

THE  
GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

1840.



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

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

WITH PORTRAITS.

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## PREFACE.

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THE EDITOR of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE to his Readers and Correspondents, greeting,—

That the Lord hath in mercy brought us to the termination of another year, having strengthened and supplied us, and conducted us another twelvemonth's journey onward through this barren wilderness towards the heavenly Canaan.

That amid the error, infidelity, and numberless departures from the simplicity of the Gospel, with which the present dark day abounds, we have been kept steadfast and immovable in and by the truth as it is in Jesus.

That amid bodily and relative affliction; losses, crosses, and disappointments; domestic trials, worldly trials, and church trials; the workings of unbelief and sin; the temptations of Satan and soul desertion; "no storm hath hurled us out of our place."

That encouraged by what the Lord hath done for us, both in body and soul, we bless his dear name; thankful for the past, grateful for the present, we here raise our Ebenezer of praise and thanksgiving, and still ask for more—more of his grace, love, and mercy, to attend us all our journey through until we arrive where he is, to behold his face in righteousness, and dwell with him for evermore. Happy, happy day!

THE EDITOR.

*London, Dec. 1, 1840.*

FOR THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

(*With particular reference to the Frontispiece.*)

HEAD of the Church! O deign to approve and bless  
The arduous labours—the untiring zeal—  
The never-ceasing care and watchfulness,  
Of those who truly mourn and keenly feel  
Thy “glorious honour” tarnished—sacred truth reviled,  
And Zion’s sons and interests everywhere despoiled.

Thy herald, Lord, of truth and peace, uphold;  
Grant him all knowledge—spiritual—divine;  
Bid him thy love, “e’er telling yet untold,”  
To exalt—to glory in; and to combine  
In his high duties—love eternal, sovereign, free—  
With kindred love to brethren—thy whole family.

The sacred volume, *open to his view*;  
Eternity, *encircling every truth*;  
The holy Dove, distilling heavenly dew,  
The parched to soften, the distress’d to soothe;—  
By these may he be guided, powerfully and long,  
Till raised on high to chaunt the victor’s glorious song.

Though *dense and dark* the clouds that intervene,  
Thy throne, Jehovah, shall for ever stand;—  
Yet, *beams effulgent*, oft thy saints have seen,  
Illumine their journey to the promised land.  
Time’s glass will spend, and *vanity* no more annoy;  
Thy grace—**THYSELF**—shall be eternally their joy.