

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."

No. 131,  
NEW SERIES. {

NOVEMBER, 1876.

No. 1,331,  
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

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

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

"HIMSELF!"

"Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them." . . . "And beginning at Moses, and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself!"—LUKE xxiv. 15, 27.

JESUS HIMSELF, dear reader; Himself! Himself! There's the secret! Would that we could be more taken up with Himself! His own divine Person! How very different would things be with us, were such the case!

And what an act of condescension! He not only Himself drew near, but He "went with them." Adored be His name, such will hold good as applying to His Church in the wilderness through all its time-state. Whether His people know it or not—whether they realise His presence or otherwise—still, with the utmost possible truth, it may be added, as with regard to His disciples, "and went with them;" into all their sorrows, down into all their depths, amid all their labyrinths and perplexities, through all their seasons of darkness and seeming desertion. Still, still it shall be said, "and went with them;" ratifying and confirming that blessed promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Aye, and when brought forth into a wealthy place, as again and again they will be, after the difficulty and the distress and the danger, with a full heart and a free tongue will they testify of their Deliverer, as Hezekiah did, "Himself hath done it!" "Himself hath done it!" "Himself hath done it!" and Himself—and only Himself—shall have the glory!

Reader, how we love that portion at the close of the second chapter of the second Epistle to the Thessalonians, and we will tell you why: because "HIMSELF" is so prominent in it. "Now our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts, and establish you in every good word and work."

Dear reader, in our imperfect labours in this work, we are increasingly anxious to avoid subjects which may lead to controversy. Bitterness and acrimony are so rife in the day in which we live; there is so much "I am of Paul and I of Apollos," that our very soul loathes it. We believe, moreover, that the Lord sees fit to keep us personally low and in a low place, as a preservative from indulging in a spirit of bickering and hair-splitting. In some way or other, He so "brings down our heart with labour," that we are glad to pick up a crumb from the veriest infant in the family. Critics may offer what comment they please; but we are free to confess that the Lord so humbles us in the varied discoveries which He makes, and in the numberless exercises of which we, from time to time, are the subject, that we have quite enough to do, as one used to say, in "the home department," without sitting in judgment upon others.

Moreover, the Lord is pleased at times to visit our soul and to warm our too-commonly cold heart by ways and means least looked for and most unexpected.

For example, this very day that dear man of God, of whom we have more than once spoken in these pages, called upon us. He is nominally a Wesleyan minister. Very lately he has been called to part with the companion of his many years' travel in the wilderness. It has been a sore trial to him; but the simplicity, the teachableness, the spirit of inquiry manifested, has been such as to mellow one's heart. There has not been the semblance of acrimony, but just a comparing of notes in point of *heartfelt experience*; a union of soul; a blending of spirit; an intermingling of love; that special and peculiar something which seems, as it were, to take one into the holy of holies, leaving the creature and its crotchetts outside, whilst permitted and privileged for a little season to go within the veil and worship.

The Lord, in mercy, grant us more of this precious experience—this oneness of heart—this fellowship of soul, as one with another we talk over all the way by which He has led us, and commune one with the other about present fears and future prospects; testifying what Jesus has done, what He is still doing, and what our hopes and expectations are that He will yet do. JESUS HIMSELF drawing nigh at such times and seasons, and, by the dew and unction of the Spirit, as He testifies of Him, making Himself the "All in all!" Ah, reader, this is what we want! Not man and his doings, but the LORD HIMSELF and His gracious words and marvellous acts!

Oh, how grieved we are, and how we reproach ourselves afterwards, when we have yielded to a talking about men and their doings! Just in proportion as JESUS HIMSELF is the one Object and Subject, will men, with what they think and say, be left where they ought to be left—that is, in the background. If CHRIST be in intercourse and communion what He is absolutely and in reality—namely, Alpha and Omega, the first and the last—there will be no room for the creature.

Reader, now that our work is nearly done, and as we reflect for a moment upon what has appeared in these pages during our connection

with them, how we grieve that aught should ever have militated against or clashed with the great and glorious theme of "JESUS ONLY!"

We have of late been asking ourselves, "How is it we **FEEL** and we **FEAR** as we do? Where is the former strength, hope, confidence?" And then has come the mental answer and the silent rebuke: "Why, thou hast been striving after *independence*; hast been seeking to *live upon grace received*; *feeding upon yesterday's manna*, and failing to come with the teachableness and the helplessness and the hunger and the thirst of one of the *little babes of the household*." And with these thoughts has almost imperceptibly burst forth the cry, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief;" "Lord, increase my faith!"

Ah, dear reader, all our knowledge and experience--extend as it may over many years--will be as a thing of naught if it clashes with the simple, child-like, helpless, pauper-like, poor-and-needy appeals to Jesus! Oh, to crouch at His blessed feet, a poor worm of the earth, weak, crawling, powerless, defenceless, only as screened, protected, sheltered, and saved in Him with an everlasting salvation!

If we may say what bespeaks our condition, it is just what is expressed by the Psalmist, when he exclaims: "*I am this day weak, though anointed king.*" At the same time, we pray the Lord that in immediate connection with that creature weakness we may realise the preciousness and the power of that divine secret into a personal and practical knowledge of which the Lord's living ones are led: "*Out of weakness made strong.*" He "weakens their strength in the way," only to make His own almighty power the more blessedly known and felt and rejoiced in.

Reader, it is out of this felt weakness--this thorough pauperism and utter helplessness--comes the cry, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only."

Reader, do you know anything of it personally and experimentally? Thus and thus it is that these weak and helpless ones are "made strong and do exploits"--aye, and wonderful exploits they are as the doers are thus made "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

And it will be thus to the end of the chapter--all the way across the wilderness, down to the very Jordan--aye, and *in* the Jordan, too.

They shall go "from strength to strength, till every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." Not a hoof left behind! Not a single vessel of mercy missing! "All the people"--the least and the last--shall "pass clean over Jordan." "And the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land."

Reader, according to feeling and apprehension, it will be on a very small piece--quite a fragment--that some of us at least will escape safe to land. No going into harbour with high-flying colours, to the indulgence of creature-boast. No, in no wise! Yet (blessed be God!), notwithstanding this felt weakness and fleshly pauperism,

neither the one nor the other shall militate against that great and glorious declaration of Jesus, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am ; that they may behold my glory, which Thou hast given me ; for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

But, with respect to the teachableness and simplicity upon which we briefly touched, it is worthy of remark, that, upon two occasions during His sojourn on earth, Jesus laid so great stress upon meekness and tractableness by reference to a *little child*. First, we read that when His disciples came to Him, saying, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven ?" Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

Oh, what a lesson was here ! It was as if Jesus, although addressing His disciples, would, in a certain sense, ignore and set aside all that they had been taught ; as though they now stood in need, as it were, of being "converted" afresh ; that all their knowledge, experience, attainments, should be accounted as nothing ; so that they should be brought to receive the truth in the same simple, childlike way in which they first received it.

And, whether we like it or not, reader, and however contrary and humbling it may be to our poor proud hearts, we believe that this is the way—and the only way—in which we shall receive fresh communications and enjoy renewed manifestations from on high !

Beloved, that is a remarkable expression of the Apostle Peter, and well worthy of our prayerful consideration ; and do not let us lose sight of the fact that it was the after-testimony of one who had aforetime been among the foremost, the most talkative, and least suspicious of self or danger. We refer to the Apostle's exhortation in the opening of the second chapter of his first Epistle : "Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as *new-born babes*, desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby."

Verily this is a coming down, indeed, that the Apostle should urge the very characters whom he had in the previous chapter greeted in such glowing terms, to assume so lowly and dependent a position ! It mattered not that he had just been dwelling upon some of the deepest depths and profoundest mysteries connected with the nature and operations of faith. He recognised in them the great fact of their love to Jesus, and that in no small measure or degree ; for, said he, speaking of the intensity of their affection, "Whom having not seen, ye love ; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory : receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." We know of no stronger testimony respecting the love of the Lord's children to the person of Christ than is here given.

Furthermore, the Apostle reminds them of the virtue and the blessedness and the costliness of their redemption : " Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers ; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot." But, notwithstanding the high and glorious standing he here takes, the Apostle immediately follows it up with the meek and lowly figure of the new-born babe ! And mark, too, dear reader, they are to " desire " the sincere milk of the Word. They were to *look for* it and to *long for* and to *crave* it, just as the veriest babe pants and pines for the breast. Mark, too, it is *the Word ! the Word !* The same old source ! the same fountain, spring, storehouse of blessing and blessedness ! *The Word ! the Word !* What a confirmation of the old counsel, " To the law and to the testimony : if they speak not according to this Word, it is because they have no light in them " !

And whence cometh any real comfort, peace, or satisfaction, but from *the Word ! the Word !* All short of *the Word* is vain and perishing. No solidity—no establishment—no real joy and consolation but in and from *the Word ! the Word !* and Christ Himself the Sum and the Substance of that Word !

Oh, for more of *the Word !* Here, reader, it is we fail ! It is from lack of the Word, as that Word is read and applied by the Holy Ghost, the Enditer, the Expounder, and the Sealer of the Word !

Then the Apostle speaks of the object of the Word : " That ye may grow thereby." It is by the Word we are nourished, strengthened, and invigorated.

Moreover, how soon and how clearly it is seen, both by conduct and conversation, whether there is the resorting unto and the feeding upon the sincere milk of the Word. Oh, how savoury the conversation ; what a meekness, and mellowness, and childlike simplicity characterises the prayerful reader and the deep searcher of the Word ! How it engrosses the attention ! What sobriety it imparts ! What a peace it infuses, under the home-and-heart application by the Holy Ghost !

The ground upon which the new-born babe desires the milk is from *weakness* and *want* ; it is to *satisfy*, it is to meet the *craving* which *life has created* ! It is the appeal of *necessity*, shown not in words—for the *craver* is no *speaker* as yet. There is *life*, but no *language*, unless it be the language of a dumb but deep necessity ! There is the most thorough helplessness in the new-born babe, and yet there is a movement and an urgency that only the thing craved—the milk—can meet and satisfy ! And how soothing and how satisfying that so timely provision of nature ! " The sincere milk of the Word." Reader, what teaching ! what teaching ! And how well may it be insisted upon in such days as these when the Word is so maligned and traduced and set aside.

Where does the really Spirit-quickened soul get comfort and

peace, hope and joy, but from the "sincere milk of the Word?" It is not man's word, but God's Word, even though it may be spoken by man. Let the conversation have been what it may; let the friendship or the intercourse have been ever so refreshing, it was the Word—the Word—that was the ground of such refreshing. Some precept, some promise, some token, some kind and gracious act, as given in the Word, has animated and cheered and refreshed! Oh, how true has that Scripture been in heartfelt experience: "I found Thy Word, and I did eat it; and Thy words were unto me the joy and the rejoicing of my heart!"

Reader, what say you to these things? If you have been taught them in a personal and experimental way, we feel assured you will confirm our testimony. Had you the opportunity, you would, we doubt not, be prepared to show that it was either in hearing the Word, reading the Word, or conversing about the Word, your first hope was enkindled, and your first peace realised; so that, in the retracing and review, the language of the Psalmist is most expressive of your state: "Remember the Word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope."

Reader, what a mercy it is if such matters as these are no parables, but that you have a personal and a practical understanding of them; that they touch a chord in your heart which seems to vibrate throughout your inmost soul; that revives and refreshes; and that causes you, in spite of position or circumstances, however critical such position or circumstances may be, to exclaim, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

There is, however, another occasion left upon record, besides that of which we have spoken, in which Jesus made so special reference to a little child. We read in the ninth chapter of Mark as follows: "And He came to Capernaum: and being in the house He asked them, What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way? But they held their peace: for by the way they had disputed among themselves, who should be the greatest. And He sat down, and called the twelve, and saith unto them, If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all. And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them: and when He had taken him in His arms, He said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but Him that sent me" (v. 33—37).

Now, without doubt, this appeal of Jesus and this reference by Him to little children, took place at a later date than that previously referred to. This fact is significant, inasmuch as it suggests the self-same lesson of teachableness and simplicity. Whatever knowledge the disciples may have attained, or progress made, during the interval, there was the old lesson set before them again—self-nothingness! self-helplessness! self-pauperism! self-necessity! A child! a

child ! The child, in its simplicity—in its weakness—in its know-nothingness—was to be the model ! This the pattern—this the example set before His disciples by Jesus Himself !

Reader, just let us endeavour to picture to ourselves this scene for a moment. The disciples in conference, “disputing among themselves who should be the greatest,” and yet in the immediate presence of Him whom they knew, “although He was rich, yet for their sakes He became poor, that they, through His poverty, might be made rich.” They knew who He was, whence He came, and for what purpose. They knew He was “despised and rejected of men,” although none less than the “Son of God and the King of Israel ;” and yet, even under these very circumstances, there was a “disputing among themselves who should be the greatest.” Alas ! alas ! for poor, proud, fallen humanity !

But mark ! Jesus at this very juncture, “taking a child, and setting him in the midst of them,” as though the greatest and the most important of the whole ! What a taking down ! What a rebuke ! How instantly they must have been silenced ! how completely, as in a moment, at a perfect loss what to say ! What a deadly blow to their pride and self-sufficiency ! No talking about who should be No. 1 after that ! What becomes of “*Pope Peter*” after such a rebuke ?

And what a wonderful saying, reader, “Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me : and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me (that is, not only me, but likewise) Him that sent me.”

So that if, beloved, we are drawn to a little one—however weak and timid and lisping and stammering—because we have reason to believe that there is true spiritual and imperishable life in such little one ; if, moreover, we discover the traces of spiritual light and love there, and upon these grounds are drawn to them ; if we feel an outgoing of desire—a sympathy—a tender concern—a soft, gentle, supernatural something that they may be guarded, guided, led on and on and through and through wilderness scenes, wilderness sorrows, wilderness trials, wilderness temptations, wilderness perils, wilderness privations ; if there be, we say, this secret travail, these sacred emotions, what does it indicate ? What, beloved ? Why, just what Jesus Himself intimates—the receiving, and the greeting, and the embracing Jesus Himself in the person of one of His little ones. Consider the bond—the unity—the membership ! “Bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh.” “Whoso toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye.”

And, to speak experimentally, beloved, are not those times and seasons most sacred and unutterably precious, when one of the Lord’s little ones is thus met and communed with by the way ? It may be that the merest word is spoken. Perhaps it is a look, or a sigh, or the tear standing in the eye, that has arrested the attention, and in a moment has enkindled in the heart of the bystander or the looker on

such a sacred feeling—such a holy fervour—such a blessed importunity, for and on the behalf of that, perhaps, previously altogether unknown one. Oh, how sweet—how sacred—how precious, this! And, moreover, it is not unlikely that such a blessed state of things has come about when that identical soul has been personally, according to feeling and apprehension, cold, heartless, lifeless, dead! and this has been one of the means the Lord has graciously employed for bursting the bonds—snapping the fetters—and giving that troubled one to see that, after all, there is life and light and love where it was feared that there was nothing of the kind; on the contrary, such anxious and self-dissatisfied one has feared lest he was “twice dead, and plucked up by the roots.”

And then Jesus recognising such service—for a service it is, and a glorious service, too—this outgoing of heart on account of one of the little ones—the tried, the tempted, the troubled; the one who fears even to look up, but, like the poor publican in the temple, smites upon his breast, and cries, “God, be merciful to me, a sinner!” By a species of, so to speak, spiritual freemasonry, or rather, under the teaching of the self-same Spirit, a recognition of relationship—a discovery of kindred—a personal retracing and remembering of the like feeling—the same distress—similar exercise of soul. Oh, what an immensity is taught as in a moment; and Jesus so recognising that very sympathy—that travail—that pleading and importunity on behalf of another—as service—real service—vital service for and on His behalf; and saying, as He alone can say, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

Oh, mark the language, dear reader: “Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me: and whosoever receiveth me, receiveth not me, but Him that sent me.”

Reader, can you—dare you—deny that you personally are a stranger to that tender, loving, distinctive, supernatural something about which we have spoken? Can you declare that you have never been actuated to this or that service, because you believed, with respect to the one whom you sought to help, that he “belonged to Christ?” Is not this, therefore, the effect of a divine prompting, and directly contrary to the course a merely natural man would pursue, who hates the very image of Christ, be that image reflected wheresoever it may, for “the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be”?

*St. Luke's, Bedminster, Oct. 11, 1876.*

THE EDITOR.

**THEORY AND PRACTICE.**—Peter was not only to “feed the sheep and lambs,” but to “strengthen his brethren.” For this end, he had to learn in the school of experience his own weakness, the deceit and treachery of his own wicked nature, the tempter’s power, and the omnipotency of Christ. These are the men who are useful to the Church of God, who can say, “We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen.”—*J. Miley.*

## Wayside Notes.

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### ARE SAINTS SINNERS?

*"God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"—LUKE xviii. 13.*

Two men went up into the temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed, thanking God that he was not as other men, and boasting of his good deeds, and of the alms he had dedicated to the service of God. The publican, standing afar off, hardly daring to lift up his eyes to heaven, but smiting his breast, sighed out, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" Our Lord justified the latter and condemned the former; and in such justification acknowledged that the heart of the poor penitent publican was right before his God.

Well, now, we ask, did that publican—pointed out undoubtedly by our Saviour as a child of grace—did he cease to be a sinner, and become a saint? did he, henceforth, enter into the temple no longer praying for forgiveness of sins, no longer feeling that he ought to take the position of a sinner at all, but look upon himself as a saint? We ask the question because such is the teaching of the present day, and we are told that we are wrong to pray for forgiveness of sin when we are already pardoned; we are wrong to pray for the Holy Spirit, when already He has taken up His abode in our hearts; we are wrong to plead for righteousness and sanctification, when already we are made righteous and holy through Christ.

Beloved, it is laid upon us at this season to investigate this matter, for really, in the present day of so-called light, one would have us believe that "the old paths" ought to be forsaken, and we come aside into the fresh paths of light and liberty, such as will suit the feelings and experience of the age. We will not accept such creature proposals, but are determined to adhere to the good old ways of covenant verity and truth, whether despised for it or otherwise.

Well, then, we ask, is the language which heads our paper—ah! and more than this, which is the language of heart-felt experience—"God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"—is such language that which should be used by an unregenerate man only, or is it that which we can feelingly adopt as a child of grace? I answer unhesitatingly, whatever I have known personally of the Lord and His gracious dealings with me—and, possibly, I can compare notes with not a few, with regard to the personal unfoldings of His love and mercy—yet I candidly declare I can take no other position before Him than that of a sinner—ah! and a sinner of such a caste, that, if left to myself for a single hour or moment, I should fall, miserably fall, and am only kept as He keeps. This I am satisfied of, and, with a heart tender before Him, I cry, "Lord, Thy poor worm feels to the full his sinnership, even after forty years' experience of Thy love and favour; and never, in the course of his long experience, did he feel a greater sinner than now, or a greater need for that cry of the heart at the throne of grace, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" For one, the writer can enter into such experience as David's, where we find him rejoicing on the one hand that the Lord is his Shepherd; and, on the other, crying under a felt view of his unworthiness, "Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine

iniquity, for it is great." So also with Jeremiah : " I sat alone," he says, " because of Thy hand : wilt Thou be altogether as a liar unto me, as waters that fail ? " Can we have any doubt that the Christian who, in the spirit of rebellion, used such language, included himself when appealing to God ? At another time he said, " O Lord, our iniquities testify against us : but, O Thou Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble, we are called by Thy name ; leave us not." When the Lord made Himself known to us, and revealed Himself to us as mighty to save, pardoning mercy and love were sealed home by the power of the Holy Ghost. Light was then poured into the soul that caused us to discover the nature and character of sin, and to feel that it was done away in Christ, and we were forgiven ; but is it not further light in the soul, time after time realised, that has discovered to us the hidden chambers of imagery which are in the heart ? We may have learnt early in divine experience the sinfulness of sin, but later teaching has shown us the *exceeding* sinfulness of sin. We may learn early that the heart is deceitful, but it is reserved for more matured knowledge to discover that it is " *deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.*"

Again, is it to be considered that repentance is an act which, if done once, is done once for all, and needs no repetition ? True, it is a very blessed evidence of regeneration, and, wherever grace has begun in the heart, there will be the outgoing of deep contrition on account of sin ; but it appears to us far from ceasing. As the child of God progresses in divine life, every fresh discovery of himself, and every fresh unfolding of Jesus, will issue in deeper penitence of spirit before God ; and repentance will be, as it were, a running act flowing from his growth in grace and knowledge of his dear Redeemer.

And will not the Scriptures of truth bear us out in this view ? For instance, the afflicted Job, whom the Lord had declared to be perfect and upright, one that feared Him and eschewed evil, was long after brought to say, " I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee ; therefore, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." David, again, when his sin was brought home to him, acknowledged that he had sinned against the Lord, and fasted and lay upon the earth in deep contrition of heart ; and, after all poor Peter's profession of his love to His Saviour, he denied Him, and when a sense of his frailty and faithlessness overwhelmed him, " he went out and wept bitterly." Oh, we would have those who think their mountain stands so strong that repentance with them is a thing of the past, we would have such take heed lest they fall !

But let us bring this matter to the test of the lives of the worthies who have gone before. We use a common expression— " worthies ; " but, methinks, could their voices be heard, they would one and all say, " Rather call us the *unworthies.*"

A few instances to the point. God had to rebuke the sedition of Miriam and Aaron, the latter earnestly requesting Moses to plead with the Lord that His anger might be turned from them. And what were Ezra's feelings in the review of his own sins and the sins of the children of Israel ? He spread his hands unto the Lord God at evening sacrifice, and said, " O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to Thee, my God : for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown unto the heavens." What was the language of the afflicted Job, whom the Lord had declared " perfect and upright " ? He

says, "I have sinned: what shall I do unto Thee, O Thou Preserver of men? why hast Thou set me as a mark against Thee, so that I am a burden to myself?"

Again, David, in that longest, yet most experimental Psalm, the 119th, after rejoicing at the Word as one that findeth great spoil, and testifying of that salvation which was his delight, acknowledges, in the closing verse, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep;" and pleads, "Seek Thy servant, for I do not forget Thy commandments." Yes, surely, he was obliged to go to the throne as a poor, erring, wandering child; he was obliged to crave a fresh sense of pardoning love and mercy; and so must all those who are acquainted with themselves, and the corruptness of the human heart.

"Let those who think they stand, beware,  
For David stood before;  
Nor let the fallen soul despair,  
For mercy can restore."

Further, take the case of Solomon, and we select this because here was a man imbued with special wisdom from on high, and a favourite of heaven. Does the reader dislike this expression—"a favourite of heaven"? Have you noticed the testimony of the Scriptures concerning Solomon at his very birth. It is said, "Bathsheba bare a son, and David called his name Solomon, and the Lord loved him" (2 Sam. xii. 24). Surely, here is sovereign choice and love! Solomon, who had done nothing, we presume, but cry, declared to be loved of the Lord; and we mention this because it seems to us to be the key of all the after leadings which were so significant and important. See how his person, work, and offices were illustrative of the Lord Jesus Christ. Not merely was he the beloved of the Lord, but he was the son of David; and then, in the greatness and extent of his kingdom, in the wisdom he was endowed with from on high, in the riches which he possessed, in the peacefulness of his reign, and in his building the temple, and in his being magnified by his God—on these points, and many others, he shadowed forth the Lord Jesus Christ.

But to come to our point. This loved one of the Lord, this special favourite of heaven, this man imbued with wisdom from on high—surely, if any one can be found living the life of a saint, and a course of spotless purity and holiness, it will be Solomon. But, alas! for the human nature even of a child of God, it was far otherwise. Note the testimony of the Word concerning him: "But king Solomon loved many strange women: he clave unto these in love, and his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God. And the Lord was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice." Had not, then, Solomon reason to say with us, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner"? However much beloved of the Lord, however much signally blessed from above, the old nature was the old nature still, and he gave abundant proof of its frailty.

Multplied instances to the point might be given from God's Word, but just to come to worthies of a more recent date. Listen to the dying testimony of dear Romaine. Thanking a friend for his visit, he said, "You have come to see a saved sinner." This he affirmed should be his dying boast, and that he desired to die with the language of the publican in his mouth, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" And this is a man who wrote much upon "The Blessedness of

Living and Dying in the Lord," and who left upon record precious things concerning "The Triumph of Faith;" and yet, when he viewed himself, he could take no other stand than that of a poor guilty sinner.

Again, note the testimony of the immortal Toplady, whose brief life was marked by a closer intimacy with Christ and an experience above his fellows; yet, when he looked within, and viewed himself as a poor erring creature, the sighing of his song was—

"Thou seest me yet a slave to sin,  
And yet afar from God;  
Oh, purify, and make me clean  
By Thy redeeming blood!"

John Newton, too, who, rescued from the pit of destruction, was, indeed, a very signal trophy of divine grace, and one brought from depths to heights ; yet, after all, note his cry—

"But now my joys are all cut off,  
In prison I am cast:  
And Satan, with a cruel scoff,  
Says, 'Where's your God at last?'"

"In prison"—that is, in his feelings. Knowest thou not what it is, reader, thus to be in prison?

But does not a sense of our own frailty and an acquaintance with our own depravity of heart keep us dependent upon the Lord? If we get to the feeling we can run alone, and are so strong in faith and unchangeable in purpose that we have nothing to fear, surely, with such evil hearts, the tendency would be to creature sufficiency and pride, and would engender indifference as to the throne of grace and help from on high. No, reader; it appears to us that the very insight into self we realize drives us out of self to the Lord; and, for one, we are obliged to say that, seeing as we do such utter failure in the creature, our constant resort must be to the Saviour, and our constant cry, "Oh, Lord, undertake for me!" Ah! it is a mercy to be enabled to say, "My record is on high. There lies my strength, not in myself, but in the Lord." And, as the dear afflicted Job says to his false comforters, "Will He plead against me with His great strength? No; He will put strength in me." May we be kept insufficient as regards the creature, and feel that our sufficiency is of the Lord!

And are there not times in our own experience when, far from taking a high standing, we are mute before the Lord? Some trial has so overwhelmed us, that in very deed we are brought to nothingness, and to the "time to keep silence before Him." If we sigh out a word or two to Him, it is all we can do, for "verily the heavens seem as brass over our heads."

" Yet the Lord can make a way  
To bring His saints relief ;  
'Tis their part to wait and pray,  
In spite of unbelief.

"He can break through walls of stone,  
Sink the mountain to a plain;  
They to whom His name is known  
Can never pray in vain."

And this reminds us of another aspect of this subject. We hear much of the duty of prayer, and injunctions to enforce it upon Christians; but we are satisfied that the child of God needs not such injunctions and enforcing. Prayer with him is a constant necessity—nay, I am going to use an expression which I believe will fit into his experience, namely, prayer with him is *perpetual*. And why is this? Just because he is afraid of himself, and afraid to be left to himself for a moment. Hence perpetual prayer is the element of his life. And why is he afraid to be

left to himself? Just because he has misgivings of the creature, and a knowledge of creature frailty and weakness. Such is, indeed, contrary to the feelings of those who have got into a state that they are always heavenly minded. We are satisfied that the family of God will, with us, feel that they can take no other standing than that of a lowly character, indebted to the Lord for all they receive, and undeserving of the least of His mercies.

Then, again, what about the warfare we hear so much about, and know more than we hear? for it is a warfare within, and the Lord calls His people to be soldiers of the Cross, and to "put on the whole armour of God." What does this imply, but that the warfare with sin will be perpetual, and that we must not expect the calm of rest or the crown of victory this side of the grave. Long after the Lord had in His signal and sovereign way called Paul, what do we note his saying? "For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do;" attributing it all to the fact of "another law in his members warring against the law of his mind, and bringing it into captivity to the law of sin which is in his members." And elsewhere he says, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom *I am* (not, *I was*) chief." Here is one whom we properly look up to as the chief of the apostles declaring himself to be the chief of sinners, and subject to a warfare he does not expect will cease this side of the grave. No; this cessation may suit drawing-room Christians, but such as have need of "shoes of iron and brass" feel with John Newton—

"While on the Saviour I rely,  
I know my foes shall lose their aim;  
And, therefore, dare their power defy,  
Assured of conquest through His name:  
But soon my confidence is slain,  
And all my fears return again."

And, referring again to what we have termed "drawing-room Christians," we often think that those who profess to lead such unsullied lives, and have no longer need to plead for forgiveness of sin, must be those who have not to combat with the world and its ways, as some of us have. Ah! let a man have to come in contact with worldlings in his daily life; let him have to stand against the policy of the ungodly, and witness "the underground" work of commercial struggling amidst the cruel competition of the age, and we imagine the finer feelings of a refined Phariseeism would pretty soon get knocked out of him, and, amidst the waves and billows of earthly care, he would be glad to put up the cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" What say you, Christian, neck-deep amidst the whirl of antagonistic evils, is it not so? The day's diary, if truly pencilled, will be often headed, "Saved, saved by sovereign grace, but a sinner still!" So do we follow, not easily, after Jesus, but "hard after Christ." Which is it with you, dear reader?

Having thus seen that there is sufficient in ourselves to keep us ever lowly, and to drive us to the throne for a fresh application of the blood of Jesus, and a fresh sense of pardoning love and mercy, the comforting thought for us is, that our safety is in the way in which the Lord Jehovah sees us *in Christ*. We are black; but in Him, comely. Now shall we get at the bright side of the subject, as the beloved Apostle John writes, "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is

true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life." "And we are in *Him*." Mystery of mysteries! Wondrous union of members to their loving Head!

I am going to put the matter in an exceedingly plain and simple manner. God, in the purity of His essence and the spotlessness of His attributes, cannot look upon sin, therefore, He cannot look upon me; but, looking upon Christ, upon the face of His Anointed, He beholds in Him His Church and people, and is as satisfied with them as He is with Him. Hence the prayer, "Look upon the face of Thine Anointed." Jesus can look upon us, and have compassion, because "He took upon Himself our nature, and became tempted like as we are, yet without sin." "He knoweth our infirmities, and is touched with the feelings of them." I, then, looking to Jesus as the Mediator, Substitute, and Head, faith goes forth and lays her hand upon Him; and while in myself I can see nothing but vileness, in Him I see nothing but virtue; and what I cannot find in myself, I find in Him. Hence does He become the "All and in all" of my salvation. "We are in Him that is true."

Well, friends, whatever phases of Christian experience we take, whatever views we get of the deformity of human nature, one thing cheers us, namely, the thought of glory—that blest state where nothing that defileth can enter. Oh, as one looks up and thinks of the purity of the heaven of heavens, of the serenity that must reign there, and of the sweetness of an eternity with Jesus, it does lift one out of the depressing trials of the way to consider that, although a sinner, feeling ever the necessity of pleading for mercy, and assured that our cry to the last—and at the last—will be, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" yet, through sovereign love, grace, and mercy, receiving an abundant entrance into everlasting glory, and taking one's stand amidst the glorified spirits above! It is amazing! it is wonderful! "Oh, to grace how great a debtor!"

Well, now, dear reader, what say you to our inquiry, "*Are saints sinners?*" What is the response of thine heart, and the standing thou dost feel thou canst take? We have seen that, as light shines into the soul, fresh discoveries of sin are made, and that repentance is not an act needing no repetition; but that, as the child of God grows, he will manifest increased contrition of heart before the Lord—that the united testimony of the worthies of ancient, as well as of recent date, testify to the same truth; and that they, with their constant failings, could only approach the throne of grace as sinners—that a sense of the deep depravity of the heart keeps us dependent upon the Lord, and afraid to step alone—that the very fact of our constant upliftings of heart in prayer shows we have need of constant help to keep us from falling—that the warfare is of such a character, that it is vain to expect serenity of soul this side the grave—that, nevertheless, it is our mercy to know that the eternal Father sees us in Christ, and we are accepted in the Beloved—and that, with all our failings and shortcomings, we may be yet assured that we shall take our stand amidst the ransomed ones above, to shout with them, "Grace, grace unto it!"

For one, then, the writer will have, as he has said, till the last hour of his life, to address the throne of grace in the language of the poor publican, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

*Derby.*

G. C.

## Pilgrim Papers.

### PLEASANT MEMORIES.—No. XI.

THERE are some texts which have again and again been blest to the furtherance of the cause of truth, as well as to the comfort and salvation of individual believers. Around those texts there lingers a sweet memory, although most of them have been obtained in the furnace of trial; so pearls that adorn the brow of beauty are found in the depths of the ocean, and obtained only with almost incredible pains and labour. The harvest of the husbandman, so rich and beautiful in its season, is preceded by other seasons of toil, and often dreary labour. The quiet enjoyment of ease and competency in the evening of life is, for the most part, not unconnected with the industrious pursuit of business in the morning and midday of life.

I shall now introduce my readers to several of the texts referred to above, and it will be seen that a preparatory season of conflict preceded the use and usefulness of the word ministered. And, first, "Looking unto Jesus" is a word that has, in several instances, been the means of blessing to souls. I well remember the day when that text was first brought to me. It was a dark day, indeed, and amidst the darkness there was not a glimmer of light. I was expecting to preach to my people at night, but all through the day I looked in vain for a portion to bring before them. The Book was a sealed book to me, and the throne of grace seemed inaccessible. I could only groan out my desires that the Lord would appear, and not quite confound me before the people. A short time before the service began, the words referred to were dropped into the mind, and instantly they opened in a way I had never read them before, and I *felt* that I had a message for the people. I never could recall to memory the drift of that sermon, but I remember the main feature of it was a description of the lost sinner's state, and the suitability of Jesus, as revealed in His various names and characters and offices, to meet the sinner's need; and, lastly, the act of faith, which brought the peace and comfort of salvation into the soul. I delivered my message with much freedom and joy; and I noticed before I began a tall, rough-looking man come in with his son. I think I see them now as they walked across the school-room, where the service was held. He was quite a stranger, and my heart went forth towards him. I longed to pour into his soul—if I might be the happy instrument—the good news of salvation by Jesus. I had no idea, then, how the Lord had been preparing that soul to hear the message He had given to me to deliver. He has told me of it several times since; for, from that night his ears were bored, and he became a servant in the Lord's house for ever. He had been a bond slave long enough, but now he served as a son. He had a taste of graciousness, and he was enabled to say, "I love my Master." His story was this: Under a stirring, but legal ministry in the Church of England, he had been convinced of sin, and frightened out of many of his sinful ways, but under that ministry he could find no peace. His convictions deepened until he was brought almost to despair, and was under a fearful temptation to put an end to his existence. On that afternoon, in his distress he went and threw himself on a heap of haum in his master's farm-yard, and cried bitterly to the Lord. While he was there, a voice spake within him, "Go to Blackmore chapel."

Having never left his church, this seemed strange to him, but the impression was so strong on his mind that he got up, and, with his son, walked about two miles, and from that time he never ceased coming. That sermon was *just what he wanted*; and, though his fears many times returned, and Satan often set in with strong temptations, he was delivered, and up to the last day I ministered at the chapel was a constant attendant and consistent Christian. The persecutions, afflictions, and trials he endured were very many, but nothing moved him from the faith of the Gospel he had received; and he scarcely ever prayed but his petition was to be ever kept "*looking unto Jesus*." This same text, though not the same sermon, was blest to a sister at C—, which resulted in a Christian friendship which was fruitful in many happy results during many years. She has told me it was the dawning of hope in her soul, which had been for years in the darkness of doubt and unbelief.

I must not omit another striking case in which the text, "Looking unto Jesus," was blest to an old man past seventy years of age. I was conducting a prayer-meeting on a Lord's Day afternoon, and was led to speak to the people a few words. The words, "Looking unto Jesus," being impressed on my mind, I took them as the foundation of the remarks I made. I noticed the poor old man at the far end of the chapel, and my heart yearned towards him with longings for his soul's salvation. I longed that the words might enter his heart. The next morning, I was going out to visit some poor people, and saw him on the other side of the green. I felt my heart drawn to go over and speak to him. I did so. I asked him if he remembered the text I spoke about on the Sunday. He replied, "Yes. It was, 'Looking unto Jesus.'" I asked him if he thought he understood it. He said, "No." I then began to repeat over to him the words I had spoken publicly; and, to my surprise, they came back to my mind as freshly as possible. I then left him. Soon afterwards he was laid by; and, on visiting him in his affliction, I found him under great concern about his soul, and in great trouble. He told me that before I met him that day, he had been arrested as he was going to visit his son on a Sabbath day, and was obliged to return. Since then his sins had become an intolerable burden, which became heavier every day; and day and night he was crying for mercy. So ignorant was he of the way of salvation, that he told me "that he went about his garden looking about for Jesus," thinking that He would appear to him in some way that he should *see Him*, then he should find peace. I visited him, and found him getting worse and worse, till one day I found him strangely altered. His countenance had lost that sad aspect it had borne, and his words were cheery and gladsome. I asked him the cause of the change. He told me he had lost his burden of sin while he was laying awake in the night praying and crying to the Lord for mercy. He felt a change come over him, and he felt that his burden was gone. The words of Scripture were spoken into his heart, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" and he felt sure that it was the Lord who had appeared and taken away his burden. I think I never knew a soul so full of joy as he was; and for several years, during which he was bed-ridden, many happy hours have I spent by his bed-side. Sometimes I have found him, through infirmities and afflictions and Satan's temptations, very low and depressed. But just touch the old string-quote the words, "Looking unto Jesus"—and his countenance would brighten,

and he would again pour out his simple story of praise to the God of salvation, who had blest such a poor old sinner as he was. And then he would break forth—"I can't doubt it—He told me so Himself—'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,' and He never will." It was astonishing how he was provided for and taken care of during those last days. He seemed no longer to belong to his worldly friends, but to the Lord's people; one of whom took him to her house, lodged him, and cared for him in all his affliction, till the Lord called him home to Himself, to sing hallelujahs for ever to God and the Lamb.

Another text which I have found very profitable in the course of my ministry in various places—for I hold that the Word of God is like David's weapon which he used in cutting off the head of Goliath, of which he said, "Give it to me, for there is none like it." I remember a minister once saying, "Well, I can generally manage to get a *new text*, if I have no new things to say." For my part, I love an old text which I have tried, tasted, proved, felt, and which the Lord has honoured in the use of it: "Thou hast magnified Thy Word above all Thy name."

To return. The text is this: "Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south." I received it under very singular circumstances. In the course of my business I had been engaged in finishing a summer-house, at Greenhithe, in Kent; and, having to go to London, I was so driven for time that I could not get home except by the eleven o'clock train, and then only to a town seven miles from my home, which distance I had to walk after twelve o'clock, having been eighteen hours at business. I was very tired, and the walk was a dark and lonely one. The enemy took advantage of my weakness and weariness, and I had such a fearful battle with him that I had to cry out in real anguish of spirit. I seemed for a time to be given over to the power of the enemy. I was compelled to entreat the Lord to help me, and so He did. The words of the text fell into my heart with power, and I felt instant relief. Thoughts flowed freely, and truly my meditation was sweet. I very soon began to sing, and the rest of the journey was delightful. The portion was given to me for a purpose. I was engaged to preach at a distant city, where the cause of truth was in almost the lowest possible condition; and the words not only proved suitable, but were the means of turning their captivity. The haters of the pure truth of the Gospel were driven out, and the lovers of it enabled to make a stand, so that they gained the victory, and the Word prospered for many years amongst them. They requested me to become their pastor, but I could not leave my dear people, amongst whom the Lord was then doing a good work.

These are pleasant memories of twenty-one years ago, and many a happy day have I had since then in the old city of Winchester; but I fear there are few there *now* who will remember the visit of the young village pastor. This same text was blest last year in the deliverance of a lady from a long and dreary captivity, which deliverance has filled the hearts of some with joy. But what of the enemy of souls? How enraged he is when the Word *has free course*. He cares nothing for hypocritical formalisms. They are to him as rotten stubble; nor does he care for vehement denunciations of what is called this or that "party;" or for argumentative dissertations on the doctrines of this or that denomination. But the Word of the Lord, by whomsoever spoken, is hateful to him, and will bring upon every faithful preacher of it his rage and spite.

WILLIAM.  
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BRIEF NOTES ON THE SPIRITUAL MEANING OF JACOB'S  
BLESSING JUDAH AND JOSEPH.

(GENESIS xl ix. 8—12, 22—26.)

THE blessings of Jacob above the blessings of his progenitors consisted in his possessing two sons as types of Jesus, namely, Judah and Joseph, whereas Abraham and Isaac had only one each. Joseph was a type of Jesus as a person, and Judah was a type of Jesus in His office character, and, figuratively, of His complex character. And the blessings of Jacob's spiritual Josephs will certainly extend to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills (God's eternal decrees) through the blood and righteousness of their great Antitype.

Joseph was sold by his brethren, Jesus by Judas. Joseph was falsely accused; Jesus with being Beelzebub. Joseph was put into prison iron-bound; Jesus into the grave. As Joseph cleansed himself before appearing in Pharaoh's presence, so Jesus washed Himself from imputed sin before His ascension (Num. xix. 9; Gen. xl ix. 11). Joseph acted as an interpreter; Jesus said, "For all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." Joseph was next to the throne—Pharaoh said, "Only in the throne will I be greater than thou;" Jesus said, "My Father is greater than I;" and God the Father said, "And they shall hang upon Him all the glory of His Father's house;" and now, upon His mediatorial throne, He carries on the "government upon His shoulder." Again, "Thou hast given Him all power." Joseph bought the bread with the king's riches; Jesus said, "A body hast Thou prepared me;" also, "And the bread that I will give is my flesh." Joseph was a saviour of his brethren and the heathen (Gen. xli. 57); Jesus, of Jew and Gentile: "Ask of me, and I shall give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance." "Joseph was thirty years old," and Jesus began to be about thirty years of age." "Joseph is a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall;" "I am the Vine, ye are the branches." This vine is by a well; the fulness of the Spirit's graces, "living water. But this spake He of the Spirit." Again, "God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him." These branches not only run up to the top of grace salvation walls, but in holy longings they run over to peep into the boundless space of the kingdom of glory. "Even by the God of thy Father, who shall help thee; and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above (eternal electing love), blessings of the deep that lieth under (redemption), blessings of the breasts (the Word of God), and of the womb" (incarnation). So Joseph was a type of the person and afflictions of Jesus ("but they are not grieved for the afflictions of Joseph"), also as a Saviour.

Now, as to Judah as a type of the character-office of Jesus. "Judah, thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise." Yes, all the spiritual seed of Jacob—yea, the very Josephs—must bow low and praise Judah's Antitype, for His great power of office, deliverance from their enemies, by being made their Surety, as well as being the Bread of Life. "Judah is a lion's whelp: from the prey, my son, thou art gone up:" (first, "that through death He might destroy him that held the power of death; that is, the devil"—"then is the prey of a great spoil divided"). Again, "Thou hast ascended up on high, Thou hast led captivity captive" (also, Isa. xl ix. 24, 25). "He stooped down" (to take our natures), "He couched as a lion" (in hiding in great measure His Godhead power in His

humiliation), and “as an old lion, who shall rouse Him up?” As everlasting God, and Judge of quick and dead, who then shall rouse Him up? Neither men nor devils will dare. “The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come.” By the sceptre, I understand the power of carrying on the typical, ceremonial Gospel, and the preservation of the oracles of God, the temple service, &c., by authority of the tribe of Judah; and “the law-giver between his feet” seems to mean that Judah’s race must walk in the law of Moses till Christ should come.

J. E. SMITH.

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### GOD’S ORDINATION.

It is but seldom in this cloudy day, when distinctive divinity seems a thing of the past, that men have courage given them to speak all they know. To be hated of all men for Christ’s sake is not pleasant to the flesh; to be regarded with suspicion by brethren in office is galling to human nature; but this is the cross that must be borne in all times, if Christ is followed, and the Spirit of God have made a place in the heart for divine truth. Men who meet on the foundation of truth experimentally realised, must expect the scorn of the world and professors. They must not count upon numbers; they must be content to take their stand with Old Testament prophets, “of whom the world was not worthy;” and with New Testament ministers, who were “accounted the offscouring of all things;” the only preferment sought after being summed up in these words: “I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”

Much of the evil working in the Church of God at the present day may justly be laid to the charge of ministers, who are afraid to bring before the people *all they know*. They cannot brook the scorn of the world; they cannot submit to the humiliation of being marked men; they cannot stand by a despised Christ; so they conceal the truth, or round off the corners to please the world and thus escape the cross.

The sentence is often heard, “I subscribe to all you say. I believe exactly as you do.” “Then, why don’t you preach it?” is the inquiry of the honest and established believer. The excuse is much after the spirit of the reprobate king who laid the blame upon the people of his reserve of the best of the spoil (1 Sam. xv.). But the people should be instructed in the truth as revealed by God to the teacher; and not concealed to please the ignorant and ungodly. The men who receive the truth of God in the ear in the closet, are to proclaim it on the house-top, according to the injunction of our Lord, which was the purpose and object of communicating it to the apostles; not to be covered and concealed, but to be made known. And this distinguishes between life and death; between religious opinions and vital experience; between knowledge in the head, and the love of truth in the heart. The fire burns in the breast of the living, and speak they must, whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear. Like unto the prophets and apostles, they have received their commission from God: “Go and speak unto the people all the words of this life;” “Preach the Gospel to every creature;” and these are not injunctions for a day that is past only. God has still an apostolic succession; men warned of God, like Noah, and divinely ordained like

the apostles; "separated unto the Gospel of Christ;" called and qualified and thrust out by God Himself to preach the Word of truth; and signs follow in the quickening of the dead in sin, in liberating bondaged souls, in illuminating the minds of the ignorant, and edifying the Church of God. Now, these are the men divinely ordained, and divinely taught; and such men feel with the Apostle, who said, "Woe be unto me if I preach not the Gospel!" It is a case of necessity with such men. The Word of God is like a burning fire in their heart, and speak out they must. All God has told them they must tell, cost what it may. These are the honest few left in the land to witness for truth, and bear their faithful testimony against the errors of the day. God's ordination of such Spirit-taught men is very ably traced out in the address given by the Rev. G. Stratton, at the last Leicester Conference. It strikes at the root of the evil so rife in the wide-spread errors of the double doctrine men who "keep back part of the price" (Acts v. 2), for peace "wrap it up (Mic. vii. 3), and add a codicil to the will that alters all the provisions of the Testament (Heb. ix. 15; Rom. xi. 6). Of such men, and their name is legion, the Lord declared of old, "I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied."

Mr. Stratton, in his address, gives a Scriptural outline of God's ordination to the ministry of men called by grace, and qualified by the Spirit to proclaim His truth; and the fewness of these faithful shepherds only proves—amid the blazing profession of the day—how few the sheep really are. But we transfer our reader's attention to the conclusion of the address.

### THE BELIEVER'S TRIUMPH.

(PSALM xvii. 15.)

[With much pleasure we give insertion to the annexed lines. They will form one of a series of leaflets from the pen of one who says: "I have for years employed some of the weary hours of my long protracted affliction in putting my thoughts into verse." She adds, "Some of them I have had printed as leaflets, and sold among my friends; they have always been so much appreciated, and, I may add, have been blessed to the comfort of many of the Lord's tried family, that I feel anxious they should have a wider circulation, and thus be made more extensively useful, as I humbly trust with a single eye to the glory of God."]

The lines will speak for themselves. They bear the stamp of sanctified suffering. The writer (as we are informed) has been "entirely excluded from public worship for nearly twelve years." But, notwithstanding the deprivation of the outward means of grace, it is clear that the Lord Himself has been her Teacher, and "Who teacheth like Him?"

We shall be most thankful to find that this little notice has been the means of drawing attention to these leaflets, which, whilst the purchase of them may render some little acceptable pecuniary help to the writer, will, at the same time, be a source of instruction and comfort to the Lord's dear people. The address of the writer is given, so that our readers may know where to apply for the leaflets.—ED.]

A THOUSAND snares beset my path to heaven,  
A thousand sorrows have my spirit riven;  
Yet can I tread with joy this thorny road,  
Because I know it leads me to my God.

The prophets, priests, and kings this path have trod;  
"Tis well defined, for it is marked by blood;  
They have obtained the prize, and now behold  
Their God and Father, and His love unfold.

This way is traced by many weary feet,  
Yet all at length before the throne shall meet;  
The feeblest there shall be a welcome guest,  
If in the Saviour's wedding garment dressed.

I, too, shall gain that home through sovereign grace,  
And see my dear Redeemer face to face;  
What satisfaction shall my soul possess  
When perfect in His robe of righteousness!

Yes, I shall then awake as from a sleep,  
No more a prisoner on earth to weep,  
But in my Jesu's likeness shall appear,  
No spot, no wrinkle, and without a fear.

I satisfied (oh, what a thought is this!)  
With perfect likeness to my Lord in bliss;  
No sin or grief shall mar my peaceful rest,  
Complete in Him, I must be ever blest.

The warrior there shall lay his armour down,  
And from his Captain's hand receive a crown:  
His foes all slain, no more he needs a sword,  
Made more than conqueror through his loving Lord.

What shouts of triumph then will fill the air!  
What palms of victory be waving there,  
While all ascribe their conquest to their Lord,  
And with delight His gracious acts record.

The weary labourer there shall rest for aye,  
His toils all ended, not in night, but day;  
The faithful servant hear his Lord's "Well done!"  
Come, share with me my honour and renown."

The poor shall find their every want supplied  
By God's own hand, and every tear be dried;  
Each sufferer shall have left his couch of pain,  
Nor ever heave a sigh for rest again.

All, all, shall then be fully satisfied;  
Not one desire or wish ungratified;  
While every harp is tuned to sing His praise,  
And every voice unites this song to raise—

"All glory, honour, to the Lamb of God,  
Who loved and washed us in His precious blood!  
All power, dominion, majesty be given  
By all on earth and all the hosts of heaven!"

Oh, when I join that highly-favoured throng,  
My voice will sure be loudest in that song,  
That one so vile, so worthless should be there,  
In such unutterable bliss to share!

May these bright prospects cheer us day by day,  
Though tribulations mark our heavenward way!  
Let each believer through his griefs press on,  
Remembering it is true, "No cross, no crown."

## INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

IN the year 1848, I left my father's house to enter upon the work of the ministry in the village of B——, and here I am still, through the mercy of a faithful and covenant-keeping God. It is true I have no more place in these parts in regard to the preaching of the Word. Strangers stand where I stood for twenty-four years, and my steps are directed elsewhere to publish the precious message of mercy. Our Father knows best, and places His children where He pleases, and sends His servants on errands of love and mercy to whom He will. It is not for us to murmur or complain. "He doeth all things well."

I have had much cause for thankfulness since my labours closed here, for in many places the Word has been made effectual in the hearts of the people.

1848. What memories are associated with that year of trial, commotion, confusion, dismay, and revolution! I well remember preaching one Sunday evening, when the Chartist were expected during the following week to make a raid upon London, and thousands were enrolled as special constables for the protection of life and property. The text on that evening was, "My people shall have a place of refuge." It was a precious Word, and the savour of it will never be forgotten.

The incidents of travel I am about to narrate took place in the year following. After twelve months of labour at B——e, my loved friend and kind deacon, Mr. Barrett, suggested that I should seek rest, and, in fact, the doctor told me I must do so, as I was working too hard. "Take off your shoes, and kick up on the common for a month," was his characteristic advice; referring, I presume, to the method of treating some other animals of burden. Having asked direction of the Lord, I resolved to go to Brighton, and set off on Monday morning. I reached that beautiful watering-place in the evening, and then felt what it was to be alone in the midst of a multitude. I knew no one in the town, and earnestly did I desire that my lot might be cast in a godly family, where I might enjoy Christian society. I had a letter of introduction to one of the Christian ministers of the town from a dear friend of mine, Mr. Simon Walker, of Hampstead, but I was not quite free to use it, as I was not sure that I should find that which I desired in that direction. I left my carpet bag near the station, and walked into the town. As I was going towards the sea, in what street I do not remember, I saw in the distance and coming towards me one whom I had known for some years as a sister in the Lord. We were mutually pleased as well as surprised at the meeting. After a few words of salutation, I told her I was in search of a Christian home for a month, not too expensive, but comfortable. She replied, "I am so glad I can take you to my friends, the Misses L——'s, and, if they can receive you, you will be quite at home." Thus far I felt sure the Lord was answering my prayer. In the course of our walk she told me how singular it was that she should have met me, for she had mistaken the time by just an hour, and had left home an hour earlier in consequence, and had, therefore, taken a stroll in that direction. I found the Misses L——'s apartments and accommodation all I could wish, found that one of the sisters was a contributor to the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, and that they were closely connected with a family I knew in the neighbourhood of B——e, and we were soon quite at home. There was a third person in that household who was never forgotten,

and by whom and her kind husband I was entertained so lately as last Lord's Day in London—another sister I received into fellowship any years ago at B—e. It was a very happy time I spent at Pavilion Street, Brighton, on that occasion.

But there are what are called *accidents*, and one of them occurred to me—a very slight one, indeed; it was the breaking of a watch-glass. I proceeded at once in search of a watchmaker, and entered the first shop I came to. I was pleased to find myself in the company of a young man I had seen at one of the chapels the Lord's Day before. We had some interesting conversation, and he soon discovered who I was, and my errand to B—. On the following Sunday I went to the same chapel, and found that the minister (Mr. S.) was ill, and could not preach. Mr. John Clayton preached in his stead. I found the young man soon fixed his eyes on me, and I expected to be pressed into service, and so it proved. I was requested to preach in the evening. I told the deacon I had come to rest, but, under the circumstances, I would do so. I shall not soon forget the occasion. The text was, “*Yet for this will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.*” The Word was blest to a young man, who afterward took me to his house to sup, and told out what the Lord had spoken to his heart by that message, after long seeking in every direction for peace. I was thankful, and took courage, and could not but admire the ways of Providence, which are displayed in the connection of so trifling an affair as the breaking of a watch-glass with the preaching of the Gospel and the salvation of a soul. At the end of three weeks I found my circle of friends had so much increased, and calls upon me were so many, that I was working harder in writing and talking than I should be at home; so I left at the end of that time, and felt thankful to return recruited for labour amongst my own beloved flock, where the Lord was working so mightily in the conversion of sinners and comforting the saints. I have met with the parties mentioned since that time; but how changed after twenty-six years! The young had become middle-aged, and the older ones grey-headed; and the minister, with many who heard my humble testimony, had passed to their long homes. Still there are *memories* and living witnesses of the truth of the incidents of that first rest of the young village pastor.

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#### FROM HEART TO HEART.—No. VIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Nothing cheers my heart more than hearing of the Lord's condescension in sending some token of good through my poor worthless hands. I seldom talk about my vileness to others; though, perhaps, there is no one that feels it more when the Holy Spirit throws light upon the deeds of the flesh. I can then go with the poor sweep in feeling I do nothing but *sin*; and yet am fool enough to wonder how I *can* sin when seeing its deformities! And, when tracing up this feeling to the right source, I must put down this foolery at the shrine of *pride*, for “*who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?*” I do not know whether you, like me, find, on reckoning up matters, that pride has the *longest* root of all evil; it so burrows *underneath*, and then comes up so suddenly at times in such a variety of shapes. I and my dear Lord fall out more on this ground than almost any other; and I say to myself,

"How I do hate this stinking pride!" and then go and fall into it again, as though I loved it. Well, the old man does love it, for how can he hate himself? "No man ever yet hated his own flesh." So then, dear friend, do not let the devil beat us out of our comfort, for it is very evident we have got a new man in us when we discover and hate the ways of the old.

Praise be to God, then, we do belong to Christ; and, if He should put us to bed even in the dark, we shall as surely wake up in the light as He is in the light. Naturally many children are put to bed in the dark to make them courageous, and to shake off foolish fears. I remember being made, when a child, to go along our gallery—seventy-five feet long—and up one pair of stairs and down another at each end of the picture-gallery, all in the dark, to cure me of needless fear. I cannot say it had much effect, for, till the last trial of it, I well remember commencing my journey very slowly, but making a great rush at the end, as though some one was after me. Not so with spiritual lessons—there is no trial without effect. And, when we can lean on our God as well in the dark as in the light, we have gained spiritual *courage*, not *safety*, as we are apt so foolishly to reckon. Oh, what bad spiritual arithmeticians we are! But, when we believe no further than we see, we are poor cowards, indeed, and undeserving the name of soldier of Christ. Enough to make us wonder He does not blot us off the list of His army, till we remember we are His children; and relationship cannot be destroyed, though character may be at a low ebb. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," for you would never get one of them to doubt their parentage.

Mr. E.—made a nice remark the other day. He was saying how he felt himself more and more a poor worthless sinner; saw such pride, such selfishness in himself; and added, "As we ripen we groan more, like corn that bends as it ripens. We see more and more the vanity of all below. We groan because of the things below, and thirst more for Christ as we see His precious unfolding."—Yours lovingly,

*October 9, 1869.*

M. L. M.

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#### HINTS AND HELPS.

A VERY old clergyman thus wrote on the death of his wife: "In looking back upon the long years during which it was given to me to lead onward in the way of life her confiding spirit, I seem to have been to her what a ship of war is to some vessel engaged in commerce—her convoy over waters infested with the enemy's craft, and full of sunken rocks and shoals. I saw her at length pass within the harbour's mouth to which she was bound; whereas I had long expected to enter first. But, when I saw her anchor dropped in smooth waters, while I was left outside the bar upon the pitching sea, and in rough weather, I gave way to deeply disappointed feelings; but, while I wept for grief, a signal was made by the Harbour-master that I should stand off, and be on the look-out for other ships in need of convoy. Then I wakened up to my present duty; and desire to abide still in His high-service, trusting for strength as my days shall be, and cheered by the assurance that, when my ship shall be seaworthy no longer, it also shall be taken into harbour, and laid up in honourable rest."

## Words in Season for those who are Weary.

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### THE FIGHT OF FAITH, AND THE ARMOUR PROVIDED FOR IT.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—My mind has been occupied of late with the important provision which our gracious Father has made in Christ Jesus for His followers in their special characters as soldiers of the cross. If you think the following observations will interest your readers, and afford them any spiritual profit, they are at your service.

I observe, first, that the Apostle, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, chapter sixth, gives most excellent instruction and consolation to the tried and tempted ones of the Lord's people. Not that they are a *section* of the Church only—for *all*, more or less, are called to pass through tribulation before they reach the kingdom. But, in the passage before us, tenth to twentieth verse, he appears to have reference to special heavy trials and sore temptations to which the Church at Ephesus were exposed, and which many of the saints in after ages of the Church would also be called to endure. He appears to have in view specially the opposition of ungodly men and the assaults of cruel foes, for which he would have the Church well prepared; and, as it is always unwise to underrate the power, strength, or means of your adversary, he warns us that our foes are not always what they seem—that, when men oppose the Church or individual believers, it is at the instigation of a yet more powerful foe. “We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness (or wicked spirits) in high places.” He, therefore, instructs the saints to leave nothing behind which a wise and beneficent Master has provided for the safety and defence of His servants. “Take unto you the whole armour of God,” without which it is impossible to stand against the wiles of the devil; and, having done so, *stand*, as good soldiers of Christ.

The provision of the armour for the believer's safety in the conflict is sevenfold. For the loins there is “the girdle of truth;” for the heart, “the breastplate of righteousness;” for the feet, “the preparation of the Gospel of peace;” for the head, “the helmet of salvation;” for the hands, “the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God;” which, in the Christian conflict, must be “handled,” as well as “tested and felt;” for all purposes and for all occasions, the weapons of “all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.”

We have not, however, as yet noticed the seventh—which, indeed, is the fourth in the passage—the centre piece, and described more fully than all the rest: “Above all, taking the shield of faith, where-with ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of the wicked.” There are several interpretations of the Apostle's meaning in the words, “above all.” Some would render it, “In all things take the shield of faith;” and truly important it is that faith should be mixed in every engagement, every care, every relation of life, and in all the circumstances of our pilgrimage and spiritual conflicts; for in which of them dare we say we have no need of Him who is the Object of faith? Others, again, explain it to mean, “Over all taking the shield of faith,” as indicating the proper use to be made of the shield to cover the whole

person, and protect it from harm ; and there is no question that such is the use of this important portion of the Christian's armour. But I would rather follow those who are satisfied with our version, and for one reason—that it includes essentially both those we have mentioned, and expresses most fully the great necessity and importance of, and the unfailing success of, that piece of armour so graciously provided by our common Lord and Master : " Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of the wicked." Here is a good reason why the shield of faith should be preferred above all. No other piece of armour has such virtue as this. Neither the helmet, nor the breastplate, nor the shoes of iron and brass, nor even the weapon of " all prayer," are credited with the virtue of " quenching the fiery darts of the wicked." This is only done as they are received on the shield of faith. There, and there only, they lose for ever their potency to kill and devour. It may be asked, " What *faith* ? " Certainly not historical or national faith (as one well observes), for that is the faith of devils, whose fiery darts are to be quenched ; nor temporary faith, seeing that in time of temptation such who have it are said to *fall away* ; neither can it be miraculous faith, or the faith of working miracles, seeing this was the faith of Judas, who fell by the fiery darts of the wicked—yea, was a devil himself, though he had this faith, and " went to his own place." It is the faith of God, of which Christ is the Author and Finisher, which is wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost, unites to a living Saviour, justifies the soul possessing it, and purifies the heart. This is the faith by which alone the fiery darts of the wicked can be quenched. It is the work of God, yet is it an act of the soul, redeemed, quickened, and sanctified. It is more than an assent to the truth, as it is the consent of the whole man to the verities of God's Word. It is an active grace of God's Spirit. Its activity is trust : " I know whom I have believed." It acts upon the person, death, and doctrine of Christ Jesus. In its exercise it is well suited to receive and quench (as a shield) the fiery darts of the wicked. The person, doctrine, and cross of Christ, have been the stumbling-block on which thousands have fallen and been broken ; and the most fiery darts of Satan have been hurled at the saints concerning these things. Doubts, evil suggestions, wicked insinuations, and diabolical falsehoods have been sent forth with the view to destroy the hope or disturb the peace of the Church ; but they have all fallen harmless when caught on the shield of faith.

There is this peculiarity about this piece of armour—it prevents the poisoned arrow touching the person when that arrow is received upon it. I remember once being so assaulted respecting the person of Christ, and the fiery dart was quenched as this word was applied with power : " We walk by faith, and not by sight." I would no more attempt to explain what God had hidden in mystery, but trust Him. How many have assaulted the cause of Christ on account of the meanness and poverty, weakness and indignity of the cross ! Faith receives those fiery darts, and they are quenched ; the soul trusts, and is not afraid. In providentials trials the darts of the wicked are often fiery indeed, and drink up the spirit. They are quenched only upon the shield of faith. " I will trust, and not be afraid."

I was reading lately a very beautiful piece, written by A. L. O. E., illustrative of the text, " Trust in the Lord, and lean not to thine own understanding." Two little girls were expecting their mother, and had

great joy in the expectation of her return home after a lengthened absence. They had prepared some simple gifts wherewith they desired to testify their affection, and agreeably surprise her. They at last saw her coming, and ran out to meet her; but, instead of receiving their embraces as they hoped, and returning them, she held out her hand and said, sternly, "Back! back! don't touch me!" and hastened by them and retired to her room. Disconcerted and disheartened, the two sisters also sought theirs, and began to complain one to another of their mother's unkindness. One of them threw the cuffs they had knitted on the floor in a pettish and angry mood; but the other said, "No doubt mother has some good reason for it all. Let us trust, and not doubt her love." "Thank you for that word," said her mother, who came in at that instant, and explained that on her way home she had called on a friend, and found that her friend's son was ill of a violent fever, and of a very infectious character; and, fearing she might have borne the infection in her garments, she had hastened to put them off before she could do that which, nevertheless, her maternal heart longed to do—embrace her dear ones. This was a lesson to the doubting child, and affording to me some sweet thoughts. How often have we mistaken the conduct of our loving Father, misjudged His motives, and, listening to the wicked suggestions of His and our foe, have been ready to indulge hard thoughts. The shield of faith alone will enable us to quench these fiery darts. "Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."—Yours in the Gospel,

*Blackmore.*

WILLIAM.

## TO "ISA."

MY DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND IN JESUS,—I presume you are a sister, from the pathetic style of your writing. I trust I need not apologise for what might, under other circumstances, be an impertinence. Upon reading your very plaintive contribution to the October GOSPEL MAGAZINE, I felt my whole heart flow out in sympathy and prayer on your behalf; and such a oneness of spirit sprang up, that I could not help "weeping with (her) who weeps." Indeed, had I been in possession of your lines some time ago, it seems to me I could have adopted the sentiments fully, and even present experience teaches me that it is not easy to breathe, "Thy will be done!" Nay, it is not *possible*, apart from direct, special grace. I judge from your little piece that, whatever be the nature of your affliction, you have need of much patience; but, dear tried one, your heavenly Lover can give this as easily as every other capacity for enduring. Be encouraged by the thought that, while you are in the furnace, the Eye that never sleeps is upon you; and, methinks, the process of purification is already *in part* accomplished in the submissive will and upsoaring spirit. Oh, to be God's gold! though I know full well how the flesh trembles and shrinks under the ordeal which is intended to produce His image; and we are often disposed to think the wisdom which prescribes such a method cannot be a Father's. But, does He not "feel for" and " pity us?" Does He not "judge us, that we may not be condemned with the world?" And would not *we* rather bear the cross here, if so be we may be crowned hereafter? Think, dear sorrowful one, as oft as you can, of the "weight of glory" yonder! Think of that glorious future which will admit of neither sin nor suffering!

Think of the spotless robe that will adorn you! Think of the raptured song that will issue from your heart and tongue in the glory! Above all, think of the ignominy of the "Man of Sorrows," which procured all; and may the sympathising Saviour sustain and solace your spirit! May He lay underneath you "the everlasting arms," and may "His strength be perfected in your weakness." You are safe in His hands, and secure in His covenanted favour.

In conclusion, let me give you as my opinion, that not one of the numerous readers of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE could read your suggestive lines without pleading with the Father on your behalf! Think, then, what a great number of petitions have been presented to the mercy-seat on your account; and God is faithful who has promised. To his tender care and unchangeable love I commend you. May He cause this simple communication, whose alone is the power, to be for your comfort and consolation; and with much Christian sympathy and affection,

I am, yours in Jesus,

*Cardiff.*

J. P. C.

### SHELTERED AND SATISFIED.

"*I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste.*"—SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 3.

CHRIST is compared to the apple-tree, which is very fruitful, beautiful, and a hieroglyphic of love. The bride gets under the shadow of this tree, and obtains from it shelter, food, and enjoyment.

There are four points suggested by the text for consideration with regard to the Church of God.

I. *Her position*: "I sat down." This implies (1) Rest after toil (Matt. xi. 28, 29); (2) Faith (Comp. Isa. xxx. 2, 3; Psa. lvii. 1); (3) Docility, like the man dispossessed and in his right mind (Mark v. 15), and like Mary (Luke x. 39); (4) Dignity: sitting in the heavenlies in Christ (Eph. ii. 6).

II. *Her protection*: "Under His shadow." (1) The law is the shadow of Christ; the moral law teaching what justice requires, and the ceremonial law foreshadowing the provision made in Christ (Heb. x. 1; Rom. x. 4); (2) The Shechinah, or pillar of cloud and fire, giving shelter and light, was a shadow of Christ; (3) The marriage canopy was a shadow of Christ's righteousness. A covering borne up with four rods or staves was carried over the heads of the newly-married couple, at the time that the bridegroom brought home the bride into his own house, where the whole solemnity was finished. See *Gill in loco.* (Comp. Ruth iii. 9; Ezek. xvi. 8).

This shadow affords protection (1) From the heat of divine wrath, from the fiery law, from the fiery darts of the wicked one, and amidst fiery persecution; (2) From storm (Isa. xxxii. 2); (3) From all danger (Psa. xcii. 1.)

III. *Her pleasure*: "With great delight." (1) The Gospel is glad tidings of great joy; (2) At Samaria the Gospel produced great joy (Acts viii. 8); (3) The converted eunuch went on his way rejoicing (Acts viii. 39); (4) The converted jailor rejoiced with all his house (Acts xvi. 34); (5) It is the joy of the Holy Ghost (1 Thess. i. 6); (6) It is unspeakable and full of glory (1 Pet. i. 8).

IV. *Her provision*: "His fruit was sweet to my taste." (1) The fruit of His doings in election, redemption, vocation, preservation, grace, and glory; (2) The fruit of His lips—"His word," sweeter than honey.

Learn that they who sit down to rest under the shadow of the world, and seek their good things in their life-time, will find in the end sad disappointment. Their covering or shelter, like Jonah's gourd, will soon wither. However sweet the pleasures of sin, there is a deadly worm gnawing at the root. Apart from Christ, the true Shelter, all is vanity and vexation of spirit; but under His shadow each believer takes up his position; there is his protection, there his pleasure, and there, also, he has everlasting provision. "They that dwell under His shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon" (Hos. xiv. 7).

*Bristol.*

R. CORNALL.

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#### FOLLOWING JESUS.

LORD JESUS, 'tis sweet to be Thine,  
To rely on Thy wisdom and grace,  
To know 'tis no business of mine  
To choose out my portion and place.

Content to be guided by Thee,  
And feel that Thy will must be best,  
This knowledge should satisfy me,  
And set all my longings at rest.

'Tis easy to follow, I know,  
When the pathway is smooth to my feet;  
To say, "Where Thou goest I'll go,"  
And drink of Thy cup when 'tis sweet.

But oh, when 'tis rugged and bare,  
And bitter the cup from Thy hand;  
I am not so willing to share  
The path and the portion Thou'st planned.

Oh, give me the grace that I need,  
And help me to follow Thy call;  
I'm willing to go if Thou lead,  
And share in Thy portion through all.

I love Thee, though feeble my love,  
For oh, Thou hast first loved me;  
Then help me more fully to prove  
How much I'm indebted to Thee!

M. S.

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**BELIEVE! BELIEVE! ONLY BELIEVE!**—It is impossible for a man rightly to believe in Christ, until he believes himself a *lost, ruined, and hell-deserving sinner*; and he can never believe himself such until he is born of God the Holy Ghost: and, if he is born of God the Holy Ghost, he has a demonstration that he has been eternally redeemed by our Lord Jesus Christ, and chosen of God the Father from all eternity. Now, my reader, how is it with you—*dead, or alive*, this is the question?—J. Miley.

THE REV. G. W. STRATON'S OPENING ADDRESS AT THE  
LEICESTER CONFERENCE, MORNING MEETING, APRIL  
28TH, 1876.

*(Concluded from page 560).*

THE next holy prophet spoken of is Moses. We are told about him by Peter in that same first sermon after the day of Pentecost, who says, "Moses truly said unto the fathers, A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; Him shall ye hear in all things whatsoever He shall say unto you. And it shall come to pass, that every soul which will not hear that Prophet shall be destroyed from among the people." The appearance of the Lord to him in the burning bush which was not consumed, before He ordained him a prophet, and revealed Himself as Jehovah, prepared him for that service. The question, "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh?" was answered by, "Certainly I will be with thee;" and we read that "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend" (Ex. xxxiii. 11).

Samuel is also named in Acts iii. as a prophet. We read in 1 Sam. iii. that Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli: "And ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep, that the Lord called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I." "Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the Word of the Lord yet revealed unto him." But it is recorded that now the Lord appeared again in Shiloh: "For the Lord revealed Himself to Samuel in Shiloh by the word of the Lord."

Now, as regards Isaiah's ordination. In the year that King Uzziah died he saw the Lord of hosts, and, consequently, was made sensible of his own corruption and nothingness as well as that of others: "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts" (Is. vi. 5). But, after a live coal from off the altar had touched his lips, he was informed, "Lo, thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." Hence, when God said, "Who will go for us?" Isaiah replied, "Here am I, send me." Then he was given his commission: "Go tell this people, Thus saith the Lord." A fearful message to them is recorded in the sixth chapter.

When Ezekiel was ordained, he saw the likeness of a throne, and upon the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it. "This," he says, "was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord." Whereupon he fell upon his face till one spake, and said, "Son of man, stand upon thy feet." Then the Spirit entered into him, and set him upon his feet, so that he heard Him that spake unto him. Evidently God abhors bodily prostrations, to which fallen, unregenerate nature is so prone, and by which false religions are so distinguished. What a contrast such degradation to the command, "Son of man, stand upon thy feet"! Ezekiel's commission was to a rebellious house, who transgressed against Jehovah. The word was, "I do send thee unto them; and thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear;" with this encouragement, "Son of man, be not afraid of them, neither be afraid of their words, though briers and thorns be with thee, and thou dost dwell among scorpions: be not afraid of their words, nor be dismayed at their looks." Some of God's ministers now-a-days know a little of such experience, through having their lot cast

among just such a people as Ezekiel was sent to. How different the instruction given to him, to what the authorities give now-a-days to young men in recommending them to be popularity-seekers!

We now come to Jeremiah's ordination. "The word of God came unto me," he tells us, "saying, Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee; and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations. Thou shalt go unto all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak." How evident it is that the Lord's ministers must occupy the positions which He designed for them! No one can prevent their going to the place and people that Jehovah appoints. Moreover, they are made willing to go where and when He pleases, and willing to speak His words, whatever be the result of their doing so, or however unpalatable the communications may be which they have to make from time to time. None of His prophets are men-pleasers or popularity-seekers, though strongly recommended to be so by men. The characteristic of our day is the Laodicean type, which signifies the dictation of the people. "But God hath predestinated His servants to be conformed to the image of His Son" (Rom. viii. 29), who says, "The word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's, which sent me" (John xiv. 24). Again, "My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me" (John vii. 16).

To Jeremiah the Lord says, "Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee." Then the prophet tells us, "The Lord put forth His hand and touched my mouth: and the Lord said unto me, Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth. See, I have this day set thee over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant." Is it not just the same now, when God's messages are faithfully and honestly delivered? What work they make in a parish, in a congregation, in a town or neighbourhood, and even in a nation! Much, if not all, the strife we have witnessed in Europe of late has been caused by the opposition of man to God's Word and God's servants. "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake," said the Master, when on earth (Matt. x. 22). Again, "Ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake" (Matt. xxiv. 9). This is the necessary result of faithful testimony brought to bear upon "the carnal mind, which is enmity against God," generally held, perhaps, in devilish peace or apathy by the strong man armed, who keepeth his goods in such peace, till the Stronger than he cometh against him, overcomes him, takes from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils. Oh, the absolute necessity for God's ministers to commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God! His approval is all they should really care for. "Having received mercy and such a ministry, they faint not; and having renounced the hidden things of *dishonesty*, they walk not in *craftiness*, they handle not the Word of God *deceitfully*, but, by manifestations of the truth, address themselves to men's consciences in the sight of God," leaving the results with Him. Let us beware, beloved brethren, of using Scriptural language in a non-scriptural sense. It is fearfully prevalent. Oh, may we be able to say as Paul did, "I judge not mine own self, for I know nothing by myself. He that judgeth me is the Lord." In a straightforward course we shall have much to contend with—not only hostility, but objections raised up against us, as Ananias objected to Saul; but his wretched spirit was silenced by the Lord saying, "Go thy way; he is a chosen vessel to me, to bear my name

before the Gentiles and kings, and the children of Israel. For I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." How many there are, alas ! in this day, whose sole occupation is to throw discredit upon those whom the Lord sends forth as His ministers. We have engaged in this wretched work a whole host of half-hearted, so-called evangelicals—men who, no doubt, act thus because our teaching judges them in their own consciences. But Satan will hinder by all means when his kingdom is assaulted ; for it is assaulted by God's true ministers. Though "the weapons of our warfare be not carnal, yet are they mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

The ordination of Saul was exactly similar to the ordinations we have now referred to in the past dispensations. The Lord Jesus, having given him a heavenly vision which prostrated his carnal nature and brought down his pride, He then informed him of the objects He had in view in thus appearing to him : "I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee (mark, renewed or repeated appearances are promised) ; delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me." Newton truly remarks that "it takes the same Almighty power to make a minister as it took to create the world." The Lord Himself alone can do this. He only who commanded the light to shine out of creation's darkness in the beginning, can shine into fallen man's dark spirit, to give "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Hence, from all the above examples, we conclude that there must be a spiritual manifestation of God to the individual whom He ordains as a minister. There must be a revelation of His Son in and to the man which will enable him to preach and minister Christ Jesus ; for surely a man cannot minister or declare Him whom he does not know. The same spiritual manifestation must be made to every man that is saved, for the Word is, "This is the Father's will, who hath sent me, that every one that *seeth* the Son and believeth on Him may have everlasting life." Spiritual sight and perception must be meant, whatever means God may see fit to use for accomplishing it. The Lord Himself tells us of Paul, that, when his natural sight was taken away, he saw in a vision a man named Ananias coming in and putting his hand on him that he might receive his sight (Acts ix. 12). A spiritual sight must be had of the Son of God to fit for ministerial work and for salvation. There is no difficulty in understanding this, when we think of any friend or person then beyond the reach of natural vision. That friend or person is present to our mind, even to minute detail, if we have previously known him—face, features, and figure are realised ; and the same with regard to any locality—the streets, squares, buildings of a city, are had in the mind's eye, or the fields, woods, rocks, rivers, or sea shore are present to a man's spirit ; and thus the Spirit of God gives His children to behold the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus. Until a man has had the Son of God thus revealed, he cannot detect the false Christ, "*the other Jesus,*" which is not

another. In all cases the real thing must be known before we can detect the counterfeit. Hence, by some direct or indirect revelation, appearance, or manifestation to their spirits, God's people come to know Him "whom to know is life eternal," and can say, "I know whom I have believed." Only such an one is capable of being a minister and witness for God, or a minister of blessing to men.

Still, we must remember that some of the Lord's prophets spoken of were outwardly in God's service previously. Samuel ministered unto the Lord "when he knew not the Lord as yet, neither was the Word of the Lord yet revealed unto him." Jeremiah was one of the priests who were in Anathoth, in the land of Benjamin; and Ezekiel was a priest in the land of the Chaldeans, by the river Chebar, when the hand of the Lord came upon him; so that the Lord's time for revealing Himself is quite independent of man, and we need not despair of any one, however ignorant and full of enmity he may be. This gives us a hope for some who are officially and reputedly what, in reality, they certainly are not. The promise to the great Head of the Church is, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power, in the beauties of holiness;" and, again, "Rule Thou in the midst of Thine enemies" (Psalm cx. 2). Perhaps these men in office are naturally full of pride, and have to learn lessons of importance in those positions which could not be otherwise learned concerning themselves, their own nothingness and folly afterwards to be discovered. Certainly it was so with Paul—and what a contrast to his estimate of himself as given in Phil. iii. 3! "I was a blasphemer, persecutor, and an injurious character," he says (1 Tim. i. 13). Now, he was a new creature in Christ Jesus. He had a different course before him; and, delivered from the influence of men, both Jews and Gentiles, by divine power, through "the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," he was sent forth "to open other men's eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they might receive the forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified through faith which is in Christ Jesus." So satisfied was he now of the reality of heavenly truth, that he could say, "If an angel from heaven, or if any man preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed" (Gal. i. 8). No door is open, therefore, for any compromising of God's truth. "Woe is me," says the Apostle, "if I preach not the Gospel." In preaching what he appropriates and calls "*my Gospel*," he was also able to say, "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place" (2 Cor. ii. 14).

Beloved brethren, God's Word never goes forth in vain. It accomplishes infallibly that whereto He sends it, whatever the result be, life or death. So it will be with us, His true ministers, even as with Paul, to the end of time. I now leave the rest of our subject for our dear and valuable brethren to speak more particularly upon, as well as to comment on what I have advanced. May God bless His own truth for His name's sake!

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TRUE REPENTANCE.—True repentance is that godly sorrow for sin caused by God the Holy Ghost on account of our sin; it is God's love melting us in tears, which He putteth into His bottle.

## Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

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### SUDDEN DEATH, SUDDEN GLORY: OR, "ABSENT FROM THE BODY, PRESENT WITH THE LORD."

BEING EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON BY THE EDITOR, AT ST. LUKE'S, BEDMINSTER, ON SUNDAY EVENING, SEPT. 24TH, 1876, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE LATE MR. RICHARD DRAKE.

AND now, in speaking of him who has just been called to his eternal rest, I would remark, that, had he been spared till the sixth of next month, our personal acquaintance would have extended over a period of eighteen years. That acquaintance commenced in the vestry of St. Matthew's church, after I had preached what is called a trial sermon. The next day I went to his house on a visit, and such was the tenor of his conversation, and his evident hunger and thirst after the bread and water of life, as to possess me with the fullest conviction that he had been savingly taught of God. So thoroughly was I satisfied of this, that, when at the close of my visit, he was expressing his fear about his state, spiritually, I remember speaking to him in the strongest possible terms of assurance, that, if his then recent affliction were followed by one that should call him hence, I could not have a doubt of his safety. If I felt thus convinced of his being a child of God, at this the commencement of our acquaintance, in what still stronger terms may I speak after a friendship which has extended over so many years !

I think I never knew one more ready to speak of the things which make for our everlasting peace than my departed friend. How often have I seen him lay aside letters of importance, when I have happened to call upon him during business hours, in order that we might commune for a few minutes upon eternal realities ! One such season, many years ago, is especially fresh upon my recollection. It was upon that occasion he spoke so emphatically of the vain and unsatisfying character of everything of earth.

Through having been subjected to an over-amount of bleeding, between twenty and thirty years since, he was ever afterwards subjected to an almost entire *absence of sleep*. To such an extent was this the case, that it has been to me a constant source of surprise and astonishment that his life had been so prolonged, or that his reason had not given way. Yet well do I remember his remarking to me, in quite the early part of our friendship, that he was afraid to ask the Lord to remove this trial, lest with it he should lose the blessing it had often proved to him.

It was true there was an irritability of temper which would at times manifest itself; but where, I would ask, is the man who lacked, as he did, that precious boon of sleep, that would not betray impatience or fretfulness of some sort ? I remember that among the last sick visits I paid, one now in her grave stated that, during her illness, she had had *no sleep for a fortnight*, and she thought, in consequence, "she must have gone mad!"

What, therefore, might be apprehended from such a state of things extending over a period of many years ? It was my knowledge of this sleeplessness upon the part of my friend that has prompted me, at times, dear people, to remind you of the debt of gratitude due to our God for vouchsafing to us so common—but so little-thought-of—mercy, as refreshing, reviving, invigorating sleep.

I have no wish to stand here to eulogise or to pay fulsome compliments to the creature, even though such an one may have got beyond the sound of all human praise or censure. I conceive, however, that it is due to the memory of the departed to state that this parish is greatly indebted to him. As a thank-offering to God for the prosperity He had given him, this church and the schools hard by stand as mementoes of that gratitude. In common with his co-trustees, he personally subscribed nearly £1,000 towards the church and schools.

But his gifts were by no means limited to this parish. For many years he made it a point of conscience to give to the cause of God in proportion as He prospered him. He did not wait till he died, so that his gifts should be proclaimed, but his heart and his hand were ever open to the appeals of the Lord's poor and needy ones. The "United Bristol Mission" and the "Müller's Orphan Houses" were objects of special interest, and in him both the one and the other have lost a sincere friend and supporter.

The fact of so many continuing in his service until they were old and greyheaded speaks loudly for him as an employer. When age and infirmity divested them of the power to labour, they were not lost sight of by him.

The last occasion on which my departed friend attended this church, it happened to be the children's anniversary. At the close of the service he came into the vestry, and, placing a £5 note upon the table towards the collection, said, with tears in his eyes, how thankful he was that God had put it into the hearts of his co-trustees and himself to build the church; at the same time stating that the blessing resulting therefrom would never be known in this world.

Some twelve months or so ago, Mr. Drake was threatened with the loss of sight. I was perfectly amazed, however, at his calm and peaceful bearing under these otherwise most distressing circumstances. There was not *submission* merely, but he was happy in the Lord. There was not the shadow of murmuring or repining; but, on the contrary, the tone of his mind was, "The will of the Lord be done." I confess I was greatly astonished in my first interview with him, after this additional affliction had been laid upon him. As usual, Jesus was his theme; and his mind was so imbued with the thought of how manifold were his mercies, in contrast with those who had similar afflictions, but not the like temporal benefits with himself.

At my next interview with him, after an interval of some few months, he was not so happy and peaceful in the Lord. As he leaned upon my arm, he said, with considerable emotion, how the sins of former years had come back to his remembrance, and how his mind, in consequence, had been burdened. It led to our unitedly dwelling upon the preciousness and the power of the *atoning blood of Jesus*.

When next I saw him, it was at the railway station, just as he was about to leave for Southsea. We walked and talked that morning for about half-an-hour; and I shall not easily forget both the meekness and the spirituality of his conversation at that interview. I clearly see now that there was an evident preparation and a ripening for what was so soon to follow.

Nor can I lose sight of the mysterious dealings of God with respect to His people, and how true it is that "we know but parts of His ways." A little less than nine years before, just as I had been raised from the very brink of the grave, Mr. Drake came to the station to see me off to

the same place whither he was now journeying. How well it is, dear hearers, that the future is hidden from our view! How wisely and how lovingly does our God and Father keep His secrets to Himself!

Little did I think, upon the morning I parted with my dear friend at that railway station, of what awaited me ere that week closed; and equally unsuspecting were we, upon the occasion of our so recently again meeting and parting at the same spot, of what was so speedily to follow with regard to my dear friend. Oh, how well may we each and all give heed to the words of the Apostle James: "Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." But "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

For many years my dear friend shrank from the article of death. In connection with the very illness to which I have adverted, I was to learn practically to sympathise with *him*. It was during the time he called to inquire after my health, and whilst he was yet in the house, I was seized with that "horror of great darkness," the effect of which (I candidly admit) I have never wholly lost even to this day. Hence, when Mr. Drake came to see me, as I was stepping into the train for Southsea, I told him that now I could sympathise with him in regard to the article of death.

But a very short time, however, before he was called away, we conversed upon the same subject. I expressed my belief that it was not unlikely that neither the one nor the other of us would ever know what the article of death was. I little thought at the time that *he* was so near realizing the fulfilment of my words. As you are aware, on the day upon which he was taken so gently—so peacefully—so imperceptibly—to his eternal rest, he had been much as usual in point of health; had walked out with his friend, the Rev. S. A. Walker, calling upon two friends, with both of whom he had conversed freely. In conversation with Mr. Walker, he had expressed in the clearest and most conclusive manner, his only hope and trust as resting in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Walker intimated to me that, had Mr. Drake known what was about to happen, he could not have spoken more to the purpose.

Scarcely had he left the house where he had been so freely and cheerfully conversing, ere he reeled, and would have fallen to the ground, but for Mr. Walker's timely help. He was immediately carried back to the house, and, within a short half-hour, in a state of unconsciousness, drew his last breath in this vale of tears, passing, I am persuaded, instantaneously into the immediate presence of God and the Lamb; closing his eyes upon this perishing world, and upon all the sins, and sufferings, and sorrows of the time-state, to enter at the selfsame moment (as far as his disembodied spirit was concerned) upon the inconceivable and uninterrupted glories of vast eternity, where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

A SENSE of God's greatness fills the soul with awe; a sense of His grace in Christ fills the soul with love.

### GOD'S LOVE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

A SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. T. L. HILL, AT PORTLAND EPISCOPAL CHAPEL, BATH.

*"Yea, He loved the people; all His saints are in Thy hand: and they sat down at Thy feet."*—DEUT. xxxiii. 3.

A SHORT comment on this wondrous passage will occupy our attention this evening. “Yea.” This is one of the most blessed words in the Bible. Do you remember by whom it was first spoken? Is it not remarkable, and well worthy our consideration, that this short and emphatic word was first spoken by Satan? Does it not, moreover, prove how Satan, with all his craft and subtlety, so to speak, outdoes himself. You know the account: “The serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field. And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?” In the first book of the Bible it was brought forward as a charge against God to prove a want of regard for His creatures: “Yea, hath God said?” In the last book of Moses, which contains the text, it was the testimony of one who, during a most eventful career, had abundant evidences of Him: “Yea, He loved the people.” Turn to the New Testament. How does Paul speak of this “yea”? “Do I purpose,” he says, “that with me there should be yea, yea, and nay, nay? As God is true, our word toward you was not yea and nay, for the Son of God, Jesus Christ, was preached among you by us; it was not yea and nay, but in Him was yea, for all the promises of God in Him are yea.” But mark the contrast of this wonderful “yea,” as spoken by the Apostle, and by him who was first the accuser of God and thence became the accuser of our brethren. “Yea, He loved the people.” How solemnly, how powerfully, how blessedly, yea! What force there is in it! How emphatic! “He loved the people.” Now, I ask, cannot all God’s servants confirm the statement? Whatever they may know, however they may justly mourn over weaknesses and waywardness, sins and shortcomings, frailty and folly, still the selfsame glorious truth holds good, “Yea, He loved the people.” If asked why He loved them, I have no answer, except that given by Moses: “The Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you because you are more in number than any people, for ye were the fewest of all the people, but because the Lord loved you.” If I am asked, moreover, when He loved them, I must answer the question by proposing another, “When did He not love them?” I now refer to His own people—God’s people; He loved them “from the beginning, or ever the earth was.” An old disciple once said, “If He had not loved me before I was born, the Lord would never have seen anything in me to love afterwards.” Do you not know those two old lines—

“Ere He called me well He knew  
What a heart like mine would do”?

It is a glorious truth, but I cannot enlarge upon it this evening. I say it is a blessed truth that not only has the Lord loved His people, but He does love, yea, and will love them even to the end; according to the sweet Scripture, “Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.”

What is the next clause? “All His saints are in Thy hand.” Whose hand? This refers to God the Father. What has Christ Himself said?

"I have manifested Thy name unto the men which Thou gavest me out of the world: Thine they were," speaking of His Father, "and Thou gavest them me, and they have kept Thy Word." You see that these saints are in Christ's hands as the presentation of the Father. How so? Why, presented by Him to be redeemed and sanctified, and made meet for that heavenly inheritance for which they are in their state upon earth to be prepared by all the benefits of the redemption and salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Beloved, I do not know what you feel, but is it not a blessed thought that all His saints are in Christ's hands? Oh, they are not in their own hands. Wretched, indeed, would their condition be if such were the case! Why, they have not power of themselves to help, much less to teach themselves; no, not for a single moment.

I remember being once asked, "Could there be a solitary moment in the whole life of a Christian in which Jehovah-Jesus had not covenanted to be His Preserver, Sustainer, and Deliverer?" I answered, "That overlooked or omitted moment would suffice to secure your destruction." What other answer could I give? "That overlooked or omitted moment would suffice to secure your destruction," for assuredly our common adversary would take advantage of that moment in order at once and for ever to secure his prey. Do you remember that beautiful passage in Isaiah? "In that day sing ye unto her, a vineyard of red wine. I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day. Oh, I cannot tell you, beloved, what that expression, "I will water it every moment," has been to me and to other afflicted persons! The Lord not only keeps it, but waters it; He not only defends it from without, but blesses it from within; He not only keeps off evil, but is Himself the chief Root. Now, I ask you, What is your personal experience in this matter? What, if you had not been in better keeping than your own? Think for a moment, think of the numberless escapes thou hast had, not merely in times of peril, when thy life was in jeopardy; when there was but a step between thee and hell—I have been near it; I speak from experience—when thou hast been enthralled, captivated, ensnared, with thy feet almost gone, and thy steps well-nigh slipped, or more than I can tell you; but for an interposing hand, an outstretched arm, then, what must inevitably have been the consequence? I think I hear the secret heart response of some one now present to this inquiry. What, indeed! Ah, well, "What," I only ask, "must have been the consequence if so be that most gracious promise had not been fulfilled?" I can only now say, that the wonders of divine mercy, the matchlessness of divine love, and the marvellousness of divine long-suffering, stand forth the more conspicuously and admiringly through all this.

"And they sat down at Thy feet." What a position! How privileged! How secure! Here is rest, indeed! We are told that Mary sat at Jesu's feet, and heard His words. We may well imagine that all other things for the time being had lost their hold upon Mary. Oh, there was no room for any earthly being or earthly things! Someone well says, "that if the house had been swept away by a flood, or a flash of lightning had set it in a blaze, Mary would scarcely have been conscious of the fact, as long as she knew, and saw, and felt her loving Lord was there."

Beloved, here is the secret of all true spirituality—the presence and

power of Jehovah-Jesus; not what we are, but what He is. "They sat down at Thy feet." Mary sat at Jesu's feet, and heard His words. You remember the case of the deranged Galilean. They go to Jesus, and see him that was possessed of the devil, and had the legion, sitting clothed, and in his right mind. What a change! How marvellous! Is there anything too hard for the Lord? Sitting at the feet of Jesus, and in his right mind! He had never been in his right mind before up to that time when the Lord, in His own rightful authority, said, "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit!" Instantly His bidding was obeyed, "for where the King is, there is power." "And they sat down at Thy feet."

Once more, beloved, are you and I the subjects of the life-giving power of the Holy Ghost? Are we enabled and constrained by Him to come and sit at the feet of Jesus, drawn by the cords of irresistible love? Is it so? Then it is certain that finally and for ever we shall sit, not at His feet merely, but upon His throne; for what does the Lord declare? "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and sat down with my Father on His throne."

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### HONESTY.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON, BY THE LATE REV. W. H. KRAUSE, OF DUBLIN.  
OUR subject to-day is, uprightness, honesty, sincerity, straightforwardness. You will find a brief description of it in the twenty-fifth verse of the fourth of Proverbs: "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left; remove thy foot from evil."

The subject naturally divides itself into these two branches, upon which I would say something—first, steadfastness and integrity with God; and, secondly, uprightness before men.

It is a practical subject, brethren. May God the Holy Ghost give me wisdom to speak rightly upon it, and may He bless the Word to your souls, for Christ's sake.

We have said steadfastness and integrity with God. There is such a thing as a man, under the force of temptation, or under the pressure of circumstances, not being steadfast with God; therefore, we view this direction (Gen. xvii. 1) given by the Lord to Abraham as conveying a savour of reproof. Abraham's heart had not been very steadfast with God. You remember his history. You remember that, after God had said that He would give him the land of Canaan, that He would bless him, and that He would make him a blessing—after all this there comes a famine. Abraham goes down into Egypt. He is afraid of the wife of his bosom being taken from him; and there he manifests crookedness of conduct—want of steadfastness with God. Again, God told him that He would give him a large blessing through the son that He had promised him—and promised him, too, at a time when there was no probability of his having such. No doubt Abraham believed that God was true to His promise, but somehow we desire to hasten God's purposes. We try to go a little faster than God, and when we do this, our hearts are not steadfast with God. Suggestions were made to Abraham,

and he fell in with these suggestions. He must have a son. Sarah contrives the mode. He must have a son, but it shall be through another member of his household. There was at this time a want of steadfastness in the things of God, and, therefore, there was somewhat of reproof conveyed in the words, "Be thou perfect."

Brethren, we must say a word upon this matter. There is often in God's people a want of steadfastness. The word that Jacob spoke so prophetically to his eldest son is applicable to all the Reubens that have followed in Reuben's track: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways."

Now, the character that is condemned—the character that we are trying to open out to you—is the direct opposite of that which we find inculcated upon the Lord's people in the New Testament: "Rooted and grounded in Christ." I cannot at this time dwell at any length upon this subject, but I shall tell you what is the root of this unsteadfastness. In the first place, it springs from want of knowledge; and, secondly, from unbelief; otherwise we should not have all the warnings given to us that we find in the New Testament, as, for instance, in the fourth of Ephesians, where the Apostle says to the people to whom he wrote, that they should "henceforth be no more children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine." There is danger of it, or we should not have such a warning of it given by the Apostle Peter in the third chapter of his second Epistle: "Ye, therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness." Let me say it, then, not for the discouragement, but for the warning of the people of God, that the faith of the child of God will meet with many a rude shock, many a hard blow and assault from the enemy. There will be seasons of trial and temptation to every one in the family of God, when not only shall there be suggestions thrown into the mind by the evil one to which our unbelieving hearts shall respond, but more trying seasons still, when God in His providence seems in conflict with God in the promise—seasons when the child of God must be staggered, unless he possess that "hope" which is an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast.

Had we time to enlarge upon this subject, we could tell you that there is such a thing—and we have seen it—as the soul entertaining the deepest sense of its own unworthiness, and, at the same time, triumphing in the truth, and steadfastly believing the promise, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Even at the moment the soul is about to be landed in the very presence of God, when it feels that it must have a righteousness in which to appear before a just and holy God, it has been enabled to triumph, steadfastly believing that it is righteous in Christ. He made righteousness to us, and we made the righteousness of God in Him. Yes, we have seen it; we have known that there has been this triumphing. And how? and why? Because, in the power of the Holy Ghost, the soul has been given large views of the covenant faithfulness of Jehovah; *all else of steadfastness would be presumption, self-righteousness, and delusion.* The steadfastness of which we speak is steadfastness in the truth of God, through an intelligent acquaintance with the revelation which God has made of Himself in the face of Christ Jesus. The Scripture is full of awful beacons that have been raised up by God to warn the Church against double-mindedness. Turn to the

twelfth Psalm, and look at the marginal reading of the second verse: "With flattering lips and with a double heart do they speak." The marginal reading is, "With a heart and a heart do they speak." There is such a thing in the profession that passes for Christianity as a heart and a heart; there is a double-mindedness often with respect to God and truth. If you will at your leisure read over the seventy-eighth Psalm—a long Psalm, giving a history of what God had done for Israel, and also a history of their transgressions against God—in the eighth verse you will find these words: "A generation that set not their heart aright, and whose spirit was not steadfast with God." There was God and there was not God; a heart with God and a heart not with God; there was double-mindedness. Look at the thirty-seventh verse: "Their heart was not right with Him, neither were they steadfast in His covenant." Again, read the forty-first verse: "They limited the Holy One of Israel." Things were not right. It was not that these people became gross idolaters, and utterly rejected the law of God. No; they wanted to have God with *them*, but they would not follow God. This is the spirit of which we speak. We are not speaking of open blasphemers, but of those who profess to know something of the Lord, and who have "a heart and a heart." How, brethren, this double-mindedness shows itself in a variety of ways!

We could enlarge much on this subject, for we read of it in the Scripture, we have seen it in men; and, brethren, we could say something more humbling still—we could say that something of it is to be found in the breasts of *some* of God's dear children here present—*perhaps all*. A great zeal for God ostensibly, a great zeal for ourselves really. This is double-mindedness. There is such a thing as professing to seek God's guidance whilst we are determined to follow our own way. You remember the history of Balaam. He would not go one step without God; he would do just what God told him. But *God knew his heart; God knew he would do what he wanted himself.* The silver and the gold of Balak were before his eyes, and dazzled him so that he could not see God. God gave him his way. "Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone." God does this sometimes, brethren. This is an intricate and searching subject; it cuts into the very core of the heart. When there is reserve with God, there is a want of integrity. I mean by that, that there is an Achan in the camp—something that troubleth Israel—some lurking sin in the heart, and we do not want to extricate it. It is there, and it causes diffidence with God. We dare not look God in the face. Perhaps I may be speaking in the hearing of some who know it. There is not the saying, as there ought to be, "I can tell God all; I can tell Him the wish, the thought, the motive; I can drag out of my soul the foulest fiends, and can tell Him they are crushed by His almighty power; they are washed in the blood of atonement." This is honesty, brethren; but, when the fiend lodges within the breast, and we want to parley with it—when we do not want to get rid of it—when we want to hide it, to bury it in the camp, then there is diffidence with God.

Now, if this was the drift of God's direction to Abraham, it was intended that it should bring out that which constitutes the character of a man of God—honesty with God, and readiness to acquiesce in the ways of God; honesty in asking God to guide us, not intending all the while to guide ourselves; honesty as to His will, not saying, "Thy will be done," when we mean to have our own will; honesty in acquiescing in

the discipline of God when He thwarts us, when He disappoints us, when He does not let us have our own way; integrity with God, in leaving Him to manage for us. There is often a want of honesty, brethren. Abraham wanted it, Sarah wanted it, Rebekah wanted it, and *we* want it often.

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### EXTRACTS.

WE quote the annexed extracts from the publication which contains the account of the death of the late Mrs. Philp, the wife of the beloved Wesleyan minister referred to in the leading article for the present month. The publication is called, *The Methodist Messenger*. Of course we could not endorse all it contains, but the passages we are about to extract are such as would become any work, however sound or Calvinistic. Indeed, if such works contained a little more of the spirit herein exhibited, we should have vastly less of that bickering, backbiting, hair-splitting, and bitterness which, alas! alas! too sadly characterises even the real Church of God in the present day:—

“Our two new ministers are the men of our choice. As in some sense the mouthpiece of the circuit, we give them a hearty welcome amongst us, and wish them God speed in their labours. But they will need our sympathies and prayers. They are men of like passions with ourselves. They will need the “Hurs” and the “Aarons” to hold up their hands. Let us see that they have them, and the future shall be as fragrant as the past, and much more fruitful.

“Our one great want is the unction of the Holy One. Vain will be everything else unless we have this. Preaching may be good, hearing may be attentive, class and prayer-meetings may be regularly attended, but, if we have not the breath from heaven, all will be formal, cold, and dead. Every sail may be set, *but what we want is the wind*. Then come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon us! Let every member of our society make this his prayer. Let every professor of religion lay this matter as a burden upon his soul; let him spread it at the family altar; let him plead it in the privacy of his closet; and the time shall speedily come when, as a Church, ours shall be the joy of a second Pentecost.”

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### JESUS' SAVING GRACE.

J ESUS, Thy precious, Thy lovely name,  
E very child of Thine shall cheer;  
Sufficient strength to them impart;  
U nfold to them Thy loving heart;  
S o keep them ever to Thee near.  
  
S AVING knowledge let them know,  
A s pilgrims through this world they go;  
V ery much enjoy Thy love  
I n journeying to their home above;  
N earing heaven, may they sing,  
G reat and glorious is our King!  
  
G RACE shall charm their inmost soul—  
R ich, invincible, and free—  
A mazing grace their love control,  
C hrist and His cross their glory be,  
E ven now and through eternity.

J. S. G.

## Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave.

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### EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE "LITTLE ONE," OF MANCHESTER.

(Continued from page 557.)

In four months after the last entry in our dear departed friend's diary she was called to undergo the loss of all the great privileges she had enjoyed through the public ministry, by the removal of Mr. P—— to London, to which circumstance she thus alludes:—

"*May 13, 1860.*—I am brought into a great and sore trouble since yesterday morning, when I received a letter from our dear minister, informing me he has had a call from London; and, having referred the matter to one of his best friends (the late Bishop Villiers, of Carlisle) to decide for him, the Bishop's answer is, that he ought to go. It is a terrible trial to me, but I suppose such as I needed, for I do require continual teaching of that lesson, 'Cease ye from man.' He now asks my prayers, which, indeed, have often been offered up in his behalf. And now, O Lord, I beseech Thee, send us a pastor after Thine own heart, who will not shun to declare the whole counsel of God.

"*May 27.*—We have had two excellent sermons to-day from Mr. P——; in the morning, from these words, 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;' and this evening, from Isaiah ix. and part of sixth verse, 'His name shall be called Wonderful.' It was, indeed, a wonderful sermon, and concluded with an earnest appeal to all to search and ask themselves whether they knew anything of this wonderful name. Oh, Lord, when Thou dost remove this earthen vessel in which there is so much treasure, I beseech Thee, fill another out of Thy fulness, who shall be enabled to feed the flock of God among us, which He has purchased by His own blood. I can truly say that this servant of Thine has been the means of bringing me into the full liberty of the Gospel, wherewith Christ makes His people free."

In the autumn of the same year she thus writes:—

"*September 23, 1860.*—The dreaded trial has come at last; our beloved pastor has this day preached his last sermon in Platt Church. The Lord has wonderfully supported him and ourselves, though he felt unable to go through the parting that awaited him from the congregation. We went to the vestry, where he remained, to bid him farewell.

"*October 1.*—Our new minister, Mr. V——, preached his first sermon yesterday, but I was prevented from hearing him.

"*October 14.*—I fear I shall be a prisoner all the winter, but I am the Lord's prisoner, and I know that He can make my own abode a Bethel, and the very gate of heaven to me. Meet me then, here, O Lord, for my desire is towards Thee.

"*October 21.*—The Lord has graciously answered my prayer for blessing on the meditation of His Word this day. I have very much enjoyed some of the first chapters in Mark's Gospel; and, reflecting on the eighteenth and nineteenth verses of the fifth chapter, where Jesus tells the poor Gaderene, out of whom He had cast a legion of devils, to go home to his friends, and tell them how great things had been done for him, I thought of how many in our own small circles, with whom we are in

daily intercourse, can we say, ‘I am clear of this your blood.’ Lord, make me more faithful!

“October 25.—Had a call to-day from our new pastor, Mr. V.—In conversation, he gave me the impression that he was anxious to declare all the counsel of God to the people, but without giving undue prominence to any one part of it.

“December 4.—My birthday. Oh, my Father, stir up my cold heart to praise Thee! I have, indeed, been brought through the cloud and through the fire. Last Sabbath week I gave birth prematurely to a still-born babe, being the fifth trial of the kind. Again I am written childless. Lord, teach me submission to Thy will! But I must record that, in the quiet of my chamber, I have heard the voice of ‘Him whom my soul loveth’ once more speaking pardon and peace; telling me that He would not ‘behold iniquity in Jacob, nor see perverseness in Israel.’ And why? Because He has ‘hidden me in the cleft of the Rock, and covered me with His hand.’ He has shown me that He has ‘blotted out my transgressions as a cloud, and will remember my sins no more.’ Thus has He proved Himself ‘better unto me than ten sons’—yea, than all the world besides. ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul! ’”

[The revelation of the above circumstances proves the truth of those words, “Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all;” and it magnifies the grace of God, that sustains in a weak physical frame the spirit that glories in infirmities, through the power of Christ resting upon it.]

“January 13, 1861.—Was permitted for the first time since last October to attend service in Platt Church. Did not enjoy the preaching as I had hoped. There was a lack of something. Lord, enable me to look more to Thee and less to men!

“June 23.—Being prevented from attending the outward means of grace, I am taking a review of my spiritual history, and have to mourn over my backslidings and carnality. I am feeling the want of a direct manifestation from the Lord to restore me. I get no revivings from the preached Word as I used to do. My soul does not get fed, and I am left hungering and thirsting after the bread and water of life.”

[At this time, and for about two years, I find our dear departed friend often lamenting the want of a reviving through the preached Gospel; and, though she expresses hearing a good sermon sometimes, yet it was such a contrast to her former state of things, that she sometimes concludes that she is “not to be taught any more by *preaching*.” She laments frequently “that God’s ministers should seem to shun to declare His whole counsel, and appear so afraid of the sovereignty of God and other doctrines of His Word, that they cannot trust them with Him who has said, ‘My Word shall not return unto me void.’ . . . Holy Spirit, make them more faithful to their trust, that they may leave results and consequences with Thee, who rulest all hearts according to Thine own blessed will!” In the spring of 1863, she alludes to having heard the late Rev. Whylock Davis, of St. Peter’s, Oldham Road, Manchester, and in watching the Lord’s leadings she thus writes:—]

“May 18, 1863.—Yesterday we attended twice at St. Peter’s, Oldham Road, where we have taken a pew, to be under the ministry of Mr. Davis. This step has not been taken without much thought and prayer, and appears to be the Lord’s leading. But I have been also greatly tempted by Satan about the reproach we might have to encounter;

still, my doubts were sweetly dissolved by many passages of Scripture, such as, ‘We must obey God rather than man;’ ‘If ye know the truth, the truth shall make you free.’ Yes, free in body and soul, from every kind of bondage, and free to act as God directs without fear of man. ‘The battle is the Lord’s.’ ‘The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.’ Enable me to look up to Thee, O Lord, for guidance in all the events of our life, whether of providence or grace; and grant that this step may be for our good, and, above all, for Thy honour and glory. Amen.”

[Our dear departed friend had the satisfaction of having her joys renewed by attending this fuller Gospel ministry; and, though it was nearly five miles, yet she was a constant attendant for nearly seven years. This certainly presents a great contrast to the lukewarm state in which we find the generality of the Christians of this professing day. With few exceptions, there are scarcely any who will make any sacrifices for the truth’s sake. Hence it is that “the fine gold has become dim,” and “the love of the many has waxed cold.” “The fear of man which bringeth a snare” on the part of the preachers, and the love of the world on the part of the hearers, seems to be the compound which gives the professing Church its weak and sickly appearance.]

“November 3, 1872.—‘I am as a wonder unto many, but Thou art my strong Refuge.’ Amazing love and mercy that I should be spared to commence another book of my journal in better health than I could expect or deserve this variable winter! One great trial which has harassed me for many years appears to be removed. I rejoice with trembling, not knowing how soon another cross may take its place. To the Lord be all the praise, who enabled me in some measure to cast the heavy burden upon Him, for He had promised to sustain me, and well has He fulfilled His promise. Blessed be His holy name for ever!

“December 4.—Once more I am spared to see another birthday. I am now fifty-four, and more and more a marvel to myself and others. Once more, O Lord, enable me to dedicate myself—body, soul, and spirit—to Thy service. I want to feel more union and communion with Thee, through the life of the ever-blessed Spirit. Enable me, O my Father, to see and realise that *that life* does not hang upon anything I have, or can do, but that it is in Thy dear Son; then lead me to depend entirely upon His finished work for continual, as well as final, acceptance with Thee. May I still be learning more of that blessed lesson, ‘Without me ye can do nothing.’ Lord, hear and answer me, for Christ’s sake!

“December 31.—This year is almost gone, but, before it closes, I must record all the mercies with which it has been so richly laden—temporal and spiritual blessings, health in some measure, with numerous home and domestic comforts, for all of which I desire to praise the Giver. Heavenly Father, we raise a song of grateful thanksgiving.

“January 19, 1873.—My time has been rather too much occupied with things of this life lately to make any entries. I must now take time for reflection and meditation, otherwise, I feel it will be enforced upon me, since the Lord knows how to discipline His straying ones, and often brings them back with the rod. Above all things, dearest Lord, keep me from having a seared conscience, and seeing no harm in this or that little conformity to the world. ‘The Lord hath set apart him that is godly unto Himself.’ This Scripture comes very forcibly into my mind. May

I be so set apart that the language of my heart may be, ‘Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none on the earth that I desire besides Thee.’ And again I was reminded this morning of that text: ‘Therefore, to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.’

“*February 2.*—It is just now a very trying time—the weather severely cold; fuel, &c., so much increased in price through the strikes and turn-outs, chiefly in the coal and iron trades. The world is full of discontent, and seems fast approaching to that state which is ‘worse and worse.’ We know not how soon our Lord may come. Popery rears its head more impudently than ever; and in this once-favoured nation, that shook off the fetters of superstition, *now* it seems no disgrace to wear the mark of the beast. The false prophets, alas! are received with open arms by numbers who call themselves Protestants, yet conform to, and imitate the practices of, Rome. As to our own city, there is not now left in it scarcely *one* whole-hearted, staunch defender of the faith amongst the ministers of our beloved Church. ‘Arise, O Lord, let not man prevail;’ but speedily save and defend us from the evils which threaten to destroy us.

“*March 1.*—I have been far from well this week, but am better again, for which I desire to thank my Heavenly Father, for many are called away suddenly just now. There is something awfully solemn in sudden death, especially to the survivors, even if the one called away be prepared for the summons; but if not, how dreadful to all! Lord, grant me the preparation, so that, whenever it comes, it may be welcome. Enable me to set my affections on things above, and may I live in the realisation that my life is ‘hid with Christ in God.’ I have lately perused a very profitable volume of “Lady Powerscourt’s Letters,” and have been deeply interested. They breathe such a spirit of sound religion and sympathising love to fellow-disciples in the school of affliction.

“*March 3.*—Had my throat operated upon yesterday, and, though it was done successfully, I have had much pain since; but, as I feel much easier to-day, I hope with care and divine help to have less suffering from it in the future. How many things there are to try our faith and patience! How seldom, if ever, I can say, ‘I ail nothing;’ but I often think that delicate health has been used to keep me to my proper level.”

*Manchester.*

E. S.

(*To be continued.*)

#### PEACE IN LIFE AND JOY IN DEATH.

THE funeral sermon of the late Mrs. Philp was preached in the Wesleyan Chapel, Knowle, on Wednesday, August 9th, by the Rev. F. Mason. His text was Heb. xiii., and latter part of the fifth verse. After the sermon the rev. gentleman read a sketch of her life, of which the following is an abridgment:—

Mrs. Philp was born in the island of Barbadoes on the 8th of July, 1805. Her family name was Reece, her ancestors being emigrants from England. She was early instructed in the principles of the Church of England, and became a communicant when very young. It was not until she had grown to maturity that she became connected with Wesleyan Methodism. This connection was caused by a fearful hurricane which took place in the year 1831, and in which a beloved sister was crushed to

death beneath the ruins of a falling house, and herself rescued in a state of great exhaustion after being exposed during the whole night to the fury of the storm. She at once decided on the fulfilment of a promise made some time before to her sister to join the Mission Church, of which her sister had been for some time a member. That mission was established by her uncle, who was brought to God on a visit to England, and became the friend, the patron, and benefactor of the Wesleyan Missions. The decision once made was in harmony with her whole character and life—firm and unchanging.

It is not certain at what time she obtained the blessed sense of God's sweet forgiving love. When her now bereaved husband made her acquaintance, she was not clear in her views of the witness of the Holy Spirit as held by us; but the light by degrees shone more clearly into her mind, till at length she became established in the truth and sweet enjoyment of the divine favour; and her path of Christian light and experience became henceforth that of the just, "shining more and more unto the perfect day."

"In the year 1833 she became the wife of the one who now mourns her loss; and, with a deep sense of her responsibilities, she adopted the cause of Christ as her own, and spared no pain or expense in promoting the welfare of the people attending the Mission Chapel, especially those of the negro race, then on the eve of their emancipation from slavery; and for some years on the mission stations in the West Indies she exerted herself in every way to promote the cause of Christ—in public services, prayer meetings, class meetings, and Sabbath-school work, as well as instructing the poor people privately; at the same time attending with the greatest fidelity and tenderest affection to the wants of her husband in his toils and illnesses. To her watchful care he attributes, under the blessing of God, the preservation of his life on more than one occasion.

In the year 1839 she accompanied her husband, then in delicate health, to England, and thence to France, returning to England in the year 1842; and in all the circuits in which she resided, proved herself truly a help to her loved partner, in promoting the interests of the cause she had at heart. Possessing a good share of discernment and discrimination of character, with genuine piety, she greatly promoted the comfort and usefulness of her husband, and also secured the love and esteem of a large number of friends, whose testimonies to her worth have come in from all quarters since her departure, as a solace to the heart of her lonely husband. She was particularly the friend of the poor, the aged, and the sick, in her visits to whom in her health she often exposed herself to dangers, sometimes facing very cold and stormy weather to relieve and pray with them.

Her religion was rather of the thoughtful, sober, and sternly practical order, than that of the excitable and impulsive; always entertaining very humbling views of herself, while maintaining a calm trust in the love and faithfulness of the Saviour, whom she supremely loved.

In the month of May, 1870, she had a slight attack of paralysis of the brain, from which time a gradual decay of her bodily and mental powers took place, which, in the course of time, became very painful to herself, and distressingly so to her dear friends; and for the last two years a cloud was more or less drawn over her once vigorous intellect. Her more retired life was much occupied in reading, especially pious biography, of which she was fond; but books of devotion, particularly her Bible and hymn-book, were her favourite companions. She loved her class-meet-

ings, which were for many months held in her room. She longed for the day to come, often inquiring, "Is this the day for the class?" and, though her mind often wandered, through weakness, on other subjects, yet in the class there was always remarkable collectedness of thought, and great beauty, propriety, and force in her expressions, giving clear and ample testimony to her supreme love to Christ, and steadfast trust in Him. "*I love Him with all my heart;*" "*He will never leave me, nor forsake me and my feebleness,*" were her oft-repeated expressions.

When for some months she was shut out from all public means of grace, a service was held in her room twice on the Lord's Day, when she joined in the morning and evening service of the Church prayer-book, which, from early use, was familiar to her memory.

The last three months of her life were marked with most painful nervous agitation and great restlessness, but she was mercifully favoured with seasons of collectedness, when she gave most satisfactory evidence of her steadfast trust in the Lord; her favourite promise ever near— "*He will never leave me nor forsake me;*" and often asking the Lord to take her home.

Towards the close, though difficult to articulate, she called her husband to her bed-side, and said, "Good-bye, my dear; I shall meet you in heaven;" sending messages of love to all her friends, and assuring her husband that she was still resting on her favourite promise. She wound up by asking him to attend to all the arrangements of her funeral. Some of her last words to a friend, on leaving the room, were, "I'll meet you there;" "I do not murmur;" "I would not have it otherwise if I could, since it is the will of God;" "The best of all is, God is with us;" "*He will never forsake me;*" and, in the hearing of two faithful friends and attendants, she repeated the following verses of two favourite hymns—

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Would bear me conqueror through.

"Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp His name;  
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,  
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

And so she passed away to the presence and joy of her Lord, on the 15th of July, 1876, one week after her seventy-first birthday. Her whole life and death formed a comment on the words of St. Paul: "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

[What has a truly Spirit-taught soul to say against the foregoing? Does it not contain blessed evidence of divine teaching? Can there be a question as to the vital participation of true spiritual and imperishable life? How well do we remember the morning on which the now bereaved husband first called upon us, in deep anxiety about the heavy affliction the Lord had seen fit to lay upon his many years' companion in the wilderness, and sharer of his joys and sorrows. With what interest did he listen to our observations about covenant faithfulness and covenant all-sufficiency! How the sadness of his countenance gave place to a peacefulness and a holy tranquillity, and with what a warm shake of the hand did he bid us "good-bye," as he said, "It was the Lord sent me here this morning!" Had men or mere doctrine been the subject of our

conversation that morning, instead of the Master and His wonderful dealings, in all probability coldness and indifference would have taken possession, instead of an interest and a warmth of heart which has endeared that aged servant of God to our soul from that hour to this.

Much as we love the doctrines of grace, and hold and rejoice in, as (blessed be God!) we do, the covenant verities of a covenant God for a covenant people, and unprepared as we are to sacrifice one jot or one tittle of them, yet we have no sympathy whatever with cold-hearted, cut-and-dried mere talkers on doctrine, without a particle of savour, or unction, or dew in their bearing or testimony. No meekness, no mellow-ness, naught of that teachableness nor tractableness which leads to the "taking knowledge of them, that they have been with Jesus." Oh, reader, there is no place like the feet of the Master; and how sweet is that bedewing, and that gentleness, and that tenderness, and that forbearance, and that burning of heart which intimates that the footstool of mercy has been resorted to, and the God of all grace sought and found!—EDITOR.]

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## CONFLICT.

*"When I would do good, evil is present with me."*—ROM. vii. 21.

(See also 2 Chron. xx. 15.)

THE world attracts not me ;  
I cannot share its joys ;  
Tempted though I may be  
To \* buy its tinselled toys ;  
My heart it never can have more,  
Though so unfrequently I soar.

Sin and the "flesh" I mourn,  
They made the Saviour bleed ;  
When to His "griefs" I turn,  
I see I'm vile indeed !  
Yet oh, how tardily I move  
From what I hate to Him I love !

I long to serve Him well ;  
But *self* is such a foe !  
'Twould sink me, e'en to hell,  
Did Jesus let me go ;  
'Tis He alone who holds me fast,  
Or I should be condemned at last.

When I the promise read,  
It sometimes meets my case :  
But oft'ner, though I need,  
My claim I cannot trace ;  
If but a little cloud arise,  
It quickly darkens all my skies.

*Cardif.*

I love God's saints to meet,  
And bow with them in prayer  
Before the mercy-seat ;  
Heaven's influence to share ;  
But, even there, Omnisience sees  
I seldom plead, though on my knees,

Sometimes I think I see  
A glimpse of Jesu's face ;  
Then, again, feel to be  
Quite destitute of grace ;  
Can such a paradox as I  
Be said to live, while thus I die ?

One moment, victory won ;  
Then, vanquishment indeed !  
Thus days and years roll on,  
And fears and hopes succeed ;  
But, hark ! I hear a voice divine—  
"The battle is not yours, but mine !

In *me* is all your strength,  
I conquered once for you ;  
And thou, through me, at length  
Shalt 'more than conquer,' too ;  
But never must thy sword be sheathed  
*Till with my glory thou art wreathed.*"

J. P. C.

\* The believer always pays "dearly" if he "spends his money for that which is not bread."

## SLEEPING IN JESUS.

MY DEAR SIR,—As you wish for an account of the Lord's dealings with my dear girl, who died at the early age of fourteen, I send it. Short as it is, it is a sweet testimony to my poor soul. For a year or more previous she had a cough, which was considered chronic, as it seemed to have no ill effect on her; but it gradually assumed a different aspect. Medical advice was resorted to, but nothing serious seemed to be apprehended, and she returned to school at Forest Hill. However, other symptoms more unfavourable soon appeared. She was brought from school on June 10th, with what was pronounced congestion of the lungs. Of this she so far recovered as to be allowed to go out daily when fine. She was not confined to her bed but one day. Being naturally a quiet child, she said little; but, when asked questions as to the state of her mind, would answer in a satisfactory manner. When asked one day by her mamma if she thought she would recover, she shed tears, and said, "No." On another occasion, she said, "she felt she was a sinner, but she looked to Jesus only as her Saviour, and felt He shed His precious blood for her." The day week before she departed, an evident change took place; her cough became much worse, and breathing at times difficult. From that time she frequently longed to be gone. She spoke of hymns, and more especially of Hart's, on "Heaven is that holy, happy place;" her Bible and hymn-book always by her side, and frequently resorted to. She much enjoyed the twenty-third Psalm. On the night of the 9th of August she slept a great deal, and rambled much as her mamma sat up with her; the cough had then quite left her. About three o'clock she awoke, and said, "Oh, dear, what is this?" Her mamma said, "I think, dear, Jesus will soon come for you, and you will be at home." She said, "Oh, I hope so; I shall be so glad!" Evidently, she had no fear of death; the sting of death seemed quite removed from her. At four o'clock I was called to her bed-side. She held out her hand, and looked at me with a sweet expression, and said, "Good-bye!" . . . "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Oh, when will He come?" Looking upward, "Oh, that I could see Him shining bright! Jesus is there; He's gone to prepare." I said "You are going to Jesus, dear. Don't you recollect your favourite Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd'?" She caught it at once, and said, with much emphasis, "I shall not want." On taking leave of her eldest brother, she said, "Good-bye; good-bye; give my love to Willie" (another brother, who had been expected that day). "Tell him I am very happy." After this she rallied, and it seemed that she might last some hours. About eight o'clock, another brother came in to speak to her, but she was too weak to talk. On his leaving the room, she said, "Oh, that men would fear the Lord!" "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." She remained quiet until half-past ten, when she wished me to move her up. I did as she requested, and she in a most passive manner smiled, and, without a sigh or struggle, fell asleep in Jesus, at ten minutes to eleven. "Absent from the body, present with that Saviour" who had dealt so tenderly with her. Ah, my dear sir, if this be dying, why are we poor timorous creatures so often tried about the article of death?

"The way I walk cannot be wrong  
If Jesus be but there."

That foe cannot boast of much that makes us watch and pray. Yours  
sincerely, in best bonds,  
THOS. GATEHOUSE.

## Anecdotes and Extracts.

### "ONLY MAN IS VILE."

My travels have been almost entirely confined to the United Kingdom ; still I have seen enough of the beauties of Jehovah's handiwork, as the Creator and the Maintainer of all things, to be lost in wonder and adoring admiration. I love that utterance of the Psalmist, " When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers ; the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained ; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him ? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him."

It was a lovely morning in the last week of June. Our party, which numbered eighty, were to assemble at the school-house at eight o'clock ; and, a few minutes after that hour, we took our seats in the four-horse breaks which had been provided, to drive through Redland and Westbury to the New Passage, where we were to take the steamer for the opposite shore. The drive through the shady lanes and up and down the well-wooded hills skirting the Bristol Channel on the Gloucester side was lovely, there being just the gentle breeze of the morning, whilst the sun was not as yet pouring down his full rays.

The hay-harvest had commenced, and nature seemed quite in her prime, as the wheat and other crops looked in most promising condition. That gracious promise generally occurs to the mind, whilst I contemplate such scenes : " While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." The merciful assurance of a compassionate and long-suffering God, the which He has literally and faithfully fulfilled, age after age and generation after generation, up to this very day !

Arrived at the New Passage, we walked down the railway pier, which stretches far out into the Channel, and took the boat. Although a very strong tide runs at ebb and flow, the Channel was now smooth as a lake, and the Welsh hills, with the far-famed Wind Cliff, looked beautiful in the extreme. For one, I wished that the steaming could have been extended, and that our course had been *down* Channel rather than *across* it. This was wonderful for such a poor nervous sailor as I am. The train in waiting at the pier on the Welsh side took us at once to the Portskewet-station, and here a little incident occurred which made our hearts ache, but which, at the same time, helped to remind us of our momentary dependence upon divine care and keeping. What at first we thought to have been the noise of the engine, or the break, proved to be the cries of a beautiful spaniel which had in some way got under the train ; the poor creature's leg was mangled fearfully, and, until put out of its misery, its cries were piteous. The dog was in charge of an elderly clergyman, who was really in anguish about it, as it was a great favourite with his son, to whom it belonged. One turned away with a saddened heart, reminded at the moment how soon our choicest pleasures might be marred. At the same time, as each of our party had to cross the rails—there being no foot-bridge—directly in front of the engine, of which there were several moving to and fro—one could but be reminded that the calamity might have been worse. One was the more impressed with this thought because an official inquiry was at that very time pending about a fatality which had occurred only a few days before at the pier where we had just landed, by which two of the porters had in a moment lost their lives.

Reader, it is well for us to have a continuous sense of our ever-constant need of divine guardianship, as well as guidance.

Between Portskewet and Chepstow the line runs along by the side of the Wye. Occasionally the traveller catches glimpses of most exquisite scenery, as presented on both sides of the Channel. But the richer and more extended views are reserved for the drive between Chepstow and Tintern. My descriptive powers utterly fail here. If the reader can picture to himself driving through a thickly-wooded road cut out of a high but sloping cliff-side; at his feet winds a river most circuitously; on the opposite side rises similar wooded slopes, in the rear of which, and beyond the Bristol Channel, extends, as far as the eye can compass, a wide-spread and beautifully variegated landscape, backed by the Malvern and other Gloucester hills, he may form some idea of this most lovely view. Now he is lost in the narrowness of the road and the thickness of the foliage above and around him; anon a break here and a break there in the plantation opens a splendid view. Now the opposite side of the valley is comparatively near; of a sudden, a lovely amphitheatre stretches before the traveller's wondering gaze, the Wye still pursuing its peaceful but onward way.

Arrived at a certain junction of the road, the party separates; the young and more active to climb the narrow but rapidly-rising path to the summit of the cliff, the elders to await their arrival at the pretty grotto-cottage at the foot of the stony staircase, carefully planted on the face of the cliff. Scarcely has the one section of the party reached the cottage, ere the others, high over their heads, are revelling in the prospect so widely extended by their higher elevation.

After say an hour's pleasing interruption, the whole party are again seated in the breaks and varied vehicles with which the locality abounds, pursuing their onward course to the far-famed Tintern. At a wind of the road, after another half-hour's drive, the valley opens upon a spacious grassy plain, in the centre of which stands the extensive and well-preserved ruin. For the moment one is lost in wonder how such an edifice could have ever been raised in so remote a spot. Imagine, reader, Salisbury or Gloucester Cathedral, for example, standing, as it were, in pensive solitude miles and miles away from any human habitation, unless it were a few scattered cottages, some of these planted high up the front of the thickly-wooded cliff, how to reach them being a knotty question.

Apart from its occupants, their habits and boasted self-denying devotions, as intimated, its mere erection opens out a wonderful field of inquiry. I may be mistaken, but, as far as I could judge from casual observation, I could perceive no source of immediate supply for the stone or general material of which that huge building is constructed. Hence such material must have been brought from remote distances; and, if this be so, taken together with the length and breadth and height of the abbey, it suggests master-minds and ponderous artificial power of days long before our own. We may stretch our Menai tubes, bridge our mighty chasms, bore our huge mountains, throw up our long and lofty viaducts, tunnel under our channels, spread a network of railway-roads down deep below our feet; we may navigate the seas with our iron-clads, and threaten neighbouring nations with our turret-ships—our “*Devastations*” and “*Invincibles*,” and “*Thunderers*;” we may pride ourselves in our eighty-ton cannon, or our formidable torpedoes; we may boast of

the almost lightning speed with which we convey our intelligence from clime to clime and kingdom to kingdom ; but, after all, such edifices as Tintern prove beyond all doubt that there were master-minds and vast achievements in byegone days ; leaving us of this generation but sorry ground for creature pride or human boast.

(To be continued.)

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### A CHEERING WORD.

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—Though personally unknown to you, it may be, I think, some slight encouragement to know what a source of heartfelt enjoyment your Magazine is to *one* more of its numerous readers, and how, before all others which every month pass through my hands, *it* takes the *highest* place ; and oftentimes I have felt, after reading the Editor's pieces, to love the dear unknown writer of those loving, comforting words which, when in sorrow or trouble, seem so to come "home" to the feelings. Last month, your reply to "A Little One," Melbourne, helped me unspeakably ; especially where you speak so *feelingly* of submission to the Lord's will, and how difficult—nay, *impossible*—without divine aid it is

"To lie passive in His hands,  
And know no will but His."

The truth of those lines most must, at times, have felt—

"Oh, it is easy in life's tranquil day,  
When all around is *peace*, to kneel and pray,  
'Father, Thy will be done !' But when that will  
Calls us to *suffer*, and be patient still ;  
When God's mysterious ways are all unknown,  
When clouds and darkness veil His awful throne ;  
Oh, how we need His all-supporting hand,  
To bow *submissive* to the high command ;  
To trust Him still, in life's beclouded day,  
And in meek resignation thus to pray."

For it is when we are in sorrow and trouble, when our dearest hopes seem crossed, or when friends fail us and prove but "broken reeds," we find those words so hard to say, "Lord, *Thy* will, not *mine*, be done !" when our rebellious hearts refuse to utter them ; and we find, alas ! even when we pray the Lord—

"Our hopes to crown,  
Or give us strength to *lay them down*,"

that we are *not* prepared to *wait* His time of fulfilment, much less *submissively* "*lay them down*." But as you, my dear sir, so truthfully remark, a "spirit of dictation" is too frequently mingled with our prayers ; and heartily do I re-echo your wish that it might oftener be otherwise, and that we may be enabled to "cast *all* our care upon Him," and patiently wait *His* hour of deliverance.

Excuse me for trespassing so long on your time (which I know must be so incessantly occupied), but it was your words "touching a chord" in my heart, which has prompted these lines. But, in conclusion, I can only beg of God to spare your life yet many years, and enable you to pursue your "labour of love;" for *He*, and *He only*, knows to how many hearts your words of "comfort and encouragement" have been blessed ; and that *He* may continue to strengthen you for the work, is the *heartfelt* prayer of

A LOVER OF THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

## Reviews and Notices of Books.

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*Lectures to My Students*: A Selection from Addresses Delivered to the Students of the Pastor's College, Metropolitan Tabernacle. By C. H. SPURGEON, President. London: Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

If asked for our opinion of this book, in brief, here it is: MATTER-OF-FACT! Very rarely do we read a book through, but this we have done with the deepest possible interest. It is worthy of world-wide circulation and a most attentive perusal, inasmuch as it is full of instruction. We necessarily must differ from Mr. SPURGEON in sundry respects—especially when making, as he does, such a deadly *onslaught* upon the Church of England, which, with all her acknowledged faults—and what human system is without them?—in her articles, homilies, and many other respects, is sound and Scriptural. Although numberless traitors, notwithstanding their solemn ordination vows, are seeking to betray her and to lead both her and the kingdom into all the deception and destructiveness of the system against which they professedly and nominally protest, still the Church of England has within her pale many a servant of the Most High God who is prepared to follow in the footsteps of her martyred forefathers, even to laying down their precious lives in vindication of the truths which are infinitely more dear to them than their merely human existence. This is no mere boast, nor any mean or contemptible test.

In the following quotation from Mr. SPURGEON's Lectures, we, as it were, catch a glimpse of the man himself. Such statements as are here given necessarily commend themselves to our sympathies:—

Poor human nature cannot bear such strains as heavenly triumphs bring to it; there must come a reaction. Excess of joy or excitement must be paid for by subsequent depressions. While the trial lasts, the strength is equal to the emergency; but when it is over, natural weakness claims the right to show itself. Secretly sustained, Jacob can wrestle all night, but he must limp in the morning, when the contest is over, lest he boast himself beyond measure. Paul may be caught up to the third heaven, and hear unspeakable things, but “a thorn in the flesh,” a messenger of Satan to buffet him, must be the inevitable sequel. Men cannot bear unalloyed happiness; even good men are not yet fit to have “their brows with laurel and with myrtle bound,” without enduring secret humiliation to keep them in their proper place. Whirled from off our feet by a revival, carried aloft by popularity, exalted by success in soul-winning, we should be as the chaff which the wind driveth away, were it not that the gracious discipline of mercy breaks the ships of our vain glory with a strong east wind, and casts us shipwrecked, naked, and forlorn on the Rock of Ages. *Before any great achievement*, some measure of the same depression is very usual. Surveying the difficulties before us, our hearts sink within us. The sons of Anak stalk before us, and we are as grasshoppers in our own sight in their presence. The cities of Canaan are walled up to heaven, and who are we that we should hope to capture them? We are ready to cast down our weapons and take to our heels. Nineveh is a great city, and we would flee unto Tarshish sooner than encounter its noisy crowds. Already we look for a ship which may bear us quietly away from the terrible scene, and only a dread of tempest restrains our recreant footsteps. Such was my experience when I first became a pastor in London. My success appalled me; and the thought of the career which it seemed to open up,

so far from elating me, cast me into the lowest depth, out of which I uttered my *miserere*, and found no room for a *gloria in excelsis*. Who was I that I should continue to lead so great a multitude. I would betake me to my village obscurity, or emigrate to America, and find a solitary rest in the backwoods, where I might be sufficient for the things which would be demanded of me. It was just then that the curtain was rising upon my life-work, and I dreaded what it might reveal. I hope I was not faithless, but I was timorous and filled with a sense of my own unfitness. I dreaded the work which a gracious providence had prepared for me. I felt myself a mere child, and trembled as I heard the voice which said, "Arise, and thresh the mountains, and make them as chaff." This depression comes over me whenever the Lord is preparing a larger blessing for my ministry; the cloud is black before it breaks, and overshadows before it yields its deluge of mercy. Depression has now become to me as a prophet in rough clothing, a John the Baptist, heralding the nearer coming of my Lord's richer benison. So have far better men found it. The scouring of the vessel has fitted it for the Master's use. Immersion in suffering has preceded the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Fasting gives an appetite for the banquet. The Lord is revealed in the back-side of the desert, while His servant keepeth the sheep and waits in solitary awe. The wilderness is the way to Canaan. The low valley leads to the towering mountain. Defeat prepares for victory. The raven is sent forth before the dove. The darkest hour of the night precedes the day dawn. The mariners go down to the depths, but the next wave makes them mount to the heaven; their soul is melted because of trouble before He bringeth them to their desired haven.

*Old Jonathan Volume for 1876. (New Series.) Price 1s. 6d. London : W. H. and L. Collingridge, 117 to 120, Aldersgate Street, E.C.*

We hail the appearance of another volume of *Old Jonathan*. This is the first under its new form. We doubt not our readers, one and all, will highly approve of the change, being of such advantage in its portability. The annexed is the Preface to the new volume :—

In closing another volume of this Work, by way of PREFACE, the Editor cannot but acknowledge the debt of gratitude which is due from him to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for the continued support and token upon token of blessing which have attended the publication from its commencement up to the present time.

The birthplace of *Old Jonathan* was a dark, obscure, Popish village in Ireland. From that little retired spot, through God's great mercy, it has made its way, during the last twenty years and upwards, to the very ends of the earth! Not merely has it found entrance into thousands upon thousands of homes throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom, but it has reached the four quarters of the habitable globe. To God be all the glory, that the cheering words contained in the pages of *Old Jonathan* have been proclaimed by their simple means to those far-off climes. The knowledge of the blessing arising therefrom must be reserved to the last great day. Suffice it for us to know and rejoice in the mercy that the Lord God hath declared, "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my Word be that goeth forth out of my mouth : it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

That such publications as *Old Jonathan* are very greatly needed is proved from the fact that the taste for reading of some sort must be met. If healthful literature cannot be obtained, pernicious works will be sought after; and, when once this feeling is indulged, there is no knowing where it will end. A

Judge has very lately stated that a large amount of crime is to be traced to baneful reading; and to every observant mind it must have been apparent and most regretful that certain weekly serials, in which the various acts of crime are boldly and effectively—although most coarsely—illustrated, attract so largely the gaze and inquiry of groups upon groups at the numberless shop-windows in which such sensational serials are conspicuously exhibited.

One of the great and most effectual means, however, to meet this state of things, and to counteract the baneful influence of such works, is by the issue of *Old Jonathan* and similar publications.

With this conviction, and seeing the times which have lighted upon us are of the gravest character, we ask for the continued co-operation of our numerous readers and correspondents, in order to do what little we can to promote the present interest and permanent well-being of our fellow-men. Life is but short; its little day is fast drawing to a close; our sun is rapidly going down. May it set under the consciousness that we have cast our mite into the treasury, with the hope that it may not be rejected of Him who hath said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water, only in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward."

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### THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

THE doctrine of the substitution of Christ in the sinner's stead is a great and encouraging truth, and one that pervades the whole Scriptures. If we are delivered from the curse of sin, it is only because Christ "was made a curse for us;" was "made sin for us;" and "His own Self bore our sins in His own body on the tree." If we are heirs of heaven, it is only because by His righteousness and obedience He has earned our title for us. Yes; Another's death and Another's righteousness are our only hope of escaping hell or earning heaven. Though this is a divinely revealed truth, it is one that has many and bitter enemies. It is argued that it is not in accordance with the character of God, and it is neither reasonable nor just that God should extend His mercy and favour towards us on account of the righteousness of another—that justice demands that we should stand or fall on our own account. In answer to this it must be replied that we are all involved in the sin of another; we are "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity;" born with fallen natures liable to strong temptations, surrounded by a wicked world, and with diabolical agencies opposed to us; and all this because of Adam's transgression. Our consciences, indeed, may tell us—and tell us truly—that we ourselves have sinned, and that, too, against light, conviction, and the chidings of conscience. Yet this very fact only goes to prove the depravity of our nature—a nature transmitted to us by Adam. Since, then, we are evidently involved in another's sin, is it not actually in accordance with justice, instead of being opposed to it, that we should likewise be involved in Another's righteousness? Overwhelmed and sunk as we are in ruin by the disobedience of Adam, is it presumption or folly to hope that we may be rescued and extricated from ruin by the obedience of Christ? Many will tell us it is; but this doctrine is not a human notion. The testimony of Scripture is decisive: "As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of One shall many be made righteous" (Rom. v. 19).

H. H. S.

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ALL well-taught Christians live *in* obedience, but cannot live *upon* their obedience