

THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

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

No. 20,
NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

No. 164,
OLD SERIES.

MARCHING ORDERS.

“AND GOD SAID UNTO JACOB, ARISE, GO UP TO BETHEL, AND DWELL THERE.”—GEN. xxxv. 1.

How blessed it is, beloved, when *God* says, Arise! How often, especially when in trouble, do we, as poor impatient creatures, make the attempt to arise, and, as it were, to flee from the affliction, the temptation, the trial, but the effort is vain—why? Because *God* has not as yet said, Arise! His time has not arrived. The trial has not answered its end. Jehovah's purposes have not ripened. Nor will He sacrifice his wisdom, or forego his intention, in order to suit the caprice of his children, dearly as He may love them. When there is an absolute necessity in the case, and when all his purposes shall wisely and beautifully harmonize, then—and not until then—will *God* say, “Arise, go up to Bethel.”

May the Lord help us, in the midst of deep soul-travail, and at this late date of the month, to contemplate this sweet portion of his word. May the power with which it has been applied to the mind, and rested upon the heart, be but the foretaste of a sweet and unctious meditation. We pray thee to grant it, Thou blessed and eternal Comforter!

Reader, there are many remarkable features in Jacob's character. In the absence of some of those positive and undeniable proofs of the desperate wickedness of the human heart, which have been left upon record in relation to some of the household of faith, we question if there is any character brought before us in the word in whom there was a greater, if so great, an amount of *human policy* as in Jacob. There was so much of MAN about him, and, from his chequered and eventful history, we find what a poor nothing creature *man* is. At the same time the wisdom, the power, the faithfulness of Jehovah, stand forth in astounding relief in connexion with the character and conduct of Jacob.

As it is recorded of the two sons of Isaac, “Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated;” so the summing up of the eventful career of the one so loved may be comprised in two words, *Divine Sovereignty*.

That mere human policy was a striking feature in the patriarch's character is clear from many facts recorded of him. That it was overruled of God, and that He, in his inscrutable wisdom, and omnipotent power, made it subservient to his purpose, we cannot deny; but that it laid the foundation of Jacob's trouble, and was the prolific source of his deep heart-sorrows, we must maintain.

This worldly policy of which we speak—standing as it does in such striking contrast to the simple nature and operations of heaven-born *faith*—began to show itself in the method which Jacob took to secure the birth-right. “Esau came from the field, and *he was faint.*” “Feed me,” said he to Jacob, “with that same red pottage, for I am faint.” “Sell me this day thy birthright,” was the answer. And being, as he conceived, “at the point to die,” Esau “did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way;” and “thus despised his birthright.”

Again, the means by which Jacob sought and obtained his father's blessing, are too obvious to need comment. That Isaac had been put in possession of the fact revealed to Rebekah before ever they were born, “That the elder should serve the younger,” we can scarcely doubt; and that the patriarch, either in indifference to this revelation, or to gratify his natural feelings, endeavoured intentionally or otherwise, to counteract Jehovah's purpose, is clear; but the means which Rebekah adopted, and to which Jacob submitted, in order to secure the blessing, were perfectly unjustifiable. Rebekah may have trembled at the critical moment when Esau was sent in quest of venison, in order that Isaac might “eat, and bless him before the Lord, before his death;” but the simple promptings of *faith*—in contradistinction to the heedlessness of *human policy*—would have caused her to “Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.” “He that believeth shall not make haste.”

Rebekah thus secured the blessing, but as far as *she* was concerned, sacrificed her favourite son, for we read not of her again beholding him.

Furthermore, the policy of Jacob was exercised with respect to Laban, in the way in which he sought to multiply his flocks; in his endeavour to appease the anger of Esau with the present that was sent before him; and with the best fruits of the land, the little balm, the little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds, and double money, which were sent down to Joseph.

There was very much of creature-wisdom in all this. But we confess we speak of it with extreme delicacy and very much caution, lest we should in the least trespass upon forbidden ground, or assume the self-sufficiency of Job's three friends. We know how tenderly the Lord loves his children; we are aware that the rod with which He, as a Father, chastises, is in *his* hand; we tremble lest we should even *appear* to want to displace it. We would, nevertheless, remember that what was “written aforetime was written for our learning;” and the Holy Ghost, in giving the portraiture of his children, has permitted us to see what they are in and of themselves, as well as that wisdom, grace, and power, which are brought savingly to bear upon them, irrespective of either merit or demerit.

Having thus briefly touched upon what we would call the *negative* side of the question, we would come now to the *positive*. We have seen something of Jacob, we would now see somewhat of Jacob's Lord!

“*Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there.*”

Bethel was indeed a sacred spot; rendered memorable by that sovereign and most gracious way in which the Lord appeared unto his poor desolate wanderer. Under the circumstances in which He drew nigh to Jacob, how strikingly did the Lord fulfil his own word, “And behold; before they call, I will answer: and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.” Can it be doubted that the patriarch lay himself down to sleep in at least comparative ignorance of Him who was at that moment guiding his footsteps, and watching over and about him with an ever-vigilant eye? “And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, “Surely the Lord is in this place, and I *knew it not.*” Reader, do you not believe that it was from something more than

mere natural or common-place sleep the patriarch awoke? Was it not from spiritual sleep—a sleep in trespasses and sins? Reader, we are at a loss to discover (can you?) any human reason why Jacob should thus be awakened—why Jacob should thus be privileged—why Jacob should thus be preferred before his brother Esau, unless it be in the “Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight?” Deception and lies were but a sorry recommendation to the favour of God, as a ground of merit. And yet that favour was richly vouchsafed. Oh, ye opposers of Divine sovereignty and electing covenant love, think of it! Deny it if you can! Esau rejected! Jacob received! “How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.” Then the Lord can transform even a barren wilderness or a lonely desert into a dwelling-place for Himself, and this shall be the very “gate of heaven?” Yes, and it is in the wilderness—it is in the desert—with all their barrenness, destitution, and danger, that the Lord opens up his love. “Behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt. * * * And I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in mercies; I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness; and thou shalt know the Lord.” And all this is to be transacted in the wilderness!—the wilderness!

Beloved, have *you* been allured, and brought into the wilderness? and do you find as yet nought but barrenness and bleakness?—everything that is distasteful and forbidding? nothing upon which you can lean? nothing to satisfy? “no rest for the sole of your foot?” Be, then, upon the look-out. You are on the very spot, and in the precise circumstances, where the Lord has covenanted to “speak comfortably” [to speak to her heart, margin.]

And observe, that the “house of God,” even though it be in the wilderness, is “the gate of heaven.” Christ is “the way,” and all who enter Christ through the little wicket-gate of regeneration, have stepped over the threshold of heaven, “to come no more out for ever.” They are “blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ” now, and are verily—though in a wilderness condition—citizens of the New Jerusalem. Their security was ratified in their new-birth; not by death; death, and an entrance into the unclouded vision of God and the Lamb, will add to their *enjoyment*, but not in the least iota to their *safety*.

“More *happy*, but not more *secure*,
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

Verily, “the house of God” in the wilderness is “the gate of heaven!” We rejoice in the mercy!

How strange and extravagant will many think the idea, that every dear child of God who has experienced redeeming love and mercy has entered upon his eternal inheritance—dwells in heaven—*now*! What! a poor sinner encompassed with infirmity; groaning from day to day being burdened; the subject of unutterable confusion, darkness, and dismay, in heaven? Yes, there! He is in heaven in his glorious Head and Representative; for “joined to the Lord and one Spirit,” a “member of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones,” identified and identical with the adorable Person of our most glorious Christ, he is *in* Him, and *with* Him, who “appears in the presence of God *for* us.” But he is in heaven in his heart and affections, according to that sweet Scripture, “He shall dwell *on high*, his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him, and his waters shall be sure.” Practically, and as it were of necessity, arising out

of the very nature of things, does he give heed to the exhortation of the Holy Ghost by the Apostle, "If ye, then, be *risen with Christ*, set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth; for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Again, "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." And where is the dear child of God's treasure, but in heaven? What is that treasure but Christ? Listen to the language of his heart concerning the Person of his Beloved, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that is [margin, *veiled*?]" Why should I dwell at a distance? why should there be any strangeness between Thee and me? Why should there be even a tinsel barrier—why the veriest interruption to communion—between us, who are indissolubly and everlastingly one?

"My God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.

"Thy smiling grace can cheer,
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise if Thou art here;
If Thou depart, 'tis hell."

But the introduction of the patriarch into "the house of God," this going within "the gate of heaven," did not supersede trouble. On the contrary, his troubles now began to open out. He awakes out of his sleep in Bethel truly, but he is nevertheless speedily to know that he is but a lone wilderness wanderer! And though he is indulged with the best of society, and the choicest of Companions, yet therewith is a sense of desolation. Earth's vain pleasures and pursuits are eclipsed by glimpses of that better land—the heavenly country—for which he has now started on pilgrimage. He has mercy, abundant mercy, but it is intermingled with sorrow. "The lines have (indeed) fallen unto him in pleasant places, yea, he has a goodly heritage;" but those lines are interwoven with perplexity—with that daily something that tells him "This is not your rest, it is polluted." Here in the wilderness, feelingly "he has no continuing city." If nought else, he has himself to trouble him; and whatever other troubles he may have, himself is the greatest trouble of all. A base wandering heart—a wayward spirit—a doubting, unbelieving, fretful mind, combine to cause Jacob experimentally to know that "whilst at home in the body, he was absent from the Lord."

There was, however, external as well as internal disquietude. He reaches Padan-Aram; because the Lord would have it so, one of the first objects with whom he meets, is Rachel, his future wife. Oh, how blessed when the Lord opens the way, when the Lord so sovereignly yet so sweetly brings together, in the marvellous methods of his Providence, those whom He has designed to dwell in sweet and endearing companionship. Let thine eye be directed to *the Lord*, dear young readers, for counsel in these important but most interesting of circumstances. Be very candid, but very importunate, at the throne. The less of thine own wisdom and thine own choice the better. Ask *the Lord*, and leave it to *the Lord*. He knows best how to adapt dispositions, and to assimilate temperaments. The Lord, so to speak, had wooed and won for both Isaac and Jacob, without *their* interference: and what the Lord did for them, He has done for others a thousand and a thousand times since; for He is the same Lord now as then, and has the same love to, and interest in, his children.

"Jacob served seven years for Rachel: and they seemed with him but a few days, for the love he had to her." What marvellous properties has even human love, how much more Divine! But now mark the interminglings of

vexation and sorrow—"the honey mixed with gall."—"And it came to pass in the morning, behold, it was Leah," poor tender-eyed Leah, instead of the beautiful and well-favoured Rachel. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," says the Lord to his children, as well as to the worldling. Call it legality, if you please, reader; it is, nevertheless, the legality of the Scriptures. Sinning secures suffering. Jacob deceived Isaac, Laban shall now deceive him. What dear child of God can presume to parley with sin, without inflicting a deadly wound in his own heart and conscience? Not one! "And (Jacob) said to Laban, What is this thou hast done unto me? Did not I serve with thee for Rachel? Whereupon then, hast thou beguiled me?" In due course, Rachel also becomes his wife. "He loved Rachel more than Leah, and served with (Laban) yet seven other years." Now mark again the interminglings. "And when the Lord saw [observe how *the Lord sees*] that Leah was hated, he opened her womb, but Rachel was barren. * * * And when Rachel saw that she bare Jacob no children, Rachel envied her sister, and said unto Jacob, give me children or else I die." What, the "beautiful and well-favoured" Rachel so fretful? How many a fair countenance screens a dogged temper! Doubtless there was a meekness and docility in the tender-eyed Leah that the overbearing yet lovely Rachel sadly lacked. "And Jacob's anger was kindled against Rachel [against Rachel? yes! and almost if not *the* only time of which we read of pure unselfishness on his part] and he said, Am I in God's stead, who hath withheld from thee the fruit of the womb?"

Beloved reader, here for the present we must leave the subject. In the coming month may the Lord oftentimes entertain your spirit with that precious command, "Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there!" Oh how sweet—how unctious—that "*dwell there!*" They shall "go in and out and find pasture."

"No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home."

Dear reader, farewell!

THE EDITOR.

Bonnahon, Ireland, Aug. 22, 1854.

PARABOLIC TEACHING,

EXEMPLIFIED IN AN EXPOSITION OF THE SEVEN PARABLES CONTAINED IN
THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.

2. THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.

MATT. XIII. 24—30, and 36—43.

(Continued from page 359.)

THE evening had advanced, dark shadows were gathering over the lake, the mountains, whose summits had lost their ruddy glow, rose up cold and gray into the clear evening air, while the pale stars had come forth and seemed to look down in trembling wonder on the scene; but though the sun had long since sunk behind the western hills, "the light of the world" still lingered by the shore of Galilee. "Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field: but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. So the servants of the householder

came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares? He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn."

Of this, as of the preceding parable, it is our high privilege to possess an *inspired interpretation*; and indeed, beloved, it is well that we have, for otherwise it is difficult to conceive to what ends this parable might have been turned; even as it is, and in spite of this divine explication, strange use has, from the time of the Donatists to the present, been made of it. This interpretation, though not so full and complete as that of the Sower, for there are various minor points which our Lord does not elucidate, does yet by fixing the meaning of its principal features supply us with a key by means of which we can without much difficulty open the whole parable.

We read at the 36th verse of the chapter,—“Then Jesus sent the multitude away, and went into the house: and his disciples came unto him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares of the field. He answered and said unto them,—

1. “He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man.
2. “The field is the *world*, (*κοσμος*.)
3. “The good seed are the children of the kingdom.
4. “The tares are the children of the wicked one.
5. “The enemy (who sowed the tares) is the devil.
6. “The harvest is the end of the world, or *age* (*αιων*.)
7. “The reapers are the angels.

“As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this *world* (*αιων*.) The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.”

This admirable parable, like that of the Sower, is in its primary signification *prophetical*. Hence, as we see, it is introduced with the general formula—“*The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed,*” &c. In the *first* parable we had the *rise* and *origin* of the kingdom of heaven presented to us, in *this* we have its *general aspect and character*. In the first parable we had the origin of the Church, both *visible* and *invisible*, in this we have the constitution of the Church *visible*; including, indeed, the Church *invisible*, but including along with it certain large accretions, which shall hereafter be shown not to belong, and never to *have* belonged to it. The Word, or the Gospel, is the source and origin of both the visible and invisible Church; were the Word not sown, as represented in the former parable, not only would there be no true Church—no actual *possessors* of Christianity, but there could not be any visible Church—any nominal *professors* of it. For, how could there be *professors* of that which did not exist? Of both these classes, professors and possessors, the visible Church, or, as I had rather say, Churches, are composed. They are compared in the parable to a field in which wheat and tares are growing together; the wheat and the tares are indeed very different seeds, their true nature is very different, they are sown by very different hands, and their destiny is very different; but they both

grow together in Christ's field, and they *resemble* each other so closely that *man* cannot safely undertake to distinguish them.

Nor is this the character of the kingdom of heaven only at *some particular period* of its history. No; it is its *general* character, what it has been, what it is, and what it must continue to be, till the Lord Jesus shall return from heaven, and introduce a new and more perfect dispensation. The wheat and the tares "grow together until the *harvest*," and "the *harvest* is the *end of the age*." It is in vain we hope for any better state of things till then. It is presumptuous to think of improving that which infinite wisdom has permitted and ordained. Man may think that he is wiser than God; he may say (practically, if not in so many words), it would have been much better for the wheat to have been kept separate from the tares: it would have been a glorious thing to have had churches composed solely of true believers. But, beloved, in this, as in everything else, "the foolishness of God is wiser than men." And, in spite of all impious attempts to alter it; in spite of the "many devices in man's heart," "the counsel of the Lord that shall stand," and that counsel runs "*let both grow together until the harvest*."

It is also to be observed that this parable exhibits an *advance* upon the first; it is a second stage—a further development, as it were, of the kingdom of heaven. In the first parable we saw even though the Lord Himself was the Sower, Satan laboured perseveringly to hinder the work to the utmost of his power. His object there was to prevent, if possible, the establishment of the Church in the world; or at least to hinder and check its increase. But this is not all that Satan is allowed to do. Mark you that dark and hideous figure skulking along under the dim canopy of night? *It is the ENEMY!*—Secretly he has gained access to the good ground, where the seed has prospered, and is sowing his tares in huddled abundance amongst the wheat. Blessed be God, he cannot *change* his good seed into tares; God's wheat shall ever remain wheat; nor may he root it up. But he can spoil the general *aspect* of the field; and hinder the healthful and happy growth of each individual blade, by planting strange and noxious weeds among them. *That* he does; and *how* he does this is the solemn and important prophetic lesson which we are taught by this parable.

It may be well, here, to anticipate a very common inquiry,—*Why does God suffer tares to be sown among his wheat?* Why does He allow the children of the wicked one to be mixed up with his own dear children? This is so entirely opposed to all our ideas of fitness and expediency, that some expositors have not scrupled to infer that the parable did not represent to us what God *wished* and *intended* the visible Church to be, but that it was merely a prophecy of what it *would* be. That it is a prophecy of what the visible Church would be we allow, yea, and assert; but that the visible Church is, what it is, *contrary to the will of God*, we solemnly and emphatically deny: for it is our happiness to know and believe, that *God's will* is the *ONE LAW* of the universe, without which, or against which, not a leaf can rustle or an insect breathe. Why does God suffer tares to grow amongst his wheat, say you? The question is almost presumptuous, and it might suffice to answer, We cannot tell; God has revealed for our instruction that the fact is so, and we may rest assured that without his express permission, against his sovereign will, it could not be; but his reasons for permitting it, though doubtless He has reasons, good and sufficient, and springing from his wisdom and his love, He has not revealed. Yet still *inferentially* we may arrive at the apprehension of at least *some* of these reasons, which it may perhaps be permitted us, in all humility, to suggest. It may be worth our consideration, for instance, whether one of God's reasons for allowing this admixture, may not be, *to give*

position to his Church in the world. The number of God's true children existing at any one time in the world is comparatively small. Compared with the world at large, they are indeed a "little flock" (Luke xii. 32), and even compared with those who profess and call themselves Christians, it is emphatically true that "many are called, while few are chosen" (Matt. xxii. 14). If, therefore, the true children of God were kept altogether distinct and separate from the world, they would be so few that they could not maintain the struggle against it; the world would be emboldened by the apparent insignificance of its adversary, its pressure would become insupportable, and the Church must (humanly speaking), be overwhelmed. But by the admission of the great mass of professors, the Church is enabled to assume a more commanding position in respect to the world; her front is extended, her cords are lengthened, and her stakes strengthened, and the ungodly world is constrained to regard her as a less contemptible antagonist. And thus, as the dead and rotting trunk around which the ivy clings, though worthless in itself, yet serves to support the living plant, and enables it to endure the fury of the gale; so the Church visible is made to prop and support the Church invisible; and even "false brethren" are found to be among the "all things" which "work together for good to them that love God, who are the called according to his purpose" (Rom. viii. 28).

Again, may we not conjecture, that in consequence of this admixture, Satan's attention is diverted, and he is prevented from concentrating his efforts upon the true Church? Satan's ignorance is, in some respects, much greater than we are apt to suppose. He cannot, it seems clear from scripture, accurately distinguish between the wheat and the tares, between the possessor and the professor, until he has tempted, and tried, and sifted them, as he desired to sift Peter, and sees the result of his experiments. And thus it comes to pass that his labour is in a great measure in vain, and that he "spends his strength for nought;" and inasmuch as his powers and capabilities, though awfully great, are still only limited, he is unable to direct his attention exclusively to the temptation, persecution, and, if it were possible, destruction of the children of God. Satan's constant desire is to force the wheat through his sieve along with the chaff, but all his efforts are in vain, for God has determined that not one grain shall fall to the ground. The chaff was chaff when it went into the sieve, and the wheat remains wheat after all his sifting; and thus in the end Satan shall, to use the quaint words of an old writer, "be proved to have been a fool, as well as a devil." And once more, does it not seem probable that God permits this strange and unnatural admixture, for the purpose of trying the faith and exciting the godly watchfulness and jealousy of his servants? Does it not serve to stir up both Christ's ministers and Christ's people? Christ's ministers, to see that they have not laboured in vain (Gal. iv. 11); and Christ's people, that they are building on the solid and immovable Rock, and not on the shifting treacherous sand. If the wheat and the tares grow together, if both are found in Christ's field, and it is so difficult to distinguish them; how deeply does it behove every believer to "examine and prove himself," to see where he does in reality stand, and, in the solemn words of the apostle, to "give diligence to make his calling and election sure" (2 Pet. i. 10). Ah, beloved, it is a sharp trial of faith when we find those whom we regarded as the choicest of the wheat, turn out to be only flaunting, empty tares; when we see one whose race began so well, turn aside like a broken bow; and another who seemed to shine as a star in the spiritual firmament, wandering further and further into the darkness of eternal night. Oh, these are staggering thoughts to our poor weak faith; doubtless the disciples found them so, when, as we

read in the 6th chapter of St. John's Gospel, "Many of Christ's disciples went back, and walked no more with Him" (John vi. 66). But by these things the Lord tries the faith of his believing people, and by such sad and startling providences, he says to us now, as He did to those who continued with Him then, "*Will ye also go away?*" May we still have grace to answer as they did, "*Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe, and are sure, that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God*" (John vi. 67—69).

(To be continued.)

WAYSIDE NOTES.

THE CLOSET.

OH, how sweet to meet Jesus there—it is then that the world assumes the aspect of a very little thing at a distance. It is then that the rolling trial subsides and leaves but its froth upon the experience; everything makes way for Jesus, and terrestrial objects dissolve into diminutive proportions. Faith embraces its own, and sees the very countenance that was marked with agonizing sorrow, in the garden of Gethsemane; because of the iniquity and transgression of this rebellious heart. Oh, precious Jesus! my tears, what are they? From thy countenance great drops of blood flowed down. My sorrow through THY sorrow is unto life! Thy sorrow through *my* sins was "*unto death*;" and indeed it must have been an agonizing weight to have pressed out the cry, "O, Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But, was ever love like his? While *bleeding*, He *blesses*! "To-day," He says to the seemingly most unworthy character, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." But the closet, He sometimes makes the passage to it, as the brook Kedron and its precincts; as the garden of Gethsemane.

Sometimes He turns it into Pilate's Hall, and bids us behold how He was buffeted and insulted there for us; and sometimes He causes Calvary's scene to be unveiled, that we may look on Him whom we have pierced and mourn. But mark again his love, He melts the mourning into joy, dissolves the gloom into glory, and turns the horrid mount into a holy hill; and shows us that his humiliation was for our exaltation. He was entombed, that we might be untombed; the Releaser of the captive, and the Restorer of the lost. And in the closet have we not been favoured with Peter's, and James', and John's experience? "They looking up, saw no man save Jesus alone." Moses, Elias, the cloud, the world, all gone, with Christ alone! It matters not, who, or what is away, if Jesus is present; for all sources of comfort put together, make not up an all-sufficient, while all gone but Himself, and we have an All-sufficient. Then the closet, the spot, where He is enjoyed, is the "high mountain apart;" He manifests his glory there, and the Holy Spirit gives faith such expansive vision, as to make the very brightness of his glory visible: the gaze how beautiful, how satisfactory, how lovely, how perfect. "We shall be like Him!" Impossible! we recoil, it cannot be! "He shall raise our vile body, that it may be made like unto his glorious body!" Oh, precious Jesus, an humble, weak, despised creature, ever be like thee! We thought it enough that we should one day behold thee, but to be like thee, seems an unrivalled wonder—that we should see in thy transfiguration, not merely thyself, but ourselves glorified in thee, is a fulfilment glorious in realization. Then let this be a constant thought, while passing through life's dreary desert; "Oh, the glory that shall follow!" Ah, to you hedged-up-one, held fast by the brambles of this wilderness, yet struggling for liberty; "Oh, the glory that shall follow." The condition may be desolate, dark, dreary, desperate, for the poor tried child of God; but "Oh, the glory that

shall follow!" The discomfiture may be heavenly discipline, and the grappling work the prelude to "the glory that shall follow."

But there are two classes of suffering Christians, that we would at this time especially direct to look to "the glory that shall follow." First, those tried ones who have a poor, weak body, and ailing frame; who would be dragging on from day to day a miserable existence, but for the life of God in the soul giving spiritual support. We know well what this trying condition is, and it is no easy matter to think that it is all heavenly discipline. But, beloved fellow-traveller, never mind the unstrung nerves, if we have the well-strung harp—even with the Christian, health and an iron frame too often induce self-confidence and hardness; while debility subdues, melts, and leads away from self. And there are those who from their peculiar position in life are ruled over by an ungodly or professing tyrant, and are thus "hunted as a partridge on the mountains."

Beloved, there are no tyrants in heaven; no oppressor can chase the child of God there; no savage fowler will interrupt the soaring and singing there: thickets and thorns here; liberty and love there; an interminable scene of joy! "Oh the glory that shall follow." It is this that makes us bound like the hart over many an ensnaring thicket, and cheers us in many a depressed moment.

"And I saw (says John) as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire, and them that had gotten the victory over the beast and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God, and they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." Think of it, think of it, oh beloved!

WHISPERINGS.

(FOR ONE WHO HAS BEEN WHISPERED TO AT KING'S NORTON).

AMIDST the busy scenes of life,
 Cramped in an earthly pen,
 Oppressed, care worn, and full of thought,
 And well nigh sinking, then
 Break in, thou precious Lamb of God,
 Break in upon my soul:
 And whisper peace,
 Consoling peace.

And when beset in tedious strife,
 By Satan's fiendish power,
 I tremble as an aspen leaf,
 Afraid of that dark hour;
 Then come, break in, thou Lamb of God,
 Break in upon my soul:
 And whisper faith,
 O'ercoming faith.

And when affliction's bending sway
 Breaks down all lofty thought,
 And heavenly wisdom justly brings
 All earthly hopes to nought;
 Then come, break in, thou Lamb of God,
 Break in upon my soul:
 And whisper joy,
 Prospective joy.

When faint and weary on the way,
 And often it is so,
 That tired of life's bewildering road,
 Complaining tears will flow;
 Yes, then break in, thou Lamb of God,
 Break in upon my soul:

And whisper rest,
 The promised rest.

And when I seek the sacred spots,
 Which faith notes down as where
 It has in vision seen thyself,
 Spotless and bright and clear;
 Then come, break in, thou Lamb of God,
 Break in upon my soul:
 And whisper love,
 Unfading love.

And when upon a dying bed,
 From which no power can save,
 I have to look with certain gaze,
 Upon a yawning grave;
 Oh, then break in, thou Lamb of God,
 Break in upon my soul:
 And whisper bliss,
 Eternal bliss.

Whisper and give these blessings, Lord,
 List'n to our earnest call;
 Let us by faith, lay hold of thee,
 And we shall have them all;
 Then come, break in, thou Lamb of God,
 Break in upon my soul:
 Thy whispering prove,
 Eternal love;
 All hail,
 Thou heavenly Dove!

THIS PATH! THIS CARE! THIS LOSS! THIS BLOW!
(FOR A BEREAVED ONE AT CAMBERWELL).

THIS path, how dark, there is a mist
Before faith's anxious gaze;
I look, but o'er the casement spread
There is a thick dense haze:
The future 'tis a darkened page!
But precious Jesus,
Art thou there?
Oh, then I'll go;
For where thou art,
'Tis heaven below!

This care, why not have spared me, Lord?
I cannot see its need;
The attendant evils multiply,
How shall I e'er be freed,
And lift my drooping head again?
But, precious Jesus,
Art thou there?
Oh, then I'll go;
For where thou art,
'Tis heaven below!

Birmingham.

This loss,—why didst thou thus, dear Lord,
Take him I loved away?
And here I am a widow left,
To tread upon each day,
“Sharp-pointed things upon the mire!”
But, precious Jesus,
Art thou there?
Oh, then I'll go;
For where thou art,
'Tis heaven below!

This blow,—'tis most too much for me,
It tares my very heart;
I could have borne another grief,
But 'tis this poisoned dart
That wounds my sorrowing soul!
But, precious Jesus,
'Tis thy will;
Lead on, I'll go;
For where thou art,
It is, it must be, heaven below!

G. C.

THE SOUL'S LAMENT!

WE have been reading a page or two of blessed RUTHERFORD'S Letters, and have blushed for ourselves, and the religion of our day. RUTHERFORD lived just where Dr. HAWKER was, when he said, a short time before his death, that he was so near heaven, that he seemed to see the angels looking over the battlements, and beckoning to him to come! Oh, to be hovering round and about the celestial citadel! Would God that Time and its trumpery had a less firm hold upon one's flesh-bound heart! One mourns—and yet mourns to mourn more—for some of those precious visits to and from Jesus in the day of one's espousals! There is so much strangeness now compared with then! The world then had not a feather's weight! Time and its trifles were felt to be but the baubles which they in reality are! What were men—and especially enemies—but as so many grasshoppers? What were trials but the trifling inconveniencies which passengers must expect on their journey? What were afflictions when contrasted with that eternal glory, but as the edging and bordering the way, to point out and keep us within the narrow track to our Father's house? And “now that our salvation is (so much) nearer than when we (first) believed;” alas! alas! that our poor earth-bound hearts should gain so much the mastery! Within a few paces of home, and yet disposed to loiter! Upon the last stage, and yet disposed to shout to the driver, “Don't hurry!” The blessed company upon the look-out for our arrival, and we saying, “Let them wait!” About to enter the New Jerusalem, and to pace the golden streets, and yet lingering before a trumpery puppet-show, or messing in some mud-pool! One's harp in waiting in order to join the myriad host in the full Hallelujah-chorus, and yet wasting one's breath with a penny trumpet!

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

“Quicken, O Lord, these drowsy powers,
Make our enlarged souls possess;
And learn the heights and depths and lengths
Of Thine unmeasurable grace!”

D. A. D.

THE LATTER RAIN.

I DROPPED in at five o'clock a few evenings ago, to see a poor man dying of dropsy. On asking him how he was, he said,

"Why, bad as I can be—my legs just ready to burst, I have had a day of it.—I never stirred out of this position since four o'clock this morning. O but I've had such a day—I'm a wonder to myself. I who am so fidgetty, so grumbling, so rebellious, yet here I've laid all day, and not felt a bit impatient or troublesome to myself. Ah! (said he with a smile), I've had a Help-mate with me all day. One who has made, and who can bear. There now, ain't it wonderful that I don't even feel sorry for my pains—that I don't want to get out of it—that I am contented and thankful? O what a thing experience is! Now I have proved what God can do, how He can support and make any one happy in the midst of all their torments."

"What kind of a night had you?" I enquired.

"Oh, bad, bad! But there now, I shouldn't say that, 'twern't really bad, you know; for the Lord was with me, and his smile sweetens all. What a wonder I am to myself! to think I should feel so comfortable in the midst of all this—ready to bide my time—not troubled about any thing. What a grand secret the true religion is! Why all sorts come to see me, but O how few are in the secret; (not that I wish to judge any one)."

"No," said I, "you have enough to do at home for that matter."

"That I have," he said. "Why, I keep on sinning so, and I hate it; but it lives in me, aye and breaks out of me sometimes; and then you know I want a fresh dip in the blood of the Lamb. If I had done with sin, I should have no need of a Saviour, I suppose. Why, there, sometimes the pillow won't stay right, and even that do put me out; and then I'm ready to say, can I have grace in my heart, and yet be put out by a pillow, and sometimes my sufferings are so great I feel quite rebellious, just as if nobody ever suffered like me. The doctor came last night, and he said, 'Now don't keep on groaning like that, what good's in that?' And I said, 'Ah, sir! if you had my legs, may hap you'd groan, and then I thought that was wrong. Why should I groan, when the Lord is so good to me? But I haven't groaned much to-day, for all I be so bad, because the Lord is so near. He has been such a Help-mate all day. Now you know I would not part with what I have learnt of God to-day, for all this world could give. I feel now for myself, that he can guide. I thought a good deal before, and I hoped a good deal, but I never knew it inwardly as I do now. I know now how happy God can make any one, when nobody else can do them good."

I called the next day to see him; he said he was easier, the inflammation gone down in his legs. "But, I ain't half so happy as I was yesterday," he said, "Indeed, I ain't happy at all, I feel so shaken, so troubled. Last night I was that nervous, I could not bide alone without a light. Oh, the nights be terrible lonesome sometimes!"

"But," said I, "where's your wife, and your children, can't they stay with you?"

"Why, there now, at the first starting off of this complaint," he replied, "I was very impatient, and used to groan and make a terrible noise over my pains, and, poor things, they had no rest with me, and I wished them to leave me to myself, for I was afraid I should keep them awake with my groans; but I don't make so much noise now, for all I be worse. No, the Lord helps me to bear it better, to see it is his will I should suffer, and He makes me feel quieter, and not so restless and impatient. Bless his dear name! But I wish I was happier. I have a hope; but I want more. I want his presence. I want what I had all yesterday."

I lifted up a walking stick that was lying on the bed, put there for the poor man to knock on the floor when he needed any of his family to attend upon him. "This stick," said I, "never changes its shape or appearance now, but when it was a part of a tree you know it was ever changing, the sap was rising or sinking, and it was budding, or leafing, or flowering, or fading, or falling—it was ever on the change. Then it had life; now it is dead, and knows no change." The poor man caught the idea and smiled, while in a plaintive tone he said,

"True, true. But I have been a great sinner, and my sins rise like mountains, and then all my peace is gone till the Lord appears."

A solemn thought this remark led to. For many years the man had been a consistent believer, and enjoyed a full assurance of interest in divine love; but the world crept in, and sin and guilt followed, and peace flew away, but where the Lord begins, He will finish. And a second repentance, deep and bitter, he had to pass through, from which God brought him out with a living hope, but kept him for a long time in the dark, as to his sense of present interest. It was in this state he was visited by a class of religionists who would set the creature to do the work of the Holy Ghost, and whose language was, "Why don't you believe? What's to hinder your taking the precious promises in the word of God? A poor troubled peace-seeking soul like you, are just the characters described in the Scriptures that are welcome to Christ, and all that he is and has:—and you ought to come to Him, and you are dishonouring Him by not coming. The comforts of the Gospel belong to such as you, and you should take them. Jesus says, Come unto me; and surely you ought to come." In order to try the state of his mind, I used this language, asking him what he thought of it?

"Now all that is not worth one farthing's good to me," he replied, "for I can't do it; I know God could do it in a moment for me, and I have proved it, but as for my oughts and shoulds, 'tis all nonsense. I should be happy now if it were left to my will, God knows—but I can't make myself happy. I can't rest in the promises. I can't get up to Jesus just when I like. No, no, He must do it. He must come to me. I have no power to go to him, but just as he gives it. I have fathomed that sort of faith to the bottom, and it won't do. I know it ain't God's sort of faith. It is his shalls and wills I have to depend upon, not what a poor creature like me ought to do."

I said, "You were a hearer at B— Chapel, were you not?"

"O yes," he replied with a smile, "that's among my mercies. Many, many years have I attended there, and blessed food I found there. I'll tell you now how I used to like to go to chapel—like a man that wanted his dinner. Oh then, how good it used to come! and how satisfied and happy I used to feel sometimes, while sitting there, listening to the word. * * *

I have just heard that death has closed the sufferings of poor B. and I have no doubt he is entered into his everlasting rest. A Christian brother called in to see him (as was his custom), the evening before, who read to him the 17th of John, making some observations upon the 10th verse, "I am glorified in them," under all the circumstances of life or death, to which he responded with the calmness of one who had felt, and was then enjoying, the sweetness of the truth brought before him. The following morning he seemed better and more cheerful; his wife went down-stairs to prepare breakfast for him, and by the time she returned, his spirit had fled to the land of light and glory.

“UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN, UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN.”

ISAIAH IX. 6.

BY THE LATE JOB HUPTON.

I MUST again call your attention to the portion of scripture we have been before considering; for I cannot but regard it as containing within it the fulness of the riches of the gospel of Christ. “Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.” There is something peculiarly precious and important in the little word *us*. Not unto angels, those who stood, and who still stand, or those who fell. The Lord Jesus is certainly the Head of the elect angels, and by Him they stand; but the Son of God came as the Christ of God, not unto angels, but unto *us*, the sons and daughters of Adam: to us sinners, who deserved nothing but the Divine displeasure. Who can do nothing whatever to reclaim ourselves from our fallen condition, or advance of ourselves a single step towards heaven. To *us* this Child was born, to *us* this Son was given; and his government is laid upon his shoulder. You have in a measure heard what this government is, and how it rests upon the shoulder of our Almighty Lord. “And his name shall be called Wonderful.” I have spoken of some respects in which his name is Wonderful; but the voice of a creature, though it were of the seraphim, could never fully declare the wonders of his love; the wonders of his undertaking for sinners; the wonders of his works for their salvation; the wonders of the riches of a fulness which surpasses all knowledge but that of God himself. We now proceed to the next title of this blessed One, named by the prophet; his name shall be called Wonderful, then the Mighty God; then the Everlasting Father; and, finally, the Prince of Peace.—Counsellor.—Moses foretold that God would raise up to his people Israel a Prophet, and counselled them to take heed to this Prophet, and to receive his word; threatening them with the severest punishment if they did not act agreeably to his directions. How true his threatenings were, events have verified. When Christ came as this Prophet whom God should raise up unto them, they did not take heed unto him: they set at nought all his counsel; they despised his word; they regarded him as possessed of a devil; asserted that his mighty works were performed by the devil’s power, and finally with wicked hands they crucified and slew him.

Now mark the hand of God; His design of love was the raising of many sons unto glory; keep this design always in view in connexion with every thing declared concerning Jesus in the Scriptures. To testify—we might say to demonstrate the certainty of the accomplishment of this design, God raised up His Son to sit upon His throne; and then declared him a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sins; able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. And if you ask, whose names are written in heaven, I will answer in the words of the apostle, “Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God; for our gospel came not unto you in word only; but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance; and ye became followers of us and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost.” There you have cause and effect; election is the cause, and belief of the truth relative to the Lord Jesus Christ, and all his works, is the effect; now wherever effectual calling takes place, and belief of the truth is given, the individual’s election in whom these things take place, is indisputable. Show me a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I will show you one of God’s peculiar people. One of a great multitude which no man

can number, chosen out of every kindred, and nation, and people, and tongue, to show forth his praise. Christ was the Prophet whom Moses declared God would raise up. It is certain that he was a Prophet, and a wonderful Prophet; he foretold surprising things, and declared the eternal determination of the mind of God, in the raising of many sons to glory; he said the Father gave him a commandment concerning those whom he had given him: this commandment was that he should lose none of them; “This is the Father’s will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me, I should lose nothing, but should raise it up at the last day. Therefore doth my Father love me because I lay down my life that I might take it again; no man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again; This commandment have I received of my Father.” He must die, that those who were given him by the Father should live; he must rise again, that they should be raised in him. Believers in Christ Jesus, see yourselves raised up into heavenly places in him; go on in expectation of the full enjoyment of all that he has made known; Jesus has said, where I am, there shall all my servants be; here is his counsel, his instruction, “Let not your heart be troubled, I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, ye may be also.” “Look unto me, I am he that was dead and am alive again, and behold I am alive for evermore; and have the keys of hell and of death.” The particular counsel of the Lord to each one of his people, is to be for ever looking unto him. Are you tempted? Look unto him for salvation from all your temptations. Are you in darkness? Look unto him who is the light of life to irradiate your souls. Does indwelling sin perplex and distract you? Look unto him who can lay his finger and his blood upon the boldest lust, and down it must fall. I have no doubt whatever that in saying “Look unto me, and be ye saved,” he had all this in view; look unto him for every kind of salvation and deliverance you stand in need of. What a blessing to have a Friend, who loves us beyond what we can love ourselves? ’Twas he who made us willing in the day of his power; he touched our hearts, touched them with a magnet, if we may so speak; no magnet is like the love of God in Christ Jesus; a powerful attraction is felt, that nothing can suppress or conquer, not all the powers of hell. It is the design of the Lord to attract the heart to himself, and he does it to the praise of his glory; and though we feel the corruptions of our nature attracting us in an opposite direction, we have this assurance that this divine attraction shall prove superior to the end.

The Lord Jesus counsels us not to put our trust in mortals, or in any thing in which we should not trust, but to trust in one Lord, in Him who is worthy of all confidence, and He will never fail or forsake us. He counsels us to attend upon his holy ordinances, not by attendance upon them to save our own souls. Let us have done with all such popish ordinances of self-salvation; this notion of an inherent virtue and efficacy in the sacraments is the very blood of Popery.

He counsels us to be followers of God as dear children, to walk in love, as He also loved us; and whatever he says by his holy apostles, relative to the walk and conversation of his people, must be regarded as coming from himself, and while we look to Him alone for every tittle of a salvation free as the air we breathe, we must strive, and strive most strenuously, “to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ.”

While we declare that we look for salvation entirely from the free grace

of God, we must ever be careful not to occasion the opening the mouths of those who dearly love to traduce every thing sacred. A man who pretends to believe that Christ died for him and redeemed him, and who walks disorderly, lives as a fool. I know what I say, and I know what I mean, "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law." There are some who seem to rejoice in this, and never go any further; but I must go a step further. An apostle surely may be credited, and one says that Christ has redeemed us from our vain conversation received by tradition from our fathers. And whoever walks in his vain conversation, pretending to be one of the redeemed of the Lord—what he may be in secret we know not, (I mean in the secret purpose of God,) but while he lives in open sin, and pretends that he is redeemed from under the curse of the law, He gives God the lie, and is nothing but a religious fool.

EXTRACT FROM REMINISCENCES OF YOUTH.

(Continued from page 352.)

I HAD been brought into the fold of Christ about six or seven years, through the tender mercy of our God—a mercy the greatest I have ever known, that has sweetened many a bitter cup, and lightened many a heavy burden which succeeding years have brought,—a mercy for which (if memory fail not when heart and flesh fail,) I hope to praise our covenant God with my expiring breath. But a few words first of the earlier years of my new life, and truly the path which was trodden during those years brought forth abundance of thorns and thistles; oh how my hands and feet bled from them! to this moment the scars remain, and down they will go to the dust with the lump of clay which now confines a spirit that longs for a better country and better company. Almost immediately after I had been convinced of sin, and the sinner's Substitute had been revealed to my soul, Satan commenced his fierce temptations, fiery and furious enough they were, and but for Omnipotent power would have been overwhelming. Outward trials, frail health, and the devil's assaults, composed the discipline of my first school. A large amount of worldliness was mixed up with my religion, *heart* worldliness, for, young as I was, the outward pleasures and pursuits of the world were quickly relinquished when I saw their sinfulness, but the young convert often fancies because balls and plays are exchanged for societies and meetings, he has come out of a world which lieth in the wicked one: ah, there is many a lesson to be learnt, and many a bitter draught to be drunk, before he discovers his mistake. As to the truth, deep and substantial, I knew little or nothing about it; my mind indeed was frequently exercised as to doctrine, but the character of the ministry then, was like the generality of the preaching now, one Sunday the minister preached Calvinism, and the next Arminianism; in the morning grace was free, and in the evening fettered; 'thus far and no further' was the motto of the pulpit: the candle of unconditional salvation was put under a bushel, and I knew nothing of its light until by a divine hand I was led to the spot where that glorious candle illumined all around. It was in the year 1834 that a free-grace gospel ministry was established in the city of —, and it was my privilege for several years to be among the number of the blessed who heard the gospel sound, for gospel indeed it was! It rang out the law—it rang in the gospel, and it shook me out of myself into Christ. Any little bit of truth I had formerly found from books or preaching had

been got at in such a round-about way, but now it was all as clear as the light at noon-day, before, it was *do*, now *done*, and between those two little words there is *all* the difference. Christ was set forth in his offices as Prophet, Priest, and King, and for the first time I heard of his love before all worlds to his church, for whom in the fulness of time He was to bleed and die, and to whom the Holy Ghost was to reveal Him as the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely; man was abused and the God-man exalted; before, when the gospel was preached, it was as if bounds were set round about it, to hinder the Israël of God ascending the mount, but now the cry from the pulpit, was the echo from the cross, *It is finished*; and the Spirit of God brought it home to many a soul, so as in the days of Ezra many wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy! I had formerly looked upon grace as something that was to make me better, something to garnish up my tabernacle, and make it very acceptable in the sight of God, but now I saw grace where Zechariah saw it in the hand of Zerubbabel, our Jesus, who had laid the foundation of the spiritual house, and who would also finish it. Christ the sin-bearer, the burden-bearer, the bearer of little as well as great sorrows, was a very refreshing sight; ah, we had the true Scape-goat set forth at the little chapel of B—, and how many of us could sing with the Spirit as well as the understanding,

“ My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.”

Our pastor was a man whom the smiles and frowns of this world little affected, although in truth he had very few of the former, but plenty of the latter. His manner of life was in strict accordance with the precious truths he preached, and those truths, full and free as they were, had one very remarkable effect upon the spiritual part of his hearers, that they became an active, working, diligent, useful people, so that charged with Antinomianism, as was the preaching at the little chapel of B—, no congregation among the church or dissent in the great city of — worked harder than they did. In our beloved minister, there was nothing of the high-priest; the pastoral office was faithfully and affectionately exercised, but he did not keep us at a distance; none of us were afraid of him, for he was always ready to enter into our joys and sorrows, yet who knew better than he did how to command respect as well as love? Oh reader, if it is your happiness to have such a pastor set over you, “esteem him very highly in love, for his works’ sake,” and remember the time may come with you, as it has with me, when “Ichabod” shall be written on all around; and remember also that for us all there is “a time to lose” as well as “a time to get.” Well, in our losing time, we may yet miss a pastor and preaching, our dearest ties may be loosed, and our homes broken up, but there is one glorious Person, and one divine home, we can never lose—Jesus and heaven! H.

PRECIOUS GEMS FROM GOSPEL MINES.

“ *The Lord God is a Sun and Shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.*”—Psal. lxxxiv. 11, 12.

Who can tell the riches of the Christian man in Christ? Not one. Angels cannot, neither good nor bad. The world cannot; the sum of spiritual riches cannot be reckoned by carnal arithmetic. Christians themselves cannot; though they be recipients of them through time and all eternity, they shall

fail to exhaust the boundless stores that are treasured up in Jesus Christ their Lord.

The Apostle Paul, who experienced as much of the riches of grace, and dug as deep into Gospel Mines as most men, fails to command language by which he may express their magnitude. "Oh the depths," says he, "of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God" (Rom. ii. 33). Depths indeed! Depths that no sounding-line can ever fathom; and indeed, it is not a short one that a poor soul casts overboard into the ocean of Divine love, when, setting before him his ten thousand transgressions, Satan would fain persuade him, "The ocean of love is doubtless, very deep, but the enormous weight of thy sins, hath sunk thee to depths far deeper; depths that even the boasted mercy of God would fail to reach." Again, when writing to the Ephesians, the same Apostle tells them, that grace is given unto him, "To preach to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ" (Eph. iii. 8). And in passing, let us just notice in this verse, a very remarkable expression; for it is a distinguishing mark of a child of God. He says, "Unto me is this commission given, who am less than the least of all saints." Depend upon it, that no one who has had a view on the one hand, of his own utter sinfulness and unworthiness, and experienced on the other, the boundless mercies of God in Christ, and the exceeding riches of a Saviour's grace, will hesitate to subscribe himself with Paul, "Chief of sinners, and least of saints."

Dear fellow-labourer in Gospel Mines, what dost thou think of the text at the head of this—is it not a priceless gem? a very nugget of pure gold? and it is but one among thousands. Methinks I hear some aged Christian exclaim in joyful accents, after a retrospect of a long life spent in the service of Christ—after a review of all the way that the hand of a covenant God has led him; "As surely as the natural sun runs its daily course, so surely have the mercies of my God been renewed to me every morning; as surely as foes have assaulted, so surely have I proved Him a Shield of defence; as surely as I have tasted that the Lord is gracious, so surely shall I participate in his glory; no good thing has He ever withheld, for "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee." Beloved, it hath pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand on the writer of these remarks. During a long illness which has confined him to his room many many weeks, he has proved the mercies of a covenant God to be neither few nor small. He has been blessed with a little hope of a full and free salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ, that, God helping, ten thousand worlds, and the riches of them, shall not tempt him to give up. This is no boast; none know better than He does, that if grace prevent not, like a very Judas, he would sell his Master for "thirty pence." But, blessed be God, our sufficiency is of Christ, and we can do all things, as He strengthens us. The few thoughts now offered on a covenant God as revealed in the Scriptures, and testified of in the hearts of all true believers by the Holy Spirit, and on a Christian miner's walk and conversation, his hopes and fears, his troubles and consolations, and above all, his glorious privileges, are the result of repeated meditations on the word of God, and the personal experience of the writer. Should it please the Lord to bless them, and make them useful in comforting Zion's mourners, in encouraging many pilgrims, and in building up believers on their most-holy faith; and that so, increased honour and glory may be ascribed to the name of Jesus, his aim will be abundantly fulfilled. Rest assured, that he who digs in "Gospel Mines," shall never go unrewarded. The Holy Spirit shall lead all true pearl-seekers to the places where lie hid, treasures that neither moth nor rust corrupt; He shall reveal

to their wondering view, the "Pearl of great price," even Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Pearl of price! in amplest measure,
Thou to us thyself impart;
Be our chief and only treasure,
And as such attract the heart."

OUR COVENANT GOD.

Beloved, it is the earnest desire of our hearts, to offer you, as the Lord shall enable, a few thoughts on, "Our covenant God as revealed in the Scriptures, and testified of in the hearts of all true believers by the Holy Spirit." It is quite beside our present purpose, to enter upon a defence of the doctrine of the Trinity, abstractedly considered. For such an undertaking we have neither the inclination nor the ability. We are not writing to convince the doubters of the truth of the doctrine. It is the Spirit's work, alone and unaided, to remove the veil of unbelief that envelops every natural heart. No, but with a view to compare notes with those pilgrims, whose steps tend Zionward; whose life and conversation exhibit proof, what manner of doctrine it is that they profess; with those Spirit-taught ones, who experimentally acknowledge, one self-existent and eternal Jehovah, and who recognize in one Godhead, three Divine Persons, co-equal, and Almighty. The Father, who loveth them; (John xvi. 27), The Son who redeemed them; (Psal. lxxxviii. 33, Isa. xli. 14, Rev. v. 9,) and the Holy Spirit, the Testifier of the Father and the Son (John xv. 26, Rom. viii. 15.) Oh the condescension of our God! "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust," and He graciously veils his majesty, and reveals himself to us, by one of the tenderest of names, even as "Our Father." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord our God, pitieth them that fear him." Art thou a burdened, grieving one? Do thine enemies speak evil of thee? Yea, more than this, Do thy friends fail thee? Those with whom thou hast taken sweet counsel, who have eaten of thy bread, and gone up with thee to the house of God, have these lifted up the heel against thee? Art thou one upon whom the enemy has come in like a flood, and then constrained to cry out with the Psalmist, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me?" Or art thou a weeping one, weeping over the hardness of thy heart, thy little love, thy little feeling, and questioning whether thou hast one evidence of thy being a child of God? Art thou such an one, dear reader? If so, take comfort in this, thou hast in heaven a Father (Matt. vi. 8, Psal. lv. 22, 1 Pet. v. 7, Phil. iv. 19).

"Who pities all thy griefs,
When sinking, makes thee swim;
Who dries thy tears, relieves thy fears,
And bids thee trust in Him."

Child of God, shall the infidel's sneer, ever cause thee to deny thy Maker, and to yield up thine interest in a covenant God and Father's love? "No, thou sayest, I am a poor, weak, trembling one, but by the grace of my God, it never shall. Beloved, though unknown fellow-traveller, say, "What think ye of Christ?" The times are perilous, and it behoves thee to set thy seal to the truth. Turn back the leaves of memory's note-book, and say what hast thou there jotted down, concerning Him whom thy soul loveth? Say, when awakened to a sense of thy lost condition, and when stripped of all thy rags of unrighteousness thou stoodest in the sight of a holy God, naked; say, when a debtor for 10,000 talents, thou foundest thyself in the presence of an inexorable creditor, a beggar; say, What gave thee comfort then? Was it a determination to repent thee of sins past, a hope in the mercy of

God for the forgiveness of sins future, and a vow to live godly, with a perfect man, for your example? God forbid, say'st thou, 'twas nought less than Christ. Christ formed in the heart, the hope of glory; Christ by whose one offering they who are sanctified are for ever perfected; Christ, Son of God, and Son of man, the Creator of the ends of the earth, the Head of his body the Church, He is before all things, and by whom all things consist (see Col. chap. i.) Say, again, on what are all thy hopes of eternal life builded? On that Rock, the poor soul replies, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail; and who is that Rock save our God, and who is God save the Lord Jehovah, (2 Sam. xxii. 32.) Child of God, shall the Christless creed of the Socinian, and moralist, ever seduce thee from thy allegiance to thy Saviour? No, thou sayest, I am a poor weak, trembling one, but by the grace of my God it never shall.

Fellow sinner, who told thee that thou wast a sinner, who convinced thee of thy want of a better righteousness than thine own, and warned thee of a judgment to come? (John xvi. 8.) Who led thee to Jesus as the only way of escape? The Holy Spirit, (Gal. iii. 3.) Who taught thy infant lips to lisp thy Father's name, Abba, dear Father? The Holy Spirit, (Rom. viii. 15.) Who taught thee the Song of Moses and the Lamb, and made thee a singer in Israel? The Holy Spirit.

" He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
Salvation to the Lamb."

(Acts ii. 4.) Is not all this work, worthy of a God? Shall Jehovah the Father, who loved us, and Jehovah the Son, who redeemed us, entrust the carrying out of the great work of salvation, to ought less than a Spirit, Jehovah? And shall the people of God be satisfied with ought less? The mind recoils from the thought. Were it in the hands of any other than a divine Being, no matter how perfect that being, it might fail. Proof of this is not wanting. And what would be the consequence? God would be disappointed, the people for whom Christ died, would be eternally lost, and the arch-enemy of God and man, would prove himself more mighty than the master whom he once served. Child of God, what thinkest thou of such a Gospel as this? Shall the scoffer at the Spirit's teachings, and the Spirit's evidences, ever win thee over to this worse than heathen creed? No, thou sayest, I am a poor, weak, trembling one, but by the grace of my God he never shall.

" The triune God on high,
The glad archangels sing;
And, holy, holy, holy, cry,
Almighty King.
Who wast and art the same,
And evermore shall be;
Hail, Father, Spirit, Son, I Am!
We worship thee.

Beloved, we feel as though we could not dismiss this part of our subject without saying a few more words about the dear Redeemer. We doubt not that you have often read that sweet text in Colloss. iii. 11; that you have pondered over it, and prayed over it, and have discovered, that no matter how often you look at it, fresh beauties seem ever to present themselves. "Christ is all and in all." What a wonderful revelation. Christ, all and in all. What, not a sound about man, and his fancied righteousness, and his sufferings for Christ's sake, and his praiseworthy self denial, and his zeal, and his alms-deeds? Not a word, no, not even a hint. It is Christ, and Christ only; from beginning to end, from first to last. It is the very summing up of the whole gospel, as it were, in one short sentence. Beloved, is there no hanging back

here? does the flesh manifest no hatred to this soul-humbling but Christ-exalting doctrine? are there not some such thoughts as these passing through your mind "I know indeed that if ever I am saved it must be by Christ alone?" "Well, very good, But," "but what?"—"Why, there's my upright walk, and my strict observance of the ordinances, and my prayers, and a proper attention to the means, and patience under affliction, with many other little things, that I think should not be quite overlooked." Beloved, are these the breathings of an humble and contrite heart. Or are they not rather the promptings of a Pharasaic spirit, savour they not more of the things that be of man, than the things, that be of God? Indeed they do. Say, in thy petitions to a throne of grace, petitions, uttered under a feeling sense of thy wants, and thy helplessness, hast thou ever dared to tack such pleas as these, or any one of these, to the end of the Publican's prayer," and thy prayer too if there art a child of God, "God be merciful to me a sinner?" Or rather, have they not all ended thus "and this we beg, for Jesus Christ, His sake." Beloved, well may you veil your face; well may you mourn that there exists within you, such an inclination, to exalt self at the Saviour's expence; well mayst thou now adopt the apostle's mournful confession, "in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing. But some may perhaps object, "Is not this dangerous doctrine: does it not lead men to indulge in licentiousness, and to walk carelessly?" Oh no; in thus supposing ye do greatly err. But to explain a little. We do not deny that some, under a great profession have made grievous ship-wreck; we do not deny that some, who are truly born again, have fallen into gross sins; witness David, Solomon, and others; but, we do deny that this doctrine ever led to such results. Hear what the Psalmist says, and he spoke experimentally. "The steps of the good man, are ordered of the Lord; the law of his God, is in his heart, none of his steps shall slide." (Psalm xxxvii. 3.) and so long as faith is in active exercise, so long as prayer is made without ceasing, so long as the Christian leans on Christ alone for support, so long shall he walk uprightly; but, when through the corruptions of nature, and the powerful workings of, Satan, faith droops, and one piece after another of the heavenly armour, is laid aside, when prayer and a ceaseless looking to Jesus weary, and when a spiritual lethargy overspreads as it were, the whole frame, say, is it any wonder that he transgresses then. Hear again, in answer what the Psalmist says, only seven verses prior to the one last quoted. "Though he (the good man) fall," (does he not plainly hint here that it is not an impossibility, but an imminent probability?) "he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand."

Beware, then, in ascribing to the doctrine, that which can be clearly traced to originate—"In that law in the members, which warreth against the law of the mind." We do not deny the necessity of good works, we urge it; they are the evidences of the Spirit's work within; the fruits of a vital faith; but oh, beware of making a *Christ* of the evidences. Depend upon it, Christ, and Christ alone, shall be the "All and in all"—"the Alpha and the Omega" of a sinner's salvation. We have made a long digression; it is a subject on which we feel deeply. Many more thoughts, bearing on this heart-cheering text, press themselves on our attention; but we must reserve them for the second part of our subject, when we hope to say a little about the Christian man, and his hopes and fears, and the helps vouchsafed him in time of trouble. Beloved, we give you a *watchword* for the new year, "Christ all and in all."

"Take Him for strength and righteousness,
Make Him thy Refuge in distress;
Give Him thy poor weak sinful heart,
With Him—oh never, never part."

GRACE TO PERSEVERE.

GRACE is a term which we often hear from the pulpit and the press; yet from the many erroneous notions which persons hold, who yet profess to believe in the doctrine of grace, I fear the term is very imperfectly understood. It is a doctrine which lays at the foundation of our hope here, and our happiness hereafter. How necessary then that we should properly understand it. It is the beginning of all vitality in real religion. Without grace we are undone for ever. Without grace we have no solid ground on which to tread. Without grace we can neither love God, nor persevere in faith and good works to the end of our pilgrimage. What then is grace? The grace of God in Christ is this, free favour, or undeserved kindness and affection. It cannot then be said to be grace, if bestowed on persons who are rich in their own esteem, and have need of nothing. This would be a mockery. Grace ceases to be free when the object on which it is bestowed can render the least favour in return, or can by any acts or doings in the least deserve it. Christ did not come to call the righteous; or those who either imagine they are righteous, or who are striving to work out a righteousness by fulfilling the commands of the law. But He came to call sinners to repentance; vile and hell-deserving sinners; those who feel themselves ruined and undone; who can neither see nor feel a particle of good in themselves. Sinners who feel they are utterly undone; who feel they cannot do a single action either to gain the favour of God, or to keep themselves in it. Real bankrupt sinners, with nought to bring, nor plea to make, in order to avoid the condemnation of a holy and righteous law. These will give a hearty welcome to the free grace of God, and say with the apostle, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he hath saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost." There is not a single brand that has been plucked from the burning, but who will acknowledge that salvation is all of grace from first to last. "By grace ye are saved," says the apostle. What does saved mean? It means to preserve (preserved in Christ Jesus and called). It implies deliverance from all the Christian's enemies both within and without; from all the temptations of Satan; from the allurements of the world; from all afflictions, whether of body or mind; from all the troubles, trials, and crosses of a time-state, and finally to land every vessel of mercy in the heavenly Jerusalem. If it does not imply this, it is not a proper term. It implies, then, that the saints of the Most High God are preserved in Christ Jesus till

they are called by divine grace, and also after calling, that they shall be preserved to his heavenly kingdom. All this it not only pledges, but insures. Grace, then, will enable poor sin-sick souls to persevere to the end.

The doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints, is a doctrine upon which there has been a vast deal of nibbling and quibbling, by well-meaning but mistaken men; but to my mind there is not one single doctrine in the word of the living God more clear than this. I can scarcely open the Bible but I see it; it shines resplendently through the whole pages of inspiration. "I will" and "they shall" is the basis of the covenant; and who shall disannul it? "If (then) the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?" If persevering grace was not given us in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, on what footing can any persevere? Can a man convert himself, or keep alive his own soul? If it should be said, no, the grace of the Spirit only can change the heart, and the renewings of the Holy Ghost only can enable him to persevere; then are we not dependant on the grace of God "to work in us to will and to do," or we shall not persevere? Certainly we are. Depend on it, the salvation of a sinner is not a hap and chance work, but a well-contrived scheme; contrived in infinite wisdom, and accomplished by invincible power. Some people have a natural dread of going back into eternity, to see the beginnings of the free grace of God, lest they should be led, as they say, too far. But it appears the apostle Paul had no such dread, for he affirms (Eph. i. 3, 4), that "God hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, and chosen us in Him, before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love," &c. If then all spiritual blessings were treasured up in Christ so early, is it not a pledge that they are in safe keeping. Can God's people be loved with an everlasting love, and not be loved to the end? The apostle, in the confidence of faith, says, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers; nor things present nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 38, 39). Also "being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i. 9). Do not these passages insure persevering grace? Undoubtedly. There is not a single sinner upon earth for whom grace was treasured up in

Christ before the foundation of the world, that can ever perish (John x. 28). Here, then, is a foundation for saints to build upon.

When a poor sinner is first called by divine grace, and enlisted under the banners of the cross; when the terrors of a broken law no more affright him; when he is enabled to lay down his burden at the foot of the cross, when Jesus sweetly reveals his love and grace in his soul, he is in raptures, and thinks he can never do enough for that blessed Jesus who has died for him, and cancelled all his sin. In such circumstances he says, "My mountain stands strong, I shall never be moved." He dashes on, and blazes away in a profession, and never dreams of a halting time. By and by darkness of soul begins to creep over him, and he is tossed to and fro in his feelings. He had been fondly dreaming of walking to heaven in his silver slippers; but coming into the rough road, he finds he has need of the promise of the Lord, that "his shoes shall be iron and brass, and as his day his strength shall be." Now he stands in need of persevering grace. His mind is become dark, and he cannot feel the love of Jesus so precious as before. Dark clouds intercept the view which he had of his dear Jesus. He now begins to falter in every step he takes, and doubts whether he is one of God's children at all. His comforts are fled; Jesus hides his face, and he is troubled. He finds he has been living by sense, and not by faith. His comforts being gone, he thinks it is all up with him. What to do he cannot tell. He flounders away in the slough of despond, till the mud and dirt of his corruptions almost choke him. He fears he did not come in at the wicket gate, but that he has been climbing up some other way. The roll of the love of his dear Lord, which he so lately put into his bosom, he appears to have lost, and he is ready to lie down in despair. What to do, or whither to turn, he cannot tell. All his joys and pleasures are fled, and he is crying out with the psalmist, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?" "Wee is me, for I am undone." "I sink in deep mire where there is no standing." Nay, sometimes he feels himself sinking, as it were, into the belly of hell. "Out of the belly of hell cried I unto thee," says Jonah, "and thou heardest my voice" (Jonah ii. 2). And so sure shall the Lord heard the prayer of Jonah (which was squeezed as it were out of Jonah's heart by the pressure which lay on him), so sure shall the heartfelt cries and groans of his redeemed be heard when the purpose of their affliction is answered. Hear his gracious words, "For a small moment I hid my face from thee, but with everlasting kindness will I gather thee." "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the fruit of her womb; yea, they may forget (such

monsters in nature have been found), yet will not I forget thee." Oh what a precious promise, grace pledged to every vessel of mercy in the exact time of need, to enable them to persevere. The thoughts of the Lord toward his people are "thoughts of mercy, to give them an expected end." Has He promised them grace here and glory hereafter? He will never leave them till He hath fulfilled that precious word upon which He has caused them to hope. Though darkness may endure for a night (and sometimes a very long one), yet joy in the morning of God's visitation shall surely abound.

Some of God's people have troubles and trials to meet with, to which others are comparatively strangers; yet the Lord knows their every case, and will surely adapt such a plaster as will cure the wound: "I will heal their backslidings, and love them freely." He does not say, as some of our fellow creatures might say to us, "Begone, you sinful wretch, a prison is too good for you." Ah, no; thus his words, "Come, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. i. 18). "The Lord delighteth in mercy," and He will pardon them whom He reserves. He will fulfil all the good pleasure of his will, by giving them an expected end, strength according to their day. Delivering grace in every time of need, and persevering grace to overcome all their enemies, both within and without. "There hath no temptation happened to you, but what is common to man;" and with every temptation He will make a way for the escape of his chosen, or enable them to bear up under them. Ah, beloved, how blessed it is after a long and dark night, to feel the Lord skipping over the mountains of our sins, and the hills of our transgressions, and remembering us with the favour He bears towards his people; enabling them to see the good of his chosen, rejoicing with the gladness of his nation, and glorying with his inheritance. Yea, blessed is the people who know the joyful sound (of a full and finished salvation), they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. The strongest believer is too weak to stand a single moment if the Lord withhold that grace by which alone he can persevere. Witness Peter, who protests to his Lord and Master, "Though all men deny thee, yet will not I." Yet no sooner is he charged by a silly maid with being one of Christ's disciples, than he denies him with oaths and curses. But what a lesson Peter learned here—when Jesus looked upon him. Ah, that look went to Peter's heart, and "he went out and wept bitterly." This stopped Peter's mouth, and let him see the Lord must be Peter's keeper, and not himself; and I have no doubt he was more humble and dependent on the Lord for the rest of the way, saying with all the real pil-

grims of Zion, "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." The Lord ever keep us dependent on Him. Amen.

P.S. The foregoing thoughts were sug-

gested to my mind by the mottoes proposed by G. C., of Birmingham. Very good ones they are.

Denholme, June 9, 1854.

T. B.

DIARY OF A DEPARTED BELIEVER.

(Continued from page 269.)

Jan. 6, 1828.—What is thy petition, and what is thy request? a gracious and loving Father is saying unto me at this time, upon the first sabbath of this year. I trust my poor needy desire is that the events which the last year closed with may be sanctified to promote my diligence and perseverance in the ways of God with more earnest devotedness to Him than I have ever possessed before. May I really be a Christian in thought, and word, and deed before God, more than I have ever been before. When I think of the subject which has engaged my thoughts this last few months, and see how grace has preserved me and brought me to this moment, how humble ought I to lie at thy feet, and acknowledge thy wisdom and love unto me. Instead of this, I am so restless, and repine so often, and appear so unthankful to all around me, as if I would arraign thy providence toward me, instead of trusting to thy promises. It is such a trial to my faith as I never felt before; but if a sanctified one, eternity will be too short to bless thee for it. Make poor sinful me to be still and know that thou art God. Thou canst open springs for me which I know not of, for it is thy own promise never to leave or forsake those who trust in thee. The sins which mixed with this friendship I abhor myself for; may the recollection of them make me more watchful and careful through all my future days.

May 4.—And is this thy dispensation and thy dealings towards me, oh my Father, that I should day after day, and week after week, spend my time in a sick-chamber with a dear and suffering parent,* while many thousands of thy children are assembling in thy house of prayer, presenting unitedly their supplications before thee for thy blessing and forgiveness for all their past transgressions? But oh, what an unspeakable mercy that He is not unmindful of the dwellings of Jacob, but unto me He extends so undeservedly his favours. He is indeed my compassionate Saviour, able to succour those who trust in Him, and his tempted tried ones here. My spirit longs for more knowledge of Him, and more faith upon and love to Him, my

only Refuge and Strength in times of trouble. Blessed be his name, not one thing has failed of all that He has promised to my soul; that amidst all my doubts and fears, anxieties and trials, He says unto my soul, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be;" and hitherto I have found it so indeed. It is five years this day since I first commemorated my Saviour's dying love around his table. Well do I remember my feelings then. What trembling of heart lest I should fall away from my vows, forgetting, as I too often do now, the nature and invincible property of grace (for I feel it is alone by that I stand), upon which I am so entirely dependent. I daily experience that a Christian's life is one of constantly coming to the living stone. Blessings on it that it is a living stone, from which I desire and need as much vital life to be communicated this night as I did five years since. It is all of grace alone that I have withstood the many temptations and hair-breadth escapes I have been exposed to. There is not a step of it I wish to pass over again, but desire to learn my own entire worthlessness in reviewing the depravity and sin of every day of it. O, Holy Spirit, put my hand on my mouth, and me in the dust, crying, Unclean, unclean, while my heart adores, admires, praises the immense riches of his grace in remembering one of the chiefest of sinners. But not only changes in grace have I known, but the mysterious dispensations of thy providence are unfathomable; two dear brothers, with many affectionate friends, have passed into an eternal world (I trust many of them now inheriting the promises), and for this last few years called to witness the painful sufferings of my dear mother, wearisome nights and days are appointed to her, and she is constantly saying, when will my change come? Oh, bring this rebellious heart of mine to say there has not been one pain too much, nor one cross too heavy for me to bear. May she be supported in the trying hour, and may I be strengthened for so severe a separation. I feel that here again I need fresh faith to trust, and more confidence to rely steadily and rejoice in his promise, instead of so much wishing to alter and arraign his providences towards me. I

* Her mother.

see my sin more and more in everything, only I desire it may lead me to value more the remedy, and think more of the immense price of redemption, even by the precious blood of Christ; that I shall more adore his gracious love and mercy toward me. May my mother be enabled to see her interest in her Saviour, and have a clear evidence of her part and lot in the great matter of salvation, is my fervent prayer and earnest desire, and pass over Jordan with her lamp trimmed and light burning, ready to meet her Lord, leaning on the Beloved. And to grace be all the praise.

Aug. 31.—It is all mercy since I last wrote here. What a monument of numberless mercies I have been. All grace, free, sovereign, unmerited love! It has all passed, and the last struggle is over with my dear mother, and I trust she is now singing with the redeemed throng in the Church triumphant above. And oh, it is worth ten thousand worlds to me, the assurance which I now possess that I shall soon celebrate the triumphs of my Redeemer with her. It is my mercy that through the riches of his grace He does afford me some sweet glimpses of his face, that my soul loves Him I can express little more. I love thee. My soul dwells upon the words, the blessed peace, and rest, and joy it brings to my weary, sick soul. Everything here says to me, peace is not in me. All my earthly supplies fail, till I hear his voice, saying, "Come up, hither, in me ye shall have peace," and then I love Him, Oh, that I loved Him more, and were more willing to fight for Him with the sins of my own heart, and with the enemies of religion in the world. Sure I must fight if I would reign. Increase my courage, Lord. I am ashamed to think of how much I conform to the world, and grieve and dishonour Him whom my soul loves. I desire more to enjoy the presence of his Spirit, as the abiding inhabitant in my soul, gradually teaching me and leading me into a deeper knowledge of my own heart, and into the deep truths of his word. I feel more the plague of my own heart and indwelling sin, every morning, when I attempt to read the scriptures or engage in private prayer than ever I did, or at any other time. If spiritual life depended upon my prayers, it would have been extinct long ago, for very often I cannot ask for a single thing. How can I sufficiently value the prayers of others at our prayer meetings especially for me; but, above all, for that all-prevailing intercession of the great High Priest in heaven for sinful me. I bless Him for all his mercies, and for those peculiar great ones, which this day brings to my recollection. Twelve months ago I was tossed to and fro between two opinions, the world and religion before me, and had it not been for distinguishing grace I should have apostatized, and fell a victim

to the snare which was laid for me.* But He did hear and did answer prayer, and brought me off more than conqueror through Him who loved me; and every time I think of it, it awakens a fresh song of praise, though it was a severe stroke and a hard struggle for life. I desire to bless Him for it now and till my latest breath, and if ever brought by Providence again into a similar trial, I hope ever to remember the bitterness of indecision, and be more faithful to God, and truth, and Christ, and acknowledge before all the world that Him and Him only I will serve. "For what fellowship hath light with darkness?" To be poor in this world and rich in faith, is what I most desire. "Neither poverty nor riches," but much of his presence guiding, guarding, directing me every step of my way to glory, with a deep humility and contrition before Him on account of my inward sins and outward transgressions against Him. He has taken away from me a dear parent, the guide of my youth; but He has said, "My presence shall be with you, and I will give you rest," and I only want more faith to trust Him, till the hour comes when I shall awake up in his likeness, and be satisfied in his presence with fulness of joy.

Oct. 24.—What a precious season have I enjoyed this night at the prayer meeting. Surely God was in that place. Why, O Lord, why bestow such gracious blessed views of my own covenant interest in Christ? Is it to prepare me for a sharper conflict with my spiritual adversaries, than I have ever yet experienced, or to afford a renewal of divine strength to support me under my present ones? All this bestowed because He is rich in mercy toward those who fear Him; and speaks so precious to my soul in his ordinances and in private. I thirst earnestly to love Him more, and see his glory by faith. Descend, O Holy Spirit, and reveal it to me. I shall be satisfied to behold his likeness, and show forth his glory; but there is so much indwelling sin to darken and impede my views of Him. Earth and sense would swallow up all were it not for the exceeding riches of his grace keeping alive, and so kindling afresh the spark in my sinful heart. Here I raise my Ebenezer. Oh to be kept humble.

Nov. 15.—I am permitted to see another return of my birth-day. Another year has rolled into eternity, and what a solemn thought it is when I consider the sins of it. How little I have mourned on account of them, and how lightly I have committed them against Him! How coldly I have served Him; and how frequently repined at his will and dispensations toward me; but could I not reproach myself ten thousand times more than this with my many transgressions against Him? But (precious

* Alluding to an offer of marriage from one who appeared to be only a mere professor.

thought! it is worth ten thousand worlds to me) He is now saying, "I am He who blotteth out thy transgressions, and will not remember thy sins." One sweet faith's view of Jesus on Calvary and in Gethsemane's garden, making an atonement, bearing our sins in his own body on the tree, brings Him more graciously near to my soul as a suffering Saviour to take away sin, that I might so love Him in what He has done for me as to dread sinning against Him. I fear lest I should content myself with talking about and hearing of Him, without personally feeling the value of redemption through his blood wrought out for me, so as to walk the road of self-denial for Him, cheerfully taking up the cross daily, and though ever so faint still to pursue after Him. I feel so much to want my own will in everything, though I am daily praying to be conformed to his. My faith often staggers and doubts when I think I must always trust Him for future years, and be dependent upon Him all my life. At this doctrine I find my very nature kick. I should like to rule myself, though I have such repeated instances to mourn and weep over my own folly. During my twenty-third year I have experienced such anxieties and bereavements I never felt before. After having watched over the dying bed of a dear mother, and witnessed her departure for another world, it was the Lord sustained my drooping spirit. Little did I think of such rich support as He afforded me under it. How sweet did He make his house to my soul, and say unto me, "Fear not, I will help thee." Oh that a remembrance of my dishonouring Him might humble me to the dust. The other trial I remember with shame, my want of faithfulness to his name. I can never think of it but with the deepest sorrow; but desire ever to the bottom of my soul to place the crown of triumph to infinite grace that it conquered for me, and I was not left to fall a sacrifice to my own sinful passions. All was well, but it was the Lord who did it for a vile worm. It is my earnest desire this night afresh to dedicate myself to Jesus. Reign and rule in my soul, and send, for thine own name-sake thy Spirit to guide, govern, and controul my sinful heart. I want to love Thee more, and view Thee more by faith as my Lord and my God.

Feb. 1, 1829.—Time rolls away, and brings very fast one year after another. One dear minister after another, with many an old associate, are finishing their course, and going home to their rest, to see Jesus, whom I unseen adore. But what are my poor adorations and praises to theirs in their glorified state, to praise Him without sin? Oh, how I long at this moment to be unclothed from this body of earth, and see Him as He is, and join with that happy throng in casting my crown at his feet, crying out all of free grace and mercy unto me the chief of sinners. I

have this day commemorated his love with his people on earth, rejoicing that "the saints on earth and all the dead but one communion make," looking forward to sit down with the Lamb at the marriage supper above, for He hath loved me and washed me from my sins in his blood. When I think of the happy day arriving when I shall enjoy such perfect bliss, it grieves me to the heart to think I should be anxious about the trifles of time and sense, forgetting so much my native home, wishing to make this my rest. I bless Thee for every vexation which I meet with that drives me nearer home. Were it not for these things I should more than ever rest at ease, and not seek or long for another home. I feel it is a constant war, flesh and spirit; the things of this life drawing me downward as with a chain, while heaven and Jesus are inviting my soul upward. Oh thou compassionate Saviour, pity my state, and send down a double portion of thy Spirit to enable me to fight. I want more than I have ever yet received to keep me more spiritually-minded, living more by faith under dark and mysterious trials, trusting that all my dear connexions in life may be brought to feel the power of thy grace, and supplicate at thy throne for themselves.

Dec. 31.—I cannot close this year of mercies without recounting a few of them to the praise and glory of my covenant-making and covenant-performing God. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost I would desire from the bottom of my soul to sing a song of praise. The Father fixed his love on me (sinful me), wrote my name in the Lamb's book of life before He made the world, and has graciously revealed his Son in me in time, who died for me to satisfy divine justice, fulfilled the law for me, wrought out a righteousness to entitle me to his glory to appear in the presence of his Father, justified from all things freely by his grace, married me to Himself by the impartation of his Divine nature, by which I am united to Him as my living Head in all things, so that the life I live in the flesh (I desire) to live entirely by the faith of the Son of God, looking up and waiting more constantly, perpetually, devotedly, for the gift of that holy anointing power by which alone I can live one single moment of this new year to God. I desire this moment to make another solemn surrender to God (through his Spirit) for strength to live to Him day by day, for the old man is more corrupt, sin more deceiving, antichrist more refined, the world more insinuating, Satan more anxious to blind my mind from the truth, than ever he was. I feel more increasingly my entire dependence upon the Spirit's aid to enter upon my spiritual duty, or to understand any truth. If He is absent, I am cold, formal, and lifeless; indeed then I truly feel this body of sin press heavily downwards; nothing do I dread more

than his absence, though I so frequently grieve Him. If He were to leave me alone, where would be my sense of interest in Christ, and the sweetness of my crying, Abba, Father, seeing Him smiling upon me through Christ? It is a sight of this precious, undeserved love, which makes my heart grieve that I am so unfaithful to his dear name and cause upon earth. I am always consulting flesh, living upon sense, trying to unravel God's mysterious providences by my poor short-sighted reason, instead of depeuding, and praying, because it is thy own promise that if we live in the Spirit, we shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh. Open my eyes more to see and live under the influence of this blessed truth. For a faithful ministry I feel to be my greatest mercy on earth; take what thou wilt, only preserve to the poor dust the word of life, pure and free from antichrist in this awful day of deception and blasphemy. I thirst for more of thy truth, and thyself to dwell in my heart; let thy peoples' lot in time be my lot; let thy peoples' God be my God; unite me more with these, if it is thy blessed will, that I may derive more of thy Spirit in praying with them unto thee. Solemn will be my account at thy last day of my sin in not being more faithful to thy name under present circumstances. I would desire to take up the sack-cloth testimony and be a living witness for God in this family and in every connexion in which I fall this year, to fight the Lord's battles, going out to meet the enemy with the Lord charges, knowing and feeling it is only in the name of the Lord any sin or difficulty is overcome. Lord, give me this share of thy grace, and enable me to live in all things under a deep sense of thy love, to thy praise.

March 10, 1830.

"Let me wonder grace and justice,
Join and point to mercy's store."

Yes, in Him "mercy and truth have kissed each other," and that for me in my Lord Christ; and this night I would bless Him, yea, sing unto his name. I know not where to begin to recount his praise for his visits to my soul of late in the midst of such crowds of doubts and sins. Then He tells me so often by the demonstration of his Spirit with my heart that He has loved me with an everlasting love, and He has shown me so much the glories of redemption, and the depths of his love in Christ to poor sinners ere time began, and that sooner shall heaven and earth pass away than one jot or one tittle of his promises fail, yet soon as I feel indwelling sin and corruption rise, or anything in the family, or the world vexes me, I begin to doubt of thy love to my soul. It is with shame and confusion of face I desire to confess this, but now again to sing and triumph in the Lord Jehovah, who is my strength and my song, and who is become my salvation. I want to be more walking in the Spirit, then

I should rise above these fleshly reasonings and legal strivings into the simplicity of a little child waiting at the footstool of mercy, to be taught out of thy law. I want to drink more full draughts of that living water out of the Rock Christ, to revive my languishing graces, and to bring me into the enjoyment of mighty power to perform spiritual duties in his strength, that all my garment-conversation might be washed in the precious blood of Christ, that a watch might be put on my mouth, and a seal upon my lips against sinful vain jesting, idle tattle, that all men might see that I have been with Jesus. I shudder at the thought of how often I am ashamed of Jesus, and dishonour his dear name, and yet I cannot bear the thought of his being one moment ashamed of me. Amazing condescension! inconceivable love of so great a God, that love and grace is such that,

"Not all that hell or sin can say,
Will turn his heart, his love away."

Oh that his Spirit might especially shine when I read his word of truth. I see such deep mines of worth, that I cannot explore into without that. I am tired of reading in the letter without the quickening power. My flinty heart is so hard that I read thy love in every page without being impressed with it, unless thou art there. Let me see thy coming kingdom and glory in every page, for I know thou art near at hand, and I long to be more constantly waiting and expecting thy arrival to be glorified in thy saints, and to be admired in all them who believe. Oh come quickly. Come, Lord, come. Amen.

April 4.—Once more before the return of my dear Lord and Master to his Church militant on earth, I, sinful I, have been permitted to surround the table of his dying love. I trust not now as I formerly have done, merely to commemorate his death in obedience to his special command, without ever thinking of vital substance being communicated through the thing signified. It is seven years this day since I was first recognized a member of the Church on earth, and my soul stands amazed at my awful ignorance of the real meaning of this ordinance, always forgetting that the eternal life enjoyed in my soul was real, a part of the Divine nature of my once-suffering Immanuel, and that I am as really united to Him as my hand is to my head, for "we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones" (Eph. v.), and that as a branch cannot bear fruit unless it abide in the vine, no more can I except I abide in the root. My soul has always trembled to put I, into these precious scriptures till these last few months. The Holy Spirit has brought me to see where my strength is, for now I know what it is to understand that truth, "He which is joined to the Lord is one Spirit," glued to Him, the word means. It was a precious view I had by the Spirit of it while around his table this morning.

(To be continued.)

CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST.

(Continued from Page 311).

Again, his supereminent unction, where-with He is anointed, is a giving unction. He is anointed that He may anoint. God, thy God, "Hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows" (Psal. xlv. 7). "I have put my Spirit upon Him; He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles" (Isa. xlv. 1). And hence as his errand to the earth was a giving errand, so his errand to heaven again was a giving errand; "If I go away," says He, "I will send the Comforter."

His fulness is a giving fulness. "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; and ye are complete in Him" &c. (Col. ii. 9, 10). "Of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace" (John i. 16).

His Father is a giving Father, "God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son," &c. And so he loved, and so loves the world, as to give Himself to be the Saviour of a lost world. Oh, how do the Father and the Son harmonize in this matter? He says, "Lo I come upon this giving errand" (1 John iv. 9, 10).

His Spirit is a giving Spirit. These blessed Three that bear witness in heaven, we may say, as They are One, so They agree in One; as it is said of the Three that bear witness on earth, They agree in One; They agree in giving. The Father is a giving Father, He gives the Son; Christ is a giving Christ, He gives Himself; and both the Father and the Son give the Spirit. Where Christ, speaking of the Comforter, says, "Whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father" (John xv. 26). And the Spirit is a glorious Giver of all things, that belong either to the Father or the Son; yea, the Giver of all things that belong both to the Father and the Son, John xvi. 14, 15).

The Spirit gives conviction and illumination. He makes the application of redemption. He is the immediate Giver of faith and repentance, and love, and other graces, that are all the fruit of the Spirit, the Spirit gives. As a spirit of adoption, He gives to cry, *Abba Father*; as a spirit of liberty, He gives a loosing to our bands; as a Spirit of grace, He gives all grace; and as a Spirit of glory, He gives the faith of glory, the hope of glory, the view of glory, the first fruits and beginnings of glory.

Again, as his Father is a giving Father, and his Spirit a giving Spirit, so his servants in the ministry are giving servants; for He says to them, "Freely ye have received, freely give; go preach the gospel to every creature." We are earthen vessels, for no other use but as cups, or plates, or vessels, for giving out to you what He gives to us for you.

Wherefore was He humbled? Even to give Himself for us. And wherefore is He exalted? He is even exalted a Prince and a Saviour, to give Himself to us, by giving repentance and remission of sins. He was humbled to give Himself, and exalted to give his Spirit.

All his offices are giving offices. He is a Prophet to give instruction, and advice, and wisdom; a Priest to give righteousness; and a King to give power and victory.

All his names are giving names. He is Jesus, to give salvation from sin and wrath; He is Christ, to give the Spirit, the anointing; and He is Lord, to give the crown and the kingdom.

All his appearances are for giving. His doing is for giving us a title to heaven; his dying is for giving us security from hell and death; his resurrection is for giving us a new life, and raising us to a new and lively hope; his ascending up to heaven, "Leading captivity captive," was for receiving "gifts for men, even for the rebellious;" his sitting at the right hand of God, and making continual intercession there, is for giving out the blessings of his purchase, and for making the powerful application thereof.

All his ordinances are giving ordinances. Ministers are earthen vessels, into which He puts the treasure that He gives out for you; we have "this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God," and not for us. What is the word preached, and the sacraments dispensed, but like so many plates and cups, and means for conveying his gifts and bounties to sinners?

All his promises are giving promises. There is the new heart to be given, the new spirit to be given; the Spirit to be given, "I will put my Spirit within you."

I may say all his commands are giving commands; for the sum of his commands is this, that "ye believe in Him;" and what is that but that ye receive? It is just God stretching forth his hand, and commanding you to take all from Him, and to be obliged to Him for all; for He gives grace and glory, and every good thing; and his great command is, that you take what He gives.

Quest. How doth He give? Answer. He gives freely, He gives fully; when He gives Himself, He gives all; He gives irreversibly, "The gifts and callings of God are without repentance." He gives lovingly, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

Quest. What of Himself, did He give for them? Ans. He gave his body a sacrifice: his back to the smiters, and to the whole burden of wrath, "his cheeks to them that pulled off the hair," his name to be a reproach, his hands and feet and side to be

pierced, his head to be crowned with thorns, his blood to be poured out, his "soul to be an offering for sin."

Quest. Why is his love a giving love?

Ans. Thus He gets glory to his name, to his Father, and to Himself. This is suitable to his people's need; He hath bought and paid the price of all; and therefore we have nothing to pay; all is given freely; and it is suitable to the state of a king, &c.

III. I come now, in the last place, to the application. If He be such a Giver, then we ought to be receivers. We should meet his giving hand with our receiving hand. Oh! are you for great gifts to-day? You may be made up with free gifts, if you be not fools; and, if hitherto you have been such fools, and "lack wisdom," you may now seek and get enough; "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask it of God, who giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth none; and let him ask in faith of getting, nothing doubting." Doubt not of his readiness to give; for giving is his trade, it is his office, which He executes both in his state and humiliation and exaltation. Oh, you have come to a good market this day; and if you go away without making a good market, whom can you blame?

Oh, what came you here for? If you came for any good, here is all, and you may be supplied. If you came for no good, yet here you may be pitied and prevented, and get the good you were not seeking. As Saul went out to seek his Father's asses, and found a kingdom; so, though you had some poor trifling errand, yet here you may get a kingdom for the taking.

What want you for yourself, for your family, for your children, for the land, for posterity? Want you knowledge, faith, pardon, healing? Oh, his love is a giving love, "Whosoever will, let him come and take. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come to the waters." Ho, every one that needs a drink. Ho, every one that is guilty, come and take remission. Ho, every one that is filthy, come and be washed. Oh poor, mortal, dying sinner, here is "life and immortality brought to light by this gospel," and brought to your door, as a love-gift to you in Christ Jesus, who gives Himself to you in this word; take Him, and God's blessing with Him, if you will take Him wholly; for He will not be divided. He gives Himself for sanctification as well as for justification; for salvation from sin now, as well as salvation from hell afterward. Will you close with this bargain? You have nothing to object; for all is given. If you say you have no power, He hath power to give; "He giveth power to the faint." If you say you have no will, He hath the will to give; "They people shall be willing," &c. Are you content? Is it a bargain? An everlasting bargain be it, never to be forgotten.

Come not ye to give, but to get. For you

must be humbled to be receivers. He exalted as a Giver. Quest. How shall I know whether He be giving all these things to me, and whether I have a warrant to take and accept? Ans. You may be sure of this, if these two things concur, namely, if he be offering, and you be needing these things; if you want, and He have, and be saying by this gospel, Come and share; if you be needy and destitute of all these things, so as there is none of them with you, nor to be had anywhere else, then you may look for them here, and expect them, according to the promise, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water" (Isa. xli. 17, 18). By the water here you may understand the water of life, comprehending all the blessings of the covenant. Now are you poor and needy, seeking life, and there is none to be had among creatures, seeking righteousness, strength, grace, and there is none, "The Lord will hear, the God of Israel will not forsake," &c.

N. B. A subject consequential to this was spoken upon at Burntisland, viz., That God in Christ is a loving God, and a giving God; but the notes were not extended.

SERMON IV.

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—Galatians ii. 20.

OBSERVATION.

It is the property of true faith to entertain the giving love of Christ revealed in the gospel, with a me, me, by particular application. This me was very familiar with Paul, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me. He revealed his Son in me" (Gal. i. 16). "He hath laid up a crown of righteousness for me" (2 Tim. iv. 8). "His grace was bestowed upon me" (1 Cor. xv. 10). Thus it was to David. "Thou, O Lord, art a Shield for me" (Psalm iii. 3). "This I know, God is for me" (Psalm lvi. 9). "It is God that performs all things for me" (Psalm lvii. 2). "Thou hast been a Shelter for me" (Psalm lxi. 3). "Do thou for me," &c. (Psalm cix. 21). "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me" (Psalm xl. 17). "He hath dealt bountifully with me" (Psalm xliii. 6). "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me," &c. (Psalm xliii. 4). "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant" (2 Sam. xxiii. 5), or given to me. Many of faith's

me's you may read in scripture; and who can tell how many my's of faith are there? "My Lord and my God; I know that my Redeemer liveth." See a cluster of them, "I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my Rock, and my Fortress, and my Deliverer, my God, my Rock, in whom I will trust, my Buckler, and the Horn of my salvation, and my High Tower" (Psalm xviii. 1). "Blessed be the Lord my Strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight, my Goodness and my Fortress, my High Tower, &c. My Beloved is mine, and I am his" &c. (Psalm cxliv. 1, 2).

I shall here, First, enquire what is imported in this particularizing property of faith entertaining Christ's giving love with a me, me. Secondly. How, and upon what grounds faith makes this particular application, and ventures to say me, me. Thirdly. Name the reasons why faith hath and must have this appropriating property. Fourthly. Deduce some inferences.

First. What is imported in this particularizing property of faith in entertaining this giving love of Christ, with a me, me? It may suppose and import these following things.

1st. It supposes, that while unbelief reigns and rules, the soul speaks in quite another strain. Unbelief puts away the love of Christ from itself, saying, If He hath a loving heart, it is not to me; if He hath a giving hand, it is not to me. Unbelief says with Peter, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man;" surely, it is not to me, thou art making love. Yea, the language of unbelief is like that of the devil, "What have we to do with thee? Art thou come to torment us before the time?" "What have we to do with thee? Thou art not come to save us!" Indeed He came not to save sinning angels, but He came to save sinning men; and the devils would have men to think and speak, as they did, "What have we to do with thee." And Satan gains his point, so long as he can tempt men to continue in unbelief, and to say, There is an offer of Christ; but, What have I to do with it? It is not to me; there is love, but it is not to me; there is Christ giving Himself, but not for me. I cannot take it to me; I cannot believe it is for me; What have I to do with it? Thus the devilish unbelieving heart makes God a liar, by putting away the giving love of Christ, that He manifests to mankind-sinners by the everlasting gospel.

2ndly. It supposes, that so far as unbelief is broken in its reign and rule, so far does the soul bring home to itself, this giving love of Christ. There are various degrees (when unbelief gets a dash), whereby the sinner is brought to this particular application. Conviction of unbelief is, I think, the first degree, namely, when the soul is convinced of the sin of not believing the love of Christ, saying, Woe is me, that I, who am convinced of

sin and wrath by the law, cannot be convinced of the love and grace and good will of God manifested in Christ by the gospel! Oh, that I could get this love believed, and applied to myself. Conviction of righteousness is another degree, when the glory of Christ's righteousness, as full and all-sufficient, is discovered to the soul, and the soul enabled to take hold of it for its own justification, pardon, and reconciliation with God. Conviction of judgment is a third degree, or of Christ's being a King to subdue sin and Satan in the soul, as He hath done in his own Person. And so the soul is made to say, in effect, I receive and rest upon Christ, as a Prophet, Priest and King, for complete salvation, as He is offered to me in the word, presented to me in the promise, or given to me in the gospel. This is the substance of the thing relating to faith's Me, though sometimes it is uttered more, and sometimes less confidently; sometimes it is said with a sigh, a wo's me, that I cannot say, "He loved me;" sometimes with a wish. Oh, if I could say "He loved me;" sometimes with a struggle and a battle with unbelief, I believe thy love to me; "Lord, help my unbelief." And sometimes with a bold asseveration, as here, without any fear or doubt, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." Thus so far as unbelief is brought down, so far faith rises up to a full assurance.

But more particularly, I think, it implies (1). a view of the particular offer. The call of the gospel is to every one that hears it. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come." When faith comes by hearing, it takes up these good news, so particularly, as to say, Here is good news for me; here is mercy offered to me; here is grace offered to me; here is Christ offered to me; here is the call given to me by name; here is love made to me.

(2). It implies a holy selfishness in faith, appropriating all the offered mercy so to itself, as if there were none else concerned. This loving Lord speaks to me, and tells me, "He hath loved me, and given Himself for me;" and therefore, what He says in his word, I will say to myself, "He loved me;" what He gives to me in his word, I will take to myself, "He gave Himself for me." Faith, like the busy bee, what it gathers abroad, it takes home to its own hive for its own use. What the soul gathers abroad in the field of the gospel, and among the flowers of the promises, it takes home to its own heart. It no sooner finds suitable meat for it in the word, but it falls to the eating of it; "Thy word was found of me, and I did eat it."

(3). It imports a holy pleasure that the soul takes in this giving love of Christ; and hence, the doubting of the me, so sweet it is to the soul, that after one taste, it must have another. True faith is not soon satisfied; after one sight of Christ, it must have another; after one kiss of the Son of God, it

must have another: "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy loves is better than wine" (Song i. 2). It is not love in the singular, but loves in the plural number. Let Him give me one love-token after another, me, me.

(4). It imports a cordial assent unto, and persuasion of the kindness and love of God in Christ, manifested in the word, so as to

give both the heart and hand to the Son of God, with a my Lord, and my God, a Lord for me, a God for me, me, me! It is like a gripping to Him with both hands, and embracing Him with both arms, resolving never to part with Him, but still to hold by this glorious Lover and Giver, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

SALVATION.—A POSSIBLE IMPOSSIBILITY.

SALVATION is of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. Neither is there salvation in any other. God himself says, I know not any Saviour besides the Redeemer of Israel, the Lord of Hosts. Satan sets up many in the idolatrous heart of man: whilst he incites to a disbelief of the power of Christ to save others spiritually, because he would not save himself literally. He perverted the true source also, since Jesus had said, "Salvation is of the Jews:" causing the Pharisees so set up Moses in ignominious rivalry to Christ. But the plot was overturned by the quick perception of Jesus, who for ever to set the matter of salvation at rest as to the source from whence it must come, said unto his disciples "With men it is impossible" (Matt. xix. 26.)

"Neither is it possible" adds Paul, "that the blood of bulls or of goats should take away sin." No, *their* blood was designed only to typify, not "take away." What then can remove the iniquity of this land, and bring in the everlasting righteousness of another? The blood of Jesus Christ. The offering up of the body of Jesus once for all. It was the blood of the new covenant that sufficed to open up the new and living way of salvation, by sacred consecration of the flesh of Christ, for the ransomed of the Lord to enter with all boldness of faith into the holiest of all.

Nor is there any other way to glory and to God. Jehovah's "impossible" stands in man's way, and nothing but God's "possible" can remove it. No effort of the creature can attain unto the righteousness of Christ. Indeed daily experience teaches us the utter impossibility of changing the colour of our father Adam's skin; or of eradicating the spots from our mother Eve's heart! nor will the washing of "nitre" (nature's morality) or the using of "much soap" (duties and performances) suffice for the changing a black man of the earth into a white citizen of heaven.

Therefore let our Lord's own words avail for teaching us the vanity of trying to add a cubit of nature to the statue of grace; or, in other words, to work *in* ourselves that salvation which God tells us is ours, (by gift only to work *out* by grace) "With men it

is impossible." Mark the emphatic language, O freewill! "With men it is *impossible*." Repeat it, O free agent, with men it *is* impossible." But with God "all things are possible," yea, and to him to whom God's possibility hath come, whose will is not free but absorbed in the will of another, even the Lord; whose agency in acting is not self-liberty, but who is sweetly overpowered by another, even Jesus; such an one tracing the true source of soul safety will say with David, "The Lord is my light and *my* salvation." "In God is my salvation and glory."

Does your salvation, my reader, centre in the Lord or in self? In something that self hath meritoriously attained unto, or in what the Lord Jesus hath efficaciously done? If man's possibility, and God's possibility are parallel facts in your creed of faith, you will at once reply, "Truly my soul waiteth upon God, from him cometh my salvation." Does any ask how or in what way salvation comes from God? I answer, it everlastingly centres in; it always flows through; and is made infallibly certain by, his Son Jesus Christ. Salvation as the gift of God, comes to us in the gift of Christ. God's "unspeakable gift," is his Son Jesus Christ. Hear his own words, "I came forth from the Father:" and if he had not come forth from the bosom of the Father, no salvation would ever have come unto us. For he is our salvation, not in part, but altogether: as David says, "He is all my salvation and all my desire." When Simeon took the babe of Bethlehem in his arms, his eyes beheld his salvation. That there is the embodiment of salvation in the person of Jesus is evident from his own assertion unto Zacchens, "This day is salvation come unto thy house."

Jesus as God's salvation is the desire of all nations; all unto whom the word of salvation (which is Jesus) is sent. Says God the Father, "My salvation is gone forth, &c. (Isa. li. 5.) that is, salvation from me, in the person of Jesus my Son is gone forth into all the world whither my church and people are scattered abroad, and thus Jude calls it the "common salvation," by which he means, it is common to the saints in all

parts of the earth. There is a time when they know it not; there is also a set time when they are blessed with the knowledge thereof, and then they say as David did, "The Lord is my strength and my song, he is become my salvation," and a blessed "become" it is. "As for Moses, we wot not what has become of him." Well, Moses is doubtless where God would have him to be. He was faithful in all his house, and had his share of honour; but the builder is more worthy of honour, to whom be all the glory.

Salvation then is of God. Indeed he expressly calls it his own, saying, "My salvation is near, and my righteousness to be revealed." And this he works in the midst of the earth. His own arm hath brought it unto Israel, a people who are chosen to obtain it by Jesus Christ. And yet some men, some "impossible" men arrogate to themselves the right of its dispensation; offering it alike to all upon certain creature conditions; as insulting to God as it is trifling with man. Free preachers of God's salvation, show "The way" to be only Jesus Christ.

Salvation is so entirely the Lord's, that at one time the believer is told to "Stand still" and see it: (Exod. xiv. 13;) at another, to "Be still" and know it, (Psal. xvi. 10,) at another, to "Sit down and receive it," (Luke 12, 37,) all exhibitive of the power of God in the exercise of his love and mercy. It is sometimes simply the word of salvation to a soul: at other times, life is communicated, or salvation is made known by the words of truth, few or many. Instances of the "voice" speaking salvation unto the heart by a word, or words, are recorded and may be classified as follows,

- One word—"Live." (Ezek. xvi. 6.)
 Two words—"Maid, arise." (Luke 8. 54.)
 Three—"Lazarus, come forth." (John ix. 43.)
 Four—"Stretch forth thine hand." (Mark viii. 5.)
 Five—"I will, be thou clean." (Matt. viii. 3.)
 Six—"Loose him and let him go." (John ix. 44.)

A whole sentence—"I say unto thee, thy sins which are many, are all forgiven thee." O when "Wisdom" cries, understanding puts forth her voice. Then it is that the dumb speak, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dead arise, the diseased are cured, sinners saved, Satan defeated, the world confounded, heaven peopled, and God glorified.

"Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." May both readers and writers be enabled to sing with sweet Kent.

"Salvation, 'tis mine!
 Be praises divine,
 And glory, dear Jesus, eternally thine."

Chelmsford.

JOSIAH.

RECENT DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN NOBLEMAN.

SELDOM, perhaps, in any rank of life, has a scene of more mingled emotions been witnessed in a dying chamber, than that which occurred during the remaining hours of his earthly sojourn. Ten of his fourteen children were around him, besides other friends; as were also his beloved daughter-in-law, and his wife, who had so long proved his best earthly solace, as to the last she could not be. *They*, so anxious to detain him, as though it were not possible ever to resign one so dear to them all; but *he* longing to escape, like one having a glimpse of the better land, who felt impelled by the force of a higher attraction, to aspire upwards. *They*, willing to minister to the utmost, and even beyond the utmost, to the relief of the suffering frame, with an assiduity which nothing could exhaust; or, by brief utterances of sacred truth, hoping to contribute to the higher consolation of the mind, on the wing for heaven;—*but he*, only concerned to spend the few sands of his failing life in tender and touching expressions of his faith in God, and of love to them; dropping upon a darkened world, like the prophet in his bright ascent, the mantle of piety and the words of peace.

One text, Romans viii. 2, he referred to, the last day of his life, as having been hanging about him for some time: "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of sin and death." And when his eldest son was reading to him Romans v., he stopped at the eleventh verse, "And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement,"—and repeated "Joy in God," several times. It was *all joy* with him. Such a death-bed has, I should think, but seldom been seen: and the consolation to be derived from it, no words can express.

His children will never forget the earnestness with which he sought their salvation, and entreated them "to give a young, fresh heart to God; and not to leave it till it became old and rusty," as he feared that he had done. Alluding to the firmness of his own hope in God, which made him willing to resign all for heaven, he once pathetically said, "Never had a man such ties to life as I have; never such a family to leave,—and yet I long to be away."

To his servants, whom he summoned to his bed-side, he spoke with much kindness, thanking them for their careful attention, and expressing his concern lest, during his long illness, he might have overtasked their strength or their patience; but earnestly exhorting them, from the encouragement of his own example, to commit their souls to Christ for salvation.—*Morning Advertiser.*

FRAGMENTS BY A DEPARTED BELIEVER.

"Therefore say, Thus saith the Lord God; although I have cast them far off among the heathen, and although I have scattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come."—Ezek. xi. 16.

WHEN we consider the nature of the sanctuary, that it was a separated, sanctified, retired place; how sweet it renders the promise that Jesus is all this to us. "For this cause I sanctify myself, that they might be sanctified through the truth." How blessed the revelation of such a sanctuary as this, which has to do with nothing of an outward nature, but the hidden man of the heart. The temple where the Lord converses with his people, and they with Him; where they may have access in all places, at all times, and in all companies. Something peculiarly meeting our every word, in oppressions from the enemy, and from the cruel oppressions of creatures. David says, "I went into the sanctuary, then understood I their end," so in this sanctuary, we understand something of God's dealings with us; and this is suitable for our cases. We cannot see the mysterious conduct of God aright, but in his own light; even the light of our spiritual perceptions will not guide us here. It must be the Lord, the enlightening Spirit of all grace and truth, or we shall judge erroneously respecting God's providence. The Lord says, "Thou cast them far off among the heathen, I have scattered them among the countries." The natural inference from this would be, that the Lord regarded them not, but He says, "I will be to them a little sanctuary." How soothing are these words, and how important it is that our experience should realize what the Lord states in his precious word, that He will be to his people; that we may truly know what it is to converse with Him in this sanctuary, hidden from all human eyes, feeling what He is to us then, and waiting on Him continually; drawing from thence our spiritual resources. Knowing this rest is true spiritual substance, on which we live, hold on our way, and wax stronger and stronger unto the perfect day. Great indeed are the hindrances to our full access into that life we have in Christ; we are acted upon by many surrounding influences, not by the engaging our affections on anything else: no, blessed be God, our hearts are fixed; but by the want of more power to resist the impediments to our rising more fully, and more evidently into the life of God, and showing

forth his praise, and the more so as we see the day approaching, the glorious day of our complete emancipation from flesh, and sense, and sin, both in ourselves and others.

The day of manifestation, let us lift up our hearts with joy and gladness, when freed from all temptation to fear the injustice and oppression of matters; we shall be able in newness of spirit to serve the Lord without a single clog, or jarring note: here mists, darkness, and misunderstanding surround us; we are enveloped in clouds, but they shall all be dispensed by the shining of the Sun of righteousness; and if all here be dark and gloomy, the prospect beyond is bright and glorious, and will amply make amends for all that is now disheartening and painful.

Let us then hasten towards it with increased expectation and desire; we shall soon make the blessed exchange; let us not look at the passing, trying events, but beyond them to Him who ordereth all things after the counsel of his will.

"Let the lying lips be put to silence; which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous."—Psal. xxxi. 18.

THE righteous always were, and always will be slandered, and this we must expect as our position. Satan is curious against those who are looking simply to Jesus; he stirs up enmity in the hearts of others, and causes the strife of tongues, we know this by bitter experience, and especially when life is declining; and we have to contend with bodily weakness. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth out of all." We look to our Great Deliverer, our enemies are all in his gracious hands. Knowing that no parent can love his only child as He loves us, very soon all the troubles of life will be as though they had never been, except of the blessed use the Lord has made of them to our souls; we shall then know the cause of every dispensation, and praise the wonders of his grace. Let us not then think it strange that we should be treated as our Master, "For if they called Him Beelzebub, how much more those of his household:" let us be satisfied with our lot as rejected ones, to be treated not as we are, but as we are not; and thankful for a portion with the sanctified.

Knowing that our portion will soon be with the glorified body of Christ, the dear members of his mystic body.

June 15th, 1854.

I WILL PUBLISH THE NAME OF THE LORD.

"Because I will publish the name of the Lord." Dent. xxxii. 8.

THUS sang Moses, the man of God, in ancient days taught and divinely instructed by the Holy Ghost. The same disposition has been as graciously possessed by all the sent servants of the living God in all ages; and so it is now, notwithstanding the corruption of the age in which we live, when anything and almost everything is substituted in the place of the sovereign truths of the *glorious Gospel of the blessed God*—the press teeming with rubbish, and pulpits ringing with nonsense. Who can look on here with the least discernment without feeling more or less indignant?

While men of error are publishing error, our design is to hold forth truth, even the truth as it is in Jesus, for the comfort and edification of the poor of the flock, the purchase of the precious blood of the everlasting covenant, who by the invincible power of God the Spirit are created new creatures in Christ Jesus; being born again, not of corruptible seed, but incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.

By the name of the Lord we are led to understand himself, as recorded—Psalm xxix. 2, *Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name*; that is, Himself, who, though existing in Three distinct Personalities, is in the nature of his divine existence One, and his Name one—Zech. xiv. 9. By his name we are also led to understand his will and eternal purpose concerning the salvation of his elect in Christ to grace and glory. John xvii. 26—*And I have declared unto them Thy name, and I will declare it, that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them.*

But by the name in the above portion I believe Moses meant his adorable Lord, the Rock of his salvation, the Person of the Son of God, in whom he saw such greatness, (see Dent. iii. 24,) majesty, dignity, excellency, and glory; such love, grace, mercy and compassion; such power, merit and perfection; and all this unto and for his majestic body the church, *the fulness of him who filleth all in all*, that he could not conceal it, but felt determined to blaze abroad the matter, to tell of his wondrous work in the salvation of his chosen heritage, and of his more wonderful Person by whom the whole was accomplished in the complete overthrow of sin, death, and hell, to his glory and their eternal blessedness.

To this end and for this purpose was Saul of Tarsus laid hold of by heart conquering grace, and made a minister to bear his name before the Gentiles and kings and the children of Israel—Acts ix. 15; so that his invariable subject through the whole of his ministerial career was his great and glorious

Master, his love, blood, righteousness, and rich salvation, (see 1 Cor. ii. 2; Eph. iii. 8; Acts xx. 24.) Oh! unequalled subject! glorious theme! unfathomable mystery! what so suited to a poor, tried, tempted child of grace, not to be dwelling on his misery but Jehovah's covenant mercy; not his many and vile corruptions, but the grace of God and gift by grace; not so much the malady, but the glorious remedy; for in his worst feelings he is more holy in Christ than unholy in himself, and more perfect in Christ than imperfect in himself: and our most glorious Lord is more mighty to save than sin to damn. All hail, beloved! *I will publish the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent, his glory is above the earth and heaven.*

How are we to account for it, that so few of these glorious truths are proclaimed from the pulpit in this our day, but because so few comparatively know them? Did our preachers know them as did Peter and John of old, their testimony would be in accordance with theirs, as recorded Acts iv. 20, *for we cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard*; and when and while an herald of salvation is proclaiming Jehovah's free-grace gospel, often doth the Holy Ghost fall on them that hear the word in his most gracious renewings, unction, and power, and the dear children of God set to their seal that God is true, and cry Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness. The promises are applied, their sweetness felt, covenant union enjoyed, relationship realized, vital godliness not merely talked of but spiritually and experimentally known, and the blessed fruits and effects follow, the cause producing its effects (not effects producing effects.) And these are some of the things that accompany the publishing of the name of the Lord,—the devil is ousted, sinners plucked as brands from the burning, saints made glad in the Lord, built up, edified, confirmed; Christ exalted, God is glorified. O ye hearldis of my God, lift him up, lift him high, *tell of his wondrous works, make mention that his name is exalted*,—tell of his electing mercy, redeeming love, and new creating power—how he hath exalted our nature removed sin, atoned for our guilt, defeated hell, and vanquished Satan; how he hath brought in for his mystic bride, an everlasting righteousness, in which he will finally present her before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy; his immutable love and unchanging faithfulness.

"Lift him, ye heralds sent of God,
Proclaim the virtue of his blood:
Point the sinners there, though vile as hell,
Whose rankling wounds with venom swell,
"Lift him in all his bloody hue,
As Israel's Hope and portion too:
And thither lead the weary saint,
The weak, the wounded, and the faint."

Ye heralds of Zion's king, *O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together: his name shall endure for ever, and men (chosen men) shall be blessed in him: that name which is holy and reverend, that name which is called Wonderful, which is excellent in the earth, to be remembered for ever, to be feared; which the poor and needy praise, which is to be glorified, to be loved; to which the righteous give thanks, and which is from everlasting, and must endure for ever.*

Let this worthy, great, and glorious name be your theme, your song, your joy, your rejoicing, your text, your sermon, *your all in all.*

And, O ye redeemed, regenerated heirs of salvation, listen to none, if their subject be not the name of the Lord, the glorious gospel of the grace of God, *yea the whole counsel of God*, without reserve—no mincing, no half-and-half work, no Christ-and-Co. work, no yea-and-nay stuff, no putting the creature in the place of the Creator, man in the place of God. Attend ye not on that squeamish preaching where no one can tell what is piped or what is harped, the trumpet giving no certain sound; but see to it, that in the ministry you hear Christ is made *all and in all*, as the salvation of the whole election of grace, their wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; see to it that it is without mixture—the faith once delivered unto the saints—and that the preacher earnestly contends for it, without keeping back or concealing. *Take heed how you hear, and what you hear;* so the Lord directs you. Now is the time when few will endure sound doctrine, and few who preach it. *Try the spirits whether they be of God: many false prophets are gone out into the world.* See to it that the preacher under whom you sit, substitutes nothing in the place of God's truth, his will, his purpose, his pleasure, his great salvation; if so, *from such turn away.* What! are dry tales and anecdotes to be put in the place of Christ and him crucified? Be wise for the well-being of your souls, and listen only to the name of the Lord, which is as ointment poured forth—in his dear name shall the Gentiles trust, and his rest shall be glorious.

In his adored name alone is the whole and entire salvation of the election of grace from all the ruins of the fall, death, hell, and sin.

All Jehovah's covenant purposes centre here—his will, name and pleasure is in him; all his promises of immutable and immeasurable good are in him *yea and amen, to the glory of God by us;* in him our God and Father is infinitely and everlastingly well pleased, and with all the objects of his everlasting love as chosen in him, blessed in him, viewed in him, accepted in him, to the praise of the glory of his grace.

By him all the claims of infinite justice have been met on behalf of his mystic members; the law magnified and made everlastingly honourable; its curse he bore, from it redeemed his people; their sins he cancelled, obliterating them by his own most precious blood; for them he brought in an everlasting righteousness. *Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a prince and Saviour, for to give repentance unto Israel, and forgiveness of sins—neither is there salvation in any other.*

At his name every knee shall bow to him the Lord; the Spirit will lead every heir of salvation, even every one which shall be found written in the book; Dau. xii. 1. Deeply sensible of their lost condition and imbecility, they fly to his wounds for pardon, health, and cure; to his righteousness for justification; to his fulness for every supply. What, therefore, can sound so melodious in the ears of his dear people as his adored name? And to make it increasingly precious, he will embitter to them all things besides. Yea, he doth make us abhor ourselves, that he may be to us more dear. All the trials of God's dear children inward and outward (and they are neither few nor small;) all their afflictions, exercises, and conflicts with the world, flesh, and devil, are by him graciously designed to bring about and accomplish this blessed object. What? Why,

"All to make us,
Sick of self and fond of him."

To him, this great, this glorious Him, by whom are all things, I commend you, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. AMEN.

W. BIDDER.

Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never failing treasury fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

A VOICE FROM THE STALL.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

BELOVED EDITOR,—A Correspondent of this day, in his pretty remarks to his old *Shop-mate*, says, "Better be mending shoes in the stall," than "frisking with the butterflies of the day," whose only attraction are the gaudy

wings, as it will bear no touch without at once showing it is for sight only, and it is not unlikely the Bonmahon response will be "stick to your last and thread," leaving those things alone which are too high for you.

Alas, my brother, my brother, from my youth up have I suffered martyrdom. First, from the vanity which sits regent in our growth upward; and secondly, from the folly so predominant in the downward growth. So truthful is it, that wisdom is not with grey hairs, and notwithstanding, so many times have I been disappointed in endeavouring to grasp the inflated globe sent forth by the big ones of the day, still there is an indescribable somewhat to be found in the company of the great, especially those whom the mitre sets upon without adorning. A bishop's sermon or a bishop's charge is with me, the "*ne plus ultra*." But I need scarcely say, it is generally a failure, and hence after one of those keen wounds received, either at the Cathedral, or consecrating of a new church, I return pensive to my stall, and seek for some relief in looking over my shred-basket, or casting a look upon the portraits of those who have been giants in my day, and which in their ungolded frames adorn the walls of the now delapidated stall.

My vanity of mind, ascertain concomitant of multiplied years, would fain believe there is a becoming difference that forbids a too great encroachment where better things are earnestly looked for; yet cannot forbear presenting a shred or two more, ere I go hence to be no more seen. Nor would I have you or those of your other correspondents, most of whom are far my juniors; and whom I hope when the term of apprenticeship is expired will show they are craft's men that need not to be ashamed. I would not have them think I set ought down in malice, or merely single out any of the bishops of our land, as being exclusively those whom I wish were not high priests this year; my bowels are pained, and my heart is moved within me when with myself, others pine away stricken through for want of the fruits of the field, (when, as the prophet further says,) "The lords sent their servants to fetch water, and when they did come to the wells, they did find no water, and they carried their vessels home empty." "They be ashamed and confounded and covered their heads, for the ground dried up," Jer. xiv. 3. (old reading) Nor can it be otherwise, when instead of Jehovah's proclamation, "Say ye to the daughters of Zion, thy salvation cometh," such empty and unmeaning harangues as the following fair specimen of a bishop's preaching, is the higher standard of orthodoxy in our church in the present day.

All will readily admit of the great zeal and incessant labour of Samuel, bishop of Oxford, in his endeavours to uphold the church of his profession, while no one whose eyes are opened to discern between good and evil, can say that in his late sermon at the consecration of the parish church of Chalfort St. Peter's, in Buckinghamshire, he showed himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, or that

spiritual bread was dealt out unto the hungry. A short extract, to act as a beacon, and to be handed down as a specimen of a bishop's preaching in the middle of the 19th century; and as some think the halcyon days which are to usher in a more important era, is all that I can attempt at present; and which in its reading will prompt the inquiry, "Your fathers, where are they?"

The Herald of the day announced that the bishop preached to a crowded and distinguished congregation. Be it so; with that point we have not to do, well knowing it has always been a very distinguishing feature in the gospel dispensation, for the poor to have the Gospel preached unto them. The text taken by the Rev. Prelate, Matt. xxi. 12, 13, reads thus, "And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and said unto them, it is written, my house shall be called an house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

"The Right Rev. preacher said, that he act here recorded of our Saviour Jesus Christ, stood out singly from the other acts of his life, which were characterised by humility, gentleness, suffering, and endurance. He had, however, on another occasion besides the present one, resented with severity, and rebuked even with violence, those who desecrated the temple. The sale of animals for sacrificial service, and other merchandise, had, by degenerated custom, become common in the house of God; and the scene shown in the text imparted a divine lesson to Christians in all future ages. Here the Lord had come suddenly into his temple. From Abraham and Aaron downwards, all were only the types and shadows of a promised reality; but now the Lord himself appeared, he, the messenger of the covenant in whom they delighted. And what did he see on this occasion? He found God's house dishonoured, buyers and sellers engaged in secular transactions, their minds vitiated and worldly. They would have justified themselves as being actuated by the semblance of necessity, and the excuses of charity. But Jesus knew the truth, for his omniscient eye looked into the secret motives of their hearts. It would have pleased him to have found in that consecrated place none but contrite souls and humble worshippers. To vindicate the sacredness of the house of God, and to assert the holiness of his Father, Jesus Christ expelled the secular occupants of the building. And did not this narrative convey a lesson to those assembled on the present occasion? Did it not teach them that the setting apart of that church, in its admirably restored and improved state, involved a solemn responsibility upon those who by authority dedicated it, and upon all who were engaged in that Christian work, or were commissioned to minister in that parish? But,

beyond such responsibility, the work they were that day engaged in was one of joy and awfulness; joy at the accomplishment of the external work, and the erection by human hands of that substantial and well-appointed fabric; and awfulness at the responsible duties and spiritual watchfulness which the dedication of a church imposed. With these, also should be considered, the exalted privileges conferred by that and all like places and opportunities of worship. The Bishop next exhorted the congregation to live in close communion with God, and to seek that communion with him in constant prayer. They might pray, and would be equally heard by God, whether in a field, in their domestic abodes, or surrounded by those whom their avocations in life caused them to associate with; for every where there is a mercy-seat. But apart from this, and in addition to it, incalculable advantages were to be gained by their assembling together in this appointed and dedicated place; the Church, too, of their parish, their forefathers, and their home. Here there would be united worship; assembling there entitled them reverently to expect the realization of the promise, that where two or three are gathered together in his name, there would he be in the midst of them. Persons were found who lightly treated the episcopal act of consecration of a church; but the feelings of such persons were to be lamented, not sympathized with, far less imitated. The text conveyed the direct approval, by Christ himself, of this solemn ceremonial; this setting apart of a house for the worship of God. He would not suffer any man so much as to carry any vessel through the temple. The Bishop here reminded his hearers that every one of them was the appointed guardian of another temple. That there was the worship of God with the body, as well as the worship of God with the Spirit, and that a proper posture of the body at divine worship tended to a proper frame of mind, and habits of devotion.

"At the conclusion of the sermon a collection was made, which amounted to 145*l*."

How does the heart sicken at the reading of so defective a sermon from one whose dignity of station in our church, would lead us to hope better things concerning, and how applicable the portrait by the Prophet drawn of ancient Israel. "The great man speaketh what his heart desireth, and the hearers allow him; the best of them is but as a thistle, and the most righteous of them is but as a brier in the hedge," Micah (old reading). Truly the bishop's rhapsody reminds us of machinery without an acting principle, and brings to mind a truth-telling anecdote of Sir Henry Wotton, who being in Rome, made acquaintance with a pleasant priest, who invited him one evening to hear their vesper music at church. The priest seeing Sir Henry stand obscurely in a corner, sends to him by a boy

of the choir, this question, writ on a small piece of paper, "Where was your religion to be found before Luther?" to which question, Sir Henry presently underwrote, "My religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now, in the written word of God." Verily, the bishop's divinity stands a rival with the vesper music, it is quite apparent that the prelate of Oxford, has but very shallow, if any, right view of the everlasting covenant or decree in all things, and sure, or of the Person or work of the Lord Jesus, as he is set forth in scripture, as "God's salvation," the experimental knowledge of which would have shown itself in the opportunity afforded him when preaching before the crowded and distinguished congregation. But I will leave the subject and seek to give relief by showing the great contrast between what is the *summum bonum* of Oxford divinity as set forth by the bishop, and what it was as preached by one of her sons, in the humble sphere of a vicar in the first quarter of the present century.

Hawker's Commentary on the same words: "According to my view of things, perhaps there is not among the miracles of Christ, hardly a higher proof of Godhead. I wish the reader to notice it as it deserves. To behold Jesus in the humble dress of a poor Jew whipping the drove of cattle, with all the buyers and sellers, out of the temple, and overthrowing before Him, the counters of money, and the seats of the dove-sellers, and with such a holy countenance of zeal, as none dare to oppose. Surely, it carried with it an invincible proof of his mighty power and authority; and I beg the reader upon this and many similar occasions which occurred, to observe how plainly he mingled with his human appearance, tokens of his Divine; the blind and the lame coming to him for healing, afforded an additional testimony of his Person and character."

The parallel passage, John ii. 12—17: "I pass by every lesser consideration contained in these verses, to attend to that one event here recorded of our Lord's making a scourge of small cords and driving the buyers and sellers out of the temple. If the reader coolly and deliberately turns over in his mind the wonderful event, perhaps when all the circumstances are taken together into one point of view and duly pondered, he will be inclined to think with me, that, excepting that one miracle mentioned by the same Evangelist, John xviii. 6, of the armed soldiers falling to the ground at the mere word of Christ in answer to their question, this is the greatest miracle Christ wrought in the days of his flesh. Let the reader figure to himself the Lord Jesus, thus going into the temple, carrying everything before Him, driving the herds of cattle, overturning the tables, and pouring out the changers of money, and not a creature daring to resist!

What invincible power must have shone forth in his countenance! How their minds must have been overawed! Such indeed was the consternation on Christ's part, and such the majesty that shone in Christ, that it brought the passage of the Prophet to the Apostle's mind; and they then saw the accomplishment of it (Psal. lix. 9). And to the same purport where the Lord again speaks, Psal. cix. 139. And what I beg (yet more particularly) the reader to notice in this miracle is the words of Jesus, when He was driving all before Him, "Make not my Father's house an house of merchandize." No prophet ever used such language. None but Christ ever called God Father. Neither did ever God call any among all his prophet's sons. It is Jesus only which useth this name, and Christ only whom God so owns. Let the reader while he views and reviews this wonderful transaction turn to the prophecy of Malachi, and read the first five verses of the third chapter, and then ask himself whether this was not the Lord of his temple so accurately described in the portrait of prophecy, and so completely answered by the original, when the event of purging the temple took place?"

What a striking difference between this well-instructed Scribe in the mysteries of the kingdom, whose words of truth and soberness will retain their sweetness and savour

through all time, while the unmeaning jargon of the Bishop and his fraternity cares only to please the fancy of the flocking crowds by offering incense at the altar of vanity. Yet great as the guilt of the Jewish merchants were in the sale of doves, &c., in their temple, it is surely exceeded by our modern religious traders, who so far make a gain of the simple by such means as set forth in the following, *tit bit* for attraction, as exhibited in a placard, found at the public places of worship in our metropolis very recently. "Finsbury Chapel, Finsbury Circus (the Rev. Dr. Kletcher's), Sunday, July 23, 1854, two Sermons will be preached by the Rev. J. R. Ward, a minister of colour, black as ebony, from Toronto in Canada, of distinguished piety, talents, and eloquence."

"Should I not correct this?" saith the Lord, "should I not be avenged of every people that is like this?" O, England, England, the land of my fathers, thy judgment shall not slumber; the language of this insulted Lord is, therefore shall I turn thy clothes over thy head and discover thy thighs, that thy wickedness might be seen, thy adultries, thy deadly malice, thy beastliness, and thy shameful whoredom; for upon the fields and hills I have seen thine abominations. Woe unto thee, O, Jerusalem! when wilt thou ever be cleansed any more?"

From my Stall, Amen Corner. CRISPIN.

The Family Recorder.

"GRACE BE WITH ALL THEM WHO LOVE OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN SINCERITY."

TRiumPHS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY BROTHER, Beloved of God, accepted in the Beloved, born of God, passed from death unto life, and cannot die any more. Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord: and so Jesus and salvation be increasingly familiar with you; and let us at all times rejoice for that the Lord hath not only called us to believe in his name, but to suffer for his sake; and also we are given to know, that as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ Jesus. I have long found that it is in vain to look for, or expect what the Lord hath not promised to us, that is, ease in the flesh, peace with the world, and quietness with Satan; who goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour; but safety is of the Lord, and we are preserved from all evil, being preserved in Christ Jesus and called; and very blessed it is for us amidst all passing things to be content with such

things as we have; for he hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, so that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man can do unto me," &c., (Psal. 118.) it is written, what can man do unto me? and as these are the words of Jesus the Mediator, the Servant of God the Father; the Holy Ghost testifies "Because as he is, so are we in this world." Beloved, this is marvellous in our eyes, but we have no need to say how can these things be, for as we are joined to the Lord, and one spirit, how can it be otherwise, there are many members, yet but one body, so also is Christ: so we live and stand identified with Christ, and the Spirit saith, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye;" and as we are confirmed in, know and believe these truths, we learn also as we pass through all our chequered scenes, conflicts, trials, and temptations, that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose, &c. It is a certain truth, that in all places we are living

for the Lord, by and with the Lord, that we should be to the praise of his glory who first trusted in Christ.

It is an unalterable truth, that a believer in Christ, is God's workmanship, created in Christ unto good works; then no power, art, or device, can make him again an unbeliever, though he may be and is plagued and vexed with unbelief, for being born of the Spirit, our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and by him our heart is directed into the love of God, and into the patience of Jesus Christ; and because of this, I see no cause for murmuring and complaining, for all our trials, afflictions, &c., are settled in love, and so the bounds of our habitation fixed; our steps, and the hairs of our head numbered: and the Lord our God saith, "I will be with thee in all places,—I will not fail thee, but will bring thee again to the place I have spoken of;" therefore it is good to have our heart and mind taken up with Jesus, and with the things concerning him, and so live and walk with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

There is another truth concerning believers in Christ Jesus, that we are for ever reconciled to God, by the death of his Son, and though once afar off, made nigh by the blood of Christ; for he is our peace. This is our unchanging blessedness, nothing can be added to it, and nothing can be taken from it, and as we belong to Christ, the gift of the Father, and the purchase of his blood; so we are all one in Christ, perfect and complete in him, and each alike partakers of Christ the first Resurrection; so we live, stand, and abide in him more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

These truths are heart-warming, mind-animating, and Christ-endearing: and as we know and believe them, we shall think more of his suitability and preciousness, than of ourselves, our state and circumstances; and if we see his wonders in the deep, we shall wonder at his love and mercy, and say from the heart, "O the depth of the riches." If we are to pass through storms and tempests, or fiery trials; we shall yet praise him for the health of his countenance, and sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever; and if the heart is at any time discouraged, because of the way, which is no strange thing to us: yet the Lord declares your heart shall live for ever; and with the heart we believe unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation, and a noble confession it is. "Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust, and not be afraid;" &c., and our daily song is salvation to God and the Lamb; in whom we have salvation with eternal glory.

One word more on this precious subject, relative to believers in Christ; that however long the rod of affliction may be, the end will be blessed, and we shall, as the inhabitants of the Rock, sing and rejoice, that salvation is of the Lord. There is a daily cross

for the children to take up and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth; and through much tribulation, we must enter the kingdom. The cross hath not, and cannot do us any harm, for the Lord hath, doth, and will preserve us from all evil. You may still have a desire to seek a place in the wilderness, and leave the trials and exercises you are surrounded with; but I believe the place and position, are the best that love and wisdom hath settled for you; and our Father, has not another child yet to put in your place, therefore I think you are highly honoured; and if what was expected is not given you, remember the Lord is your Portion, inheritance, and possession, and you may at all times say, and I will unite with you—"Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire beside thee;" and the promise is sure to all the seed; "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

In the love of the truth I remark, that it is as we receive the testimonies of the Father and the Spirit, and they being mixed with faith, that we become familiar with Jesus the Son of God, his precious blood and obedience; and with all freedom we say, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." And in conjunction with this there is a testimony concerning Jesus, which we apprehend and believe; yet its and his greatness is unsearchable, and thus it is written, Things which concern Jesus Christ. This includes the purpose, oath, covenant-engagements, and promises; the putting away of sin, removing iniquity, finishing transgression, the curse of the law, the magnifying the law, and making it honourable; reconciling the Church to God by his death; the sending of the Spirit to testify of Jesus to guide us into all truth, and to bear witness to our spirit that we are children of God, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; these with many things besides of like nature, are things which concern Jesus Christ, and the consummation with us (not the end), will be "Behold I and the children which God hath given me;" these are the things that pertain to life and godliness.

My brother, who can calculate the vast blessedness of the things which concern Jesus? yet the Holy Ghost saith, "All are yours, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's!" and as we know and believe this, so we live happy in the Lord, in peace with God, and by love we are constrained to repeat, "Oh the depth of the riches," &c. And I add, that if the minds of many preachers and professors were taken up with these truths, there would not be that noise and clamour about what is named my experience, my wretchedness; oh the deceitfulness of my heart, and devilism. This is self without Christ; on this I write feelingly, in remembrance of the time I tried to rest in such things. But

when it pleased God to reveal his Son in me, I conferred not with flesh and blood; and now I find pleasure in the testimonies concerning Jesus Christ, and the things which concern Him, who is the only object and subject of and for faith, who saith, "Look unto me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and beside me there is no Saviour."

As my heart is warm, being refreshed with the blessedness of these precious truths, I add another word relative to the things which concern Jesus Christ, which He Himself declares in his prayer to his God and Father, and our God and Father, "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me," &c. (John xvii. 6); "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand," &c. (John x. 28). And so we live preserved in Christ Jesus, and called, and Jesus saith to the Father, "I have glorified thee on the earth, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do," &c. And also his concern was manifested when he said, "I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Comforter, He shall testify of me, He shall guide you into all truth," &c. "Let not your heart be troubled, I will come again and receive you unto myself," &c. Ponder these things over with me, for they make neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and the things which concern Him, and this is the experience that worketh hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us. I now say a word relative to the goodness, and mercy, and loving-kindness of the Lord, in carrying me to Plymouth to preach once more among the Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ; some that once loved me for the truth sake, would not hear me because I could not worship and speak well of their water idol. And in my once Bethel, where peace reigned, there appeared confusion; but with this I had nothing to do, but to go on preaching peace by Jesus Christ. He is Lord of all. From I. C. we removed to Ebrington-Street Chapel, where the Rev. HENRY BULTELL had preached after the brethren left it; and there the Lord was very gracious unto us, He gave me a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ; and the word of the Lord was precious unto us: the joy of the Lord was our strength, Jesus and salvation was very precious, and the power of the Lord was present to heal; and to the Holy Ones (Father, Son, and Spirit), be glory, honour, and praise. Amen.

As these truths outmatch my heart and mind, I only drop hints on them, and leave for you to enlarge on their divine properties; and I desire to live and walk on in the unity of the Spirit, and bond of peace, with you and others of the same family; holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience,

and in the fellowship of the Spirit at all times say, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ:" and I pray that our minds may be stayed upon the Lord, and kept in perfect peace, trusting at all times in Him, having our conscience purged from dead works by the blood of Jesus Christ, and having faith in his blood; for there are some that deny the existence of the blood of Christ, which *cleanseth* us from all sin, and say only the *efficacy* of it remains; but we have not so learned Christ, and by his blood we enter into the holy place, and have boldness at the throne of grace, and the word of our God shall stand for ever.

The Lord bless you and yours with showers of blessedness for his name sake.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesu's,

A. TRIGGS.

18, Amphyll Square, Hampstead Road,
London, August 14th, 1854.

TRAVAIL.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—It is some years since a Weeper addressed a line to you. Perhaps you will say, Why have you written now? I will tell you. I have been lying awake some hours; it is not 5 a.m., yet. Finding I could not sleep, I took up this month's number of the Gospel Magazine, and on opening it, read your answer to the Collier. "As face answereth to face in a glass, so doth the heart of man to man." Truly, there seems a family-likeness between the Editor of the Gospel Magazine, and poor, fretful, impatient Joseph.

"Restless as the troubled seas,
Feeble, faint, and fearful;
Plagued with every sore disease,
How then can I be cheerful?"

I cannot be cheerful without the smile of Jesus, Immanuel, God with us, Christ in us the Hope of glory. If I am not deceived, he has just spoken to my heart, "I did know thee in the wilderness, in the land of great drought." This world is indeed a waste howling wilderness, of toils and cares, sins and sufferings, temptations and snares. And if only one of the beasts of this forest creep forth, I find it too powerful an adversary. "Satan, as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour;" but it is no easy thing to resist him, steadfast in the faith, for,

"My faith is weak, my foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long;
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For as thy days thy strength shall be."

Yes, my dear Brother, this precious promise sealed with the precious blood of the everlasting covenant, will ever be the same.

"For here's our point of rest,
Tho' hard the battle seem:
Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand through him."

Yours affectionately in Jesus,
A WEEPER.

Chatham, Aug. 7th, 1854.

SUGGESTIONS FOR REPRINTS.

To the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*.

BELOVED BROTHER,—I send 5s. for your School. I wish it was £5. nay £50. for that would delight my soul far more than 5s. I am happy to testify to the preciousness of the *Gospel Magazine*, and I bless the Lord every day for his goodness to you in supporting you through your arduous labours; and I often hope I may see the day when some one or more of God's real saints will send a large sum, and so embolden you much in the Lord. What a grief it is that more of the Lord's well-provided for servants do not come out in a matter so evidently of the Lord as yours is, for truly none but a God could have prospered you in that village of blight. Well, dear brother, we must look up and never give up that, and then in his own time he will send by whom he will send, to maintain his cause against the awful Papist and the more awful, artful, deceitful Puseyite.

I am quite of opinion with others that Huntington's *whole* works are the most precious of any that were ever published; (this is saying a great deal,) but they are so to me; whether they would sell I know not; but, if you feel positively obliged to print them by reason of a felt call from above, then I believe you will be in the right path, and I *firmly* believe that God will send purchasers.

Thank God the *Gospel Magazine* is alive, and may He keep it alive, and sanctify the beloved work to the edification of thousands, about whom you know nothing.

I remain, beloved brother,

Thine in Jesus,

W. B. B., OF PIMLICO.

August 6th, 1854.

To the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*.

MY DEAR SIR,—I greatly rejoice in the good work you have done in your parish, by the occupation you have introduced here. If any one has a title to be called a friend of Ireland, it is eminently the person who encourages industry, frugality, and self-respect; who gives labour to the willing, and wages for the labour; and thus effectually puts down pauperism, suffering, and crime. What many a thoughtful and anxious clergyman has desired, you have done; and we who look on, but cannot follow you, exult in the happy genius, and more successful results that have fallen to your lot. I do, my dear Sir, without flattery, most heartily congratulate you upon your achievements in the field of benevolent industry, the best handmaid I believe to preaching the Gospel; as you seem to have devoted yourself to reprinting Puritan literature, may I suggest a rather large undertaking, but I conceive a profitable one, the reprinting of the scarce commentary on the whole scriptures of Trapp? It forms five

folios, and might be comprehended in three imperial octavos. It is almost impossible to get a set, and when they do occur complete, the price is ten guineas. My four odd volumes picked up at different times, cost me six pounds. Could it be printed and sold at three pounds, it would have a ready and most extensive sale; for I never knew an old book in such request; it is scarcely possible even to get odd volumes.

Pardon me, my dear Sir, introducing this suggestion; but I feel interested in your undertaking, and would contribute if I could to its success. I have no doubt booksellers would subscribe for a large number of copies so as to make a sale to some amount certain.

Yours, my dear Sir, in Christian bonds.

Ballivor Glebe, Meath,

O. T. D.

Aug. 24, 1854.

SO CALLED GOSPEL "OFFERS."

To the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN OUR PRECIOUS JESUS,—In confirmation of your judicious statements respecting the views of the late Rev. W. H. KRAUSE, contained in your review of his memoirs in this month's Magazine; it will not, I feel, in case you should not have read a Sermon of his that I opened upon a few days after reading your opinion, be inappropriate for me to refer you, and your readers to that. You state in reference to a letter written to his sister in his early experience that, "as a young man or a father in Christ, he would (we doubt not,) have repudiated the idea, as being derogatory to the dignity of Jehovah, of 'the offer of a Redeemer being held out to him,' as though it were in his power either to receive or reject the offer." To prove this I read in his third volume of Sermons, page 16. "Christ came to do a work; He came to save sinners, He died on the cross, and He *saves*, not tries to save, not *offers* salvation; He came not to make salvation *possible*, nor to make me *salvable*." Precious truth; may the Lord, my dear brother, keep you steadfast, and unflinching in declaring that truth of his blessed Gospel, as clearly and without deviation from the narrow way marked out in the word of eternal life, as He has hitherto enabled you to do, not shunning to declare His *whole* counsel.

As I am writing, I cannot refrain taking notice of our brother G. C.'s letter in last month's Magazine. I was so very pleased to see that he referred to one point which I consider very desirable, viz. that you should obtain *annual subscribers* towards the Schools; and, as it has been alluded to, I hope the friends will come forward in this way, and that you will thus be enabled without anxiety for funds to carry on those institutions, for which I am sorry there is such a deficiency due to you and for which I perceive by your lists so little

comparatively has been returned you. The dear Lord open the hearts and hands of His children to give liberally, that thus you may be encouraged and your hands strengthened.

Praying the eternal Jehovah to bless you according to your daily need, for "He giveth all grace;" and that He will so lead you on that you may not cease to administer words of caution, reproof, exhortation, and comfort, according to the varied circumstances of your numerous readers; and that in watering them and the souls under your immediate parochial care, your own soul may be abundantly watered and refreshed, believe me, my dear brother in the bonds of the everlasting covenant,

Yours very sincerely,

August 7th, 1854.

S.

[We had not seen the Sermon in question.—Ed.]

OPPOSITION.

DEAR FRIEND,—I take this opportunity of writing those few lines to you on a subject of which I feel duty bound, and which has happened under mine own eye. On Sunday, the 6th instant, in Trinity Church Sunday school, Mr. H., the minister, stood up and stated he had prior to this time not said anything about any periodical being taken into that school, but he must now say he could not allow the *Gospel Magazine* to come in any longer: for this reason; he said he had read in it a portion which entirely condemned his preaching, and in consequence of this would not get one more for any one. I think about 20 are taken in that school, more or less, and I feel sorry for the parties who have got towards twelve for the year; but many teachers have left the school, being free-grace teachers, and have been driven away, merely because they have defended the truth, set forth in the Magazine referred to: Oh, dear friend what shall we say of men who belong to an orthodox Church, possess an orthodox creed and represent themselves as being advocates for the Bible as it is, (which is orthodox also) saying they are ministers of Christ. Are they not such as our Saviour spoke of, "wolves in sheep's clothing;" or, as is stated in John's Gospel, 10th chapter 5—17, verses, viz: hirelings, and not the true shepherds: shepherds that have run unsend, such as are spoken of by the prophet Jeremiah 23rd. ch. But, dear Sir, how soul-comforting, soul-cheering, and soul-animating is the truth amidst all this gloom, darkness, and distress, that Jesus still lives "the same yesterday, to-day, and for-ever" and our High Priest, Advocate, Redeemer, and King. He who is able to comfort and feed his chosen, elect people; shall he, nay, can he let his people be destitute of comfort? no, for he has promised to impart this unto them. May the Holy Ghost send forth men into the ministry that are, and shall be, faithful to the trust committed unto them, is my humble, but fervent prayer; men that will proclaim the truth advocated in your highly valuable Magazine. But to

return to the subject of Mr. H's. conduct towards his teachers, I must not say much, as you have been told how he acted with my dear and highly-esteemed friend and brother in Christ, R. C. while amongst us. I believe the article at which he stumbles is about page 359, of the number for August. May the Lord open his eyes to see clearly the plan of salvation, as it is revealed and made known in the scriptures of truth, for my soul aches every Sabbath, and is distressed and cast down because there is nothing set before the flock of Christ, but husks to feed upon; and yet they will boldly tell you that they, and only they, are they who preach the truth. Others, i. e., of an orthodox creed, are but Antimonians (falsely so called) in their esteem and regard. But, dear Sir, the day is at hand, which will define who is right, and who is wrong; who are Christ's own, and who are not; for "every man's work shall be tried of what sort it is, for it shall be tried by fire;" and may we be found unto praise and honour, at the day of his appearing and coming. My dear friend, may the Lord bless your labours in that station of life unto which he hath been pleased to call you, and give unto you, grace and strength according to your needs; both as regards spiritual and temporal things. And though you may have to combat with Popery, yet we believe that the Man of sin shall be dethroned, and the people of the Lord shall reign on the earth.

Believe me your humble and obedient Servant,
August 14th, 1854.

MIDNIGHT MEDITATIONS ON SHIP-BOARD.

To the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*.

DEAR MR. D.—You will perhaps think me very negligent for not writing to you sooner, but I have been closely engaged since my return. We arrived safely at home at 12 at noon, and were happy to find all well. Mr. T. S., and S., came to spend the afternoon with us, and I assure you we had an infinite number of questions to answer about your Church, Village, and Schools, (especially the Printing and Infant Schools) and how your funds kept up. They had not seen your appeal, so we took the opportunity of giving them one. They asked us many times over how you managed to look after all so well; we gave them great satisfaction on all points. I have read your leader in the G. M., I see there is a little advice for me at the end; the remarks are true enough. We had a rough passage, (11 and a half hours.) Elizabeth was sick, but not much. I lay down on the sofa, but could only sleep (1 hour and a half.) The rest of the night I spent in thinking over what I had heard and seen at Bonmahon; although a *sleepless* night, *I never passed a happier*; the prayer offered up just before we parted, "That we might have journeying-mercies" was sweetly answered. I enjoyed your ser-

mon and lectures, more so, if possible, than when I heard you preach them, particularly the Thursday evening lecture from Matt. xi. and the three last verses. The "Rest" mentioned was given, and found to be sweet beyond degree; the yoke proved easy, and the burden light.

I read the chapter from my pocket companion, and was much refreshed by it. I went over the *copper mines* again, and was much struck with the resemblance they bore to myself. I put the ore and myself in the same position. As the ore is with great difficulty taken from the rock, was not I torn from my worldly companions, and, (I say it with sorrow,) offered all the resistance in my power? The ore would just as soon leave its place, and come of itself to be purified, as I should have left the world to come to Jesus. It was next crushed by the power or weight of a large wheel, was not I crushed by the weight of my sins? The copper ore, after being crushed fine, appeared of no value, not the least copper being visible for the amount of earth, this was very like my state, when I was first awakened, and showed the real danger in which I stood; all was darkness, look where I would, no light was visible, nothing but death and hell awaited me, and I could but confess I deserved them. The ore is next put into the washing process, by which a large quantity of impurities are carried away, and the pure ore is seen sparkling in the bottom of the trough, have not I also undergone the washing process, and all my sins washed away? Then was real happiness, when the darkness was removed, when my eyes were opened, and I was enabled to see Christ as my Saviour; then the light in me far outshone the copper in brilliancy. The ore was next taken to the assaying room, here (I am not aware whether you noticed it particularly or not) it was mixed with three substances, (drugs) and then placed in the fire, out of which, in time, it came pure copper. Are not we (mixed as it were with three substances) joined to the great Triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and through what trials soever we pass, however so fiery, we shall come out brighter, for he has promised that "He will never forsake us." When we are in the furnace of affliction, or deep trouble, we are too prone to think—could not this be avoided?—why such hot troubles? If the copper could speak when in that hot furnace, it would probably ask the same, but it is essential for its purity, and so are the trials for ours. Sometimes when they are past, we are permitted to see that they have been for our good. I have mentioned the mines, to show you how I passed the night in the ship; everything I had heard and seen at Bonmahon appeared in the same manner. I thought how much better it would be for me if I was located near you, where I should regularly hear the Gospel

preached in all its fulness, but here I felt a little reproof, God has placed me where it is best for me to be, and I thanked him for having granted me the means to go occasionally to hear Mr. Parks, and of coming to see you. I could say much more, but have not time now. One thing I must mention, I know you noticed it. I would have enjoyed more conversation with you on spiritual matters, but I could not; whenever I begin my voice fails me, and tears flow from my eyes; it is a failing-in me (if I can call it so.) I can not overcome it, and I am too cowardly to let it be seen, if I can help it. It gives me great trouble, for the devil always attacks me upon it, and says it is because I am appearing that which I am not. Can you give me a little advice, or consolation upon it,

Yours faithfully,

H. F. C.

[A word (God willing), in our next.—Ed.]

THE OLD PATHS.

To the *Editor of the Gospel Magazine.*

MR. EDITOR,—I remember (about thirty years ago) when God first wrote TEKEL upon the plaster of the walls of my house, I cried out aloud to bring in the astrologers and soothsayers, &c. for my thoughts troubled me, and the joints of my loins were loosed, and my knees smote one against another; my sin was heavy, and my wound was incurable. I began to read the Bible, but it became as the words of a book that is sealed. Though I had always been taught that I had nothing to do but search the scriptures, for they testified of Christ, and then I had nothing to do but simply believe and be saved. But I found I could do neither. I then thought it required deep learning to understand the scriptures. A friend, a Roman Catholic, seeing my case, told me their priest was the most learned, and their church was the one where the only true faith could be found. Anxious for relief, I went to the priest. He was a very gentlemanly man, and was kind to me. He saw I was in earnest. He said much truth, and told me to call again. I remember his saying that Luther and Calvin had spread their awful heresy in the English Church, which was the worst of all heresies; but he was glad that now the bishops and clergy were gentlemen of rank and education, and did not believe or preach such doctrines. "There was only one in our town," said the priest, "who preached such doctrines as crude Calvinism, and as a proof that he was wrong, the whole of the clergy of the town has forsaken him;" and he cautioned me against this doctrine in particular. But the priest did not touch my case; I was still going about seeking relief, but could find none. A friend of our family recommended me to go and hear the learned Dr. Adam Clarke, "for," said he, "the Doctor can speak thirteen dead languages; he can tell you everything in the Bible." But the Doctor had not the living language of

Canaan. "Thus I delivered the book to the learned, saying, read this I pray thee, and he saith I cannot, for it is sealed;" and then gave the book to those who worked hard to convert their brethren, saying, "Read this, I pray thee, and he saith I am not learned." Thus you see I sought to the learned and unlearned, but found no relief. I had now nearly spent all I had on physicians, and was growing worse. The pursuers from Sinai were close upon me, and fast overtaking me; and I found I must now do business for myself, and I got the (old) *Whole Duty of Man*. Why, Dr. Eaton, imagine a poor sinner appearing before God robed in this duty of man. I laboured hard "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with my God." But I could not satisfy justice; I did not love mercy, for I did not know her; and I could not walk with God, because we did not agree. I was again a bankrupt. I had now lost all, and came to great want, in a far country. I joined myself to a citizen of that country, who sent me into the fields to feed swine. I would fain have filled my belly with the husks that the swine did eat, but no man gave me to eat, for the famine was sore in the land. I was perishing with hunger, and also full of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores. I went to the physicians of that country, they seemed to be converting and curing souls very fast; seeing this, I felt a little lightened in my bondage. I wanted some of their medicine for my wounds, but I had no money, and they agreed I should work it out. I was now sent with others some miles every sabbath-day to teach, and help to convert the poor people. I laboured from six in the morning until ten at night, to pay for the promised relief. I got a general prescription, which I was told to apply without any physician, and if done at once, it was a certain cure. The remedies in the prescription were, "Ho, every one that thirsteth come;" "Come unto me all ye that labour;" "God so loved the world;" "Not willing that any should perish;" "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling" (the other part, "for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure" was never heard of, or used as medicine with these physicians). The most popular remedy was, "Now is the accepted time," "to-night, to-night, go at once to Jesus; go immediately, without delay; believe Him now, and you will be delivered at once, for God is love, his tender mercies are over all his works. Make your peace with Him to-night; Christ is now waiting to draw all men unto Him, and you must not resist the Holy Spirit, who is now striving to bring you to Christ." Some may say that this language is surely confined to the low class of ignorant Arminians; but, no, I have heard some of the very words from Rev. Presbyterian Dr., Rev. Honourable, and other Rev. Doctors of Divinity. Such divinity reminds

me of being told about a clergyman visiting a sick man on his death-bed. He read some prayers for him, and told the sick man to make his peace with God, and then he would be quite happy. The sick man replied, "I have done that long ago with God, but it is the other below that I am most afraid of; for I cannot make my peace with him." This was the kind of teaching I was under until God took pity upon me, when He saw me dressed up in my poor filthy rags, and in his great mercy stripped off my rags, and burnt my general prescription, and threw my ointment full of dead flies in the fire. It was not until then I came to myself, and could say, "Father, I have sinned." I did not know that God was a consuming fire. I did not know what sin was. I was taught by the precept of men, to fear God as all love only; "and the commandment which was ordained unto life, I found to be unto death." Here God found me ready to perish; I could say nothing but "God be merciful to me a sinner." This was my first spiritual prayer. Satan was quiet until now. The prey was taken from the mighty, and he was raging; and began to raise up outward persecution.

An elderly lady in the congregation where I was then, who was called converted, and who had laboured hard to convert me and others. She found I was leaving their place of worship; but I did not know where to go for truth. She cautioned me, saying, wherever I went, not to go to St. — (this was the same place the priest warned me of); "for," said she, "if ever you believe his doctrine it will never leave you, it will ruin your good morals, and destroy your peace. He is a dangerous man. I often fear," said she, "that every clap of thunder I hear will fall upon that church, and crush it into the earth." This shook me almost to despair. Well, I thought, none can be worse than I; I deserve nothing but hell. I was a vile leper without the gate, and I reasoned thus, "If I will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and I shall die there; and if I sit here I shall die. Now therefore come, let me fall into this dangerous Syrian church; if I am saved alive I shall live, and if I am killed by thunder I shall be die." In short, my poor life was little worth, and so I went in the face of death to hear this dangerous man.* I got there, and stood near the door all

* Although the Preacher's name is not mentioned, we doubt not it was the immortal NUNN, of Manchester, to whom our Correspondent refers. We can easily conceive of the startling but thrice-welcome effect of such a testimony upon a poor bewildered, sin-burdened, Satan-harassed soul, in contrast to all the free-will dogmas in which he had been entangled. What tidings are those of a Salvation, full—finished—READY-TO-HAND, to a poor law-stricken, conscience-smitten sinner, when dropped by the Holy Ghost into his

the time he preached. His text was, "And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him." "No man," said he, "can give, or ought to presume to offer the bread of life to any man; this is God's prerogative alone. Man can make no agreement with God for his brother. If," said he, "there be any poor child of God here, pierced with the arrows of the Almighty, and the poison drinking up his spirit, or any poor bitten Israelite, Christ is lifted up to draw all such unto Him, but not all men, for all are not pierced or bitten. Christ is exalted to give (not to sell) repentance and remission of sins unto Israel; here is the limitation, 'unto Israel.' Is there any poor sinner," said he, "among you, come from those citizens who deal in nothing but husks; and because you cannot feed with the swine, you are thrust out, and told you have sinned away the day of grace? What! God commit the covenant of grace to a fallen wretch? No, no, we should soon lose it, like Adam did his covenant of works. Grace is with Christ in glory, and only administered by the Holy Ghost to each elect vessel as his day requireth. Come then, poor bruised, bleeding, and perishing soul, here is free grace without money and without price." Such expounding of scripture was quite new to me; I had never heard the like before. I had never heard the doctrines of free grace where I came from. Predestination was considered with us one of the secret things of God. General election was such as, England elected to be a gospel land. Particular election was, such as Paul elected from the womb to preach the gospel. Redemption; all are redeemed, but only those who are workers together with God will be saved. Free grace was free to all, yet I paid very dear for it, and when I got it, it was full of dead flies, which sent forth a stinking savour where it was found. But oh! the contrast, I found in this wise master-builder, "this dangerous man;" the true description he gave of my own state, the showing of hard sentences, the dissolving of doubts, the masterly reading of TEKEL, which none of the astrologers or learned doctors could read. All this convinced me that though a man has the tongue of men and of angels, and not taught of God, he is become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal, and can never feed the Church of God. But instead of being put to death in this Syrian tent, I did eat and drink, and carried thence silver, and gold, and raiment, and I went and hid it (in my heart), for I knew no one there, and I dare not tell it to those whom I had left. And after awhile I began to doubt, for I thought these things are too good for me, and that they were only

heart, through the instrumentality of a poor fellow-sinner! Oh, what a blessed cementing bond theuseforth between Preacher and people! and how Christ-endearing!—Ed.

for the king's household. I passed on many months as a mere doorkeeper in this tent. I longed to speak that I might be refreshed; but the thought of having so often before miscarried, and perhaps it might be so again, made me mourn and pray in secret, "O my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us?" "If it be so, why am I thus?" And I often went to inquire of the Lord before I went to the minister. After some time I went to see him. I told him I had come to buy corn, for I was perishing with hunger. I told him of my leprosy, and showed him my old prescription. He heard all, but said very little, and smiled at my prescription and ointment. I was given to know by him that he had nothing but one particular medicine, and that was *free sovereign grace*. But it could not be bought for money, neither could he offer it to any. I was much grieved and disappointed. I thought, "he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call upon the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper." I also thought when he saw me apt to stumble, that he would have put forth his hand to hold the ark. Here I learned one most useful lesson, viz., to wait the full time for the child of promise. This man of God was not in haste. He let the Lord do his own work, believing that if God had brought to the birth, He would also give strength to bring forth; "because the Hebrew women are not as the Egyptian women, for they are lively, and are delivered ere the midwives come in unto them." He gave me no prescription of general remedies for converting myself or others; all this work he said he left to those who compass sea and land. All this did me no real harm; it taught me to cease from man, and look unto the Lord. Only my natural feelings were a little hurt, like poor Naaman, because the prophet did nothing himself, nor had I anything to do either; or if he would have received anything from me, it would have pleased my nature. No, all was *free grace*, and nothing to pay.

It is a singular fact, I was more hated by the converted or evangelical party (so called), than I was by some Roman Catholics, who knew me after I was brought to the truth in the love of it. A Romish priest said once to me, "I have read John Wesley's life and doctrines, and I quite agree with him in principle, we only differ in the discipline of our churches." But, with God's help, I have hitherto outlived the slander, that these doctrines of grace—because given to the elect without working for them—lead to a careless life. Nay, I can prove the contrary, they not only separate from an ungodly world, but from all carnal religious professors, however polite and charitable; and God's people dwell alone in the truth, both in doctrine, practice, and sound experience. May this be your and my lot for the Lord's sake.

Manchester.

T. S.

PROPOSALS FOR SERMONS AND MEETINGS FOR THE BONMAHON SCHOOLS.

DEAR SIR,—Since I troubled you last, it has been much impressed upon my mind to give the following hint, and ask ourselves, as servants of the living God, the question—Are we doing what we can to help our dear Brother in his labour of love on behalf of the poor priest-ridden sons and daughters of that beautiful but unhappy isle, Ireland? He is now engaged in a work which to me appears, under the blessing of God, to act as a spark in the midst of the host or legion, for they “indeed are many,” who hold them in bondage so, that ere long, her own sons shall in a few years go forth with the light that spark now kindles, and (Sampson-like) destroy all those means by which they hold office for bread, and care naught for the souls of men, except to destroy. The hint, then, I would give is, Can we not in our various places of worship, make known what our Brother is doing? and when we are engaged either steadily or occasionally, give him a sermon or two, that collections might be made on behalf of the very noble cause our dear Brother is engaged in; for I am grieved to see he has not been able of late to do so well for them as at first.

My dear Brother, as a feeble one in the service, it is my grief that I cannot help you in the work of love, having a family of seven, being only a journeyman Printer; and being called of God to labour for his cause amongst those from place to place who can scarcely pay expenses; but you have my daily prayer to God to bless you in a work I felt in my mind for years, would, by the blessing of God, do more good than all lectures on Popery, and all petitions to parliament.

But this I can do; and, if you think well of it, will; I have been for some months

speaking on Friday evenings at a little place called Ebenezer Chapel, Newington Causeway, where the Lord has been pleased to gather a few souls who love the truth. If, therefore, a few shillings I could collect there would be of use, I will make the trial; and the announcement may bring some of my old friends at Camberwell (late Mr. IRONS, and now at the Manor House Chapel, to help you; I have been amongst them eighteen years. If you think well of this hint, you will be kind enough to let me know; if not, burn this, and let the matter drop. But my own opinion is, that if some of our brethren, amongst Dissenters, who love to preach the truth, were asked, or knew the matter was taken up, many would come forth to your help. I therefore break the ice by this hint, leaving it with you with earnest prayer, that God may bless and prosper the work of your hands.

I remain, dear Brother,

Yours in covenant,

J. RAYMENT.

2, Allen Street, Aug. 14th.

[We thank our Brother most sincerely for the hint he has given. If “a Widow’s mite” were accepted in the Treasury of old, God forbid that we should despise the contributions of the humblest and the poorest of the Lord’s family, towards the momentous work in which we are engaged. We were not a little gratified, some time ago, in the receipt of a number of farthings, the warm-hearted offerings of the Children of a London Ragged School, who thus remembered, and practically sympathized, with their little Irish friends.—ED.]

Reviews.

Deep Things of God; or, Milk and Strong Meat; containing Spiritual and Experimental Remarks and Meditations, suited to the Cases of Babes, Young Men, and Fathers. BY SIR RICHARD HILL, Bart., M. P. (Elder Brother of the late Rev. ROWLAND HILL, A. M.) A New Edition, carefully revised; to which is prefixed, A Memoir of the Author. London: JAS. PAUL, 1, Chapter House Court. R. HATTERSLEY, Wickwar, Gloucestershire.

SIR RICHARD HILL (as we were informed by WALTER ROW’S Widow) was upon such intimate terms with the former Editor of this work, that, at his death, he left the whole of

his MSS. to him; but, however, they were never forthcoming. Doubtless, there were among them other “Deep Things,” which, partaking too much of the “Strong Meat” for the weak digestion of SIR ROWLAND, led to their consignment to the flames! However, our Friend and Brother, Mr. HATTERSLEY, has done well in that he has brought forth from comparative oblivion, this precious, savoury Volume. In the comparative absence of a sound gospel, both from pulpit and press, in these truth-compromising days, we feel that the republication of such works as that before us, is calculated to be of paramount advantage to the Church of God.

When the present generation shall have passed away, and when for a season there may be a still greater lack of the "certain sound," our children and our children's children may rejoice in such faithful God-honouring testimonies as that of SIR RICHARD HILL. How safe and how satisfactory to put into the hands of a poor fellow-sinner, such language as the following :

"Does an apostle say 'Pray without ceasing?' Then what a condition must those souls be in who never pray at all?—But what is meant by the exhortation? certainly it does not suppose that we should be always on our knees, yet it undoubtedly supposes that whatever be the posture of the body, the heart be constantly kept in a praying frame; and that *in everything* we be ready to *give thanks*, or to supplicate, as circumstances may require. I would boldly pronounce that man to be a stranger to the spirit of prayer, who confines it *merely* to times and places; for sure I am, that whosoever is made sensible of his own weakness, and of Christ's all-sufficiency, as well as the continual blessing, which he has received, is receiving, and hopes to receive from above, can never be long without a silent mental ejaculation at least, and such will find its way to the throne of grace, be the posture of the body what it may."

And, much as the holders and propagators of such glorious truths as the "DEEP THINGS OF GOD," are branded with the groundless charge of Antinomianism, yet, in reality, how far removed are both themselves and their doctrines from that anti-morality and libertinism with which their enemies so unjustly accuse them. We contend that none either *walk* or *work* so well as those who are constrained thereunto from the inward engrafting—the vital possession—of Divine *life* and Divine *love*, the which mere nominal—outside—Sunday—and outward-ordinance professors are destitute of, and strangers to.

(To be continued.)

God's Matchless Love to a sinful World, displayed in several Sermons. By JOHN MOORE, of Northampton. First printed in 1772. A new Edition, revised; with some account of the Author. By J. A. JONES, Editor of "Bunhill Memorials." London: J. PAUL. Liverpool: Howell Church-street. Manchester: Kelly and Slater. Bedford, Woodhead and Worsnop. Leeds: Heaton.

OF two things we have a great dread, long sermons and prosy prefaces. Here are five

sermons occupying together 186 pages! When we opened upon the first discourse of 76 folios but for one confidence in the judgment of our aged friend (MR. JONES,) we should have laid down the work with the mental Felix-ejaculation, "When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee;" but we are sure our venerable friend, at his time of life, would not ask his younger and perhaps less-patient brethren to wade through such a sermon, without good prospect of savoury gatherings. As far as we have gone, we have not been disappointed. It is a good book, and we could only have wished that our friend, with his accustomed aptitude, had served up this gospel-refreshment in some six or eight moderate-sized dishes, instead of comprising it in one so large and cumbersome. We trust the work will speedily run through its present edition, and that then our aged brother will adopt our friendly hint with regard to his next impression.

The Monthly Pulpit. Sermons preached in Lower Norwood. By the Rev. C. G. ROWE.

London: Peter Terry, 6, Hatton Garden.

THE profits of this publication, we are informed, are to be devoted to the erection of a New Chapel in Lower Norwood, in the immediate vicinity of the Crystal Palace; and, judging from the first sermon, which we have read with a great deal of pleasure, we can but most heartily wish the promoters God speed. There is not *merely ability* in the sermon to which we refer, of which indeed there is no lack in the present day, but there is *power* also, and of this latter in the fearful times in which we live, there is but little of this divine mercy. *Talent may entertain*, but a *holy weight*—a *divine influence*—the *power of the Holy Ghost* alone can *profit*.

Glimpses of Jesus. By W. P. BALFERN.

London: Ward and Co.

THIS is a talented production, and contains some precious thoughts. With the writer's occasional contributions to this Magazine, we have been exceedingly pleased. Our only fear about the present work is, the author's usual clearness from everything that would in the least degree countenance the free-will heresy: we may be, and trust we are, mistaken; but, in dipping into the volume, we have fancied there were some tinges of it. Chapter 7 contains "A GLIMPSE OF CHRIST IN THE WILDERNESS," which we purpose quoting in our next.

DEATH OF LORD JOCELYN.

LONG ere this Number is in the hands of our readers, most of them will have heard of the solemn and sudden removal by Cholera of LORD JOCELYN, the eldest Son of the EARL of RODEN, and Cousin to our beloved Brother and Correspondent, the Rev. G. W. STRATON, Rector of Aylestone. Deeply affecting is such an event in these deeply-solemn times. It is a death of no private character. In this case this awful scourge has been commissioned to enter the family of one of the high and (in a spiritual as well as natural sense) excellent of the earth; and, as such, it has a voice—a powerful voice—to the varied members of the household of faith; to the brethren and sisters in the one common family. A Brother—an aged, honourable Brother—of this spiritual community, has been—is—afflicted, and that most deeply too. We ask, then—and we know we shall not ask in vain—for the sympathy—the prayers—the heart-breathings before God, of our numerous and beloved readers! Meet with us, dearly beloved, at the throne! We have a case to mention there! We have one common cause to spread before the same gracious God and Father! These times! these awful times! Cholera! War! “Distress of nations with perplexity!” Affliction and bereavement among the members and families of the redeemed!

In order to put you, beloved readers, in possession of facts, and thus to arouse your sympathies, and, instrumentally, awaken your prayers; we subjoin an extract from a letter received from his Lordship this day:

“The Lord has indeed visited us; but I

am enabled to feel, that it is in *wonderful* love. As far as earthly trial was to be felt in the way of bereavement, I could not have experienced a greater one than, at my advanced age, to have lost one whom I looked to as my successor, and whose affection, and love, and interest, in all my concerns, was ceaseless: but I am led to look with gratitude to my dear and long-suffering Lord for the loan He gave me of him for 38 years, and for what He made him to his Mother and me. Truly ‘Vanity of vanities’ is more than ever set out before me, for I often was vain and proud of him, and thought he would prove such a useful head to his family, when I should be, in the course of nature, removed; but the Lord’s will is otherwise. If Jesus is their Head, it will be better than all, for then there will be no failure. The Lord’s mercies to us, are, indeed, *astounding*, in keeping us quiet.”

“I may further mention, that I have a beloved Son and Grandson in the war in Turkey. They are surrounded by this fearful disease, and may soon be called to go through all the casualties of battle. May I ask you then, my dear Sir, to remember them individually in your prayers, and interest, as far as you can, any praying people within your reach to do the same; for though the odds (as they say) are greatly against them, *yet nothing is too hard for the Lord*; and He is a God-hearing, and a God-answering prayer; but, above all, that their precious souls may be led to lay hold of Jesus, as their sure and only Protector in time or eternity.”

WRITTEN AFTER READING, “IT IS I;” BY NEWMAN HALL.

Do storms assail, and tempests roar,
And darkness thicken o’er the sea?
Remember those who strove all night,
To cross the Lake of Galilee.
They left their Lord at his command,
While He went up alone—to pray;
For them He pleads; while for their good
He leads them in this bitter way.
’Tis thus God chastens those He loves,
Believers must through trouble wade;
It makes them cry; and then He comes
And says, “’Tis I, be not afraid.”

July 2, 1854.

The gold must be refin’d by fire,
To o’ercome, we must contend;
And as the suff’ring Christian finds,
His trial takes him to his Friend.
Then let us welcome what He sends,
Assured, it only “works for good;”
He will support and lead aright,
Those He has purchased with his blood.
Our sorrows may a night endure,
However black, they can’t destroy;
For this we know his word declares,
“That in the morning cometh joy.”

G. D.