. iv. 10; 2 Cor. i. 19); and if He be our *Lord*, He is our everything else. "My beloved is mine, and I am his—I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine" (Song ii. 16; vi. 3).

Let us now proceed to show that as all that has been said about Christ, or that can be said about Him, includes the idea of man, i.e., of our nature, as standing in the Divine nature through personal union of one in the Trinity thereto, so the next sentence of our text unfolds the mystery of Christ most clearly; as set forth and exhibited and brought home to our closest view and inspection through the doctrine of the incarnation of the Lord of glory; "Who was made of the seed of David according to

the flesh." Here we must descend from heaven to earth, and visit the dark chambers thereof, and behold Him "covered in his mother's womb," who speaks by his Spirit in David such things concerning Himself as are recorded in Ps. cxxxix. The first name of Christ revealed to Adam after the fall was that of "the seed of the woman;" though doubtless Adam had from the beginning a knowledge of Christ as the Glory-man and God-man, in whose image he was made; for he heard his voice and his footsteps walking in the garden of Eden. And if angels saw their Lord in human form, and thus worshipped, why not Adam see him thus? But Adam having sinned, trembled, and durst not behold the face of Him who was now summoning the transgressors to his bar, where all the guilt, curses, and judgments fall on the head of the serpent and his seed, whilst the woman and her seed escape, through the bruising of the heel of one of her seed who should bruise the head of him who had undone us all, i.e. the devil. Now Adam must feel assured that if himself so perfect fell, and involved us all in his fall, no other mere man could be sure proof against the further and future plots of Satan; much less could any mere son of man destroy the works of the devil in the sons of men. Therefore Adam was persuaded by the Holy Ghost that He who had appeared to him in the form of man, was about to come into the world by assumption of our nature as derived to him from the seed of the woman. Adam knew that none but Jehovah who made him could become his Saviour and Redeemer. The glory of such a stupendous work as that of delivering from sin and eternal damnation and the everlasting burnings of hell fire, was too great for any one in whom dwelt not all the fulness of the Godhead. The work that this seed of the woman was to do, proved this seed to be more than a human person, or any mere creature; and therefore it proved him to be a Person Divine. But forasmuch as this Divine Person was to have a heel (whose ears also in Ps. xl. are put for his whole body), and as his heel was to be bruised, so "to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," and "through death to destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil" (Heb. ii. 14; ix. 26); therefore this same person must be human as well as Divine, and become so by taking on him this seed of the woman, the seed of Abraham, the seed of David, the seed of Mary. Here the mystery of the incarnation began more fully to unfold itself, which we may call the mystery of the Son of Man revealed; as in the Old Testament the mystery of the Man was revealed in the appearances the Lord Jesus made of himself as Man in visions and manifestations to various persons on various occasions. Now in the conception of Jesus in the womb, there was the substance of Mary's body, her flesh and blood, out of which Christ was formed. God the Father prepared this body, this matter, this seed, as a tabernacle for his dear Son to dwell therein. The Son of God took this holy thing into himself, and entered into this temple of the Lord, never to be separated from his Person, even as our bodies must always belong to us, and be part of ourselves. But the operative power in the conception of Mary's seed, framing it into the form of man, is the Holy Ghost, of whom it is written, "that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost," and "she was found with child of the Holy Ghost" (Matt. i. 18, 20). In John i. 14, we read that "the Word was *made* flesh," and in Gal. iv. 4, "God sent forth his Son, *made* of a woman;" and Rom. ix. 5, speaking of Israelites, says, "of whom as concerning the flesh Christ *came*, who is over all, God blessed for evermore. Amen."

Plymouth. *(To be continued.)* J. Babb.

"THE LORD IS MY PORTION, SAITH MY SOUL."

Lam. iii. 24.

Having lately considered the wondrous declaration in Deut. xxxii. 9, "The Lord's portion is his people," it may, perhaps, be profitable to contemplate the Church's reciprocal appropriation of the Lord as *her portion.* And herein we may discover increasingly the grace and glory of the Lord, inasmuch as each breath of spiritual life and desire evidenced by the Church affords manifest proof of the "exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe" (Eph. i. 19, 20). For we are here assured that nothing less than "the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead," can suffice to quicken the dead *in sin.* So absolutely *dead* are we by nature—so entirely at enmity with God—so utterly incapable of beholding or appreciating the love of God in Christ, that in vain would Jehovah have chosen us for his portion—in vain would he have exhibited his everlasting love in the cross of Christ—in vain would have been the overflowings of his grace and mercy towards us—our adamantine hearts would have remained unmelted by the beams of his love, and we should have continued hardened and insensible still, had not the Lord put forth the "exceeding greatness" of his omnipotent power, and raised us to spiritual life. "Except a man be born again, he cannot *see* the kingdom of God." What a *miracle* is regeneration! How entirely the work of God! When he implants this new, this Divine principle, then we have "eyes to see, and ears to hear;" then we discover his goings forth from everlasting in purposes of love and mercy toward us. As Goodwin says, "By the new birth we begin to discover those other two works of our election and redemption. How and when did the kindness and love of God appear? In saving us according to his mercy by the washing of regeneration (Titus iii. 4, 5). Eternal love, like a mighty river, ran underground from everlasting, and when Christ came, it took its course secretly through his heart, *and it burst forth upon us at our conversion like the first opening of a fountain.*"

Yes, *then* we began to taste the streams of love; then we discerned, for the first time, the love of God in Christ; *then* we learnt somewhat of the desperate wickedness of our hearts, and marvelled at their intrinsic and deep-rooted deceitfulness; *then,* too, we were shown the efficacy of the blood of atonement, and lower and lower did we sink in the dust of self-abasement, as the Comforter whispered, "*Thy sins are forgiven.*" Oh! *then* it was we were made to experience the *attractive power* of the cross; *then* the Saviour's words were fulfilled in us, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto me." Attracted by his power, and drawn within the circle of his love, our souls obey the all-prevailing influence, and longing for greater nearness to our glorious Centre, our souls "follow hard after him," and we cease not to cry, "*Draw me,* we will run after thee." Thus "chosen of him ere time began, we choose him in return." And thus "we love him, because he first loved us," and the language of our hearts is, "The Lord is my portion." We feel that nothing less than

his infinite fulness can satisfy the capacious desires of our renewed souls, or fill the void which all created things leave within us. And when our Beloved has withdrawn himself for a season, and there is a suspension of that blessed intercouse which none but a believer knows, then we go mourning, desolate and alone, like the bride in the Canticles; we sit in solitude, and all nature partakes in our sadness; all around wears a sombre hue; the very light of the material sun is unwelcome, for it seems to mock our grief, and we mourn afresh that the reviving rays of the Sun of Righteousness have ceased to illumine our path. It is the *Lord's presence* we want, and nothing besides can comfort us; it is the *Lord himself* we pant after, and no other portion can suffice. In vain are ordinances, the Scriptures, the company of the saints—none of these can satisfy; we must have the *Lord himself*. "*My soul thirsteth after thee.*" "I will seek *him* whom my soul loveth." And then, perhaps unexpectedly, or ere we are aware, we obtain a glimpse of our Beloved—he shows himself "through the lattice," and instantly we exclaim, on hearing his gentle accents, "The voice of my Beloved—behold, he cometh!" (Cant. ii. 8—13). Then our souls are satisfied, and we praise him with joyful lips, saying, "The Lord *is* my portion." And when our eyes are enlightened by the Spirit of wisdom and revelation, we gain more expansive views of the glory, grace, and love of the Triune Jehovah. The Holy Ghost leads us to know *the love of each Person in the Trinity*, and displays alternately before us the *love of each to our souls*, and we learn that the work of the *sacred Three-in-One* is absolutely necessary to our salvation. And it is *in Christ* that this revelation is made to us; *in him* the beams of Divine love meet or centre; it is in *his face* men behold "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God" (2 Cor. iv. 6). He is the *manifestation* of the love of the Triune God, the *Eternal Word*, the *expression* of the love of the Trinity. *In him* is life and light, and we have *all in him*. Well, then, may we burst out in ecstacy, and say, "The Lord is my portion!"

Cleansed in his blood, *justified* by his righteousness, *one with him* by eternal covenant union, what *can* we possess more? what *can* we conceive so infinitely glorious and precious as *our Portion?* Possessing *him*, we have *all things;* yea, "all things are yours," says the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. iii. 21—23), "Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, *all are yours*, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

"Oh, thou bounteous Giver of all good!
Thou art, of all thy gifts, *thyself* the crown;
Give what thou canst, *without thee we are poor*,
And WITH THEE, RICH, take what thou wilt away."

"Thy gifts, O Lord, cannot suffice,
Unless *thyself* be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
Where'er THOU *art is heaven!*"

C. C.

Brighton, Sept. 11, 1850.

A DIALOGUE FOR THE TIMES.

Mr. A. Why were you not at the funeral yesterday? It was a very solemn time. Mr. Legality preached from that alarming text, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live;" from which he showed the uncertainty of life, and urged the necessity of an immediate preparation for death, from the dreadful consequences on dying unprepared.

Mr. C. What, did he apply his text to soul concerns?

A. Certainly he did.

C. Then he did great violence to the word of God, to subserve his erroneous purposes. Had he been lecturing on the expediency of heads of families, and public persons making their wills and arranging their worldly concerns, while in health of body and mind, his selection from the Scriptures would have been judicious, for reason itself suggests the propriety of so doing; but to prepare the soul for death and glory is the sole work of God the Holy Spirit. "Add thou not to his words, lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar" (Prov. xxx. 6). And now let me tell you that the Holy Spirit is greatly dishonoured by a vast majority of the funeral sermons of the day; it is taken for granted that worldly sorrow softens the heart, and renders it more susceptible of Divine impressions; thus detracting from the glory and sovereignty of him who works when and where he pleaseth. On the same ground, ministers will exert all their eloquence in harrowing up the feelings of the mourners, when they stand in need of all the comfort which can be legitimately administered.

A. Do you, then, disapprove of funeral sermons altogether?

C. I do; I am free to confess I have no fellowship with them whatever; for I find no countenance for them in the word of God; they are mere will-worship.

A. But is not a funeral a very solemn occasion?

C. That depends on circumstances. If it is the burial of a *saint*, it is a most joyfnl occasion; for better is the day of such an one's death than the day of his birth (Eccles. vii. 1). And if it be the funeral of a *wicked man*, notwithstanding all the display of crape, and demure countenances, there will be rejoicing; for when the wicked perish, there is shouting (Prov. xi. 10).

A. Pray, then, what would you call a solemn occasion?

C. My dear Sir, I would call that a solemn occasion which made the spirit of Paul stir within him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry; when the name of the true God is blasphemed; when shadows take the place of substance; when Zedekiahs claim legal succession, and smite the Micaiahs contemptuously, and *when brethren fall out by the way;* these are real causes for mourning; but to grieve because one generation passeth away, and another cometh, is like mourning because the sun sets and riseth again, or the seasons return in their appointed order. But what did Mr. L. tell you constituted a preparation for death?

A. Repentance and faith, to be sure. And he was very positive in

saying, it was the duty of all to repent and believe, for all might be saved.

C. So far he was consistent with himself. But let us see how he and the word of God agree. Mr. L. says, "All men may be saved;" Jesus says, "He that believeth shall be saved;" and the apostle declares, that "without faith it is impossible to please God." Now, if all men may be saved, and if faith is absolutely necessary to salvation, then all men have faith, which makes the apostle a liar; for he says, "all men have *not* faith" (2 Thess. iii. 2). Again, Mr. L. says, it is the duty of all to repent and believe; which gives the word of God the lie, makes salvation all of works, and gives the whole glory to the creature (compare John i. 13, and Rom. ii. 16, and John vi. 44). Suppose it should so happen that your future subsistence should depend solely upon my bounty, which I was under no obligation to bestow; would it not be an insult to your indigence to tell you it was your duty to be rich? How much more is it a cruel mockery of man's misery and helplessness to tell him it is his duty to believe, and be saved, when faith is the gift of God, and salvation wholly of the Lord (Eph. ii. 8, Jonah ii. 9). Alas, Sir! how much is God provoked with the works of men's hands—the will-worship of the day. But what more did Mr. L. say, that struck your attention?

A. He said, that Christians lived far below their privileges; and that if they were more active, and exercised more faith, they would be always rejoicing.

C. Now this, at first sight, seems very plausible; but he who has done business in great waters will soon discern its fallacy; for, like all other errors, it is contrary to the experience of the saints; detracts from the glory of the Spirit, and exalts self. It is contrary to the experience of the saints; for many of them walk, the most part of their journey, in darkness, and see but little light, and go mourning all the way to Zion; and no other reason can be assigned than that given by Mr. Bunyan, "A sovereign God *will* have it so;" for generally they are among those who are most alive to every duty, and fearful of every sin. It detracts from the glory of God the Spirit, for every quickening motion, every enlivening sensation, every lifting up of the heart, every holy desire, comes immediately from him. And it exalts self; for it takes for granted that faith, repentance, and holy joy, are at our command, to exercise when we please. A Christian friend of mine once heard one of those fire-flies preach; ignited with the sparks of his own kindling, he declared he had lived all his life for nothing; but now he was going to turn over a new leaf, give up the world, and live wholly to the Lord. I told him I was such a helpless creature, that I could neither pray, believe, nor love without Divine power. He said he called that downright Antinomianism. Well, thought I, the next time I see you, it will be on the north side of the hill desertion, breathing out, "O Lord, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not; and in the *night season*, and am not silent—verily he shutteth up a man, and there can be no opening." And sure enough, there I found him; and I trust he has since been more disposed to keep the charge of the Lord.

A. What do you mean by keeping the charge of the Lord?

C. I thought you would boggle at that expression, for it is not found in the vocabulary of modern divines; but the saints of old understood it well. When Israel tuned their harps to celebrate Jehovah's triumph over Pharaoh and his hosts, they sang themselves into the immediate possession

of Canaan's milk and honey; but God determined to glorify himself, and humble and prove them, by leading them through a great and terrible wilderness, and by compelling them to keep his *charge*, and journey, and rest at his command, and it was *then* that Israel was "Holiness to the Lord," and all that attempted to devour them, offended their almighty Guide (compare Num. ix. and from ver. 15 to the end with Jer. ii. 2, 3). It is particularly noted of Caleb, that he wholly *followed* the Lord; but it may be said of thousands of modern professors that they run before the Lord (Jer. xxiii. 21). Now there is a great difference here; the one waits for Divine direction; the others do foolishly, by forcing themselves, and offering the sacrifice of will-worship (1 Sam. xiii. 12, 13). The latter, like king Asa, takes the Lord's gold and silver to hire Benhadad's help, and brings wars and distress upon himself; the former, like Jehoshaphat, knows not what to do, but looks wholly to the Lord; and the result is, God is glorified, and Israel gathers the spoil. It is the lame who take the prey (Isa. xxxiii. 23). Yes, the lame in both feet eat at the king's table continually (1 Sam. ix. 7). And it causes them to cry, Lord, what are we that thou shouldest take notice of us?

A. I think, my friend, your notions are too antiquated to go down with the present generation.

C. I suppose so; but I rejoice in having an opportunity to bear my testimony in favour of exploded truth, and that there is yet a medium through which it may be heard. It was while Israel were abiding in their tents, keeping the charge of the Lord, and not travelling by the steam-power of free-will, that Balaam was constrained to cry, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel."

A. But how, according to your notions, are people to keep the charge of the Lord in our day?

C. The same way Israel did in the wilderness. They had the way of salvation clearly shown by the tabernacle and its furniture; which the Psalmist declares perfect, converting the soul (Ps. xix. 7); yet they could make no progress towards Canaan, until the cloud was taken up. Neither can we stir one step towards heaven, but by the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Now, remember, that cloud was the medium by which Jehovah made his presence visible to them, and they were to wait for it. It indicated that they were strangers, and knew not the way—that they were weak and helpless, and could not go, without being held up in that way. Thus God was glorified as All in All, and Israel led the right way to a city of habitation. But business calls me, so farewell.

New Brunswick. METRIOS.

THE CONTRAST.—When Jehoshaphat went out against his enemies, trusting in the Lord, he had no need to fight or fear, but only to gather the spoil. When Christian nations go out to battle, trusting in powder and ball, they have great need both to fight and fear, beside paying the cost. So much for the difference between grace and human nature!

METRIOS.

A DISCOVERY OF HIDDEN TREASURES.

BRETHREN, there are two incomparable and inestimable treasures that the merchants of this world never seek after. The silver mines, the gold mines, and the diamond mines are searched with unremitting labour and anxious industry; but no merchant of this world cares for either of those precious treasures. I never saw either of these treasures with these mortal eyes, though I trust, and sometimes confidently believe, that I have them both in my house. I did not buy them, they were both given to me; and I cannot now sell either of them, neither would I if I could for all the treasure in the world. The first and greatest of the two, I hold forth and exhibit to all that come in my way, but I never offer it to any one; not one out of a hundred seems to know its value, nor desire it. I never offer it for sale; if I did, there is not sufficient riches either in heaven or earth to purchase it. Nevertheless, all that desire it, wish for it, and are willing to receive it, may have it without either money or price; for indeed no price can be put upon it, neither is it to be purchased at any price, for all the jewels in this world were once purchased by it.

How wonderful is the thought, that this treasure which contains all treasures, is refused by all the merchants of this world for trash; and even the poor wandering mendicants that come begging at my door, would receive a copper penny piece, a halfpenny, or even a farthing, rather than this treasure that exceeds all price. Neither emperors, kings, dukes, nobles of the earth, merchants, or mendicants, will desire or receive this treasure, until they see that all beside is trash, and the sparkling rays of this treasure begin to beam into their understanding like the precious brilliant in the dark. This was the case with our dear brother Paul, who thought he had riches, righteousness, uprightness, and goodness of his own; but when the heavenly rays from this precious treasure shone into his heart, the riches, light, and glory of it blinded him to all other glory, and he reckoned it all as loss, trash, dross, and dung, that he might win the treasure Christ! Christ! the glorious Christ Jesus his Lord. There is none in heaven or in the spacious earth, or in the deep and wide-spread seas, comparable to this treasure. This is the treasure that contains all the treasures of wisdom, and knowledge, and life, and truth, and grace, riches, and honour, and glory everlasting; yet no man by nature seeks after it. This priceless and precious treasure laid in the mind, will, and bosom of the Father from everlasting; in the deep, wide, boundless, or infinite sea of the Father's love, an incorruptible treasure. And though both fallen angels and men have corrupted themselves, this pure treasure could not be corrupted. Sin in the creature brought clouds, darkness, and deep waters, curse, wrath, and death, into all this lower creation; and eternal death to those who depart from this earth in their sins. But those who are reduced to extreme poverty, and can find nothing in the kingdoms of this world, or in the flesh, to satisfy them, or to make them rich, and are made willing to receive this treasure, shall be

rich on earth with durable riches and righteousness, and rich for ever in the kingdom of God. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

In this nineteenth century much noise has been heard concerning the construction of "a perpetual motion," but none of the wise in this world have been ingenious enough to catch the nimble science by the tail, or to hold it fast. They will never construct such an instrument; for life and first cause of motion is in God. The creature never shall be God. I think it was in the fifteenth or sixteenth century that the philosophers and alchemists persuaded themselves that a certain substance, or a certain stone might be found, that would turn lead or any other metal into gold. And it is said that more than a hundred years were spent by those wise men in search of this treasure, or precious philosopher's stone, but they all failed and gave up the search. The great Norfolk prophet, Mr. Ward, once told me that amidst the wonderful discoveries of the age, it was not improbable but that some vehicle would be constructed in which we should travel to the moon, and to Jupiter, and to other primary planets; but that is not yet discovered, nor never will be. Many patent medicines have been published and sent out into the world, said to heal all sorts and all manner of diseases; but those have failed, and still the mind of man is on the full stretch after discoveries and rich treasures. And many there be that say, "Who will show us any good?" But the poor benighted mind of man, with all his stretch of intellect, by nature is not seeking the true riches. "The world by wisdom knew not God." Poor man is seeking for treasures out of God's treasure, where nothing can be found but sin and death, with all their discoveries and their treasures. God's treasure is Christ, and he that finds Christ finds life, riches, lasting good, and the treasure of everlasting love and glory.

The perpetual motion, the philosopher's stone, the vehicle that takes us to and beyond the moon, and the medicine that heals all manner of diseases, are impossibilities with man, but "that which is impossible with men is possible with God." For God has discovered them all to me. His perpetual life and love motion in my soul is my perpetual motion. The love and precious blood of Christ is the medicine that heals all my diseases; and the vehicle that takes me beyond the moon and stars, is his everlasting covenant in Christ, the sheet knit together at all four corners. And the precious stone, that turns all into gold, God has found it for me, and given it to me. Solomon saith, "A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it; whithersoever it turneth, it prospereth" (Prov. xvii. 8). This is the precious stone that turns all things into gold; whoever it touches are assimilated into its own likeness and nature. Moreover, it heals all manner of diseases with a touch; the poor infirm woman touched it, and was made whole. This precious stone was once buried in the mud, mire, dust, and corruption of our sins, numerous as the sands of the sea, but it did not see corruption—a precious stone cannot be corrupted. By touching our nature we are made one with him in the same precious substance, "for if the first-fruit be holy, the lump is holy" (Rom. xi. 16). This is the holy and precious stone that turns all things into gold. It was raised up out of the earth, pure, precious, immortal, and glorious, to give light for ever when the sun, moon, and stars shall be put out in darkness. The Lord God and the Lamb shall be the light and glory of the place. And this precious

stone, like the magnet, will draw all up unto him at the last day, who so have his nature (life, spirit, and grace) in them here, to shine in his likeness in the kingdom of their Father. "When we see him we shall be like him," incorruptible, immortal, and glorious. "Then shall the righteous shine forth in the kingdom of their Father." Oh, what a treasure is Christ!

A word or two on the second treasure. This is as a treasure worth more than the whole world, yet no man of the world seeks it; yea, no man of the world cares anything about it; sticks, straws, dirt, and the dust of this world are preferred before it. The old black prince of the merchants of this earth knows that there is such a treasure in the deep mines of his kingdom, but his law is that the mines should not be disturbed; and when this treasure is discovered, he always endeavours to conceal the value of it, or sell it among the trash of this world for other things of no lasting value. His merchants deal in all manner of the so-called precious things of this world, and a rare, roaring trade the so-called religious world have made of it for thousands of years; and, among the trash they deal in are found concealed, the undervalued "*souls of men*" (Rev. xviii. 13). As I said before, I never saw this precious treasure with my mortal eyes, neither know its shape, weight, size, or dimensions, but I have heard it, and felt it. I know nothing about the generation of souls, but this I know according to the Scriptures, that all souls were once sold in the soul of one man, Adam the first; "sold under sin" (Rom. vii. 14); and Adam is the only man that ever gained the whole world, and lost his own soul, and all our souls were lost in him; therefore, what is a man advantaged if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul? what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Fallen man has nothing to give to purchase or redeem his soul, the "price is far above rubies." In my days of darkness I knew not the value of this treasure, and had I gained the whole world, and all the riches it contains, I could not have purchased or redeemed the soul. The blood of beasts, or all the blood of all men in the world, could not purchase the soul. "The redemption of the soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever." No man can by any means redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for his soul. God in human flesh could only find riches sufficient to purchase the soul. It was only that sacred, precious, godly blood of the Son of God that could redeem the soul. It may well be called "precious blood," since nothing in heaven or earth beside that blood was sufficiently precious to redeem the precious treasure, the soul. This precious treasure, the soul, laid so deep in the earth, buried in the dead, earthly man, Adam, it lay buried so deep that no miner, with all his wisdom, power, and skill could reach it. But Jesus, the heavenly merchant-man, knew the value of this treasure; his Church was a pearl of great price, and he paid the price, he gave himself for us, soul, body, and blood; parted with all he had to purchase the field where the treasure was hid; viz., he purchased the whole world, that it might stand long enough for him to bring all his treasure out of it, which is his people, whose souls, and bodies too, are purchased and renewed with his own blood. And when the precious treasure is all worked out of the dark mines of this earth, the dross will be left behind as of no value. "Reprobate silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them."

Beloved, there is much rubbish and dross at the mouth of the mine,

and much in the visible Church; and I think the mine is almost worked out. The workmen, with all their labour, bring out now but few gems and jewels. Nevertheless, there is some precious treasure still. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, when I make up my jewels." The wise man saith, "There is a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather them together." All men, as stones, in the first Adam were cast away in the fall, and they have all stony hearts; none are able to raise themselves up; no stone rises out of the quarry by its own power; they all lie dead in the excess of darkness. But the elect precious stones in Christ, the second Adam, shall be raised up by the power of the same Spirit that raised up Christ, the precious stone, from the dead. These precious stones shall all be gathered together; the children of Israel shall be gathered one by one. "He shall gather together all things in Christ." And they shall be all lively stones in the spiritual house. "O ye builders, take heed how ye build: he that builds with gold, silver, and precious stones, his work will abide; but he that builds dross, rubbish, hay, wood, and stubble, he shall suffer loss, though he may himself be saved; yet so as by fire" (1 Cor. iii. 15).

"Unto you that believe, Christ is precious." Oh, what a precious treasure is Christ, compared with all the rubbish of this world, of which God at last shall make a great bonfire, when all his treasure is gathered out of it! Oh, soul, soul! Oh, my precious soul, art thou awake to know the incalculable price of thyself, and what thou cost the precious Redeemer? Oh, how precious must be that blood that redeemed my soul! It may well be called precious blood; and faith in that blood may well be called "precious faith," when one grain of it is worth more than all the gold in California, for which so many thousands of poor creatures venture their lives; yea, one grain of this precious faith secured in the precious soul is worth more than all the treasures of this world.

Adam's soul, before he fell, was in his own hands; and poor Satan-blinded men will have it now that their souls are in their own hands, and in their own keeping. But by precious faith I see, and am heartily glad of it, that my precious soul is not in my own hand, nor in my own keeping; if it were, I should surely lose it, and that for ever. Rich parents do not trust their diamonds and precious treasures in their little children's hands to play with, and throw away at their pleasure. No, no, my soul, not so; be thankful that thou art not in thine own hands, or in thy own keeping. "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." You cannot now either sell or mortgage, and ye are locked up so securely in the King of Glory's cabinet, that no thief shall ever break through to steal. Oh my soul, "the Lord is my keeper;" and thou art "kept by the power of God." Be glad and rejoice, oh my soul, that thou art not in thine own hands, nor in the hands of Satan, to destroy thee; nor in the hands of thine enemies, no, nor in the hands of thy feigned or real friends, but in the hands of thy Maker and Redeemer. Come, my soul, give a shout at the remembrance of this, that all the angels in heaven and the saints to the ends of earth may hear it—no man shall pluck thee out of thy Father's hands.

Oh what a pitiable condition are the poor *free-willers* in who think their souls are in their own hands, and at their own disposal. I now would not have it so for all the world, since I have seen my fickleness, and weakness, and the power of Satan, sin, and temptation. Neither

would I commit my soul to any man or angel for keeping. And the poor deluded Roman Catholic commits his soul to a poor blind or cunning priest, who gives him in exchange a piece of a wafer for his soul; and he that will not take that for his soul, must from them suffer persecution. "But let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls unto God in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator" (1 Pet. iv. 19), who both created them anew in Christ Jesus unto good works.

WILLIAM GARRARD.

September 4th, 1850.

WAYSIDE NOTES.

"Redeemed and saved from sin and hell,
Divinely led and taught;
March on to Canaan's land, and tell
What God, your God, hath wrought."

No. 1. "*Who hath made us to differ?*" We had occasion to enter a public conveyance in the suburbs of this great metropolis, and, soon after we had taken our seats, an aged widow got in, and sat down near us. Attracted by the lively movements of one of our children, she made a remark, that "it was a mercy, indeed, to have them spared to us." We thought viewing the dispensations of Providence as mercies betrayed the character of one taught of God; and a little conversation proved our supposition to be correct, and elicited from our aged friend the fact, that she was resting entirely upon the blessed prop of salvation through the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. We remember, with pain, a far different scene. In the days of our Egyptian bondage, we were in the circle of the ungodly. An aged widow entered the room, and was requested to join in a game of cards. At the card-table no one displayed greater zeal and interest in the game than the aged widow, tottering upon the verge of the grave.

Who hath made the difference? An aged Christian, ripe with the fruits of righteousness, ready for the sickle, longing for home; and, on the contrary, the dim eye of old age, lit up with worldly pleasure, and wan fingers grasping at vanities upon death's precipice.

"Who hath made us to differ?" is an exclamation we have frequently used on Sabbath-days, when in the sanctuary, our attention has been attracted to a window, which commands a view of a neighbouring garden; therein is the ungodly proprietor, nailing up his fruit-trees, and pruning his vine, within hearing of the minister's voice, and the congregation's singing, doubtless annoyed at the proximity of his garden to the house of God. "Who hath made us to differ?"

"The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race."

No. 2. *Parish Religion.* We read that, "A labourer, who attends at Pedmore Church, came to hear a farewell sermon at Stowbridge, which had no little effect on several members of the congregation, who could not refrain from weeping. After service, a friend said to the Pedmore man, 'I could not help crying myself, why didn't you cry?' 'Oh,' replied the labourer, 'I *belong to another parish.*'" We smile at the Pharisaical reply of the Pedmore rustic; but it occurs to us, that his experience is but a sample of a commodity pretty abundant in the world—"parish religion." One Sabbath afternoon, a short time ago, we entered an antiquated church, in a little village in Kent, and soon found our hearts glowing with warmth, as we listened to doctrinal facts we could understand, and the truth as it is in Jesus preached fully and faithfully. At the close of the service, we turned to the master of the pew, who had been devout with prayer-book and bendings, and expressed ourselves delighted at the spiritual repast set before us, and of the value such a man of God must be in their midst. Alas! alas! my companion was a parish-man; and the reply I obtained was, "Yes, he's a nice sort of gentleman, but he drops his voice so." Oh! the difference between praying and saying one's prayers!

"Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found."

No. 3. *Our persecuted brethren at Dingle.* Two days before the close of the session of Parliament we gained admittance into the House of Lords (for curiosity prompts us sometimes to peep at our legislators, who have to deal with weighty matters concerning the nation); and, after listening for some time to rather desultory harangues, how was our attention awakened by the Earl of Roden rising to put a question to her Majesty's ministers, on the subject of the religious persecution of certain Protestant ministers and others in Ireland. We shall not easily forget the Christian energy displayed by that godly nobleman, in so good a cause. He expressed his affection for his countrymen, and the interest he felt for the people of Ireland, having lived a long life in the sister kingdom; attributing the misery of Ireland to Popery, and to the present system of national education, which included a denial of the Holy Scriptures to the people; and then brought before the House the circumstances of the persecution of our Dingle brethren, and the tyrannical course pursued against the Rev. Mr. Lewis; whose fault and offence is, *being a minister of the gospel of Christ.* May success attend the noble Earl's endeavours to obtain the enjoyment of liberty and peace for their Protestant minister and his faithful congregation; who, though they may have a great friend in the Earl of Roden, have a *greater* friend in the Lord Jesus Christ. To him we commend them. "Let them be ashamed and confounded that seek after their souls; let them be turned backward and put to confusion that desire their hurt. Let them be turned back for a reward of their shame that say, Aha! aha!" and may they, with broken hearts, turn away from the Satanic influence and errors of Popery, and cry to the Holy One of Israel, who alone can save. Amen.

From the Note-Book of
A WAYFARER ZIONWARD.

London, Sept. 3, 1850.

SAVOURY MORSELS, AND REVIVING CORDIALS,

Selected from Zion's stores, for the tempted, afflicted, and chastened of the Lord's family, and to whom small relishable portions may prove acceptable.

AFFECTIONATELY PRESENTED BY "ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD."

"CHRIST doth not, presently after he has converted a man, convey him to heaven, but suffers him first to be beaten upon by many temptations, and then exalts him to a crown."

"Christ is strong, even when lying in the dust, in prison, and in banishment. Losses and disgraces are the wheels of Christ's triumphant chariot. In the sufferings of his saints, he intends his own glory, and their good; this is the two-fold mark he aims at; and he does not shoot at random; but always toucheth the point he purposes to hit."

"Every vessel of mercy must be scoured; in order to brightness. And, however trees in the wilderness may grow without culture, trees in the garden must be pruned, to be made fruitful; and corn-fields must be broken up, when barren heaths are left untouched."

"David's pen never wrote more sweetly than when dipped in the ink of affliction."

"When you see the refiner cast his gold into the furnace, do you think he is angry with the gold, and means to cast it away? No; he sits as a refiner. He stands warily over the fire, and over the gold, and looks to it that not one grain is lost. And when the dross is severed, he will out with it presently; it shall be no longer there."

"In the school where the Lord is instructor, we learn self-loathing, self-distrust, self-despair; nothing appears solid but God and his word, heaven and its joys; nothing saving, but Christ and his work; nothing sweet, but the Spirit's revelation of him in the heart and conscience; nothing satisfactory about our state, but God's testimony; nothing well done, but what is the fruit of the Spirit. This grace-taught soul can never please himself, never keep, never direct himself. His worst plague is, *he is his own plague:* his best happiness is, he is altogether made over to, and possessed by, another, even him who is all the salvation of God to him, and who has pledged all his glory to make him know it."

"A lively dependence on the Lord Jesus Christ implies an intimate and most interesting connexion between him and the soul; a knowledge of him, affecting to the heart, and full of influence; an application to him, daily and persevering. So that a man who is living in such dependence on the Son of God, might as reasonably call in question the reality of transactions between himself and his friends on earth, as whether he is indeed a believer in Jesus."

A FEW DAYS IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

Monday, July 29.—Left home at an early hour for Dublin. This being about the date upon which, of late years, the potato-blight had usually appeared, felt grateful at the promising appearance of the crops. A field here and there was partially affected, but, comparatively speaking, very few. There has been an immense plant of potatoes this year. Had a vivid remembrance of the agonizing scenes of 1846, and felt in what an entire state of dependence was this and all other lands, upon the faithfulness and forbearance of Him who hath declared, that "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." At frequent intervals from W—— to B—— could not but observe the demolished or deserted cabins, their inmates having been either ejected for non-payment of rent, or emigrated to America. Along this track of country a large proportion of the soil is going wholly out of cultivation. Is not this one among the many proofs that "the Lord hath a controversy" with this and the sister country? Fine land, naturally a noble peasantry, but place *Popery* and *Prosperity* in opposite scales, and assuredly it shall be found that as the one *rises* the other *falls*. England, in her guilty fostering of the enemy both of God and man, shall discover this to her cost. It has been said—and certainly with truth—that in travelling through Ireland, the most casual observer may, without inquiry, discover where lives the Protestant and where the Romanist. Be her professors ever so wily, and her prospects as now held out to England ever so flattering, of Popery we will fearlessly declare, that a four years' residence in Ireland thoroughly confirms us in the conviction, that the whole system is as degrading to the bodily habits as it is destructive to the souls of its hapless votaries. And the longer we live and move in the midst of Popery, the more thoroughly do we detest and deplore its soul-and-body-destroying system. Hence we cannot but mourn in secret before God, day by day, as we contemplate the countenance that the once prosperous England is giving to that which (if God in mercy prevent not) shall assuredly prove her destruction. The Lord is just now, as it were, opening the grave of the once famous Nineveh; we hear again of the arrival of more relics; let such relics stand in the boasted Museum of our land as a *beacon* to remind us that, however great and however mighty our standing in the scale of nations, we are not too great nor too mighty to be humbled under the retributive hand of a justly-offended God! From this, our little niche, we *must* sound the alarm to England's Queen—England's government—England's Church—England's community at large. Beware, beware! for, as assuredly as Popery is *fostered*, so assuredly will Jehovah *frown;* and what community, what church, what government, what monarch, can stand against a *frowning God?* He has very recently shown the nation at large how summarily He can visit with holy indignation those who presume to despise sound Protestant principles. God grant that we may be humbled as a nation under this his mighty hand, in preference to seeking to immortalize a name which were better sunk in oblivion.

Reader, bear with us in thus giving utterance to reflections which our every-day contact with Popery can scarcely fail to awaken. We are upon the field of warfare; we are eye-witnesses of the vigilance of the foe; we behold the strength of his artillery, and the deadly character of his weapons; and, whilst personally engaged in the conflict, may not love of country, and kindred, and clime, justify our repeated warnings that you should occupy—and that most vigorously—your watch-tower?

Tuesday, 30th.—If anything would strengthen yesterday's reflections, surely the scenes of this day were calculated to do so. Leaving Dublin, and travelling northward, the country undergoes a total change. So plain and obvious is this fact, that even the ever-vacillating *Times* newspaper draws the comparison between *Belfast* and *Galway*, and whilst of the former it says that it is "the most prosperous and flourishing city this side of the Atlantic," of the latter it speaks in the most lamentable terms, as being all that is degrading, distressing, and destitute. And whence this distinction? The *Times*—yea, even the *Times*, with all its worldly policy—is free to acknowledge that it is solely attributable to the tyrannizing hand of Popery, which, while it dams up every streamlet of prosperity, opens wide the flood-gates of ignorance, indolence, and ingratitude! This testimony of the widest-circulated and most powerful journal in the world, ought to prove another salutary warning to England even in a commercial point of view!

Wednesday, 31st.—Travelling till evening through the most mountainous district, the far north-west of Donegal. For miles together not a human being was to be seen. All was bleak and barren. At very distant intervals a solitary cabin was pitched upon the dark, deep bog, or by the mountain-side; and from these would pour forth a little race of half-clad suppliants, petitioning for halfpence. If encouraged, for miles would these little urchins run beside the cars. Oh, the sovereign goodness of God! How richly does it shine forth in a comparison of circumstances! "Why are not these *our* children?" may justly be the oft-suggested inquiry, "and why not *we* in the pitiless plight of their poor parents?" Lord, grant that we may never despise the truths so prettily expressed for the infantile mind—

"Where'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?"

Thursday, Aug. 1st.—Visited the Poison Glen; a Glen which, though apparently very, very near, stretches some three miles north of Dunlewey; a bold, most romantic spot. Here many of our little company could admire the grandeur of their Lord and Master's handy work, and at the same time commune of Him! It was a season much to be remembered. And blessed was it to realize the same presence and the same power in that dark, dreary spot as elsewhere! Dr. Watts again sweetly expresses one's feelings—

"Thy smiling face can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise if thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell."

How changed the aspect here! Some two years before, when we visited it under peculiarly painful circumstances—the sudden removal of the owner of an extensive district—not a sermon had been preached there for three hundred years; now, Sabbath after Sabbath the truth is proclaimed there in its fulness, freeness, and preciousness.

Friday, Aug. 2nd.—Rode to Loch Veagh, some fifteen miles south—a beauteous spot! Here nature, unaided by art, has done wonders. It is a lovely ravine, stretching some five or six miles with lofty heights on either hand. On the right, about midway, pours down into the dark, deep lake, a copious stream; and on the left opens a second and yet more charming vale, with its trees and shrubs of various size and hue, planted by nature in most lovely grace. In the one ravine are bold, and towering, and steril heights; in the other from a gentle meandering streamlet rises the most beauteously-decked slopes. Here, again, our party realized the thought, that—

"Our Father made them all."

Our contemplations and our converse were of HIM! In very deed

"We look'd through nature up to nature's God."

Why should we blush, why hesitate to own it? Why may we not acknowledge and admire our Father's hand in this his vast creation? Because *abused* shall it therefore be *despised?* Because some men make a God *of* nature, shall we close our eyes to a God *in* nature? Such be far from us. We know what impulse is, and what a false, impassioned feeling, which presently leaves its possessor more dark, and much more desolate than before; but when *grace* seasons our recreations—when a *sober mind* is graciously bestowed—when a deep-felt consciousness of an ever-watchful, never-tiring three-fold foe—the world, the flesh, the devil—is entertained; it is blessed, then, to enjoy our God in everything and everything in God. We love the quietude of *home*—the sacredness of the *study*—but we love also, in its turn, the ramble amid the mighty doings of our God as the God of nature.

Near the most distant part of this first-mentioned vale stands a little cottage, occupied by the keeper and his wife. These, with a servant boy and girl, comprise the whole of its winter occupants. The storms at certain seasons are terrific; so that, at times, they never more expect to see their fellow-creatures. Here was a fitting time to preach the gospel! Christ and his precious Bible seemed a novel theme in that lone region; yet there was intelligence, and a somewhat pleasing interest manifested. Lord, if thy will, make that simple testimony a word in season; and be *thou thyself* a companion and a comforter! Returning homeward, the topic was the nature, extent, and duration of spiritual convictions. How was *spiritual* to be distinguished from merely *natural* convictions? In that they had a spiritual tendency, leading to a *distrust* of self and an ardent *desire* after God. Spiritual convictions are of a self-*abhorring* nature, an *aspiring* nature, and an *abiding* nature. Their nature, extent, and duration are according to circumstances, and at the good pleasure of their Divine Author. They vary in character, that there may be no *creature-standard;* their extent must be to a deep *sensibility* of sin, and an earnest *seeking* after a pardon and peace by the blood and righteousness of Jesus; and their duration must be until *self*—sinful self and

righteous self is dethroned and discarded, and Christ felt to be the last help and only hope!

Sunday, 4th.—Heard a precious discourse by the "Gospel Cottage Lecturer," from Luke xii. 27, "Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not: and yet I say unto you, That Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." In the evening spoke from Jer. xv. 16, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart: for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of hosts."

Tuesday, 6th.—In our last Number we published a sketch of the interesting scenes of this day. They were such as will long be remembered by those present. The spot, the solemnity, the spectators (a number of poor, blinded Roman Catholics) impressed many a heart, and awakened many a cry that God would graciously smile upon the undertaking of that day.

BISHOP RIDLEY'S FAREWELL.

Farewell! my brethren beloved,
Who share this prison cell;
And ye, too, who in foreign lands
Are now constrain'd to dwell,
Because ye would the world forsake,
And all its glittering toys,
Rather than give the gospel up,
And her celestial joys.

Farewell, all ye in Christ! farewell!
Be joyful, for ye know
The trying of your faith can but
Your heaven-born portion show;
For you a crown is *now* prepared,
And, when your Lord shall come,
Ye who endured unto the end
Shall dwell with him at home.

The husbandman with patience waits
The first and latter rain;
Lift up your heads! full soon your Lord
Is coming back again.
Farewell, dear brethren, farewell!
In trouble, death, and woe;
The word of God, that precious word,
Sweet comfort shall bestow.

Farewell, Christ's dearly loved spouse,
Though sadly wandering now,
In a strange land, far from thy home,
No crown adorns thy brow;
Compass'd about on every side
With deadly enemies,
As the meek dove the covert seeks,
Thy soul for refuge flies.

Farewell, farewell, oh, ye beloved!
Ye chosen of our God;
Ye true Church-militant, who here
Endure the chast'ning rod.
Ye are His body—joined to Him
By everlasting bands,
The temple of the Holy Ghost,
His house not made with hands.

His family and household ye,
Where he delights to dwell,
And show His love, tho' tyrants frown,
Brethren in Christ, farewell!
Farewell, ye little chosen flock!
Whose Pastor is the Lord,
Jesus your kingdom has prepared
According to His word.

Farewell, then, house of God, built up
On Christ, "the Corner-stone,"
Ye royal priesthood, holy seed,
Bought by His blood alone.
Then, spouse of Christ, won by His love,
Redeem'd from sin and hell,
Preserved by His almighty power,
Farewell, again farewell!

Belfast. G. H. R. G.

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR EDITOR,

In this enlightened age, one must not be surprised to find many wise men after the flesh, or many learned men holding new views of Scripture; but our surprise is, to see so many who profess to be truly enlightened by the Holy Spirit of God, holding views, and writing books, on subjects so diametrically opposed to the plain common-sense reading of God's most holy word.

I chanced, the other day, to be enlarging on the merits of Dr. M'Neile's "Church and the Churches"—a work every Protestant Christian believer should read if they can find time—when a lady present said, "Do you go with M'Neile in all he has written?" This was a *poser;* as I had read what he had written on JUDAS' betrayal of our Lord, and I did not go the whole length with him. But what was my astonishment a few days since, when I was asked by a friend, "Did I know what a certain divine, an acquaintance of ours, had written on the same subject?" And on my saying, "I had not so much as heard of his book," he proceeded to explain how, to my mind, he had gone ahead of M'Neile in the matter of JUDAS; and gave me to understand we were all astray upon the subject, in supposing Judas had committed SUICIDE, and, as a consequence, gone to his own place. On the spur of the moment, we merely referred to his having, like Balaam, loved the wages of unrighteousness, and sold our blessed Lord for thirty pieces of silver, when a lady present asked, "Was he not the SON OF PERDITION? and what was the meaning of that?"

At this moment breakfast was announced, and the conversation was not renewed. As usual, we were driven to our stronghold, the BIBLE, and were not surprised to find there the texts with which we are all familiar, such as our Lord declaring, in his conversation with his disciples (St. Matthew's Gospel, from 21st to 26th verses, especially at the 24th), "The Son of man goeth as it is written of him: but *woe* to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born;" or, as St. Mark has it, "good were it for that man if he had never been born." Therefore, we ask, why should the lips of TRUTH pronounce a woe on that man, and add, "it were better that he should never have been born," if that woe extended only to this world, and that for a momentary space filled up by grief to all his disciples?

We admit that it is said to be doubtful that JUDAS hanged himself, as we are not Greek scholars, and believe the best Grecians hold the words, translated "hanged himself," might be rendered "suffocated," or "smothered;" which does not appear to contradict the assertion of St. Luke, in the 1st chapter of Acts of the Apostles, at the 18th verse, "and falling headlong, he burst in sunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out."

But, leaving those doubtful disputations of the learned, and their translations, let us recur to our Lord's own words, "Woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it were better for that man that he had never been born," and take them in conjunction with his having declared, in his beautiful prayer, in John xvii. 5, "As thou hast given him power

over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him;" and again, at the 6th verse, "I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world: thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word."

Contrast these words, I say, with the 12th verse, "While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy name: those that thou gavest me I have kept, *and none of them is lost*, but the SON OF PERDITION; that the Scripture might be fulfilled;"* and many more quotations might be made from the same chapter, to prove the absurdity of a point said to be established in the book before alluded to, that, because our Lord, in addressing his disciples in Matthew xix. 28, and Luke xxii. 30, promised them, "Ye shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel," that JUDAS must take his seat there; but if we mark the first part of the 28th verse of Matt. xix., we will perceive the promise was conditional, being confined to those who followed him in the regeneration. Did JUDAS, who not only denied him, as did Peter, but who *betrayed* him, and sold him for thirty pieces of silver—did he follow him in the regeneration? We trow not; and therefore we maintain, that it is not likely that the man who turned his back on HIM in this world, will be called to sit on a throne in the dispensation to come; but, rather, that our Lord may fulfil another promise addressed equally to JUDAS, as to all the other apostles, in Luke xii. 9, "But he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God."

Our opponent in the argument may turn and ask, as my friend did, "Have you not betrayed Christ yourself as Judas did, and denied him as Peter did? And may not *Judas* be forgiven, as well as *Peter* was, and as you expect to be?"† Doubtless, we say, if our Lord had not pronounced judgment already sufficient to guide us, though we desire not to stay the current of his love or mercy—feeling, as all regenerated sinners must ever feel, that we are ourselves the chief of sinners; but must not the justice of the All-wise also be satisfied? Is not that attribute as dear to the Most High and Holy One as any other? And is his TRUTH less so? And would an inspired apostle have left on record, that when our Lord was addressing his disciples on the very subject of sitting on the twelve thrones, that Satan had desired to have one of them, but he had prayed for him (Luke xxii. 32)? And would our Lord have omitted to pray for Judas also, had he been a saved character (one of those given to him by the Father), whereas, in his comprehensive prayer (John xvii. 6), he expressly declares whom he prays for—viz., "The men whom the Father had given him *out of the world*, and who had kept his word;" whereas, in the 12th verse—I must again repeat it—he has said, "Those that thou gavest me I have kept, *and none of them is lost*, but the SON OF PERDITION; that the Scriptures might be fulfilled;" and that prayer uttered at the moment when

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* Reader, observe this—"that the Scripture might be fulfilled." We make no comment, except to remind you *whose were these words*.—ED.

† This remark betrays an enmity to Divine Sovereignty. The speaker was evidently striving to soften down Scripture facts, and to sacrifice Divine *justice* at the shrine of *creature*-charity and *compassion*; an occupation in which *faith*—the faith of God's elect—takes no part. Faith ever takes her stand upon the threshold of Divine mysteries, and, as she veils her face with her hands, and prostrates herself in the dust, exclaims, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; *just* and *true* are thy ways, thou King of saints."—ED.

Jesus was praying the Father—"And now, Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was."

Let any impartial reader examine these portions of Scripture, and doubtless he will find, with the most ardent desire to show forth the mercy of the Most High to the utmost bounds, that it is a difficult task he has undertaken to exonerate JUDAS from the effects of his crime, or hope to see him seated on that throne, from which he, "*by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place,*" and "the part in the ministry and apostleship, leading to which the Holy Ghost assigned to Matthias," when he was numbered with the eleven apostles (Acts i. 26).

Besides, we read in Luke xxii. 3, "Then entered Satan into Judas Iscariot." But we do not read of his ever having left him, or that Judas ever sought forgiveness by asking it of JESUS. True, he repented himself* when he saw Jesus was condemned, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders; but not one word is recorded of his having sought forgiveness from the Lord of glory, with whom he had walked so long, professing to be his disciple. And, further, it is said he repented, and brought the pieces of silver, saying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed *the innocent blood.*"

Therefore we infer, from all that is written on the subject in God's word, that Judas never will be found seated on "one of the twelve thrones of Israel," having fallen from his office by transgression, and another having been appointed thereunto.

Doubtless, an honest-minded, conscientious Roman Catholic, if he give full credence to his religion, may—indeed, *must* believe—that Judas is saved; for if he take Butler's Catechism—a standard one of his Church—in the one hand, and the 28th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel in the other, he will perceive that Judas was a good Romanist, and had all that *his* Church requires in her *penance*, as propounded by Dr. Butler, who asks, "What is penance?" and replies, "Penance is composed of three parts—viz., confession, contrition, and satisfaction." Now the 5th verse shows that Judas made confession to the chief priests and elders, saying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood;" and that he had contrition, is also proved from the same verse, or he would not have made that confession. Besides, in the 3rd verse it is said, "he repented himself;" and by his bringing again and casting down the silver pieces in the temple, he made restitution. Who, therefore, can deny that, as a good son of Mother Church, he fulfilled the right of her penance? But he had not that godly sorrow that worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of (2 Cor. vii. 10).

H. C.

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* Yes, he "repented himself;" and, consequently, his was only a human or natural repentance. He feared the consequences, and, therefore, like every natural man under the accusations of a guilty conscience, was sorry for what he had done. But how widely different the condition of those who are blessed with a saving interest in Acts v. 31, "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to *give repentance* to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." These "repent not themselves," but receive *repentance*—true godly sorrow—as well as *remission*, at the hands of Him who is exalted at God's right hand for the express purpose of bestowing them; and all repentance which falls short of this will leave its possessor where it found him, under God's wrath and condemnation.—ED.

A SALUTE!

Ship Providence, off the Cape of Good Hope, bound for the Fair Haven.

To the Old Tramore Sailor.

Shipmate, ahoy! What's that "twofold baptism" that you're talking about? It was my watch upon deck when your "Gospel Craft" hove in sight. We exchanged papers, and I was at the overhauling of some of them. My eye soon dropped upon yours, for I thought I recognized an old shipmate. Thinks I, "This is the very same old fellow that fought on board the *Invulnerable*, 98;" and a good staunch fellow he was. But scarcely had I congratulated myself upon meeting with my old friend, ere I stumbled upon something that I could not, for the life of me, understand. I rubbed my old eyes, and wiped the "weather-glass;" for thinks I, "It can't be—I'm mistaken; I'm got old, and thick in the head." But I clapped on my "*specs*," and read again in plain straight language, "*And this to my mind is the twofold baptism that must be given to all men, ere they can be born again.*" "Well," says I, "what's the fellow up to; and what's his Captain after, that he should allow such a state of things as this? Why, it's enough to create a mutiny aboard." So I read and read, and, as I found no more of the same sort of thing, says I to myself, "I tell you how it is; that fellow is either up to some of his old tricks aboard the *Constitution*, 110, when they hoisted false colours, and gave the *Chessepeak* such a raking; or else he has run foul of some of those 'whited sepulchres' (Matt. xxiii. 27), just as another old shipmate ran foul of a chimney-sweep in London-streets the other day, when he was just rigged with a new true blue, and nice white ducks." Now, old shipmate, as he had no mind for being a gazing-stock in London, and therefore soon *doffed* the jacket and trousers, I think the sooner you doff those water-notions of yours, the better.

I am, your faithful friend,

A Forecastle-man of the good Ship Providence.

The Protestant Beacon.

To the Old Sailor, Dover.

Dover, ahoy! Hulloh, I say, shipmate, what are you at there, esconsed under the white cliffs of Albion? you whose motto is—

"Come, cheer up, my lads,
It's to glory we steer."

Are you watching the electric wire between your port and your Gaelic neighbours, waiting to learn the price of stocks at Hamburgh, or the rate of railway shares at the Paris bourse? No; I know you are at better work—but why so silent? why not sound the tocsin of alarm, when

there's a mutiny in the fleet, greater than at the Nore? If you've only had heretofore your main deck *peace-preservers* on board, forthwith get off your lower-deck guns, and mount them, for a *skrimmage* is at hand. Get your craft under weigh, and stand out to sea, for you've been too long snugly moored—long enough in all conscience to repair the damage done to your craft in the late gales. You sail under one of the best Commanders, why then not slip your moorings, and run out to join the squadron? for every ship is now required; if not, you'll soon find the fleet in upon you; not that of Cherbourg, of which there has been so much talk of late, but the old Pope's squadron, aided and assisted by the mutineers of our own fleet, with the flag of our chief on board the "Man of Sin," to which the French admiral's ship, the "Friedland," is a mere skiff, as she mounts 160 guns on four decks. Yes; they're coming, bringing with them a greater investment of thumb-screws and racks than was shipped on board the old Spanish armada long ago.

Why, man alive, don't you see how it is with them? there's scarce a port from Exeter to the Land's-end, but Harry the Ninth's squadron are getting into, and soon they'll make a fine blow up—most of our skippers and high admirals having too much of the *suaviter in modo* to attack them. I needn't ask tho' did you see the fight the "Gorham," thirty-eight-gun frigate, made with the head mutineer's ship, the "Exeter," ninety-eight? I know you did; but didn't it remind you of the gallant Dundonald, when Lord Cochrane, in the "Speedy," boarding the "Gamo," in the days that are gone? and how little notice was taken of the meeting the 900 mutinous captains held, aye, in the music Hall, at the very head-quarters of our chief; since which the "Fielding," seventy-four, has gone over to the enemy—and no wonder, with her round stern looking for the centre of unity; and we hear of several others following the base example, such as the commanders of the "Bennet," thirty-eight, the "Allies," twenty-four, and the "Wilberforce," thirty-two; while others, carrying *baser metal*, remain receiving the pay and enjoying the emoluments of a Protestant Church, to propagate their poison, and send delegates all over the country.

I read, not many days since, a list of sixty-seven captains and commanders of our squadron, who have thus deserted their colours, thirty of whom have actually received commands in the enemy's fleet, and are all stationed on our own coast. Daily the number is augmenting; while some remain retaining their commands, such as the "Hook," seventy-four, the "Dodsworth," seventy-two, and others, carrying out all the rules and regulations of the enemy under the British flag. How long, dear shipmate, is this state of things to last, and all the commanders in the fleet, true to their allegiance, remain silent?

For my part, I have been watching the movement of these lads, and especially the delegates at Oxford, for the last ten or twelve years, and am not the least surprised by the progress they have made, seeing the commanders of the different squadrons issued no orders against them from year to year, but rather praised their gunnery practice, their new-disciplining of their crews, and painting and decorating of their ships, especially their cabin windows.

Every now and again I remarked the "Wiseman," seventy-four, belonging to the Pope's squadron, running into the port of Oxford; sometimes pleading distress of weather, but oftener an exchange of civilities, so

much the fashion among the so-called Liberals of the present day. After each visit to that port, some fresh communication used to be made between the mutineers, until they arrived at No. 90. True, this opened the eyes of a few, when they saw a regular attack made by the mutineers on the old articles of war, and from the build of their ships, and the different alterations made in their uniform, pleading antiquity as their guide; but, drawing closer and closer to Rome, some few of our seamen were awakened to a sense of their danger, yet most remained silent, until the mutineers have gained such a head, I fear the commanders of squadrons will find it difficult to bring them back to a sense of duty. True it is, the skippers of the "*Golightly*," thirty-eight, the "Goode," fifty-gun frigate, the "Sutcliffe," thirty-eight, and some other loyal commanders, fired a few raking shots, but they were not supported as they should have been.

By this time, doubtless, dear shipmate, you'll exclaim, "Why all this long yarn of a preface? Come, ball up." Why, then, I'll honestly tell you.

I expect shortly to see such a hurricane, as none but those who have navigated the China seas can form an idea of; the wind veering from every point of the compass, knocking up such a sea that not a ship will weather the gale, but those whose commanders are staunch, and, having an eye to windward all along, will be able, by confidence in the Commander-in-chief, and a well-disciplined crew and good gear, and having prepared beforehand for the coming storm, can be expected to bring their ships safe into port.

But, having a good marine barometer on board, indicating the coming storm, and sailing by the old Book of instructions given to the fleet by the great Commander-in-chief, keeping close to it, and following the directions laid down in it, and the chart that's served out with it, we shall weather the gale, and come into the desired haven (Psalm cvii. 30), notwithstanding we may ship many a heavy sea, and have sharp conflict with the enemy (Acts xiv. 22). Who that has read that blessed Psalm, the 107th, specially the sailor's own, can be ignorant of what sailors meet with? But, then, as we read over and over again, "Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses." And seeing that we have shipped the "Branch" Pilot spoken of by Jeremiah (xxiii. 5), and Zechariah (vi. 12), and that our Father is at the helm (Psalm xxxii. 8), we need not fear then,

"Though troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite."

And why do I say I see this cloud gathering—this hurricane getting up against our once-favoured Protestant Britain? Neither more nor less than that I see her daily apostatizing from the faith once delivered to the saints, and favouring, in every possible manner, the idolatry of Rome—coming closer and closer into the embrace of the scarlet whore, whose artifices our Reformation forefathers took so much pains to guard against.

Who is so blind as to deny that we are living in the latter days of the period spoken of by Daniel in chap. xii., 7th verse, "the time, times, and half-time," when he looks around, and beholds the progress of scientific improvement on every hand? Can we look silently on our railways, steamboats, and every other means of scientific improvement in locomotion, or

behold, without wonder and astonishment, the daily changes passing around us? and can we be so blind as not to behold the fulfilment of the 4th verse, where it is said, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased?" And if this be so, is it not equally clear and plain to be seen by every student of the inspired volume, that the power we have been alluding to is fast approaching, when "he will accomplish his purpose of scattering the holy people?" or, as is described in the 11th chapter of Revelations, 7th verse, shall have power to silence the TWO WITNESSES of God—which may be the ministers and members of Christ's own Church, holding and proclaiming the truths of the gospel; for when they have finished their testimony the beast is to prevail against them, and slay them, and make merry over them, and send gifts to one another, and appear to enjoy themselves for a season, as described in the 10th verse; but, behold, ye despisers, and wonder at the result. See the approach of another earthquake, and look to the very next event, the trumpet of the seventh angel *sounded*, saying, "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever;" and then look at the 18th verse, the result of this reign; mark the reward of the saints and prophets, and them that fear God's holy name, and the woe pronounced on his enemies —"*and shouldest destroy them which corrupt the earth.*"

I believe, brother shipmate, you are not one of those who put any faith in a general peace being brought about by the instrumentality of such men as Cobden, or friend Bright, or even by a higher grade, who expect to pacify the world by protocols; nor yet by a set of religionists, who dream of a universal peace being ushered in by the preaching of the gospel, but rather look for those troublous times spoken of in the Divine volume; wars and rumours of wars mentioned in Matt. xxiv., Luke xxi., and Mark xiii., wherein the ancient people of God shall again be brought back to their own land, and "then shall you see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory" (ver. 30) the buds are already on the fig-tree, the leaves will soon follow.

Be assured, dear shipmate, these are times for a man to be on his watch-tower, to keep a hand at the mast-head day and night, looking "for the coming of him whose right it is to reign" (Ezek. xxi. 27), and who, come he sooner or later, will find men enacting once again the days of Noah and Lot—evidently preparing of Satan himself in the breasts of socialists and red republicans; while he overcomes the more enlightened class by transforming himself into an angel of light, and baits his hooks with the gilded flies of "*centre of unity*," tied by the mystic threads of "*temporal accidents of spiritual things*," all the while drawing the unwary fish to the mystic shores of idolatrous Rome.

Let Englishmen be warned, then. Too long has the enemy been advancing under cover of the masked batteries of Pusey and Tractarianism, until they have gained the heights, and the sappers are at our gates, and they may soon be expected to advance to the assault, and open their fire; the skirmishers, too, have taken the field, though for the present hid behind the rocks of prudence and Jesuitical cunning.

An Old Sailor of the old war breed, now converted into
a Man of Peace, but still holding

NO PEACE WITH ROME.

Tramore, Waterford, Oct. 2, 1850.

DINGLE.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

My last accounts from the late scene of action at Dingle, are rather of a pacific nature. There seems to be a lull in the gale of persecution, I fear equally treacherous though as those we used to experience in bygone days, in the vicinity of the Cape, emphatically denominated "the Cape of storms." My correspondent writes under date Sept. 28th.

"The priests are getting on very quietly just now, never more so; in fact we have only one at the present in Dingle, as Father —— (the Poet) has gone to a neighbouring town to be chief assistant to the parish Priest, and the great and powerful Father Owen (the Great Bear) is, they say, gone to England to crave the sympathy of such men as Dr. Newman, and the celebrated Father Ignatius, better known as Friar Spencer, or better still as the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Spencer, who has lately been on a begging excursion as a Mendicant Friar through the south of this country. Yes, it is said he has gone to draw on the sympathy of his apostate brethren in England, for aid in putting down the reformation in Dingle—rather onerous work I imagine, if the work be as we believe, God's, and the desire of the workmen the propagation of his truth from the sacred volume. The converts are continuing very steady, notwithstanding all they have suffered of late, I may say for nearly a year—the worst of persecution on past years of famine and disease—still they are stedfast. Rev. Mr. Lewis is also absent in England on deputation, therefore the Dingle mob are very quiet, waiting his return, when I am sure they will renew their annoyance as occasion offers, and the priests desire. We never had so small a staff or so few friends before; all our old friends are either dead or away, and I shall leave in December."

Thus, dear Editor, is it any wonder that the priests of Baal should proclaim a victory, or conceive because the Lord has seen fit to remove some of his servants from this labour of love, and take others to himself, and thus apparently scatter them, as one of the deceased priests used to prognosticate they would be "*scattered like Thompson's deer?*" Is it any wonder that those men unacquainted with God's word, and ignorant of his providential dealings, knowing nothing of the Divine proceedings, should imagine that their prayer had been heard?

I have often wondered how the same adverse feeling of the enemy has been apparently gratified in England, where I remember some years ago this said Father Ignatius used to pray for the conversion of that country to Romanism, and how he even took a journey into France to obtain the prayers of the Infidel French Roman Catholic Priests for that purpose. And when I look round on England, and read as I did lately a list of some seventy clergymen of the Established Church who have already gone over to the apostacy—thirty of whom are now serving at idol altars of that modern Baal—I am constrained to wonder not that ignorant Romanists should imagine they had a victory, but that any should be found to stem the torrent so rapidly running Romeward, whose names are not written in the Lamb's book of life.

I do sincerely believe the time is fast approaching when nothing short of a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, so clearly shown in the Holy Scriptures, will eventually keep any from Rome; there will be no such thing very shortly as depending on what are termed sound moral and religious training—or pure Protestant principles; such staffs will be found *broken reeds*, nothing but Divine teaching by the Holy Spirit of God's sacred book, the Bible, will be able to withstand the wiles of the adversary, and all teaching short of this will be found lamentably to fail, and the wretched dependants on any other system will be found going down the stream with the multitude, or, as one has justly remarked of the Puseyite faction in the sister kingdom, "running down the high road to Rome, marked out by Protestant milestones."

On taking up a "Tralee Chronicle" to-day, of the 25th ultimo, my attention was arrested by a letter purporting to be from one Eugene O'Sullivan—*Bear*, I presume, perhaps some cousin, at all events a brother of the Great Bear, addressed

to the Marquis of Lansdowne, ostensibly written to *undeceive* his Lordship on the subject matter of a complaint contained in a letter recently given to the public by the Rev. Mr. Lewis on the state of Dingle, as to protection withheld from the converts from Rome. Who this gentleman may be I know not, but as such letters are generally written to meet the eye of one party only, one does not expect to find them free from bias, but it never fell to my lot to meet one so *thoroughly economical of truth* in all the wide range of similar epistles that have fallen under my observation; even this want of common honesty one might bear, but really it is past endurance when this calumniator reaches the height from whence he presumes to meddle with the character of the late great and good Charles Gayer, and proceeds to vilify his memory, in a style but little removed from downright blasphemy. I can only say, may the Lord pardon his ignorance; I pray he may forgive him the sin he has committed by such gross falsehood. May he give him true repentance ere he calls him into judgment; for although the character of the late single-minded upright pastor of Dingle is above the reach of such people, they are not beyond the grasp of that Almighty's arm, who will not suffer the memory of his saints to be lightly dealt with, for he has written, "The memory of the just is blessed" (Prov. x. 7), and again, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye" (Zech. ii. 8). I would most earnestly desire this writer, whoever he is, to make acquaintance with God's most holy word, and he will find it recorded in Deut. xxxii. 9, 10, that "the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance:" for although it is true "He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye." Indeed, it would be well for his Reverence, if he be a reverend, to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the whole of that chapter, and see whether he be not one of those described in the 15th and following verses, as having "forsaken God," and being now "sacrificing unto devils, and not to God."

Do we not do well then, dear Editor, under such circumstances as we see daily passing before our eyes both in England and Ireland—do we not do well to sound the alarm, and endeavour to awaken those in high and responsible situation to a sense of impending danger? Do we not do well to raise our voice, however feeble it may be, to call attention to the word of God, which the enemy is daily endeavouring to wrest from the people of both countries, though by different means? Do we not do well to endeavour to show them there is no other foundation for our salvation than that is laid down in the Divine Volume? "Jesus Christ and him crucified;" "for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. iii. 11).

Let them but once wrest that blessed Book from the people, and soon we shall sink as a nation into the filth and mire of Popery, and find our foundation knocked from under us; we shall then be like a ship at sea, without rudder or compass, made the sport of every passing gale.

Your old friend, The Sailor,
Whose family motto is,
Tramore, Waterford, Oct. 10, 1850. *No Peace with Rome.*

Reviews.

The Popular Delusion; or, Baptismal Regeneration weighed in the Balances, and found wanting. By WILLIAM MUSHETT. London: B. L. Green, 62, Paternoster Row. Pp. 24.

THIS is a reprint, with additions, from the June Number of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. Its present detached form will, we trust, ensure it a wide circulation. Were there any access to the Puseyite's *ear*—any avenue by which we could approach his *heart*, we would say to him, "Take this tract; 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it,' and may God open your eyes to see, and break your hard and rocky heart to receive, its truthful contents." But, really, so deadly is the poisonous draught

which every Puseyite has drank, that we have little hope of anything arousing them from their fatal slumbers. Their's, we believe, for most part, to be the sleep of eternal death. God's grace—and nothing but his grace—can rescue them; his hand—and his alone—pluck them from that direful vortex, upon the very brink of which they reel, and, falling into which, they perish for ever! The contemplation of the character and condition of a Puseyite fills us with unutterable emotion. We have hope for an avowed *Papist*, where we have not one particle for a hypocritical, Pharisaical, fawning *Puseyite!* The one may be honest in his profession; the other never! *An honest Puseyite!* it is an anomaly! a contradiction! It cannot be! A Puseyite *must be* a hypocrite! A hypocrite is a man who plays a part—assumes to *be* what he *is not*—and such is every Puseyite! He professes himself a *Protestant;* he belongs (in appearance) to a Protestant Church, he has sworn allegiance to a Protestant Queen, has avowed obedience to a Protestant Bishop, has professed his adherence to the Thirty-nine Protestant Articles; he ministers to a Protestant congregation, intermingles with a Protestant community; and, notwithstanding all, he is a *Papist* in thought, a *Papist* in will, a *Papist* in his affections. In his avowed belief of the Thirty-nine Articles he has declared his conviction, "that the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manners of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith;" in his ordination vows he has acknowledged "his readiness, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines, contrary to God's word;" and yet his eye—his heart—his steps—are fully set upon and directed towards that very Church which he has declared to be in error. And not only so, but he is striving, by every means in his power—yea, he is moving heaven and earth—labouring in season and out of season, "not to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines," but to nourish, cherish, and promulgate them. Can a more consummate hypocrite be conceived of, or found? We trow not. And if England had that good old Protestantism about her for which she has so long been famed—but, alas! she has not—she would, long ere this, have expelled every Puseyite, if not from her *shores*, yet most assuredly from her *Church!*

Now Mr. Mushett—our friend and correspondent—has, in the pamphlet before us, wielded his weapons most manfully. He has met his opponents upon every ground; and so fairly has he beat them off the field, that none but a fawning, smooth-faced, oily-tongued Puseyite would dare venture again from the hold to which he has been driven! The pamphlet is an admirable one. Its arguments are unanswerable—its language dignified—its illustrations perfectly natural. The whole bespeaks a master-mind and a ready pen. The writer's reflections at the close of his work, are so truly spiritual and savoury, that we cannot but quote them:—

"How refreshing to turn the wearied eye from the deadly tree of baptismal regeneration, with its deformed branches, withered leaves, and ashy fruit, to contemplate the glorious Almighty Saviour Anointed, the living Vine of the spiritual Church, and his really regenerated branches, inspired by God the Holy Ghost with the breath of everlasting life, in fulfilment of the eternal love decrees of God the Father. How blessed to escape from a 'whole world that lieth in wickedness" (1 John v. 19), and from the fanciful speculations of a mock Church, to seek in actual fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ, sweet and convincing evidence that our souls have passed from death unto

life, and that when we drop the fleshly tabernacle, our permanent lot is not a matter of doubt or of conjecture, but of high, absolute, unalterable certainty, being revealed to us in the spirit, both sensibly and visibly, by God the Holy Ghost—even the blessed lot of eternal glory in the presence of our Redeemer. How wondrous that grace of God the Father, which, before the foundation of the world, elected us to this sublime destiny! How lovely the long-suffering that bore with our ignorance when we were enemies to God by wicked works! How marvellous the compassions which, since our new birth, daily welcomes us to the throne of grace, and taking away our folly, sin, and misery, affectionately decks us in the wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption of Christ! How deep, heroic, and Divine, the love of Jesus, who, although he knew no sin, yet stooped to be made sin for us, and, by His agonies, drained the illimitable ocean of Almighty wrath, that a way might be made for our return to God! How stupendous, yet simple, the twofold work he finished—on the one hand, atoning for our breaches of God's law; on the other, fulfilling that law for us—so that (blessed be his name!) we have neither guilt to answer for, nor 'legal' obedience to render, all being done on our account by him, our head, in whom we are complete, and by whom we are lured heavenward, and sustained in the obedience of faith, which worketh by love, and makes the service of God perfect freedom! How amazing the condescension of God the Holy Ghost to dislodge Satan from our souls, and to sanctify them for a residence where he designs to dwell for evermore! And how sweet the consciousness that all this is not mere speculative head-knowledge, such as any might attain to by diligent study, but a special revelation from above, made to us as the people of Jehovah's choice, and brought home to our bosoms in much assurance, with power and demonstration of the Spirit, so that we are constrained to say, 'The God of hope hath filled us with joy and peace in believing, through the power of the Holy Ghost,' and given us to 'rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'

"In the midst of this blaze of Almighty power and Divine goodness, how infinite our insignificance—how utter our unworthiness! And how awfully does that Sovereignty stand displayed which singles us out from the mass of mankind as vessels of mercy, while it passes by multitudes not more undeserving than ourselves, and leaves them to pursue (as we once pursued) a rebellious career on the road that ends in destruction! On every side we behold the reprobate—some recklessly following the pleasures of time and sense, or bearding the Most High with Atheistic doctrines—some laboriously toiling to work out a righteousness of their own—others, like the Puseyites, usurping the throne of Jehovah's High Priest, and issuing counterfeit pardons of sin—but all ignorant, experimentally, of the righteousness of God—all unvisited by the Day-spring from on high! Oh, the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments! and His ways past finding out!"

England's Bloody Tribunal; or, Popish Cruelty Displayed. By the Rev. MATTHEW TAYLOR, D.D. Edited by the Rev. R. P. BLAKENEY, Incumbent of Ison Green, Notts. London: John King, 120, Fleet Street; Nottingham, Wilkinson; Dublin, Currie and Co.

WE live in such a *refined* age. The schoolmaster is abroad. *Squeamishness* used to be confined to the weaker sex, but *men* are grown so now-a-days. Hence they are wont to express themselves so effeminately, that *soft words* and *mild terms* must of necessity be employed. "Bloody!" Oh, what a shocking word! Down was thrown the book the other day, in our sight, without so much as a glance into it! The author condemned unheard! and simply because he uses, as it becomes him to use in such a truth-bartering day as this, "great plainness of speech."

Now there lived, some three centuries ago, a very dignified, titled lady, and though, at least in her own estimation, she did a vast amount of good, yet, in the false charity and superior light of this our age, persons who are very scrupulous in their adherence to the eighth commandment,

do not hesitate to rob this said lady of her title. Instead of calling England's monarch of 1553 by her fair, legitimate, and well-earned name, "*Bloody Queen Mary!*" the adjective is dropped! Now this ought not to be; and to the very spirit which dictates these changes is to be attributed that compromise of truth and sacrifice of principle which is already proving, and will yet more fully prove, the downfal of the long-privileged England!

The book before us is a simple, truthful record of Popish doings. The times call for such a book. It ought to be circulated extensively. Popery is unchanged and unchangeable. It *boasts* of the fact. Hence what it *has* done it is *ready to do* again—aye, and will do as soon as it gains the power.

Take an example of its tyranny. Less than six-and-thirty hours ago, we were induced to see what was going on in a large Popish chapel in a neighbouring town. Round that chapel, at intervals of some fifteen to twenty feet, were placed about a dozen pictures of the "Sacred Passion," and before each of these was a poor woman upon her bare knees, repeating her prayers! She commenced at the altar-piece, and then went round the whole of this huge building, kneeling for some minutes before each picture, in order to say her prayers; and this, we were informed, was a penance she had to perform. Poor deluded creature! it was with difficulty we could even there suppress our indignation against such a soul-destroying system. Take another example. We had it from the clergyman's own lips, who took a part in the transaction. When a boy of twelve years of age, he had a great predilection for *preaching;* consequently he would ever and anon procure the keys of the parish church, and, long after night-fall, betake himself to within its silent walls, where, having first equipped himself in surplice and bands, he would ascend the pulpit, and thence address himself in the most impassioned way to his ideal auditory. It was on one of these occasions, during a moonlight night, the enthusiasm and eloquence of this youthful preacher caught the ear of a by-stander, who, upon tip-toe from one of the graves, peeped through a window, and seeing the surplice-clad stranger, concluded it was none other than a ghost, and made the most precipitate retreat over graves and churchyard wall, until he reached the road and his home. Nor was the youth himself in a much more enviable predicament; for, upon hearing a shout, and discerning a something—he knew not what—at the window, he speedily dismantled and also took to flight, never after to "play the parson." But who was the stranger? None other than one of Rome's poor deluded votaries, who, as a not uncommon penance, was compelled to go at that dread hour to this, a far-distant churchyard, thence to fetch *a skull.* Oh, horrid tyranny! oh, iron-hearted imposers!

And yet, of the supporters and administrators of this vile system, how do multitudes express themselves? How? Take an example of yesterday. Speaking of the Church of Rome, "She is our erring *sister*," said a lady, in a soft, insinuating tone; and who was this lady? The wife of a clergyman of the Church of England, whom report says—and we think not without good reason—has taken her place on the stage that runs between Oxford and Rome; and the sooner she, and all such, reach their destination the better, so that their numbers be not augmented by a contamination of passengers. We know of no better method, as a human means, of "running this coach off the road," than by circulating such a work as that before us; and, therefore, we wish it God-speed!