

THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD,"

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

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SAUL—HIS HISTORY AND ITS TEACHINGS.

WE can readily conceive with what trembling of heart many a reader of this work proceeds to that investigation of character which has, in the last few numbers, engaged our attention. Such feel their own short-comings. They know, by daily experience, that "the good they would they do not; and that the evil which they would not that they do." Hence they feel how little cause *they* have to sit in judgment upon others. Nay, they fear that such a course would only add to their present guilt. They tremble lest it should bring them, in a more marked and decided way, under the admonition: "Judge not, *that ye be not judged*;" they feel that any attempt on their part to scrutinize the conduct of others would only be seeking to pull out "a mote of their brother's eye" whilst they have at the same time "a beam in their own eye." A holy concern about *themselves* diverts them from the consideration of *others*. The one prevailing wish and desire of their heart is to know how *they* stand with God; to realize *their* acceptance in the Beloved; to have the sweet and blessed scriptural assurance that *their* sins are forgiven for His name's sake; and that *they* shall never come into condemnation. We repeat, we can perfectly understand all this; and, though the course we are adopting may not to such appear to be *the* means to that end, yet such is the fact. By comparison with one and another of those whose names and histories are left on record in the word, they may, under the precious power and teaching of the Holy Ghost, be led to see wherein *they* differ from those who have not the marks and evidences of Divine love and grace, and wherein they do resemble those who are taught of the Lord. And, before we pass on, we may just remark, that however ready a poor, anxious, Spirit-quickened soul may be to "write bitter things against himself," yet one of the sweetest proofs and evidences of Divine quickening is, the being brought into an earnest, seeking, inquiring frame. It shows most sweetly the change from that state of apathy and indifference—yea, spiritual death—in which previously such—and indeed, all, without exception, by nature—are found.

Let, then, the inquiring reader not be discouraged, much less dismayed, as we proceed, in a simple looking to the Lord, to consider those points in Saul's character which go to prove that he was not a subject of Divine grace, and, consequently, not a saved soul.

Turn with us, therefore, beloved reader, to the 16th chapter of the 1st book of Samuel: "And the Lord said unto Samuel, How long wilt thou mourn for

Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel? Fill thine horn with oil, and go; I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite: for I have provided me a king among his sons. And Samuel said, How can I go? if Saul hear it, he will kill me." "*He will kill me.*" Hence, notwithstanding the love that Samuel had, naturally, for Saul, and though he had so murmured before the Lord, on account of His having rejected him from being king, yet he had, at the same time, so little confidence in him—yea, he so clearly perceived, that, notwithstanding all his professed regret at having sinned, he was under an influence at the same time, that would satiate itself in nothing less than *murder*. He would lift up his hand even to destroy him whom he knew to be the Lord's servant. And this, we conceive, Samuel foresaw, as highly probable, not as the effect of a mere temporary and angry impulse upon the part of Saul, but as the fruit and effect of a certain permanent evil influence which had taken possession of him. We believe it was given the prophet clearly to see what is recorded in the 14th verse of this same chapter, that "an evil spirit from the Lord troubled [margin, terrified] him." He was under the dominion of a graceless, thankless, angry, revengeful spirit. He was left to himself—left to the natural tendency and inclining of his own poor, fallen, and depraved condition as a son of Adam—the offspring of a corrupt stock. This, therefore, would be the natural consequence; and, but for the restraining power of God, such would be the condition of men universally. It is Jehovah, and He alone, who subdues, restrains, and holds most mercifully in check the evil tempers, revengeful desires, and vile inclinations of men. Otherwise, this, our poor, fallen world would be nothing better than one vast slaughter-house.

As we pass on, we shall discern proof upon proof, that this evil spirit had now permanent possession of Saul; that, whatever mercies he might have received of the Lord, through the instrumentality of David, such was his envy—such the jealousy which now fired his heart, through his having been superseded by him—that in spite of the positive declaration of Jehovah's will, and notwithstanding his own lawful conviction that nothing could defeat Jehovah's purpose, yet he sought, instead of really humbling himself before God, to do all in his power to frustrate the Lord's revealed intentions.

Well does one say, when writing upon this subject, "Envy at the good of others, and malice, wishing them evil, is a deep pollution of spirit. This absolutely alienates men from the nature and life of God, for the clearest conception that we have of the Deity is that He is good, and does good. This is not only contrary to supernatural grace, but to natural conscience, and turns a man into a *devil*. This vice is immediately attended with its punishment. The envious man is his own torment or. 'Envy slayeth the silly one' (Job. v. 2); 'Envy is the rottenness of the bones'" (Prov. xiv. 30).

In that fearful catalogue of sin and evil which the Apostle gives at the close of the 1st chapter of his epistle to the Romans, he has placed the sin of *envy* immediately before that of *murder*, as though the former were the guilty parent of the latter. This, we repeat, was strikingly evidenced in Saul; for, although he did not succeed in the accomplishment of his murderous intentions, his defeat arose not from disinclination on his part, but absolutely and entirely of Jehovah's delivering mercy on behalf of His servant David.

Reader, we can scarcely conceive of a more humbling picture than that introduced at the close of the 16th chapter of the 1st of Samuel. *A king* is thus accosted by his servants: "Behold now, an evil spirit from God troubleth thee. Let our Lord now command thy servants, which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player on an harp: and it shall come pass when the evil

spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well. And Saul said unto his servants, Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring him unto me."

Now the fact of Saul having "loved David greatly," places his after-conduct in the more serious light: it proves envy to be the greater sin; and how well may the whole circumstances, with respect to both Saul and David, inspire the reader (however lowly his position) with a spirit of thankfulness, if so be the Lord has given him a contented mind—or, if he has it not, prompt him to seek such a spirit from the Lord:—

"From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee."

After the marvellous deliverance which Jehovah had wrought, on behalf of Saul and the people of Israel, through the instrumentality of David, particulars of which are given in the 17th chapter of the 1st book of Samuel, it is stated, in the sixth verse of the next chapter, "And it came to pass, as they came, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet king Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands. And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom? And Saul eyed David from that day and forward. And it came to pass, on the morrow, that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house: and David played with his hand, as at other times: and there was a javelin in Saul's hand. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice. And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul."

Now here was the secret. Saul was aware of that fearful change that had come over him; his conscience testified that the Lord had withdrawn Himself from him, and, as a consequence, not only an envious, but a murderous, spirit possesses him. He was a wretched—a most miserable—man from that day forward; and his object was, in spite of the remonstrance of Jonathan—of his servants—of his own checks of conscience, to destroy David. Upon this his heart was set; to this the whole tenor of his thoughts was directed; and, throughout his after-course, with scarcely the most transient deviation, Saul's one end and aim was the gratification of his own murderous design; not merely for the destruction of David, but in order, if possible, to defeat Jehovah in His positive declaration as to the successorship to the throne of Israel.

See, reader, the depth and duplicity by which Saul sought to carry into effect his depraved and diabolical designs: "And Saul said to David, Behold, my elder daughter Michal, her will I give thee to wife: only be thou valiant for me, and fight the Lord's battles: for Saul said, *Let not mine hand be upon him, but let the hand of the Philistines be upon him.*" David, in his simplicity and lowliness of heart, remonstrates, "Who am I? and what is my life, or my father's family in Israel, that I should be son-in-law to the king?" "And Saul said, I will give him her that she may be a snare unto him, and that the hand of the Philistines may be against him. Wherefore Saul said to David, Thou shalt this day be my son-in-law in the one of the twain."

Then Saul suggests to his servants to commune with David—to urge him for-

ward; and, upon his still so modestly objecting to entertain the thought of becoming a king's son-in-law, Saul directs his servants that they should say—"The king desireth not any dowry, but an hundred foreskins of the Philistines, to be avenged of the king's enemies. *But Saul thought to make David fall by the hand of the Philistines.*"

How fearful is the consideration of all this treachery and deceit upon the part of Saul. What a return this for the noble part David had played with Goliath of Gath and the Philistine hosts.

David not only complied with the terms proposed by Saul, but doubles the number of enemies whose foreskins Saul had demanded. Thus again defeated in his murderous designs with respect to David, he had the clearer proof that the Lord was on David's side. Hence it is stated, that "Saul saw and knew that the Lord was with David, and that Michal, Saul's daughter, loved him. And Saul was yet the more afraid of David; and *Saul became David's enemy continually.*"

Still restless and dissatisfied to the last degree, we find, in the opening of the next chapter, that Saul gave positive directions to Jonathan, his son, and to his servants, that they should "kill David." It did not suffice that the latter had complied, and more than complied, with all the conditions which had been submitted to him; that, as a matter of necessity, he had given him his daughter to wife; that he had become his son-in-law; that both Michal, his daughter, and Jonathan, his son, loved David; yea, of the latter it is said, that he "delighted much in David;" yea, more, Saul himself loved David. But all this would not suffice. Hence it is evident that Saul was prompted not so much upon merely natural or human grounds, as upon a devilish, hell-inspired commission to oppose Jehovah, and, if possible, to frustrate His covenant purpose and declared will and design. Herein consisted Saul's sin in its prominence and heinousness. It was a perception of this in Saul that led the prophet, in a little earlier stage of his history, to say to him, "Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry."

Reader, how beautiful is the contemplation of Jehovah's interposing hand, as shown in regard to the person of Jonathan, and his so pure and unselfish advocacy of David. In both the one and the other, how sweetly and strikingly is seen the Lord's ability to help, and His readiness to interfere, on behalf of His oppressed and endangered ones. No difficulty can be too great for Him to compass; no circumstances too critical; no obstacles, or lets, or hindrances, the which He cannot overcome. And how sweet to view His wisdom, and love, and faithfulness, and power—taking up the apparently hopeless, yea, desperate cause of his servants, and working so sovereignly, yet so effectually and so blessedly, by the most unlikely of instruments and the simplest of means. Oh, reader, do *you* know anything of it? Have you proved it by blessed, and happy, and heartfelt experience, realising so sweetly and so blessedly the truth of Jehovah's word, "Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee?" "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; and will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him." Oh, how sweet to be reproached and maligned for the truth's sake, if only to see the Lord, in His own time and in His own way, taking up the cause, and advocating and defending it in His wise and wonder-working way, bringing forth His servants to the light, that they may "declare His righteousness." Of how many of the precious Psalms of David should we be deprived but for this tried, but intensely profitable experience, which David had had with respect to Saul.

Now, reader, look at the wisdom and tenderness which was manifested in

Jonathan in regard to his conferences with both David and Saul. "But Jonathan Saul's son delighted much in David: and Jonathan told David, saying, Saul my father seeketh to kill thee: now therefore, I pray thee, take heed to thyself until the morning, and abide in a secret place, and hide thyself: and I will go out and stand beside my father in the field where thou art, and I will commune with my father of thee; and what I see, that will I tell thee. And Jonathan spake good of David unto Saul his father, and said unto him, Let not the king sin against his servant, against David; because he hath not sinned against thee, and because his works have been to thee-ward very good: for he did put his life in his hand, and slew the Philistine, and the Lord wrought a great salvation for all Israel: thou sawest it, and didst rejoice: wherefore then wilt thou sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause? And Saul hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan: and Saul sware, As the Lord liveth, he shall not be slain."

Here again is another proof that Saul's antagonism to David was not upon merely human or natural grounds; neither was it till "the evil spirit" again took possession of Saul that he renewed his efforts to destroy David—and how desperate those efforts were! He first seeks "to smite David even to the wall with the javelin;" then he "sends messengers unto David's house, to watch him, and to slay him in the morning." Again, he sends messengers, saying, "Bring him up to me in the bed (it having been reported to Saul that David was sick) that I may slay him"—so void was Saul of all feeling, and so bent was he upon the utter destruction of David.

Reader, space forbids enlargement, more especially as we have already dwelt at a somewhat considerable length upon this history. If you read the next few chapters, you will see how repeatedly Saul renewed his attempts to destroy David. At one time he declares to Jonathan that David should "*surely die*;" and, upon his remonstrating, Saul "casts a javelin at him to smite him." He would thus not only have destroyed David, but his own son also. At another time we find Saul "took three thousand chosen men out of all Israel, and went to seek David and his men upon the rocks of the wild goats." And again, notwithstanding all his previous pretensions, we find that "Saul arose, and went down to the wilderness of Ziph, having three thousand chosen men of Israel with him, to seek David in the wilderness of Ziph."

The last and most conclusive evidences which we would bring before the reader, in proof that Saul was wholly destitute of saving grace, are his "consulting the witch of Endor," particulars of which are given in the 28th chapter; and, in the pride of his heart, dying by his own hand, as shown in the opening of the 31st chapter.

Reader, as we have endeavoured to show, Saul's history is replete with instruction, and suggestive of the deepest searching of heart, seeing in how many respects he resembled a child of God. The Spirit of the Lord came upon (not into) him, and he was "turned into another man;" but he was not "created anew in Christ Jesus," and hence he came not within the compass of the declaration, "If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, and, behold, all things are become new." Though "God gave him another heart," it was not that "new heart" which God, by Ezekiel and other prophets, promised to bestow: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." Being in possession of this new heart, David exclaims, in the 51st Psalm, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

Because he had the "new heart," he cried more fervently for "a clean heart." Not so Saul. He was proud, and selfish, and envious. Hence he neither possessed nor knew aught of the workings of the "pure heart" (Ps. xxiii. 4); the perfect heart (Ps. ci. 2); the upright heart (Ps. vii. 10); the singleness of heart (Acts i. 14); the broken and the contrite heart (Ps. li. 17), the which, by the Psalmist, the Lord has declared He will "not despise."

Reader, is your language—

"O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me!

"A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

"A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;

Bedminster, Oct. 17.

Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

"A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

"Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart—
Come quickly from above!
Write Thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new, best name of LOVE!"

THE EDITOR.

ELECTION—WHAT AND WHENCE IS IT?—II.

GLAD I am my friend has been led to see, and feel interested in, that great Gospel truth, the doctrine of Election. Is not this the prolific root of all the difference that has been made between those spirits which stand in their original purity, and those who left their first estate, and are reserved in chains of darkness? Are not the former called "elect angels?" and are they not also called "principalities and powers?" And is not the Christ of God called "the Head of all principality and power?" Was it not election that held them to their Head, Christ? while those who were not elected, they all fell; and as they were not, before they fell, predestinated to inherit a higher estate beyond that which they fell from, therefore it was that no Redeemer or redemption was provided for them; so that they are lost, to be found no more for ever.

Now, friend, is not Jesus to elect angels the Head of preservation? and to elect men is He not the Head of restoration to a higher state than that of their first creation? for, being by the good pleasure of God the Father's will, predestinated to the adoption of children to inherit Himself as their portion, therefore out of every kindred,

tongue, people, and nation, are they not by Jesus Christ redeemed unto God? And can those be redeemed out of whom these are redeemed?

Those spirits who are lost hate election, and prompt men to hate and vilify it; but they do not hate it because they want an interest, yet are excluded from an interest in it, nor because they want that blessedness which election has secured their former associates, in the everlasting enjoyment of, but because they find it mighty to uphold, and invincible to keep from being drawn into their confederacy, and so to ruin, as they strove, the whole angelic assembly. Also they know that upon whomsoever election is pitched, these shall never come into their condemnation. And they know this on the dark side, themselves being eternal monuments in confirmation of this truth; while on the bright side, them who fell not, these are demonstrative monuments of the same truth.

Come, friend—Do angels elect despise election? Do they quarrel, one with the other, about that which has been their stay, and to which they are so deeply indebted? Do they throw hard words one at another for speaking of, glorifying and magnifying the

Lord's election? Do they despise the Lord (as I have heard some men), and say that God did not elect any to stand; but those who stood, they stood from and by the inherent power of their own free-will; for, if their standing had been from and by election, then towards those who fell the Lord must have been unjust in consigning them to endless perdition? Oh! election, election is one of those wondrous things of grace that the angels desire to look into, particularly as it relates to themselves. Does not this furnish them with matter for endless thanksgiving? Do they not see and own what it was that preserved them? and are they not constrained to acknowledge, that had they not been pavilioned by election, but left upon their own bottom and to their own care, what their former companions had done, in the very nature of things they should have done, because they who fell were not inferior to them who stood; indeed, if it is warrantable to venture a supposition, they were superior, for some of them are called princes, and principalities, and powers.

But we will pass on to Christ and His Church. Was not Jesus the Father's Servant, and was He not made His Servant to carry out the purposes of His love and grace? Was He not called in righteousness to be the Lord our Righteousness?—given for a covenant to the people of His pasture and sheep of His hand?—a light of the Gentiles, that salvation light might shine upon and into them? And how, I ask, did Jesus come to be for these high and mighty ends? Was it not by election? If not, why should the Father call to us with a "Behold my Servant, whom I uphold; mine Elect, in whom my soul delighteth?" If Christ had not, by pure election, been made the Servant of Jehovah the Father, to serve Him in the special election services of justice-satisfying and law-magnifying redemption and righteousness for persons elected in His election who should stand in need of those soul services,

how could the Father say of Him with a certainty, "*He shall, He shall:*" as it is written, "He shall bring forth judgment (or salvation) to the Gentiles; He shall bring forth judgment unto truth," or 'unto victory,' over sin, death, hell, and the grave." "He shall not fail, nor be discouraged till he hath set judgment in the earth;" or set up the kingdom of God in the soul, which before was wholly earthly in all its pursuits. Again, is it not this elect Servant, in whom the Father saith His soul delighteth, who is speaking in another portion, and saith, "I was set up (by the Father) from everlasting, or ever the earth was. Then was I by Him, rejoicing always before Him; rejoicing in the habitable parts of the earth; and my delights were with the sons of men?"

Note, friend—Did God the Father, in election, make and set up Christ to be His Servant, and did He daily delight in Him as His Servant? and was Christ, as Servant, always rejoicing before Him, and delighting in the sons of men? then must not these sons of men be included in the same electing love as Himself? Again, I say, if it were by election love that Jesus was made the Father's Servant, and this Servant His soul's delight, then must not that act which made Him to be such a delightful Servant be also dear to your heart and mine, when we see that he served for us?

If the Lord has blessed us with the gift of that faith which is called "the faith of God's elect," will this faith despise its parentage? rather will not this faith honour it? All faith, that bears not the image and superscription of sovereign election in its features, is it anything more than a notion floating in the imagination?

You say that election maketh the Lord to be, or appear to be, cruel. But to whom is He cruel? Can you charge Him with cruelty towards those who reject His counsel, and, if they could, would make that to wither which

is the efficient root of all the difference that ever has been, or ever shall be, between man and man? as it is written and wrought out in the soul by the Holy Ghost, "The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." Yes, and the blinded ones are in love with their blindness. Is the Lord, I ask, cruel to those? But I again ask, can my friend be so bewitched as to quarrel with that which is the source of his being made to feel himself a poor, lost sinner, and begetting in his soul a hope that all the curses due to him as a law-breaker were executed upon Jesus, who for him was made by the Father sin, that He might be made the righteousness of God in Him? Had it not been for election, depend upon it, you never would have been made to feel and know the first, so as to fit you for feeling and knowing the other—no, nor even *desiring* to feel it. This, I say, grows out of your election of God.

There is not the least semblance of cruelty in election, because to elect is to love, and to love is to elect, for loving and electing are synonymous, and mean one and the same thing. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love" is of the same import as "I have chosen thee with an everlasting choice;" so that love is election. And this is confirmed in Romans ix. 13: "As it is written, Jacob have I loved." And this loving, in the 11th verse, is called election; and this love, or election, being from everlasting, and the purpose of God being according, or in proportion to, or in conformity with this love, therefore His purpose must stand.

All whom the Father loved are His chosen ones, because His loving is choosing. Some tell us the Lord chose because he loved; or loved and then chose. Now, if this had been the case, then love must have been the cause of His choosing. And here I am compelled to ask a question: If love were the cause of His choosing, what, then, was the cause of His loving? Was it essentially from the necessity of His

nature, He being love; as it is written, "God is love?" His will, then, had no hand in the matter; for whatsoever is done from necessity of nature is wholly independent of the will. But the Lord loving and being gracious, is it not made to be wholly dependent upon His own will? as it is written, "I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious." Loving or choosing is but one act, pitched upon those persons Himself willed it should be pitched upon—His will governing and directing that act. I am, and I do many things from sheer necessity; not so the Lord; for whatsoever He is to His people, does for, or gives to them, it is all under the direction of His will; and this is the Holy Ghost's own testimony of the Father, "Who worketh all things (not after the will of His counsel, but) after the counsel of His own will." It was His will that sat in counsel, and determined, settled, arranged, and ordered all things in relation to Christ and His people, both in grace and providence.

Moses, in Deut. vii. 6, saith, "God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself;" and, in the next verse, he calls this choosing a setting of His love upon them. And as the Lord, if He loves, must love purely from within Himself, as He cannot be moved to love by anything without Himself, for none but Himself can command His own love, nor can there be, without Himself, any motive found why He should love any; therefore, as He loves of and from Himself, He loves when He will, who, and how He will.

Is there anything, then, in love to make my friend start? does it not comprise everything that is endearing within itself? Have I not heard you quote the words, "We love Him, because He hath first loved us?" Little did you think the meaning to be, we love or choose Him because he hath first loved or chosen us. Depend upon it, my friend, that what the Lord loves, and whom He loves, He chooses; and

sure I am that no other answer can be given to the question of the Lord's loving but this: He loves because He will love; it was His will that cast it.

I say again, that what the Lord loves He chooses, and He chooses what He loves. This is not exactly the case with us, only in one form: what we love we are sure to choose; and, in loving, we choose, although we cannot love, when, whom, what, and how we choose; therefore, if it is said of the Lord, "Yea, He loved the people," it also is said, "Yea, He hath chosen the people."

Election, my friend, puts no stumbling-block in the way of a poor sinner who feels his lost condition, but rather removes the stumbling-block, when preached as spiritually revealed in the soul by the Holy Ghost. Let us trace out that which passeth between the Lord and the soul of that poor sinner to whom eyes of understanding are given to comprehend this endearing truth, and indulging the poor creature with a sight and knowledge of his eternal election of God, unfolding in the soul's experience what is meant by "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction;" or I have manifested in the furnace of affliction that I have chosen thee, according as it is promised—"I will bring the third part through the fire; they shall call on my name, and I will hear them; I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God," who hath in election made us His people.

But you may say, if chosen in the furnace of affliction, with what, and how, is the chosen one afflicted? Ah, my friend, the man, like you, has been, and is afflicted, by and with his own thoughts, the Holy Ghost secretly possessing him with thoughts like these: "What a poor, worthless wretch I am! O my ways and doings, how I hate them! not only so, but I hate and abhor myself because of my doings; and I greatly fear that my gloomy thoughts and feelings are a sure intima-

tion that the Lord hates me, and well He may. Company is a burden to me; the things in which I formerly found pleasure are distasteful to me. The wrath of God, burning against sin and sinners, fills my thoughts, more or less, day and night. I have tried to find and produce in myself a something good, that would encourage me to think and judge favourably of my state in the sight of God; but, alas! the more I strive—yes, and pray too—for the Lord to give me those kind of sights and feelings by which I might be pleased with myself, the deeper I am carried into discoveries that I am all as an unclean thing, and mine iniquities, like the wind, carry me away; in consequence of which I find more numerous and enlarged reasons for hating myself as an odious thing. Then, I think again, if I feel and see such cogent reasons for hating myself, and all that is of myself, must not the Lord, then, hate me with a damnation hatred, who is so pure and so holy? Again, I think, the Lord is bound to hate me, according to the truth and tenor of His holy law, which I have violated. And again, my soul is pierced with the thought that the Lord must of necessity hate me, and cast me away from His presence."

In this furnace every redeemed sinner must lie, enwrapped in the pelting, sweltering flames of the fiery law's produced burning thoughts—and burning thoughts they are—until the Holy Ghost is pleased, in mercy, to possess the soul with another train of thought, and a little—if not the very words, yet the spirit—of these portions flows into his soul: "I have loved thee, chosen thee, and not cast thee away." Where this new train of thoughts came from, or who produced them, is a mystery to him; but the dear trembler feels that he is led out into a new train of meditation. And now the things relating to the Lord's love and mercy, as well as his own misery, engage his attention, and these

things are gradually opened up to his soul, and a solemn confession like the following is made:—"Oh, how wonderful it is that I am spared, and have not, ere now, been cast into hell! I have despairing thoughts, but I am not wholly swallowed up with them, as I most righteously have deserved. How is this? Am I not supported by a secret something which I do not command, and over which I have no control? And what can it be for? Has the Lord compassion in reversion that He intends to bestow upon me? He says, 'I have loved thee;' but then I am afraid I am not the person of whom these words are spoken; for how can I be loved of God while I hate myself? And I am confident of this, that if the Lord has not loved me before, He cannot begin to love me now, because I am a sinner. Had the Lord loved me before I was a sinner, I now see His love can be drawn out towards me now I am a sinner; because His love is wise, and can devise ways and means of continuing his love to me, even when dead in trespasses and sins, by laying His hand upon Jesus, the man of His right hand, and making His soul an offering for sin. This, I am satisfied, has by love been done for some; but I want the Lord the Spirit in my heart, to bear witness that it hath been done for me; without this, my soul can find no rest or peace. It is true I can see in the distance that love, in thus loving poor sinners, has not only not disgraced itself, or dishonoured the truth of those awful threatenings of the broken law, but, in this way of loving, love wins the highest praise and glory that it can win.

"The Lord hath said, 'I have not cast thee away.' Why (says the afflicted one) the Lord might have cast me away, but He has not. And why hath He not cast me away? Is it because He hath chosen me? for I see it is them who are chosen that are not cast away. Oh, then, what a momentous matter in salvation is the doctrine of God's ever-

lasting choice! who but a fool would despise it?

"How surprising it is to me that I should be led to see a beauty in that which, until now, was hateful. As it is said of the Head of election, so to me election was without form, comeliness, and beauty, for me to desire any knowledge of it, acquaintance with it, or interest in it. But now, my soul's desire is brought into a sweet union with the Psalmist, and his cravings are mine—"That I may see the good (or blessedness) of thy chosen;" for to me it is as evident as if written with a beam of the sun, that they, and only they, are the blessed people whom God hath chosen. But, ah! I should never have seen and known this had I not been brought into this furnace of affliction.

"And may I not, for the honour of the Spirit's teaching and leading, conclude that there is in my soul a hidden root that is of God, through and to Him; and that in me the Lord is showing that abounding grace which there is in Jesus Christ for me. Oh! that I had the same inward witness which Paul had, that I might join in rich harmony with him in singing, 'He hath loved me, and given Himself for me.'"

But how, or why, were these thoughts and cravings put into my soul? for put in they must have been, as I find but few among men who have such thoughts, and there was a time when I had them not. Are these feelings and thoughts of and from the Lord? Are they marks of the Lord's discriminating favour? I am afraid of presuming by hoping that they are. Oh, would the Lord the Spirit be in me as the Spirit of assurance!

In this way the tempest-tossed soul pants after and for the living God; and in due time the seal of the Spirit is given, and this enlarges the heart. And now a deeper and more profound reverential awe grasps all the powers of the soul, and the upheaving thoughts roll with—"I am a

hateful wretch! I tremble at myself, and in myself am lost! Has not the Lord more reasons to hate me than tongue can tell, or thought conceive? and yet He hath said, 'I have loved thee.' And do I not feel an overpowering majesty in those words, which constrain me to say in reply, 'Yea, the Lord hath loved me.' The Lord hath every reason to reject me, and make my cravings all a blank, and yet He saith, 'I have chosen, and not cast thee away.' 'Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth, for the Lord hath done it!'

"I who deserve no place but hell,
No portion but devouring fire—
I shall one with his children dwell,
Possessed of all I now desire."

"How came this about, that I should be brought to see and know Jesus for myself, and that He died for me? Was it because I was chosen to salvation by His death? It was—oh, it was! for what beside election could have borne the weighty load of managing matters so that Jesus should not die as a fool dies, by throwing away His life without securing to Himself an adequate compensation? Electing love be praised! it was this which settled for whom Jesus should lay down His life, and shed His precious blood to redeem them to God; and that it should not be shed in vain, and to no profit, to make devils laugh.

"Election! oh, election! how much I owe to this! It is to this one act of

God the Father's love I owe my right and title to Jesus Christ, and all of Him and His, and my joint heirship with Him is immutably secured by it. How I feel my spirit standing in awe of God, under soul-solemnizing views of love, in this its first going forth, as the Holy Ghost hath said, 'from of old, from everlasting.' In sight of this sovereign, God-like act of choosing love, like David, I am constrained to sit before the Lord, and rejoice with trembling.

It is in this way all the redeemed are taught election. When it is only book-taught and learned, then the spirit is rough, hard, haughty, and unfeeling; but when taught and learned in the furnace of affliction, it fills the soul with reverence, not haughtiness; adoring wonder, not frothiness and carelessness; bowels of compassion, not churlishness; it adorns the man with humbleness of mind, called a being "clothed with humility;" for God resisteth the proud, but hath graciously said that He will look to that man who trembleth at His word—yes, the man who trembleth at His word of election.

"In part I've drawn the likeness true,
Not as vain fancy paints;
May Christ such honour give to you
He gives to all His saints."

So prays your friend,

THE OLD PILGRIM.

Bedminster.

BE NOT WEARY.

CHRIST continued working while He continued living. His life and labour ended together. He fainted not in His last work. Nay, the greatest work He ever did in this world was His last work. Oh, be like Christ in this; be not weary of well-doing. Give not over the work of God while you can move hand or tongue to promote it.

And see that your last works be more than your first. Oh, let the motions of your soul after God be, as all natural motions are, swiftest when nearest the centre. Say not it is enough, while there is any capacity of doing more for God. In these things, Christians, be like your Saviour.—*Flavel.*

THANKFULNESS AND THANKSGIVING.

LUTHER used to say, "I would rather fall with Christ than stand with Cæsar;" *i.e.*, I would rather have the poorest and meanest earthly portion *with* Christ—buffetings, trials, humiliations—with the assurance of His favour and love, than have the smiles of prosperity, the riches, honours, ambitions of earth without Him. "Is not the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?" (Judges viii. 2.) If you have God for your portion, you may have worldly cares, vexations, anxieties; but you can rise above all these in the conscious possession of this noblest of heritages. David had the "but" in his earthly condition—the crook in his lot to the very last. It shaded mournfully his latter days; it put a tear in his eye when he sang his death-song. But, dashing his tear away, his dying words were thankful ones; and thus he voiced his closing hymn of thankfulness:—"Although my house be not so with God, yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure;

this is all my salvation and all my desire."

Is it not too evident, however, that where there should be this full-voiced hymn of thankfulness for mercies, there is often nothing but the reverse? In the case of temporal blessings, even when our cup is overflowing with good, something has crossed us, something has smitten our gourd; and, like Jonah, we wrap ourselves up in our selfish and unreasonable grief, uttering the querulous plaint, "I do well to be angry." How many a life becomes thus self-embittered and ruined; no energy, no zest for work—plodding on sick at heart, wearing out thought and brain with vain regrets. And, when God's mercies come, like birds, to the windows of our souls, sit on the sills, singing their joyous notes, and trying to wake a responsive melody in us, we put shutters on the windows, we draw down the blinds of unthankfulness, and the birds flee away; we lose their sweet warbling through our own perverse ingratitude.—*J. R. Macduff, D. D.*

LOVE'S REMEMBRANCES.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote the following lines on the death of our beloved minister, the Rev. F. H. Sewell, last year. If you think that they are at all suitable for the Magazine, you can insert them.

Yours affectionately, in the Lord,
T. B. LANE.

IN MEMORIAM.

He's gone to rest, his work is done,
His Saviour's voice has bid him rise;
The goal is reached, the prize is won—
His Master's smile in Paradise.
His love-spent life has passed away,
He's perfect in heaven above;

Would we defer his joy a day,
And thus require a life of love?

"'Tis man proposes"—so he said—
"But God disposes for the best;"
His dying precept should be laid,
Upon our aching heart's unrest.

The eye of faith can pierce the cloud,
That seems to hide the rising dawn;
Its ear can catch the trumpet loud—
Shout of the resurrection morn.

Around the King will then be seen,
Our absent friends who've gone before—
A "little while" shall intervene,
Ere, one in Him, we part no more.
Lindfield. T. B. L.

WE may be pleased whilst walking in our own ways; but we can only be safe whilst walking in God's ways.

SERMON DELIVERED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS,
IN ZION CHAPEL, WATERLOO ROAD.

“*And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a lamb as it had been slain.*”—REV. v. 6.

[Those who remember Zion Chapel and its preacher, in and after the year 1841, will clearly trace both his spirit and his language in the following sermon. There are numberless precious souls now in heaven, and many journeying onward and homeward through the wilderness, who will, through eternity, bless God for what they heard and felt in Zion Chapel, Waterloo Road. We believe it was there that man of God was, so to speak, in the very prime of his ministry. However men might fall out about words and phrases—peculiarity of style or what not—it was there was found a power—an unction—a dew, that could but endear the preacher to the tried and sorrowful. His watchword was “*Christ!*”—his love-note “*Jesus only.*” Some who understood him not might at times charge Mr. TRIGGS with being uncouth. To the mere pharisee or formal professor he would deal with an unsparing hand; but with the poor babe—the lisping—the trembling—the tried—the sin-burdened—the Satan-buffeted, who more anxious to soothe, to cheer, to pour into the broken heart, of the oil and the wine of Divine consolation, than the beloved, though often despised ARTHUR TRIGGS? He and his loved Mary have gone to their rest. They realize now for themselves all the blessedness of those Divine verities upon which it was his delight to dwell. Many of his words—much of his tenderness—have an abiding in our heart that neither time nor others’ prejudices can ever uproot. Mr. TRIGGS had his peculiarities, and who has not? He had his weaknesses and infirmities, and who has not? His frailty consisted in an over-carefulness for the future welfare of his children, and what parent cannot make allowance for this? In spite of the greatness of his faith in other respects, he seemed to lack faith in regard to leaving the claims of his large family more entirely with his God: *he* would seem to want to see and personally to make provision for them. It was here he failed; here the ministry of his latter days was in measure marred. But all this carries

with it a telling lesson to the family of God; it testifies of how men of strong faith, in some respects, may lack it in others. In it how clearly is to be traced the effects of Divine sovereignty, giving to some men a simple, childlike trust and confidence here, and to others there; but in each and all causing some “thorn in the flesh” to furnish them with a perpetual errand to the throne of grace.

Dear departed friend, whatever these thy infirmities were whilst on pilgrimage, they have vanished—and that for ever—now! Thy God owned and blessed thy labours in no ordinary degree. All we can desire for ourselves and others is much of that spirit of love and tenderness which possessed thee, and a large measure of that love to the person of Christ, and insight into the hidden mysteries of the kingdom, with which thou wert privileged.

We take this opportunity of stating, that, as we are informed, Mr. Samuel Triggs (son of the above late esteemed Minister) is about to publish an album Portrait of his beloved father, which may be had (post-free for 13 stamps) by applying to him, at 8, Milton Terrace, Stoke Newington, London. We hope that this Portrait may have a large sale. We also take this same opportunity of stating, that two of Mr. Triggs’s daughters are (according to a recent advertisement on the cover of this Magazine) anxious to obtain situations in some respectable families. We shall be truly glad if this little notice should prove a means of their succeeding in the attainment of their object.—ED.]

PAUL, by the Holy Ghost, sweetly points Him out to the Church, and saith, “Such an High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, and undefiled; separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens.” Now do you live in a sweet acquaintance with Jesus as your High Priest? for without a knowledge of Him as our High Priest, it is impossible we can know anything of the atonement, redemption, and the

salvation accomplished by Him. Nor is this all; but He is an High Priest entered into the holiest, and there to appear before the presence of God, to make intercession for us. And there is something singular in the remark, and I would have you take notice of it, that John saith, "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour." I am not going to trouble myself about how long or how short God's half hours are, but there is a particular secret developed in the mercy, that whenever the high priest under the law entered into the holiest of all, every Israelite that stood outside was as silent as the grave; and so when Christ entered into the holiest by His own blood, every tongue was silent till He came out in the manifestation of His love. As we are as much interested in it as John was, let us ponder this subject over; that when He came forth John fell at His feet as dead, "And He laid His right hand on me, saying, Fear not." Now, wherever you go, whatever is your position, or whatever may be your circumstances, the sweet "Fear not" of our most glorious Christ will be sure to meet you; it matters not how you may be exercised, you may even be driven to your wits' end, but there it stands, and He will never withdraw it, and, bless God, we can never forfeit it. I know this will appear strange language to some professors, but God's troubled children know the truth of it. "Fear not, I am the First and I am the Last; I am He that liveth." What a sentence, beloved, and what fulness of blessedness there is expressed in it. "*I am He that liveth.*" You have no need then to trouble yourself about death and dying. What does He say in John xiv. 19, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Not *may*—no, no; *you shall*. I was going to say, in the warmth of my heart, it is as impossible for a believer to die any more, as it is for our glorious Christ. It is in this way He endears Himself to my soul, and I dearly love to speak well of His

name. "*I am He that liveth* and was dead." Here is a death blow to death, sin, and Satan; and never will there be a resurrection of them again to the Church. They are dead, and if you realised the preciousness of this truth, you would never be troubling or tormenting yourself about them; for you would go on "rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." I tell you, beloved, it is a secret thing and a peculiar position to be living a believer in the Lord. God never suffers such to live by feeling, but they live in the anticipation of the glory of God. "And have the keys of hell and of death." This is another glorious mercy, and it is an antidote against all our fears of death. *He has the keys of hell and of death*; and this is not all. He has the key of heaven, and He has the key of your heart, and He has the keys to keep you; and all your desires, affections, and life, are locked up in Himself. "And behold I am alive for evermore. Amen." He puts His Amen to it, and He is our Amen, and God's Amen; and He is God's truth and faithfulness. After this revelation He indites the seven epistles that were sent to the seven Churches in Asia. Now, beloved, I do not trouble myself about what position I am in, or which of the states I am in, spoken of concerning these Churches; but we gather from the contents of these epistles that these Churches were fast merging back into Judaism: and, if you take notice of one declaration of Paul to Timothy, I do not think we need trouble ourselves about it—he saith, "All they in Asia have forsaken me." Yet Paul was called to preach the Gospel to them, and all the seven Churches had been established. But God's Church is represented by a candlestick; this candlestick is never destroyed, but God in His pleasure removes it. Why, say you, I thought the minister was the candlestick? Oh no! the Church is the candlestick, and God is the light of it. If you want to have the minister

to be the candlestick, depend upon it you will have darkness in the pulpit as well as in the pew. I speak in love and affection to you, that you may think over the simplicity there is in God's truth. All these Churches were destroyed before John went home to see Him face to face. But let us come a little nearer home and make the inquiry, Do you belong to the Church of God? Are you a member of the body of Christ, and live in heart-felt union with Him? Are you one with Christ, and have redemption in His blood, and salvation in Him? Do you stand complete in Him as it is recorded in the word, and are you justified from all things? for, I assure you, and may the Lord sweetly open it to your minds, for the subject is so precious to my soul, it matters not what may be said, but I love to live—*Jesus only*. In the chapter preceding our text, John saith, "I saw a door opened in heaven." Christ saith, in John x., "I am the door, by me if any man enter in," no matter what sort of a man he is—he may be the greatest infidel that ever lived, or the greatest sinner that ever trod this earth, the most profligate wretch, or the greatest blasphemer—yet, saith Christ, "If any man enter in he shall be saved, and he shall go in and out and find pasture:" he enters into Christ, and the Holy Ghost opens the treasures of grace to him; he lives in heaven and sweetly feeds on the Paschal Lamb; therefore he goes out of himself into the person and fulness of Christ. Now, mark another thing, this door stands in the singular, and, I have no doubt, but some of the olden Jews were much offended by it, for they had always two doors to their fold—a large one to take the sheep and lambs in, and a small one to let them out, for a priest was to stand at the smaller gate to take the tithe of the lambs. But there is no tithe to be taken here, for there is but one door, and those that go in at this door are saved, and pass in under the hands of Him that telleth them, into the very

person and perfection of our most glorious Christ, and there is no little door to get out again. John having seen this door opened, he heard a voice, saying, "Come up hither." Do you think for one moment that John went up into heaven to have the communication made? No; but it is the same when God says to us, Arise; it is that our noble minds may be carried up far above all heavens, where Jesus is exalted. And, saith John, "I heard as if it was the voice of a trumpet;" and this corresponds with Psalm lxxxix. 15, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound;" and notice the analogy as it is stated in Num. x., where the silver trumpets were blown, but the two trumpets were of one piece. I know that ministers think that they blow the trumpet of the Gospel; but I would advise you to watch them very closely when they talk about the truth of God; for, if there is no savour in the ministry, it will be only dry doctrine; for, in the sound of the everlasting Gospel of the grace of God, we have the savour of our atonement by the precious blood of Christ; and the savour of the everlasting riches of God's grace, and salvation by our precious Lord Jesus. John does not attempt to explain what the trumpet sounded; he had some other object and subject to draw off his mind and attention from that, for he saw one sitting on the throne to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone, and a rainbow was round about the throne. Now there is something very singular in the statement, for the jasper was the last stone named that was in the breastplate worn by Aaron—but we find no mention of a sardine there—for the sardine, being red in colour, represents the Gentile sinners redeemed by the blood of Christ. *And the rainbow was round about the throne.* There is no darkness there. Now you never can see the whole of a rainbow, but part of it, and you are always encircled by the arch, and you see the reflection of the bow on the ground, and the ground

partakes of the colour of the bow. Now contemplate your union to Christ—contemplate the blessedness and preciousness there is in Christ—and then repeat God's word with me, as it is written, "Because as He is, so are we in this world."

I cannot be in haste with this glorious subject; to preach the truth of God is my soul's delight, and, if we are interested in the subject, that Christ is all and in all, and the mind is taken up in contemplation of this boundless subject, we shall not only know that we are partakers of Christ, but that we are in oneness of eternal union with the Lamb of God in the midst of the throne. This truth is but very little known, but much scoffed at and ridiculed, but, blessed be God, we know the truth of it; and we will make a few more remarks, that whilst many are troubling themselves about it, we have the mercy that we live in the fulness of it; and, as we are led by the Spirit to compare spiritual things with spiritual, it is a sweet employ to compare the two testimonies, having the eyes of our understanding enlightened; what is recorded in the 2nd chapter of Numbers, and having pondered that well, as God the Holy Spirit shall enable us, proceed to the 4th chapter of the Revelations.

You find there was a tabernacle with the Church in the wilderness—the Levites next the tabernacle, and the Israelites outside. Here Christ is on the throne, the four beasts next, and the four-and-twenty elders next. The tabernacle there was to be taken down; but the tabernacle of God with men not so—for He ever liveth and reigneth, being Jesus Christ the same; and He is the tabernacle that God pitched, and not man, and the Church stands eternally fixed, never to be removed nor destroyed. This is precious! I would have you notice another thing that John saw. "And out of the throne proceeded lightnings, and thunderings, and noises." For a similar circum-

stance I would refer you to Exodus xix. When the Lord came down to Moses, and talked with him on Mount Sinai, there was not only lightnings and thunderings, but there was darkness and a cloud. Here there is none. There, on the hearing of it, the people desired to hear it no more; but not so here—for John hearkened, looked, saw, and heard, he being in the Spirit. And this is the distinction: those that hear the voice of the Son of God will be always asking Him to speak again and again, because the words that He speaks, "they are spirit, and they are life;" but those that were under the law, and what was spoken to them in darkness, the substance of it is beheld by us in the light of the glory of God. Those that are instructed in these sweet truths will bless God, day by day, and will find nothing to puzzle them when reading God's word; but you will be puzzled when you attempt to bring God's word to suit your vain imagination; that is not right, for God's word is spiritual. But here is our mercy, that, when we read God's word, we are enabled to see in every line, in every verse, and in every chapter, that Christ is all and in all, for "to Him gave all the prophets witness;" you will then live above the letter of the word, and will live in the real import of spiritual blessedness in Christ Jesus. But, say you, some parts of the word are certainly literal. Yes, such as these: Saul threw a javelin at David, and Shimei cursed him; Balaam was called to curse Israel; a mixed multitude went up out of Egypt with God's children; and there are many more—as the journeyings of the Israelites; the making of the vessels of the tabernacle and temple, and even the building of the temple; but, if you go no further than that in the importance of the subject, you will get no comfort. I view something beyond all this, as all pointing to the Lamb in the midst of the throne.

(To be continued.)

ONE OF JEHOVAH'S "MIGHTY ACTS."

"It is God that justifieth."—Rom. xiii. 33.

Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord? This question might be put in reference to every field of observation open to human investigation. Shall we ask the astronomer to number the shining orbs that garnish our nocturnal heavens? He is baffled and bewildered. He can tell us of more than eighty millions of suns which his powerful instrument has laid bare to his gaze—suns which no doubt are the centres of systems as vast and magnificent as is our own. But, because the powers of his instrument are spent, shall he say that he has compassed the universe of God? He would not dare to deny but that there might be suns and systems beyond the ken of his instrument as innumerable as those which already have been unveiled by his "philosophic tube." And although thankful that God has conferred the power on man to search out so much of His fair creation, he sinks exhausted, bowed down with the vastness and variety of Jehovah's handiwork, and exclaims, "Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord?" Or, shall we interrogate the man of science who handles the microscope with such delicate skill, laying open by its magic power a busy world in every leaflet and flower, and discovers arrangement and design in the tiniest atom? Shall we commit to him the task of numbering the works of "the only wise God" in this one field of research—of drawing a circle around the creative energy of Jehovah, telling us he had compassed them well? Would he not, with all "the modesty of true science," willingly confess the task beyond his utmost powers, and allow that the works of the Lord are unutterable? And now let us turn to the man whose head has whitened in the way of righteousness; who has spent long vigils in pondering the sacred page of inspiration; whose mind and understanding have been illu-

minated by the true light; whose soul has melted under the shedding abroad of God's love; one who has tasted and handled above his fellows of the Word of Life. Shall we ask this favoured one if he has plumbed the depths, or measured the heights of the love of God?—if he has climbed the summit of His wisdom, power, and faithfulness? Oh, would he not, with meek and subdued countenance, exclaim, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

In the divine utterance which heads this paper, the writer is willing to confess there is such a weight of blessed doctrinal truth, that under it his little mind has staggered. This short sentence contains the whole scheme of redemption, as the seed does the plant, or the bud the flower. The agent, "God;" the objects, the "elect;" and the great work "justifieth," are the three subjects which are involved in this comprehensive statement,—"*It is God that justifieth.*" May the Great Teacher guide the mind and heart of the writer into a few considerations on each of these topics which, through the same divine blessing, may prove profitable to the reader!

I. The great Agent in this work is a Being of infinite glory and purity. He is enthroned in the highest heavens in light unapproachable. His eye is so passing pure that He detects folly in the highest intelligences He has created; and to His holy gaze the very heavens are not clean. How then must fallen man appear?

This glorious Being has an intense hatred of sin; a burning hatred of which we, with our blunted consciences and darkened minds, have but the faintest conception. Sin in its lightest colours, if we may be allowed the ex-

pression, is by Him abhorred and loathed. This abhorrence of sin is such an integral part of His holy nature, that the worship of sinful man, yea, in the very order of God's own appointment, "is iniquity" (marg. grief). "Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble to me: I am weary to bear them" (Isa. i. 13, 14).

Joined with this infinite glory, purity, and burning hatred of sin, we have also the unflinching, unswerving justice of this eternal Agent to contemplate. Without this attribute of justice we might cheerfully give Him the former, and then allow Him to retire in just and righteous abhorrence from this rebellious world, and leave it to follow its sinful course with impunity. But no. The justice of this "Holy One" impels Him to visit with unmeasured wrath the rebellion of our fallen race; and were it not that He found a "Ransom," every rebel to His throne would have fallen a victim to this righteous vengeance. We have solemn illustration of this not only in His word, but in the world around us. Look at the moral degradation of our globe! Behold man benighted, besotted, as with a moral opiate! Hear the wail of physical suffering under the weight of which our race groans! Stand on the battle's gory field! Look on the grief-stricken countenance of the widow! See that forlorn group of orphans! Gaze upon the convulsed countenance of that babe of only a few hours! And then ask, reader, "whence sprung this accumulated woe?" and the answer that inspiration gives is, "By ONE OFFENCE (marg.) death reigned" (Rom. v. 17). What a solemn comment on the justice of the Eternal!

Then there is the omniscience and the omnipotence of Jehovah, which wreath together these aforementioned attributes. For of what avail would be His purity, hatred of sin, and burning justice, had He not an omniscient mind which took cognizance of

every breach of His law? And were He not omnipotent, although acquainted with the sins of His creatures, they might escape unpunished. But the glorious Agent of this great work has an infinite *hatred* of sin; His justice compels Him to *punish* sin; His omniscience *marks every* sin; and His omnipotence clothes Him with *power* to execute *vengeance* on all who are exposed to His wrath.

II. The objects, the "elect." "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth" *them*. But are these "elect" in any way superior by nature to the rest of the fallen race of Adam? By no means. Paul says to the Ephesians, "You hath He quickened who *were dead in trespasses and sins*; wherein in time past *ye* walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience: among whom also *we all had our conversation* in times past, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; and *were by nature the children of wrath even as others*" (Eph. ii. 1, 2, 3). And again, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, when portraying the dark characters of those who shall not inherit the kingdom of God, he adds, "And such were some of you." But we need not wander from the epistle in which stands the sentence we are considering to learn this solemn truth. In the first chapter, ver. 26—31, we have human nature set forth in a darkness that may be felt. True, all are not left to manifest all these gross sins, but the heart of every child of Adam contains the germs of all these abominable evils; and we have melancholy proof in our own day, that when placed in circumstances favourable to their growth, they spring up and bring forth the most pernicious fruit. It might be expected that, with these facts before his face—facts recorded by the pen of inspiration—man would humbly lie at the feet of his offended Sovereign, and supplicate

His mercy. But, alas! this is far from being the case. For, instead of being humble at the feet of God, he is a "proud boaster," and at open enmity against that God who alone can raise him out of the horrible pit into which sin has plunged him. What a dark object this is to put upon the bright back-ground we have endeavoured to draw of the glorious Agent. The universe cannot furnish a wider contrast. Oh, desponding sinner, take courage! for it is objects like these which God justifies. "Is anything *too* hard for the Lord?"

III. The great work—"It is God that JUSTIFIETH." Justification is a legal term, as may be gathered from the question to which the words we are considering is an answer. "Who shall lay anything to the *charge* of God's elect?" that is, who shall arraign them at the bar? "It is God that *justifieth*;" acquits, accounts them just, and deals with them as such. But let us consider this important doctrine a little in detail, for it is one which is woefully misunderstood.

In chap. iii. 24, of this epistle sinners are said to be "justified freely by His grace." Here we have the source from whence justification flows, the free grace of God; for surely there could be nothing to merit it in the black objects we have seen are the recipients of this great blessing. But, although grace is the source of this transcendent blessing, yet we must guard against supposing (which is not an uncommon error) that it is grace or mercy which justifies. It is of vital importance we should ever distinguish between the grace which provides the blessing and the blessing itself.

In this same third chapter, ver. 28, it is stated that "a man is justified by faith." We cannot possibly overrate this grace which the Spirit creates in the soul, and which appropriates this blessing. We are far from agreeing with a popular living writer and preacher, who was pleased to style faith

"the withered hand which lays hold of Christ." On the contrary, we believe it to be the hand made strong by the might of Omnipotence itself; but it is not seldom that faith is substituted for the blessing itself. Hence has sprung that fatal error, which is carrying away many, that faith, if it be only in one's own opinions, saves a man. But faith in the abstract is *not* counted for righteousness.

We have, in chap. v. 9, a most important expression, and with the two former we have noticed, gives us a complete view of justification. "Being justified BY HIS BLOOD;" the term *blood* comprehending the whole work of the Son of God; His perfect obedience to the law; His standing forth as the true scape-goat of His people, to receive upon His devoted head the sins of the whole family of God; and then bearing the indignation of the Almighty due to these sins. This it is which justifies: nothing short of this can.

Grace, free and unmixed, devised this sovereign plan; the only begotten Son "full of grace" came forth in the fulness of time and wrought it out: and now the Holy Ghost works faith in the heart of the needy sinner, which lays hold of the blessing the Father's grace has provided in the person of His Son. Thus we have God, in the Trinity of His persons, unitedly engaged in the justification of the sinner.

But now let us weigh the full force of the apostle's question, which he throws out as a challenge, and this triumphant answer, by which he sets the matter at rest for ever. It is a practice among men who have any litigation, if not satisfied with the decision of an inferior court, to move for an appeal to a higher; but when the highest court in the realm has given its verdict, then the question is set at rest, and no further proceedings can be taken. And thus the apostle challenges heaven, earth, and hell, by asking, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" And FOR EVER he shuts every

accusing mouth by declaring, "It is God that JUSTIFIETH." They have been acquitted at the highest tribunal in the universe, therefore no further charge can be brought against them. The devil may accuse, the world may accuse, conscience may accuse; but, my fellow sinner, if your hope and mine centres in the BLOOD and RIGHTEOUSNESS of the Lamb of God, we shall

find, when called to stand before the "great white throne," that every mouth is stopped; and may now in humble, but strong confidence say—

"Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully through Thee absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and
shame."

Wilford.

BETA.

THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

LUKE i. 10.

"AND the whole multitude of the people were praying without at the time of incense," in the outer court, the court of the Gentiles. There were ten degrees of holiness about the land of Canaan and places in it. The cities were holy, for no leper was allowed to enter them; Jerusalem was the most holy of them all; Moriah the most holy of the hills; the court of the Gentiles more holy than the outer court; the court of the women more holy than the court of the Gentiles, for no proselytes were allowed to enter the court of the women. The court of the men was more holy than the court of the women; the court of the priests more holy than the court of the men: the inner court the holiest of all (Exod. xxx.) The altar of shittim wood overlaid with pure gold to burn the incense upon; the priest to do so every morning and every evening, "a perpetual incense" to burn from morning to evening, and evening to morning. Rev. v. 8: "Golden vials full of odours (incense), which are the prayers of saints." The angel represents Christ offering the incense. Heb. vii. 24: "This man, because He continueth ever." Numb. xvi. 46: "Put on incense and make an atonement. . . . And he stood between the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed." Christ's intercession prevents sin spreading. "Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and galbanum; these sweet spices

with pure frankincense: of each shall there be a like weight: and thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered (salted) together, pure and holy: and thou shalt beat some of it very small, and put of it before the testimony in the tabernacle of the congregation" (Exod. xxx. 34—36). Three principal materials. Stacte was the spontaneous droppings from myrrh; onycha was a small shell found where fragrant herbs grew, and perfumed by them; galbanum (an umbelliferous plant like celery) a gum of an oily nature, like drops; frankincense, white. Salt tends to maintain the perfume, both mixed together. Stacte, "true prayer," simple ejaculations, outpouring of the heart to the Lord in the way of desire, "beaten very small." Abraham's "O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" David's "Help, Lord!" Nehemiah's "So I prayed to the God of heaven, and said to the king." Onycha, "a lion, a roaring lion." Job, "My roarings are poured out like water." Christ Himself groaned in spirit; He knew this onycha. This differs from the other. Galbanum, "milky, oily; that which is according to the word," not always unctuous. So, spiritually, of an unctuous nature, represents the Holy Ghost spiritually and scripturally of equal weight with God. Frankincense, "heartly;" God looks at the heart. Confection, salted by the Holy Ghost, sweetness of savour.

THE JOY OF JESUS.

"In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit." And what was the cause of His joy? for we are not often told He rejoiced. He is spoken of as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," not as a man of joy. Yet amidst all His grief—and He bore it in His appearance and carriage (Isa. lii. 12; Isa. liii. 2; Ps. xxii. 6, 7; Ps. lxix. 19)—yet He had a joy, for we read of the "joy set before Him" (Heb. xii. 2). Now mark the joy, and its character; it was in prospect; it was in anticipation; it was joy set *before* Him. Though full of present sorrow, Jesus had a joy in reserve. For that He lived. And what was it? Why, when He should "see the travail of His soul and be satisfied;" when all the blood-bought family should be gathered around Him. And now He sends His messengers to gather His lilies one by one here below; and then at the last shall have them in one united body assembled round the throne of His glory above. Well, now mark another thing here; if He had joy, it was *spiritual* joy—"Jesus rejoiced in spirit." But we are reminded here of something more—"In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit." How was it before that hour? Mark it well, for it infers much; it seems to speak indirectly as to the nature of the other hours, as hours of sorrow—"a man of sorrows." Well, now, why is it so emphatically recorded "in that hour Jesus rejoiced?" Because the other hours were full of sadness and trouble; like many of your hours, perhaps: an hour's joy, the exception to all the other hours of sadness and gloom. The Lord's people, like the Lord Himself, must have their changes—their *hours* of joy, their *days* of sorrow. How was it with the Lord when tempted of the devil in the wilderness? Was there joy then? How was it with Him in the garden, when He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death?" But He

had His seasons of joy for all that. "Jesus rejoiced in spirit;" it was spiritual joy made Him happy. Now Jesus in all this was the pattern of the Church; and in all this He only showed what His people are when, under divine influence, they, too, rejoice in spirit. Why do you marvel at your sorrows? Look at the body of sin and death you are encased in. Look at your temptations from without and within; see your weakness when left to yourself, and the might and power of your enemies; and is it to be wondered at that you are often in sorrow? And what is sorrow, for the most part, but the fruit of sin? Well, say you, the Lord was a man of sorrow, and yet He had no sin. True, He had no sin in His nature; but He had to do with sin in His office as the Sin-bearer of His Church; and therefore, as the Surety, sin procured His sorrow—not His own sin, but sin imputed to Him, and laid on Him. He was tried in all points as we are. Whence come your sorrows but from your sins? If you had no sin you should have no sorrow; hence no sorrow above, for no sin there. But here sin and sorrow go hand in hand—one the cause, the other the effect. Let us notice the thanks here recorded: "Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, Father, I thank Thee, Lord of heaven and earth," &c. Now this term, Lord, does not mean only Governor, Ruler; but it is *kurios*, Covenant Head, Lord of heaven and earth, as over all in a covenant way. For what had drawn on this ascription of praise? Our Lord's declaration of the adjudgment and final doom of Chorazin, Bethsaida, Tyre, Zidon, and Capernaum; and thence the contrast between His dealings with them and His distinguishing grace to His disciples. "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth." Bethsaida and Chorazin cast down to hell, and

these few disciples loved, chosen, called—their names written in heaven, taught by His Spirit, preserved by His power; and whence this difference? Covenant grace. "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord (*kurios*) of heaven and earth," &c.; and this proved the covenant, and showed its distinguishing character, and that none but those interested in it are amongst the called and quickened family of God. Tyre, Zidon, Bethsaida, Chorazin, Capernaum, all must perish; but God's people shall be saved with an everlasting salvation: and says Jesus, "I thank Thee"—all power Thine—all people Thine. Thou rulest amongst the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth, accomplishing Thine own purposes according to Thine unalterable decrees. "I thank Thee that Thou hast hid these things." Now this was the ground of His thankfulness, that God *concealed* and *revealed*; that as God over all He did both. Now, can you thank the Father thus? "O, Father, that Thou hast hid," &c. Now this was the only time and the only occasion recorded when Jesus rejoiced. But can you thank Him for revealing Himself to you? Do you know Him? Some are far too easy about this point—some take it at second-hand. "Now," says Jesus, "no man knoweth who the Son is but the Father, and who the Father is but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal Himself." None can know Him savingly but by revelation, which is *communication* through the power and operation of the Spirit on the soul. But, say you, how are we to know the Father? By the Spirit's work. When He teaches the soul, and when He sheds abroad His love in your hearts, then you will know (Rom. v. 5). The heart is then full, every interstice occupied; light and love flow through it. Now at such a time you have dropped at His feet—you have seen the Father, for He is inseparable from the Son—you have felt the dying and doing of the Lord most precious—you thanked Him

you praised Him; and this word suited you, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

This has taken place with some years gone by, but they do not forget it. Now others are strangers to it yet; the love, blood, and power of Jesus have never been revealed to them; nor can there be the cry of Abba, Father, nor can there be real rejoicing in Jesus till then. But such of you as have felt it, know these things are true: you been have melted at the feet of Jesus—you have rejoiced in Spirit—you have found a precious Christ; and how have you carried yourself since? Ah, say you, God knows all my manners in the wilderness. I have been faithless, rebellious, treacherous; I cannot justify myself, I have such an evil heart; my temptations are so many, and the snares of the enemy are so hidden, so well-contrived, that, before I see them, I fall into them, and then I feel myself a guilty wretch. What a mercy, though, that it is your *misery*, that a cry is raised up in your soul, and that you can say with Paul, "What I do, I allow not." What a mercy to be made sensible of sin—to be humbled by it—afflicted for it! It is written, "No chastening for the present is joyous, but grievous." It brings sorrow of mind (1 Peter i. 6). God's chastenings bring grief and trouble; but not necessarily and invariably does sorrow of mind follow sin. When the soul is left to itself, hardness *will* follow instead of melting; rebellion instead of humbling; deadness and insensibility instead of softness and contrition. What, say you, in a child of God? Yes. When a child of God is left without divine power in operation, the soul finds what it is, and that God must act upon His grace to produce "the effectual working" the soul needs. And what a mercy, notwithstanding all the rebellion and hardness, that the soul is recovered, restored, given renewed revelations that break the heart and set the soul free, and melt you down in love before Him. J. A. W.

LETTERS BY RUTH BRYAN.—No. II.

LETTER WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF HER MOTHER'S DEATH.

Nottingham, Nov. 21, 1846.

I THANK you much, my dear young friend, for your affectionate sympathy in this time of my deep sorrow. It is evident your heart has had the same sorrow and felt the same anguish mine is now enduring, for only one who had sustained such a loss could so well understand what the rending from such a loved one is—how the heart must bleed, how the tears must flow, how again and again we feel that this drear wilderness has not another mother in it for us, and that—

“This rugged world affords at last no rest
Like the safe covert of a parent's breast.”

So I feel, who am smarting under the freshness of the deep, deep wound, and so you seem still to feel who have so long since felt the parting pang. There is something in a mother's love so safe and sacred, that we can unbosom there what would not be ventured anywhere else on earth. We fear not any betrayal of our weakness, or unkind or selfish use made of our confidence, for that heart beats as warmly for our interest and happiness as does our own, and as truly too, because, as my dear mother used to say, “You are part of myself.” Ah! I feel it was so, and the pang of severing from the parent stem makes the left one droop, and seem as if it never could bloom in freshness and vigour again. But I must not thus indulge, lest there should arise one murmur, which, however faint, would be to His dishonour whom most of all we love. After forty years' close and endeared companionship, I do, I must mourn, but murmur I cannot, for the Lord lovingly gave me such a mother; He lovingly spared her so long, and very gently has He taken her away, blessed be His holy name. He was not pleased to grant the bright manifesta-

tion we desired; her mind continued rambling to the last; but I have not one doubt about my dearest mother's safety. No! I have a sweet assurance that she sleeps in Jesus, and that, absent from the body, she is present with the Lord; and shall I not praise Him for this? Oh, yes, I do, that the weary pilgrim has found a place of rest, and never will suffer or sorrow again. Our loved ones are happier far than we on this earth can conceive, and it is for us, dear girl, to follow them as they followed Christ. It is probable you and I shall never have much personal intercourse, but we may by pen stir up and encourage each other to forget what is behind, and press forward to know more of Christ, whom to know is life eternal. Oh, I would now, by the grace of God, afresh begin to live only in, on, and for Jesus, determining in His strength to know nothing and glory in nothing but Christ, and Him crucified. The world has to me a new gloom cast over it, but He is beautiful and precious as ever; He is fairer than the children of men; He is the chief of ten thousand; He is altogether lovely, and ever loving; and, though the creature stream has dried up by His will, He, the uncreated Fountain, remains, ever full, ever free, ever flowing—“Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and for ever;” a full Saviour for empty sinners, a blessed shelter and covering for naked souls.

“Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
That has an ocean near?
For nought is in the creature found
But may be found in Thee.
I must have all things, and abound,
While Christ is all to me.”

Ah! then, I would take the harp down from the willow, and sound it anew to the praise of Immanuel's name; and, though its strains be plaintive, and

I weep while I sing, that name is still music to me. May we bereft ones look up instead of looking back, and, as earth's charms lessen, may we triumph more in our all-lovely and unchanging Jesus. I was wonderfully supported in the trying time of my dear mother's departure and funeral, in those deep waters; my Beloved was with me, up-bearing and consoling with cordials of love divine, and this sweet word He gave me with blessed power, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will thy God comfort thee." And indeed it has been fulfilled; but since all was over, and I have been more alone, every place, every thing, has seemed to tell me she was gone—that those eyes would beam upon me and that loved voice cheer me no more; and sometimes it has seemed as if the strings of life must break; but then the Lord revives me again, and He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

From fatigue and anxiety I have been much out of health, but am better. I am at present in the old house, and think of remaining. Excuse so much of self, and let me know when you write

if your health is improving. I am glad to hear you have the prospect of again having a home. I rejoice with you, and wish you success in the name of the Lord. How does your soul prosper? A good appetite is sign of health; have you hungry and thirsty desires after Christ—the bread of heaven? Does your sense of sin, weakness, and short-coming make you embrace the Rock for want of a shelter? Here is safety, here is peace. This life's dream will soon be over; as a vapour it will have passed away; may it be our happiness to be found in Him, and may we in love be often saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" I am your debtor for two kind notes, for which I thank you; and shall be happy to hear from you again. Oh that hearts warm with the love of Jesus may make our pens as those of a ready writer. The Lord bless you and guide you, and keep you from all evil. Adieu, dear Harriet; accept the love of an almost widowed heart, and believe me, your sincere and affectionate friend,

RUTH BRYAN.

POPISH DOINGS IN PROTESTANT GARB.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

SIR,—I send you the programme of an entertainment that was given in one of our parish churches by way of thanksgiving for a plentiful harvest.

From the character of the bill, you will see at once, that the rustic population, for whom this service was specially intended, could not understand one syllable of the part which was acted through the Prayer-Book.

Is this intoning the thin end of the wedge to prepare the rising generation for a Latin Breviary, and the sacrifice of the Mass?

In doctrine we are sufficiently dosed with that "popish drug—Arminianism;" and, as the Puseyites are surreptitiously adding the practice, there will soon be

no lack of recruits for the Pope's Church militant here on earth.

We read of some, "God hath given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear;" otherwise we might marvel at the supineness of those who call themselves Protestants.

Yours, &c., G. R.

PROGRAMME:—Introductory Voluntary, "With Verdure clad," Haydn; "Preces," Tallis; "Venite and Psalms," Gregorian in G.; "Te Deum," Gregorian in E.; "Jubilate," Lord Mornington in E.; "Apostles' Creed," Intoned; Anthem, "Thou visitest the Earth," Dr. Greene; "Sanctus," Davy; "Responses," Davy; "Nicene Creed," Intoned; "Gloria," Tallis; "Harvest Hymn," No. 223, from "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COUNTRY PASTOR.

A NEIGHBOURING clergyman requested me to visit, now and then, one or two of his sick parishioners. One individual, he informed me, interested him very much. She was the only daughter of a farmer's widow. She was, beyond all question, in a rapid decline. She had received a good education, superior to most persons of her rank, by which she had not failed to benefit. "You will find Rose," said Mr. B——, "in a sweet frame of mind, and I am sure you will be pleased with the visit." A day or two after Mr. B——'s departure, I walked to the cottage where the invalid resided, and found that my visit was not only expected, but anxiously looked for. I had sent word the day before that I would call that day, but was prevented. Here let me remark, by the way, that it is always as much as possible to be avoided that invalids should be disappointed as to a promised visit. The sick chamber is lonely enough, and illness is trying enough, without such a disappointment; and I would impress upon the visitors of the sick the importance of being exceedingly punctual in fulfilling their promise of being present at the appointed time.

On entering the small, neat room, where Rose was sitting beside her mother, I was much struck with the sweet, placid smile upon her countenance, although it was but too obvious that deep-rooted disease was wasting her frame, and that she was not long destined for this world. A Bible was lying on the table, and a selection of hymns.

"Mr. B—— mentioned that you would call on me," said Rose, smiling. "It was very kind of him to think of me, and of you to take the trouble to come so far; but, sir, you don't know how kind Mr. B—— has been to my mother and me. Oh, he is quite a blessing to the parish, I assure you." "I shall be glad," I replied, "if I can

be of any service to you, and I shall have great pleasure in sometimes calling to see you. I hope you will soon be better." "My dear mother expresses the same hope; but I feel convinced I shall never be better in this world," was her answer. "I feel I must soon leave it, and my only earthly anxiety is about my poor mother; for, when I'm gone, there will be no one to attend to her." "Don't think of me, Rose, love," said the weeping mother. "Perhaps you may get round again; at all events, God will take care of me. Think what we owe to His goodness already. Why should we distrust him?" The scene was most touching. I felt quite overpowered, and could not reply. At length Rose broke the silence, and said, "You do not know, sir, how much obliged I am to Mr. B——; you can't conceive what I feel for his kindness. If I know anything at all of Christianity, humanly speaking, I owe it all to Mr. B——." "How so?" I asked. "I dare say he instructed you in all the doctrines and duties of Christianity, and I am glad to find that you value the ministrations of our Church." To speak the truth, I did not exactly approve of all Mr. B——'s sentiments, neither altogether of his mode of acting in the parish. I had no doubt but that he was an excellent man, with the very best intentions; nay, in a difficulty, I wished to have his counsel. I esteemed him highly. I knew him to be an excellent scholar, and a thorough gentleman; but there was a *something* I could not define, even to myself, that made me shrink from being on very intimate terms with him. I was anxious, therefore, to know what were the peculiar obligations the invalid lay under to the vicar. "Oh, sir," answered Rose, "when Mr. B—— came to be our vicar, I was a thoughtless, giddy girl, fond of dress, and gaiety, and folly of every sort. I spent most of my time in reading silly novels,

and never opened my Bible. I laughed at all that was serious, and used to delight in making game of all serious people, and no one used to ridicule Mr. B——'s sermon's more than I did. When he first came to the parish, people were much opposed to him; they could not bear his preaching, for it was too searching. They called him half a Dissenter. He called at our house one day, and said he was going to have a Sunday-school, and asked my father to support it, and to get the labourers to send their children. He said the school would not cost much, for three or four young women had offered to teach the children for nothing. Father was a good-natured man, and said he would not oppose it. Well, sir, the Sunday-school was set on foot, and I one morning went there from curiosity, or rather to laugh at what was going on. When I went in, Mr. B—— was speaking to the children. In church, the same morning, he preached in an especial manner about the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. I never could forget that sermon; I think I hear every word of it now. I tried to laugh myself out of it, but I could not. Oh, sir, I have often thanked God that I went to church that day. I am sure God led me to go, for I had intended going to see a friend some miles off."

I was much struck with her artless simplicity. I perceived she was excited and fatigued, and begged her to say no more at present. I expressed my satisfaction at what she had stated. She appeared to me, I confess, somewhat of an enthusiast, and I ascribed the ardour of her expressions to her state of health. After I had read some passages which I thought would comfort her from a small volume I generally carried with me on my visitation to the sick, and also a prayer, I was about to leave, when I remarked how different my feelings were on the present occasion from what they had been in the sick room of the wretched Mr. L——. Rose answered, "Oh, sir, I have often thought of that

poor man; and yet God knows the heart—He alone can judge. He may, sir, have found mercy at the last. Oh, sir, the mercy of God is boundless! Where should you and I be if it were not for that mercy? We are guilty, lost creatures in His sight. It is all of grace from first to last." "Yes," I replied, "we are all sinners; but Mr. L——'s case was one of more than ordinary guilt. Let us draw a veil over it."

I left the cottage, resolved to go again as soon as my other duties would permit. I did so in a few days, and found that a wonderful alteration for the worse, as far as her bodily health was concerned, had taken place. She was in bed, unable to get up; and, from what the medical attendant had told me in the morning, could not survive many days, if, indeed, many hours. When I drew the curtains, a faint smile crossed her pale, emaciated face, and she made a sign for me to sit down beside her bed. I did so, and she immediately began the conversation. "Sir, this is very kind of you. I am fast dying. But, sir, will you tell Mr. —— (mentioning the vicar's name) that I trust I shall find mercy at the last; but oh, sir, I am a vile sinner!" "Calm yourself," I said; "death can have no terrors for you. Yours is a case which it is not often the privilege of a minister of Christ to witness. Your life has been one of devotion to God's service—at least, the latter part of it has been so—and you may safely trust that God will look upon you, and receive you into His favour, through the merits of our blessed Saviour. You must calm yourself." "Oh, sir," she hastily replied, "my life has not been one of devotion. No, no; I dare not think of my life. If I am to be saved by my life, I am lost for ever." "Do not fatigue yourself," I said; "you really take too melancholy a view of your past life. Many on a dying bed would wish they had lived as you have. Your obedience has been sincere, though

doubtless imperfect." "Oh, dear sir," she answered, her eyes assuming an unusual brightness, "if I am saved at all, it will be of free, sovereign mercy. I have nothing of my own to plead before God. Oh, sir—dear sir—if I am saved, it will be of boundless grace." "Yes," I replied, "God, for His dear Son's sake, will accept your imperfect services; they have been willingly rendered." "Oh, sir, no, no! I have done no service. All must be of grace—free, unmerited grace; if not, I am lost for ever! The blood of Jesus Christ *alone* cleanseth from all sin." She was evidently exhausted. I knelt down by her bedside with her weeping mother, and read a portion of the beautiful "Visitation for the Sick." She appeared composed. As I was about to leave the room, she said, feebly, as I held her by the hand, "Will you tell dear, good Mr. B—— that I wish to leave it as my dying testimony, that the sinner saved from eternal ruin must owe it all to sovereign grace." I promised I would, and left the room. I saw her no more. As I walked home in the twilight, my thoughts were, as may be supposed, wholly engrossed with the scene I had just witnessed. I could not enter fully into the dying Rose's view of the case. I thought she had taken an erroneous view of the sinfulness of her state. I ascribed it to her disease. I admitted, to a certain extent, the doctrine of grace, but I thought she carried the doctrine *too far*; and I was inclined to think, that if the sentiments uttered by her were those inculcated from the pulpit of her parish church, there was, indeed, a licence left for profligacy, and a wide door opened for Antinomian error; and that, excellent as Mr. B——'s intentions were, and however eminent his own character for Christian holiness, still his doctrinal statements were to be viewed with suspicion. I resolved, however, to take an opportunity of conversing with him on the subject. He returned soon after Rose's death, and

consigned her remains to the grave, and I requested permission to attend as mourner. The poor mother followed the corpse, and, when she returned to her now lonely cottage, I accompanied Mr. B——, on whose arm she leaned, and knelt down by her chair, while he offered a fervent prayer on her behalf. My lot in life has been, in a worldly point of view, very far from prosperous. Affliction has been mingled in my cup. I have known the loss of those to whom I was united by many endearing ties, and pain and disease have wrought their work on my enfeebled frame; but I am willing to bear my testimony *now* to the truth of the declaration of the dying Rose, "that, from first to last, grace reigns in the salvation of the sinner." This great doctrine, which I *then* did not fully comprehend, and which I should have been unwilling to admit, has been my support in many a bitter hour of the world's sorrow; it has whispered peace when all around has been tempestuous. I have lived to feel, by deep experience, that there is nothing secure or stable but the eternal Rock of Ages; and that he who builds his hopes of happiness, for time or for eternity, on any other foundation, is building on the sand, the straw, and the stubble. My ministerial career has been one of considerable personal labour; I have had a tolerable share of experience; and I am willing to bear my humble but *decided* testimony to this important fact—that it is only when there is a cordial reception of the doctrines of grace, that there has been devotedness to God's service, and unreserved obedience and resignation to His blessed will; and that there is no portion of Scripture the true import of which it is of greater importance that it should be clearly understood—for none is better calculated to cheer in life and support in death—than this: "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."

Z.

LOVE-WORDS FROM CANADA.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Windsor, Canada West,
July 15, 1863.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN JESUS,—Though I am slow in expressing my sympathy with you in the distressing bereavement you have been called to bear, you have not been forgotten. Can it be that dear lively, good-looking girl that I saw at school, who has been called away from you? She was full of life and very promising. How wonderful are the ways of our Father! I looked at my own daughter, about the same age, and could in a measure understand your feelings. But soon we also shall be called away, and then, when with Christ and all His members, we shall see the need for these things. May the Lord give us grace to wait, to bow, to be patient, and feel that "God is love." The Magazine comes here like oil upon the troubled waters, and, cementing a bond, I trust, never to be broken, speaks from heart to heart,

showing a family likeness amongst the children of God. I do this day feel that sin *in* and *around* us is the cause of sorrow and suffering, which can only be known by those truly taught of God. But there are some bright lights occasionally darting across our path, glimpses of our Father's countenance, or we should lose heart altogether. I trust this is the same with you, and that in this or some other more suitable way our gracious Saviour has comforted you concerning your daughter. May the Lord's hand be upon you, enabling you to become more and more useful in the Church, bringing forth through the pulpit, the *Magazine*, &c., truths more and more cheering to the hearts of those who thus come under your influence; and may the peace of God increase in your own soul a thousandfold.

I am, dear Friend and Brother,
Sincerely yours,

JOHN HURST.

SHE IS GONE.

SHE is gone from our circle,
And gone from this earth;
She is dead, but, in dying,
She gained a new birth.
She's gone from our circle,
Her soul's with her God;
But the form of our darling
Lies 'neath the cold sod.

Our circle is broken;
A loved one is dead;
And hopes that we cherished
Have withered and fled.
Our Alice, our loved one,
Our darling, our pride,
Like a flower in first blooming
Drooped, withered, and died!

Our light and our sunshine,
Our hope and our love,
In the grave is now sleeping,
But liveth above.
Her chair at the table,
Her voice in the song,
Her form and her presence,
We shall miss very long.

She's gone from our circle,
She sleepeth death's sleep;
She's happy in heaven,
Then why do we weep?
Oh, weep not; oh, mourn not;
For death is man's lot:
But (oh, joyful knowledge!)
The soul dieth not.

The sweet spring-time flowers
Now bloom o'er her tomb;
And through the still hours
Exhale sweet perfume:
The stars, and the angels,
And God's sleepless eye,
Will watch o'er the earth-tomb
Where Alice doth lie.

She is gone from our circle,
So must we go too;
She died, but in dying
She gained a life new.
Oh, heavenly Father,
Though her earth-life is run,
We pray, 'mid our weeping,
Thy will to be done!

J. H.

THE WAY OF PEACE.

ONE of our own poets, Southey, asserts, "that the *public* and *transubstantiation* are two mysteries that can never be explained, for they mean just what the speaker chooses."

Christian experience is a phrase in frequent use amongst Christian people, though, for the most part, it also is a convertible term. It may mean revelations from Tyburn or communications with heaven—it may mean the terrors of the law, or the blessings of the Gospel—it may mean bondage, fear, sorrow, doubt—it may mean liberty, pardon, peace, and full assurance. According to the state of soul, christian experience is defined by the speaker, and his or her individual condition is too often made the standard for the whole Church of God.

What makes a Christian? Divine life in the soul, and spiritual acquaintanceship with its wants and supplies, constitute Christian experience; with some it means the knowledge of *want* only; hence sins, fears, darkness, dependency, and such like, are picked up and cherished as marks of grace. God's living people, in this state of bondage, love the shady side of the road, and lean to the teachers who dwell most upon their wants; direct them to look within for their evidences, turn their attention to the precepts, draw sparingly upon the remedy, and pronounce a full, free, unconditional Gospel antinomianism.

But is there no Christian experience couched under a legal state of soul? Doubtless there is. The believer is learning his lesson of *want*. "Before faith came, we were kept under the law: shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed, wherefore the law is our schoolmaster, unto (or more correctly until) Christ, that we may be justified by faith." Here we see a living soul under the power of the law, groping its gloomy way till the Lord comes and speaks light, liberty, and peace.

But, say some, the characteristic of the Gospel is *supply*. True, but it would not be valued unless needed; want makes it precious, and every blessing God bestows He makes room for by felt need. Pardon, liberty, peace, assurance, are not supplies thrust into full hearts; but bestowed upon poor, contrite, empty sinners. To despise wants is to undervalue the remedy. But, say inquiring souls, how is the remedy that brings the blessedness of the Gospel into the soul to be got at? The usual answer to this question is, *by faith*, and a description of this popular faith we have given us by a writer of note, in a small work, entitled, "*God's Way of Peace*," in the following words:—

"Believing is the simplest of all mental processes."

Again, he says:—

"As a good memory means the correct remembrance of the very things that have occurred, so the essence of a right faith is a belief of the right thing."

The intelligent and truth-taught reader, will detect in this definition of faith, the views of Mr. Sandiman, who, about a hundred years ago, broached these opinions, and asserted, that the difference between a spiritual and a natural faith lay in the *things believed*, not in the nature of the faith that received them; that faith was nothing more than a "bare belief of the bare truth," and if a just notion of the Person and work of Christ were obtained, that notion was sufficient to produce peace in the soul.*

The divinity of the present day is

* This mental, or free-will faith, when first promulgated in Scotland, was denounced as erroneous. Subsequently, the doctrine has been embraced by many professing churches, and is unanimously held by all the differing branches of the Plymouth Brethren.

but the reiteration of these unsound and untenable views.

The faith of God's elect is described in the Scriptures as "the gift of God," and Christ is called the "Author and Finisher" of it. This divine gift of faith is the faculty of the new creature that sees and seeks after God's salvation; and, whether it lays firm hold, or only is able to touch, it is equally secure of the end. As a part of the whole partakes of the nature of the whole, so, whether this God-given faith be weak or strong, it has divinity in it, and must prevail: "Receiving the end of your faith, the salvation of your soul" (2 Peter i. 4). According to the proportion of faith, so will the soul apprehend, with more or less clearness, the Person and work of the Lord Jesus, accompanied as it ever is by this distinctive mark—*love*—"To you who believe Christ is precious." But, as a mental faith is, or ought to be, under the control of the natural will, more or less, we are not surprised at the following counsel which is addressed to weak believers—

"The great thing I would press upon your conscience, is the awful guilt that there is in unbelief. Continuance in unbelief is a continuance in sin; because, as you say, you cannot help it, is the worst aggravation of our sins; the habitual drunkard says he cannot help it; the habitual swearer says he cannot help it; the habitual unbeliever says he cannot help it. Do you admit the drunkard's excuse, or do you tell him it is the worst feature of his case? You would not deal with drunkenness thus; ought you to deal thus with unbelief?"

Now, we ask in reply to this specious argument, what parity of reasoning is there between the two acts? One is a physical act, depending for reformation upon the strength of the natural will, which tens of thousands have exercised, yet never seen the kingdom of God; the other, a spiritual feeling, depending upon the exercise of a divine power, the withholding of which is a matter of sovereignty, for "a man can receive nothing

except it be given him from above." The brute is superior to man in its instinctive temperance, but what has that to do with spirituality? Mr. B. is perfectly correct in his deductions. A mental faith is equal with the will of the reformed drunkard; it can do, and ought to do great things. An engine of 40-horse power ought to do the work of 40 horses; accordingly, Mr. B., and all those who hold a free-will or mental faith, tell us this, faith must be wanting altogether, or defective, unless it puts us into immediate possession of all the blessings of the Gospel. We now quote Mr. B.'s words, from the chapter headed, "The Want of Power to Believe:"—

"You say you know all these things, yet they bring me no peace. I doubt much in that case whether you *do* know them, and I should like you to begin to doubt upon this point. You take for granted, much too easily, that you know them. Seeing they do not bring to your soul the peace which God says they are sure to do, your wisest way would be to suspect the correctness of your knowledge. If a trusty physician prescribes a safe medicine for some complaint, and, if on trial, I find that what I have taken does me no good, I begin to suspect that I have got some wrong medicine, instead of that which he prescribed."

We are a little more trustful this side of the Tweed, for it is not the prevailing impression with us that our chemists are at fault when remedies fail. If success always followed medicine, the work of death would end. As this argument proves too much, it proves nothing at all.

God has purposed His remedy shall succeed. Christ Jesus is God's way of peace, and the work of God's Spirit is to take of the things of Christ and show them to faith; in this work He will neither be hurried, nor hindered, but manifests His Sovereignty, Deity, and Personality in His operations on the soul. There is abundant fulness in Jesus to fill the heart of a sinner with unutterable happiness; but the Spirit is

the sole Dispenser of these blessings; and believers learn by experience, that their mercies are not under their control; neither can they be picked up at the command of divines who alternately scold and coax weak believers into a happier state.

The truth of God, accompanied by the power of the Spirit, and applied to the heart in unison with the Word, is the true way to peace; and amidst all the free-will rubbish promulgated in our day, it is bits of truth alone that are owned by God for true conversion, or lasting liberty.

But, in reference to the case which Mr. B. condemns, we are inclined to draw very hopeful conclusions from such a state. The honest soul that says, "I know all these things, but they bring me no comfort," is true to what he feels; is waiting for something more; sees his desolate case by the light of the Spirit, and is on the high road to peace. However long delayed by the way, such honest out-spoken-souls shall not wait in vain. They may be despised by Sandimaniacs, but they are dear to God: "To this man will I look, to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." But, says an inquirer, Is not unbelief a sin? Yes, on this wise, when faith is not in exercise, unbelief is in operation, and this opens the door to all evil: for

"whatsoever is not of faith is sin." The old nature receives no new amount of wickedness by the suspension of the power of faith; it remains unchangeably the same, it is "evil, and that continually;" but faith, under the sovereign exercise of the Spirit, keeps it in check. The gracious operations of the Holy Ghost upon the soul may be illustrated by God's dealings in providence as described by the Psalmist: "Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth: the sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens." As faith is the medium whereby blessings are received, the cry may well go up, "Lord, increase our faith." This leads us back to the question, how are the blessings of the Gospel to be got at? We reply, by the Spirit revealing them to the faith that is of the operation of God; which is as an eye to see, an ear to hear, and a hand to lay hold of the mercy promised by God to the elect, and given in His own time and way, making the receiver find his utter helplessness as in nature so in grace. Thus the sovereignty of God is acknowledged; His strength is made perfect in creature-weakness; and the work of God the Holy Ghost is exalted in the heart of sinners by their conscious dependence upon His operations for every manifestation of grace.

LAST WORDS OF THE LATE REV. F. CUNNINGHAM,

(FOR NEARLY FORTY-NINE YEARS VICAR OF LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK.)

WHEN asked by his valued medical attendant whether he suffered pain, his answer was—"Pain, doctor, no, it is all happiness." At another time he said—"This cannot be dying, I never felt so happy before; I have nothing to think of now, not even what time it is." When asked, "Are you enjoying Christ?" his answer was—"Oh! yes,

that I am; nothing can be more happy, more delightful. I have been up, up in heaven. There is no doubt Jesus loves me, and I love Jesus. It is delightful to die." On Saturday, August 8th, at a quarter before five, his happy spirit was released, and he entered into the joy of his Lord.

"THE BAPTISM OF THE DEAD."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE BONDS OF THE ETERNAL COVENANT,—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you. I have learnt in conversing with the living family of God that they have found great difficulty in comprehending the great apostle's meaning in 1 Cor. xv. 29, "Else what shall they do which are *baptized for the dead*, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then *baptized for the dead*?" If the following remarks, are, in your judgment, in accordance with truth, please insert them in the *Gospel Magazine*. The apostle, in the preceding verses, was as a wise master builder opening up to the Church in a clear and emphatic manner the grand doctrine of the resurrection of the body; and here he makes a break or pause, and says, "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead?" What baptism does he intend? for we read of a baptism of fire (Matt. iii. 11); a baptism of the Holy Ghost (Acts i. 5); a baptism of water (Acts x. 47); and a baptism of suffering (Luke xii. 50, and Matt. xx. 22, 23). Now, I think this last is certainly the baptism the apostle here alludes to; to be immersed, dipped, plunged into outward and inward persecutions, afflictions, and temptations for the Gospel's sake; that in the midst of these trials those that are *dead in sin*, who are the hidden ones (Ps. lxxxiii. 3) might be made manifest through the instrumentality of their preaching. As though the apostle had said, Why should we be as the offscouring of all things (1 Cor. iv. 13); yea, be of all men most miserable, if after we have preached the Gospel to souls that were *dead in sins*, and they have been quickened and converted, they should not after all be raised from the dead? And

then, to confirm what he had said, he says, "And why stand we in jeopardy every hour?" why jeopardize our lives for *dead sinners*, if there be no resurrection?

May you, my dear brother, and all God's sent ambassadors, take Paul's encouragement; that, after you have laboured and toiled, the word hath been blessed to the conversion of *dead sinners*: that God will raise them from the dead, and in the millennial day will be your crown and rejoicing—and in *your measure* say, "Behold I, and the children which God hath given me."

Praying that you may be blessed with a large family,

I remain,

Your loving brother for the truth's sake,

C. ALEXANDER.

Barnstaple.

P.S. The tract entitled "Nothing to Pay" was a few years since greatly blessed to my soul. I felt an inexpressible union to dear Reid, tears of holy fellowship gushed from my eyes; and ever since I have styled it "the prince of tracts." I have circulated many, which have been greatly opposed, principally by professors. One clergyman's wife sent it back by her servant with a message—"She requested Mr. Alexander not to send such books to her house." Some months after her daughter called on me for one. A Baptist minister's wife read it, and exclaimed to her husband, "Where did you get this horrible tract?" The secret of the whole matter is explained in Gen. iii. 15, "I will put *enmity* between thee and the woman, and between *thy seed and her seed*:" and Gal. iv. 29, "He that was born *after the flesh* persecuted him that was *born after the Spirit*."

THERE may be prayer without faith; but there cannot be faith without prayer.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BELOVED PASTOR'S TEACHING.

“*The Mystery of Christ.*”—COL. iv. 3.

In the 2nd verse, the Apostle says, “Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving.” That is, be diligent; and what is that word diligent? Diligent search—diligent worship—diligent prayer—expecting, waiting, looking for an answer; for those deceive themselves who *think*, and do not use the means. Watch for an answer to prayer, think in what way it may come, look for it, and be sure that it is God’s way, not man’s way.

3rd verse—“Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds: that I may make it manifest, as I ought to speak.” For what did Paul ask these prayers? For a “door of utterance.” He was then a prisoner in chains; but he did not ask for liberty, but *work*—an open door to preach. “I came to Troas to preach Christ’s Gospel, and a door was opened to me of the Lord” (2 Cor. ii. 12). He would have *the Lord* open the door, and would not allow his friends to bribe. Felix would have received it, had it been offered. “He hoped also that money should have been given him of Paul, that he might loose him: wherefore he sent for him the oftener” (Acts xxiv. 26). The Lord could open the door, and give liberty to his person: “The angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth” (Acts v. 19). “They came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city, which opened to them of his own accord, and they went out” (Acts xii. 10). “All the doors were opened; and every one’s bands were loosed” (Acts xvi. 26). But the Apostle was desirous of a door of utterance; why? because the door of utterance opened the door of faith. “They rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door

of faith unto the Gentiles” (Acts xiv. 27). First, utterance; second faith; and this by another being shut. “When the Jews saw the multitude, they were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming. Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said, it was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you, but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles. And when the Gentiles heard this they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord, and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed” (Acts xiii. 45—48). Closed to the Jews—opened to the Gentiles. “He that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth; I have set before thee an open door”—literally, an *opened* door (Rev. iii. 7, 8). “To speak the mystery of Christ,” not eloquently; but it signifies to speak freely, make manifest, make plain. “To preach the Gospel not with wisdom of man’s speech” (1 Cor. i. 17). “And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man’s wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit” (Cor. ii. 4). “Not in the words which man’s wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual” (Cor. ii. 13). Speak—exhibit—shew. “If thou do these things, *shew* thyself to the world” (John vii. 4). That is, make manifest. “We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery; even the hidden wisdom” (1 Cor. ii. 7). “But God hath *revealed* them unto us by His Spirit” (ver. 10)—show the mystery. The same word. It is a mistake to suppose that mystery means something very dark and obscure; it means that which had been hidden, but is now made manifest—once concealed, but now revealed. “It is given unto

you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xiii. 11). It is your privilege. "To Him that is of power to stablish you according to my Gospel, and the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the mystery, which was kept secret since the world began, but is now made manifest, and by the scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the obedience of faith" (Rom. xvi. 26, 27). Mysteries are all opened in the Gospel; as it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit" (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10). In the New Testament, "Having made known unto us the mystery of His will" (Eph. i. 9). "We do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God" (Col. i. 9, 10). That is, fully know Christ, preached, learnt, and practised. Consider Christ Jesus (Heb. iii. 1). "Stewards of the mysteries of God" (1 Cor. iv. 1). "Now for a recompence in the same (I speak as unto my children), be ye also enlarged." "As many as received Him, to them gave He power, the right or privilege, to become the sons

of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John i. 12). "Believe on His name." Do not receive aught besides Christ. He is never learned by carelessness; let Him be the sum of all practice. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). The great idol I crucified; for me to live is Christ; live Him in love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. All needful learning is the Person of Christ. "Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory" (1 Tim. iii. 16). Christ made heaven and earth. "All things were created by Him, and for Him: and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist" (Col. i. 16, 17). "And the Word—Jehovah the Son—was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth" (John i. 14). The Word, the exact representation of the mind of God. Christ is the index of the mind of God. "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son: that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father" (John v. 22, 23), prove He is your salvation.

A HOPE without a reason, is like a house without a foundation; the higher it is raised, the greater destruction is likely to fall upon its inmates.

Self can do nothing for a man but hasten his eternal ruin.

Reason itself is in favour of revelation; therefore sceptics are the most unreasonable men in the world.

It is our calamity that there is so

much within us for Satan to fasten his temptations upon.

Let us not talk of the dignity of human nature—it is all gone. Bad example might be set at defiance were it not for the evil within.

Righteousness is perfect conformity to the will of God, in mind, in affection, in desire, in thought, in imagination.—*Rev. W. Borrowes.*

OBITUARY.

VICTORY IN DEATH.

[WHEN recently in Scotland, we were introduced by our kind friend Mr. MACDONALD, to a beloved minister in P——. It is long since we realized such a precious knitting of heart to a brother-minister as we then enjoyed; and we found it indeed to be a privilege to talk to his large and attentive congregation about Jesus and salvation. In the course of conversation, reference was made to the departed wife of this beloved servant of God; and his present amiable and dear Christian wife kindly promised to write out and forward to us the particulars of her illness and death. This she has since done; and we doubt not that the following will be read with much soul-profit and encouragement, redounding much to the glory of God, in proof of His love, grace, and faithfulness, and stimulating many a poor sinner to look to and hope in a precious Christ.—EDITOR.]

WE have just been witnessing the very blessed and triumphant departure of my dear wife, and our hearts are still full of what we have seen and heard. As hour after hour passed of that wondrous scene, the thought again and again recurred, "Oh that a record could be kept of these things unconsciously to us!" This could not be done; but one of her sisters afterwards found that her memory enabled her to bring back a somewhat connected account of what passed during those two days and nights. We think the perusal of her notes may be useful to some, and I only make an introductory remark, noticing my wife's previous experience. Those who knew her are aware how meek, gentle, and loving she was; yet the Lord's dealings with her for years were those of the Refiner and Purifier. We were scarcely married, when the disease which in the end

carried her away appeared, and her life henceforth was almost unvaried weakness and decay. She wished to visit the sick and comfort the sorrowful, and give her aid in carrying on the various schemes of usefulness and benevolence; but, instead of this, she found herself confined to the house or the sick bed. A babe was given her, and she hoped it was to prove a source of home interest and enjoyment; but it was only allowed to twine itself into her heart, and was then taken away.

Again there seemed the prospect of returning health and strength, and also that she would ere long again be a mother; but these prospects were speedily blighted by the re-appearance of her disease, about the middle of January, 1851. Her strength began very fast to decay, and there seemed little hope of a living mother or a living child. It was about this time that the Lord, who we have reason to believe had early called her, and who during the last four years had been sanctifying her by these varied dealings in providence, began a spiritual work in her soul of a very remarkable character, not of course remarkable as something peculiar to herself, for all the children of God do and must experience it, but remarkable in her case for its depth, rapidity, and thoroughness. The Lord brought her into the wilderness, showed her the utter emptiness and insufficiency of all creatures, and her own inability to stand before Him in judgment; so that she turned from herself, and from all things, and sought Him alone as excellent and desirable. We do not know much of what passed during those days and nights of solitary dealing with the Lord. She said it had been a wonderful time; that the Lord had taught her in a way He had never done before. She spoke of grace—the exceeding

riches of grace. She said, "What have I to do with idols any more?" I find some notes in her Bible written about this time with pencil. She says in them, "Reasons for being cast down: 1. The outward man weak and failing, without feeling the inward man renewing day by day. 2. Feeling the insufficiency and inability of all created things to sustain."

About a week before her death, when her mother entered her room in the morning, she said to her, "The Lord has been with me to-night. All I asked for was peace, and the Lord has given me that, so that I am willing to depart. Speak to me now as dying: it will be a relief to us all." A little after, she spoke in the same way to myself. On Wednesday, 11th of June, she was very weak, and it seemed as if each day and night would prove her last. The next day, an experienced physician from a distance was summoned; but before his arrival a little boy had been born. We were filled with thankfulness, hope, and joy; but the next afternoon (Friday) we were suddenly called to her room, and found her apparently in the very act of dying; but this attack passed by. And now began that series of gracious dealings—darkness and light, conflict and victory, longing and enjoyment, peace, assurance, triumph, ecstasy—which her sister has noted down, and to which we shall now turn.

On Friday afternoon, when seized with the first painful nervous attack, she was agitated and uneasy, and said, "I have lost my hold; I don't see Him." Soon, however, light returned, and, as she was recovering from the attack, she exclaimed, "God is love—the King, the King in His beauty;" and a little after, "Surely this should strengthen my faith." For some hours she did not speak much, from the great tendency to choking. In the evening, she said, "My views are not so clear to-night. My sight is very dim. Oh, pray, pray, for light! Oh, for one glimpse of His face!" Prayer was

offered again and again, and many passages repeated; but she said, "Oh, it is easy to repeat verses, but that is different from the utterance of a full heart." When the verse was repeated, "Him that cometh unto me," &c., her only answer was, "But I can't come—I can't see Him." She was reminded still to trust, and she said, "I must wait then; perhaps He will come again." Still the darkness increased, and she exclaimed, "Oh, I did not think I could have deceived myself and others so much." Her husband said to her, "You are willing to go to Him, and do you not think He is willing to take you?" "Oh," she said, "I was willing; I would have been glad to go yesterday; indeed, I was disappointed when I thought there was some prospect of my life being prolonged, though I did not like to say it." He reminded her how Jesus had been precious to her, and she said, "Oh! I love Him, but I have lost my hold of Him." He repeated, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you;" &c., and she replied, "That was always a favourite verse with me." When he said, "You are sensible God has been dealing with you?" she replied, "Yes; I thought He had been teaching me for the last few months;" and then she sought to encourage herself in God by repeating—

"His love in times past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last,
In trouble to sink."

We repeated to her, "He that spared not His own Son," &c.; and she answered, "Oh, He said that so sweetly to me the other morning, when I was wakening out of a sleep!" Again we repeated, "One thing have I desired of the Lord," &c.; and her husband said, "That has been your experience?" "Yes," she replied, "I have felt that increasingly." Again we repeated, "Behold, Satan hath," &c., "but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." She said sadly, "My faith has

failed; oh, pray that I may not die without one sight of His face." She was reminded of Thomas, and soon after this the light returned, breaking in with new brightness, and she exclaimed, "He is come again; I shall soon see Him for myself, and I'll not need to thrust in my hand to His side that I may believe." Then, turning round, with a sweet smile she said, "Oh, is it not kind of Him? I thought He just came to the edge, and said, 'Come up hither;' and you must remember this, for perhaps some of you may come to this too, and you'll remember, and just wait with a little patience." She was asked if we should give thanks for her deliverance, and she replied, "Oh, yes, praise Him for it, and tell Him, I am *really ashamed* of my unbelief." When in prayer, her husband said, "Faithful God;" she repeated with earnestness, "Yes, faithful God;" and when he confessed, "We are faithless," she added, "Oh, very faithless."

After this, she bid us all farewell. To her husband and mother she said, "I need not say anything to you; you know my heart-love." She then kissed one of her sisters, saying, with a joyful smile, "I am sure to meet you again." To the other she said, "I'll be looking out for you, and watching over you, to help you on, if I can." She kissed her baby, and then cheerfully said, "Now put him away, my breath is not good for him. The Lord will raise up those who will care for him." Her husband said, her mother would be a mother to him. "Oh," she said, "the Lord will take care of him." Then, looking at her husband, she added, "Our little family is divided; I'll have one with me, and you'll have one with you;" and, turning with a smile to her mother, she said, "Perhaps I'll see what is going on here; we don't know; but, if I do, I think I'll often look down on that garden walk we have so often enjoyed together." Mamma said, "Oh, I trust we shall meet an unbroken family in

heaven." She replied, "Oh, I hope so, and I think we shall. We have been a very united family on earth, and I think my being taken so soon away will be a help to you all." She then took farewell of her servants, expressing her grateful thanks for their affectionate service. To one she said, "Good-bye! we have been united on earth, and I hope we shall be united in heaven. Seek deeper views of Christ, and seek to do all the good you can." To another, "Oh, seek Christ, and cleave to Him, and do not let the vanities of youth draw your heart away. I was almost distracted a few minutes ago, when I thought I had lost Him, but now I have found Him again." To the nurse who had so tenderly cared for her little girl, she said, "Good-bye! I shall soon see your little charge you cared so well for;" and then she gave her, as a parting word, "Cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart."

Her husband said to her, "You would wish many to be turned to the Lord?" "Oh, yes," she said; "tell as many as your tongue can reach what a faithful God He is; and tell them not to serve Him *by halves*, for I did that long myself. I hoped, if I had been spared, that I should live in heaven, even while I walked on earth; but I daresay I should not have kept to my resolutions." After this, she said, "I must lie quiet now, for I am very wearied;" and again, in a few minutes, "My body is very wearied, but I feel I am soon to get a *long rest*;" and, at another time, "I feel now I must just lie in His arms, and let Him take me, for I am getting very weak."

The next day she said, "I feel another assault coming, only I know it is Satan this time, and that he'll be defeated; but still it is very sore." We repeated many passages, among others, "Ye have need of patience," &c. She said, "I must just wait, and perhaps He will come at the last, when I am not able to speak, and tell you." When we repeated, "Cast not away your

confidence," &c., she said with great emphasis, "No, I'll not do that;" and added, "I think there was too much stir and bustle when I had those bright views; and then there is the sort of feeling that people will expect something from me, when they have heard so much about me." She appeared a little uneasy, and asked that some passages might be repeated about being the Beloved's. When her husband spoke of the fulness and sufficiency of Christ, she said, "Oh, I have sometimes lately seen a wondrous beauty in the provisions of the new covenant; I have no doubt about that; it is only *my* interest in it." Again, she said, "I would like brighter views, though *peace* is all I asked for." Her husband said to her, "The world is behind your back now." "Yes," she answered, "but I would like heaven open; but I suppose I can't expect the gate of heaven to be opened till I have left earth." At one time we repeated the first verse of the hymn—

"Just as I am,"

and, with a slow, calm voice, she added the verse—

"Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God, I come."

One of her often-repeated verses was—

"With Thee is the fountain of life."

On its being remarked that there was a pencil reference in her Bible to this verse at John x. 10. she told us, she had got this to feed on, on a communion Sabbath, when at home alone. Her childlike simplicity and calm composure were truly wonderful, and it was beautiful to observe her tender consideration for the comfort of those around her. She often referred to the experience of the preceding month, and the deep waters through which she had passed. She had before spoken of the verse, "What have I to do with idols?" and had said she felt God had emptied her heart of idols, and she trusted, were

she spared, it would never again be filled by anything but Himself. She was reminded of this, and she said, "Oh, yes, I had no pleasure in those nearest and dearest to me—even you (looking to her husband); when you came up, I was glad when you went away again." Her husband said, "Your friends were put out of your heart, but you have got them back to you now?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I love you all now very much, but quite in a new way." Sometimes, when it was said to her, "You have *perfect* peace?" she would reply, "I have *peace*;" while at other times she could joyfully acknowledge, "*perfect* *peace* I have." Once it was said to her, "You are getting more than you expected?" "Oh, yes," she said; "I thought, if ever I was to be saved, it would be so as by fire;" and she delighted to hear, "He hath done exceeding abundantly above what we could think or ask."

Her brother-in-law came in to bid her farewell, being obliged to leave for his ministerial duties, and repeated to her the verse, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people," &c. She smiled sweetly, and said, "Is that your message for me?" She then asked him to give her a parting kiss, thanked him for all his kindness, and with her usual animation said, "I'll meet you again." Once, when enjoying great peace, she said, "It's just a ford, and I am in an ark." On recovering from a severe attack, she said, "Now I wish you to understand, when I am in those attacks, you must not think I have lost my hope because I cannot speak to you. I wished to tell you, for I should like to leave a testimony to *His* faithfulness." Sometimes she said, "Pray that my patience may not fail." Her husband said, "You are willing to suffer a little longer, that you may glorify God? You are preaching to us." She sweetly replied, "Oh, yes, I can wait, if it will do any good." Once, when her husband was speaking of her prospect of soon seeing Jesus, with many crowns, she replied with great

emphasis, "And I'll not think them too many." After one of her sweet bright smiles, mamma said, "Oh, that sweet face, that has so often made me happy." She smiled again, and said, "Well, it will soon be illumined for ever."

Once her husband said to her, "We shall miss you very much, but you'll not miss us." She calmly answered, "No, I don't think it." He said, "I hope not to be long after you." She replied, "You know I cannot now be anxious that you should be very long left." The thought of leaving her baby never seemed to disturb her. Once when she heard him crying, she said, "My little lamb bleating," adding with a smile, "but I doubt, I'll not be his dam." On one occasion, when speaking of unbelief, it was remarked what a dreadful sin it is. She replied, "Yes, we see that when it is past. Such presumption for a worm to doubt the Creator." Towards evening, she said to her husband, "You will thank the people for their prayers; I feel I have been much indebted to them." She delighted to recount her mercies. When told the next day would be the Sabbath, she said, "It is long since I have had a comfortable Sabbath here." Then, alluding to the near approach of the communion, she added, "By that time, I'll be drinking the new wine of the kingdom." Another time, when the Sabbath was spoken of, she said with great animation, "Oh, I wish we could all spend it together on high;" and again she said, "I daresay you will often be envying me." The same evening she said, "I am best off to-night, for we are all very wearied, but this will be my last bad night." After lying quiet a little, she said, "I'll be going home, after all, to-night, and I am not sorry to go home." We repeated many passages, to which she smiled assent, and often finished them herself with an emphasis we can never forget. She said, "I will trust, and not be afraid, for the Lord *Jehovah* is my strength and my song." When we said, "Oh, death, where is

thy sting?" she took it up, and added, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory!" And when we repeated, "I am my Beloved's, and His desire is towards me," she said over again, "is towards me." After dosing a minute or two, she started up and said, "Who is to go with me?" We said, "Jesus is with you, dear," which quite satisfied her, and she quietly lay down again. She often said, "I am ashamed of my unbelief;" and, when reminded of the verse, "That thou mayest be ashamed, and never open thy mouth any more," &c., she said, "I must just take this sin, and lay it where all my others are." She sent a message to one of her particular friends, and, when I promised to deliver it, she said, "Oh, yes, and you'll tell her what I have been feeling; but don't make too much of it, as if there had been anything wonderful about me." I said, "His dealings have been wonderful to you." "Oh, yes," she replied, "you can't make too much of His dealings to me."

After this she said, "I feel getting very weak, and in a few minutes I think I shall not be able to speak." In a little while she added, "I think I'll soon be going now, and I am not able to speak, only '*I am with Thee,*' as Miss S—— always says." In a minute or two she again said, "I think I am just going. Say '*When thou passest through the waters,*' &c.; and perhaps I'll be over before you have finished." At another time she said, "Do you think I am in the dark valley? for if I am, there is not a dark spot in it all;" and again she said, "Remember, if you love me, you are not to mourn for me." Once, when much exhausted, her husband said to her, "Jesus will soon come and carry you safe home." "Oh," she said, "if I were once fairly off earth, I know I should not be long." At another time her husband came into the room as we were giving her a restorative. Turning to him, she said, "I was feeling a little nervous, as if I should cry." He, fearing she was troubled in mind, said,

"But Jesus will keep you." "Oh," she said, "it is only bodily; I have nothing now to do with preparation for the journey—my clothes are all ready," alluding to the garment of righteousness. Shortly after midnight, her husband said, "The Sabbath has begun now;" when she replied with emphasis, "An endless Sabbath." During the night she had a season of great triumph, which seemed to inspire her with new strength. She exclaimed, "Oh, I cannot tell you what I feel: I am not able to express what God is to me. Oh, *love Him, trust Him, serve Him!*" Then raising her hand, she continued, "He is just bearing me up on eagle's wings." One of those present seemed likely to lose composure, and was reminded any sound might disturb her; upon which she smiled brightly and said, "Oh, nothing can disturb me just now: I feel the everlasting arms are behind me, encircling me." Then with marked emphasis she repeated—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my *heart, my life, my all.*"

Some one suggested to her, "You would not change with any one now?" "Oh, no," was her joyful reply, "I would not change with all the kings of Europe. It's worth being born, just to die, that I might see this. Oh, it is grand!" After this she said, "I feel quite revived and strengthened with this." Her husband said, "Grace is sustaining even your body; grace is keeping you from dying." With a sweet smile, she replied, "It is all the same if I enjoy heaven upon earth." She then lay quiet for some time, but was able to hear and to repeat verses. One she repeated was, "I knew that thou wouldst deal very treacherously, and wast called a transgressor from the womb;" and added, "I like *that.*" Another that was often on her lips was, "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord

God of truth." On Sabbath morning she had a season of intense suffering. Her bodily agony from suffocation was dreadful to witness, and at the same time her great enemy, knowing his time was short, was seeking to wound her sorely with his fiery darts. "Oh," she cried, "this is a sore disappointment." We repeated, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." She said, "Oh, I trust they are; but I don't feel them. Oh, pray for light; pray that He would come quickly for me." While we were praying, she cried out in anguish, "It is an empty cry; it will never reach." She was reminded how God's own Son had been left to cry, "My God, my God," &c.; but her bitter reply was, "But *He* was God." This suffering continued for some time, and the mind was temporarily unsettled by the agony.

Afterwards she said, "I am really ashamed of all this; I did not understand it." She spoke of it as a dreadful conflict, an awful time; and said, "I thought everything was to be annihilated: it would have been a relief to have felt sure even that there was a hell. I felt as if time and eternity, heaven and hell, were all melting into nothing. It was an awful struggle, and I got quite confused. Oh, I am very much ashamed." Her husband said to her, "Jesus is not ashamed of you." "Well," she said, "I hope not; but I am very much ashamed of myself." She wandered a good deal after this, and seemed much confused at the remembrance of the past conflict; but with sweet lucid intervals. Her husband said to her, "You love Jesus?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I love Him very much." He again said, "He is precious to you?" "Oh," she quickly replied, "He is very precious." She was very anxious to have her mind cleared up in reference to what had perplexed her; but when we said, "Never mind, just wait a little, and you will understand all about it in heaven," she sweetly replied, "Oh,

very well; I can wait if I'll know about it in heaven." Once she laid her hand on her head, and said, "Oh, I have done very wrong." We repeated, "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet," which seemed quite to soothe her.

Shortly after, in full consciousness, she said, "Wondrous views I have got;" and again she said, "Oh, I am ashamed of my presumption." Then, bending her hand, she said, "My soul was just bent over with presumption." She was much exhausted, but said, "I don't think I can get any more sleep; but I'll soon be where I'll not need to rest day nor night." Often there was much sweetness even in her wanderings, as on one occasion she insisted on having us all before her, that she might show us a treasure, and then with a smile said, "Some of them have been much troubled to-day with unbelief, and I want to give them a sight of Christ." At another time she said, "I was nearly across, and I saw one who had got on wonderfully well." When asked who it was, she replied, "I think it was Mrs. M——." Another time she fancied she had been at Bethany, telling us it was "just across the hill." Her husband remarked, "Jesus loved Martha, though Martha had some idols." "Oh," she said, "everybody has something—husband, or bairns, or something." Her husband said, "You have been taught to say, 'What have I to do with idols?' and in heaven there will be no idols;" to which her peaceful smile was a sufficient reply.

Shortly after, she asked her husband, "Did you think I should get deliverance in that dreadful struggle?" He replied, "Yes; I was sure of it." "Where from?" she quickly inquired. "From the Lord," was his reply. "Oh, yes," she said, quite satisfied; "I was afraid of any presumptuous trust." After this, she was not able to speak much, but could repeat verses word by word after her husband. After a pause, she very slowly, and word by word, said, "If—He—had—not—given—Himself—for—me,—I—am—sure—I—never—would—have—given—myself—to—Him;" and these were nearly her last conscious words. After she was speechless, she took up her handkerchief, looked steadfastly on it, as if she saw some beauty she was unable to describe, and constantly turned round her face, lighted up with heavenly joy, as if to invite those round her to share in her peace. Her husband stooped down, and repeated, "The robe of righteousness, clean linen, which is the righteousness of the saints;" to which she sweetly smiled assent. Often she looked round, recognizing each with her well-known smile; then she would lift her eyes upward and smile again. As her husband remarked, it was now the little child putting her hand on the cockatrice den. She never spoke again, and at twelve o'clock noon she entered into that rest for which she had so longed, and for which, through grace, she had been made meet.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.—Could I place the prophet Isaiah at the base of one of the loftiest of the eastern mountains, and, whilst he was gazing on its varied scenery, were an earthquake to rock it upon its deep foundations, until, like the Numidian lion, shaking the dew-drops from his mane in the morning, it threw off from its hoary and heaving sides the forests, and flocks, and ham-

lets, and vineyards; and, were a whirlwind to rush in, at that moment, scattering the broken and fallen masses in mid-air; still, the voice of the prophet, if it could be heard amidst the convulsions of nature, would exclaim, "Though the everlasting mountains bow, and the perpetual hills be scattered, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation."—*Dr. Waugh.*

JEHOVAH PERFORMING THE GOOD THING PROMISED TO THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL.

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“Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will perform that good thing which I have promised unto the house of Israel and to the house of Judah. In those days, and at that time, will I cause the Branch of righteousness to grow up unto David; and He shall execute judgment and righteousness in the land. In those days shall Judah be saved, and Jerusalem shall dwell safely: and this is the name wherewith He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness.”—JER. xxxiii., 14, 15, 16.

WITHIN the compass of these few verses, we have an epitome of the whole Bible, the sum and substance of which is, Jehovah's covenant relationship and engagement with the Lord Jesus, and His Church in Him. Christ and His glorious person, finished work, and complete salvation, as the Lord our Righteousness, is what are in these words implied. The passage opens with the comprehensive word of attraction so frequently met with in the Scripture, “Behold!”—observe, take notice, as to a thing of some consequence, and so indeed it is—the Lord reminding His people of His promise, and readiness to perform the same. The day or days here spoken of are like all others of a similar time we meet with in the prophetic writings—“the gospel day,” “the day of salvation”—while Jesus, under the similitude of the Branch, is pointed out, and divinely proclaimed (read Isa. iv. 2; Zech. iii. 8; vi. 12). The allusion to the house of David was in reference to the time the Lord Jesus should come, according to the flesh, “of the seed of David.” Already the Church had been informed that the long-expected Messiah should be born of a virgin, but now it is emphatically stated He should be of “the stock of David.” “And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his root” (Isai. xi. 1). Nor is there any obscurity cast over the one promise of the Bible, proclaimed by Jehovah himself, “The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head;” and the intermediate space from the days of Eden unto those of the birth of John the Baptist, teemed with those events, all tending to the performance of the mercy promised, and the remembrance of His holy covenant (Luke i. 75), which covenant was Christ. Hence the blessed way Jehovah speaks of Him and to Him: “Thus saith the Lord, In an acceptable time have I heard thee, and in a day of salvation have I helped thee: and I will preserve thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, to establish the earth, to cause to inherit the desolate heritages; that thou mayest say to the prisoners, Go forth; to them that are in darkness, Shew yourselves” (Isai. xlix. 8, 9). Nor must it be overlooked how very desirous the Lord shows Himself that this covenant should be understood, and that in its legitimate sense, as His covenant, and not the Church's, only as her interest arises therein from her union with her covenant Head: “Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord: but this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people” (Jer. xxxi. 31—33). Again, with an eye towards the Gentile Church,

"I will give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth" (Isa. xlix. 6). And the Lord Jesus, by the Spirit of prophecy, declares the sweet truth unto His Church, when inviting them to notice the great interest each Person in the Godhead has shown in the blessed subject, "Come ye near unto me, hear ye this; I have not spoken in secret from the beginning; from the time that it was, there am I; and now the Lord God, and His Spirit, hath sent me" (Isa. xlviii. 16). Hence, in the Jews' synagogue, He opened the commission publicly, by referring to the same—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me" (Isai. xli. 1; Luke iv. 18).

Thus the fulness of time had ushered in the day or days all along predicted and set forth, with all its blessings, by the prophets in their several ministrations; the spirit of whom was the testimony of Jesus (Rev. xix. 10): the glorifying of Jesus being the sole work of God the Holy Ghost, and the daydawn having ushered in the glorious person of the Sun of Righteousness (Mal. iv. 2). The fulness of His glory burst forth in the dispensation of grace to the flocks, as "they pass under the hand of Him that telleth them; and in the height of Zion shall they come "in that day," singing this song, "We have a strong city, salvation shall God appoint for walls and bulwarks" (Isa. xxvi. 1). The emancipation from Egypt, and the deliverance from Babylon were both types; and doubtless awakened, in the hearts of the Lord's truly regenerate of that day, the song of praise through this temporal deliverance, for the eternal and spiritual salvation by the Lord Jesus. Thus the great strain laid by the prophet—"that day," that glorious day, the Gospel day; that day in which the root of Jesse shall stand for an ensign of the people: when the Gentiles shall seek unto it, and his rest shall be glorious unto them (Isa. xi. 10). From such a foundation arises a

note of the heaven-bound choristers—"In that day sing ye to her, A vineyard of red wine;" and, as red wine is considered the choicest of wine, so all the choicest of blessings are in Jesus for His Church. The view of which caused the heart of the apostle to invite the Church of Ephesus to join him in blessing "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenlies in Christ" (Eph. i. 3). And further, the Keeper of this vineyard is the Lord Himself, and His continual watering is the source of her safety and security (Isa. xxvii. 2—4). But it is a day in which the Lord will perform the good thing He has promised; and the Lord had promised that the "redeemed should come to Zion, and to them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord" (Isa. lix. 20); which event is ushered in by the prophet taking his stand by faith at the cross, and proclaiming the great event of that tragic scene—"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin," and (as the margin renders it) "separation for uncleanness:" the total putting away of sin by the sacrifice of Himself (Zech. xiii. 1); to which another prophet responds, when moved by the Holy Ghost, "In that day, saith the Lord of hosts, shall the nail fastened in the sure place be removed, and be cut down, and fall; and the burden that was upon it shall be cut off, for the Lord hath spoken it" (Isa. xxii. 25). Nor shall these things be done in a corner, for the Lord hath not spoken "in secret, in a dark place of the earth" (Isa. xlv. 19); for it shall come to pass "in that day that the great trumpet shall be blown," the jubilee sound shall go throughout the world, "and they shall come which were ready to perish" (Isa. xxvii. 13). Not only the outcasts in the land of Africa and Egypt, but they shall be brought from the north country, and gathered from the coasts of the earth; a royal com-

pany of invalids shall come, whom no impediment shall hinder, or disease shall prevent: the sole reason of the good thing being performed is the Lord is the Father of his Israel, and Ephraim is His firstborn (Jer. xxxi. 8, 9). And, to sum up the whole of this mercy, we discover nothing of human merit attached unto it, but all of the Lord's favour, and to issue alike in the Lord's glory, and the everlasting happiness of His Church in Christ. "And in that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty unto the residue of his people" (Isa. xxviii. 5).

"In those days" salvation and safety shall give full demonstration that the hand of the Lord is there; "and wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation: the fear of the Lord is his treasure" (Isa. xxxiii. 6), in giving "knowledge of salvation unto His people by the remission of their sins" (Luke i. 77). And He was performing the good thing promised, "For thus saith the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, in returning and rest shall ye be saved: in quietness and confidence shall be your strength:" even "the strength of Israel," from whose arm the salvation of Israel and Judah must come. Thus "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation" (Isa. xlv. 17). Consider this as a truth eternally settled and fixed—"Israel shall be saved" in the Lord; not because Israel is worthy of it, or Israel by her merit hath obtained it. Nay, more, the poverty and misery into which she is involved by her Adam-fall state, cannot in any way, be considered as an accessory to the same; it is in the Lord, and wholly of the Lord, and partaker of his own unchanging nature, "an everlasting salvation," the enjoyment of which, under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, begets a confidence in the soul—"and they shall be safe in their land" (Ezek. xxxiv. 27). "Israel shall then dwell in safety alone, the fountain of Jacob upon

a land of corn and wine; also His heavens shall drop down dew" (Deut. xxxiii. 28).

Finally, the crowning-point of the performance of the good thing promised—"And this is the name by which He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." The Church had long borne, and was well known by, her legitimate name of *sinner*; nor was there any power or authority but that of the Lord's, by which it could be changed or taken away; hence, as the Lord their God has saved them "in that day as the flock of His people, and they had become as the stones of a crown lifted up as an ensign upon his land" (Zech. ix. 16). He comforts them by assuring them they should no more be termed *forsaken*, nor their land termed *desolate*, but as His delight was in her, and He was married unto her, "she should be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord should name" (Isai. lxii. 2-4). And what name so suited and well adapted to show the passing by of her divine and gracious Husband, when she lay in her blood, and was cast out, to the loathing of her person, He spread His skirt over her, and "betrothed her unto Himself for ever, that she should not be for another" (Esth. xvi. throughout; Hosea ii. 16), conferring upon her all the privileges of an honourable wife—"Thy Maker is thy Husband" (Isai. liv. 5); "And this is the name wherewith He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness."

Again, she has to sojourn for a season in Mesech; where a husband's strength and support is needed, she shall have an arm to lean upon (Song viii. 5), and He will nourish her with "hidden manna," and the white stone of purity, in which shall be found written a new name, which none knoweth save those that receive it (Rev. ii. 17); and this secret of the Lord being with them that fear Him (Psa. xxv. 14), they alone can claim to be called, "The Lord our Righteousness." Oh, what blessedness arises

from the performance of the good thing the Lord hath promised to the house of Israel and the house of Judah, and how safely do we dwell in those days of salvation, as unknown, and yet well known—the lines having fallen unto us in a

pleasant place, and our heritage being good. Sweet the thought—"This is name wherewith He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness."

London.

A STRIPLING.

"ALWAYS REJOICING."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Though Mr. Parks, of Openshaw, is undoubtedly a very good and earnest man, and his theological views very correct on the whole, yet still—as you intimate in other words—a margin must occasionally be left him for unadvised sallies of thought. His idea, however, in your last number, that the surface, or first-impression view of a text is generally wrong, I demur to. This common-sense view of the passage is most frequently correct. But he is least to be trusted when he would amend our English translation of the Bible on his own authority, as his scholarship is evidently unequal to the task, and it would be far wiser in him not to suggest alterations which may occur to him. *Χαίρε* and *χαίρετε* are, no doubt, frequently used as a salutation, and are equivalent to our expressions, "How do you do?" or, "Good bye;" but Mr. Parks should have added that the infinitive form, *χαίρειν*, is a very usual form of salutation at the commencement of a letter.

Now to apply Mr. Parks' rule. Luke x. 20: "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven." Here, according to Mr. Parks, we should read, Fare ye well, not in this, that the spirits are subject to you, but fare-

well, or good bye, because your names are written in heaven.

Matt. v. 12. Instead of "Rejoice, and be exceeding glad," we must read, Farewell, and be exceeding glad, "for great is your reward in heaven."

1 Thess. v. 16. "Rejoice evermore:" Good bye always.

Phil. ii. 18. For the same cause, Good bye to you, and you are bidding good bye with me.

1 Pet. iv. 13. Good bye, "as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings."

In the passage in St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, where Mr. Parks would alter "rejoice" into "farewell," it may be observed that St. Paul is giving many exhortations, and it would be very strange that he should break off in the middle of them to say, "Good bye." Unity, help to working sisters and brethren, moderation, and freedom from care, are the duties which he enjoins. Why say "Good bye" in the middle of them. Neither may Mr. Parks lay too much stress on the meaning of *χαίρω*; because to a Greek or Roman ear it suggested not at once the idea of leave-taking, but the primary meaning of *χαίρω* is to rejoice.

Pray undeceive your readers about the worth of Mr. Parks' new translation.

A FRIEND IN CHRIST.

If we did see the heaps of sins, the eternity of punishment due to them. If we did see the riches of mercy, the glorious outgoings of God in the sanctuary; the blessed doles He gives out

to men, when they spiritually attend upon him; both would make wish to us perform our duties humbly, sincerely, earnestly, and affectionately.

DIVINE VERITIES.

London, Oct. 16, 1863.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Peace be multiplied unto you, and your loved ones in the Lord. Be careful for nothing, but look to the Helper of the helpless, who marks the falling sparrow, and compasses His people as with a shield. How very blessed it is, when sighing out our desires for those who are dear to us in the flesh, to remember that *all* that the Father hath given to the Son *shall* come to Him—all barriers shall be cast down—the captive rescued from the power of Satan, the rebel declared a child; neither the vilest nor weakest shall be left behind—all remembered, all rescued. The sovereignty of our God is a stronghold into which we may run with confidence, taking with us the pledge of acceptance. “Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it to you.” It is a very precious “whatsoever,” and since it is to be supplied out of the riches of His glory, we must not suffer unbelief to rob us of one hope, however great the request may be. “Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people; saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!” When Adam fell, Satan

rejoiced in the belief that henceforth the whole human race would be his willing slaves; but the triumphing of the wicked is short; a voice of power is heard, declaring, “I will put enmity between thee and the woman.” She who so readily fell into the snare, and allured her husband also, grace shall be given her to resist thy wiles, and her seed shall bruise thy head—shall crush thy power, though thou shalt be permitted in the contest to bruise his heel. The victory is won; and this is the proclamation: “Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out; as (according to the seeking of) a shepherd seeking out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered, so will I seek out my sheep, and *will deliver* them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.” One has strayed into this broad way, and another is fast bound in that stronghold, but “I will deliver,” is the great Shepherd’s word of truth. Even so, Lord Jesus, speedily accomplish the number of Thine elect, and hasten Thy kingdom. Amen.

Grace be with you.

Ever affectionately yours in Him,

H. E. A. C.

RESURRECTION.—Paul may well ask why it should seem a thing incredible that God should raise the dead, when we see in nature so many similar operations: *e. g.*, the bread which we eat first comes out of the earth; having been changed into blood, it is conveyed through the body, till it becomes of the substance of the body. In this case that which was earth becomes flesh. In the case of the resurrection, that which was flesh, and afterwards earth, again becomes flesh. There is evidently

nothing more wonderful in the one than in the other. Take another instance: a large tree springs from a very small seed, from the excellence of which seed the tree derives all its attributes, the solidity of its wood, the firmness of its bark, the greenness of its leaves. And thus He, who causes the wood, bark, and leaves of a tree to be derived from a small seed; causes flesh, bones, veins, and the other attributes of our bodies to spring from our dust.—*Illustrations of Truth.*

REVIEWS.

The Complete Works of Richard Sibbs, D.D., Minister of Catherine Hall, Cambridge; Preacher of Gray's Inn, London. With Memoir.—Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THIS is the fifth volume of Sibbs' Works, and comprises the fourteenth of the series of Standard Divines, besides the three volumes edited by the late Rev. JAMES SHERMAN. No language can do justice to works of this description. They must be read to be appreciated. Each volume is a body of divinity in itself, and, as such, is invaluable to the minister, Bible student, or private Christian.

Portrait of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Cashel.—London: Elliott and Co., King William Street, Strand.

THIS is an admirable and masterly production, and must necessarily be prized by those of us who know and love the personal character and work of the now venerable Lord Bishop of Cashel. Many there are who will gaze upon the portrait with deepest interest and affection when he shall have gone to his rest, to be eternally and joyously united with that blessed throng which no man can number.

Our Children's Rest; or, Comfort for Bereaved Mothers.—London: James Nisbet and Co.

A PRECIOUS little gem, dedicated to the Rev. JOHN KNAPP, Incumbent of St. John's, Portsea, by one of his congregation. To bereaved parents this will be a book of special interest.

Five Sermons on the Five Points, Preached during Lent, 1856, by Rev. WILLIAM PARKS, B.A., Incumbent of St. Barnabas, Openshaw, Manchester.

A NEW edition of a clear statement of doctrine. To the inquirer and the wavering we would affectionately commend this little volume.

Home of Hope, for the Restoration of Fallen and the Protection of Friendless Young Women. Third Report. London: Emily Faithfull, 83A, Farringdon Street.

A VERY satisfactory report of the result of the self-denying efforts made on behalf of the fallen. Some of the facts narrated, together with the letters from the reclaimed themselves, are of the most affecting character.

The Gardener's Weekly Magazine, and Floricultural Cabinet. Conducted by Shirley Hibberd, F.R.H.S. Allen Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

THE name of Shirley Hibberd is a sure guarantee for all that is excellent in the art of gardening. His Gardener's Magazine is a most excellent periodical, embracing every subject of that noble art, from the hyssop on the wall, to the cedar on the lawn. The combination of talent displayed in its pages is remarkable; for its articles are well-versed in the subjects of which they treat.

"Good-bye!" *a Father's Memorial of his First Dead.* By JOHN C. MILLER, D.D. London: Hamilton and Co.

A MOST touching narrative of the brief illness and early death of a precious child of sixteen years of age, by Dr. MILLER, of Birmingham. These pages were written (as the author informs us) to give relief to the wounded heart, while as yet the sacred remains of the loved departed were within view. At the same time it furnished one of the most real of opportunities for testifying of Divine faithfulness, love, and all-sufficiency. It is, as the Doctor well says, comparatively easy to talk about sickness and separation; but, oh, when it comes within one's own door—when one within the range of one's own family circle is withdrawn, first by sickness from that circle; and then the room where such an one sickened—lingered

—died, is vacated even by the dear remains, and left in blank, deathly stillness; oh, what a reality is that! 'Tis no mere theorizing then—no peradventure of what may or may not happen—but 'tis a sober, serious, incontrovertible fact! a reality! And, if we may venture to say a word about one's-self, we have often and often thought within ourselves,—“We live to learn to spell one word—that word REALITY.” Ah, and it is reality when the chair at the table, or the bed the loved one occupied, or the chamber itself, bespeaks a blank—a void—the absence (and that for ever!) of the former occupant! It is a reality then, and such as serves to pierce to the very heart's core, only to be relieved by the testimony of one who was himself personally familiar with the like circumstances,—“I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it.”

Sympathy; or, Words for the Weak and the Weary. By the Rev. D. A. DOUDNEY. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

A NEW edition, beautifully bound in bevelled cloth, at the reduced price of 3s. 6d., and published by Mr. Macintosh. The author has had the most gratifying accounts of “the word in season” this book has proved. It is specially adapted to “the weak and the weary.”

Our own Fireside: a Magazine of Home Literature for the Christian Family. Edited by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester.

THIS is a new Magazine of a miscellaneous character, conducted with sound judgment, aided, as the editor is, by a staff of very talented contributors. It is a work eminently calculated to supersede the poisonous literature of the present day. A very summary perusal of the contents of the present number easily accounts for its having so quickly run out of print.

The British Mother's Journal and Domestic Magazine. Edited by Mrs. BAKEWELL. London: John Snow, Paternoster Row.

As this is only a solitary number of this Journal, we can only speak of it as being strictly in accordance with its title—a Mother's—(and a *British* Mother's too)—Journal.

A NEW WORK from the pen of Mr. James Grant (author of *God is Love, Our Heavenly Home, &c.*), will be published in the course of a few days, by Messrs. Virtue, of Amen-corner. It will be entitled *Truths for the Day of Life and the Hour of Death*, and will be uniform in size and price with the seven volumes of the series which have already appeared.

OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.—It is related of Bishop Latimer, that when called up for private examination before his Popish persecutors, he was not at first very particular as to the expressions he made use of in his replies; “but,” added that holy martyr, when narrating the circumstance, “I soon heard the pen going behind the arras, and found that all I said was taken down, and then I was careful enough of what I uttered.” Such, brethren, will be the effect of a sincere belief in this high attribute of the Almighty upon your

own lives and conversations. If once you can only realize the fact, that while you are acting, talking, thinking, upon earth, the pen is going in heaven—that every word and every thought is known and recorded there, as soon as it is uttered or engendered here, we shall have no more careless, thoughtless, inconsistent walking. No; the eye of a child would have prevented many a deed, of which your hearts and consciences are ashamed, and shall the eye of an all-seeing God do less?