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## **REVIEWS**

**BY THE LATE MR. J. C. PHILPOT, M.A. OF STAMFORD,  
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## **REVIEWS**

**BY THE LATE J. C. PHILPOT, M.A.**

**The Experience of Sukey Harley. By the Rector's Daughter.—(May, 1849).**

We have read this little work with some pleasure and interest. There certainly appears to us something striking and remarkable in it.

Sukey Harley is, or rather was, one of those strange Amazons—those men-like women that seem almost peculiar to the coal and iron districts, who can handle the fist as well as hammer, and who, in manners, appearance, language, and habiliments, are brutalized almost below the level of their male companions.

Such was Sukey Harley; and yet, however repulsive to our natural feelings from ignorance and coarse, brutal vice, really no farther from the kingdom of God than (if so far as) the fine lady in Grosvenor or Belgrave Square, who rides to some fashionable church in her carriage, and has her Prayer-book deposited, with all due solemnity, by her powdered footman in the cushioned pew. Sukey Harley, romping, dancing, shouting, and swearing in the barn—as she describes herself—on the Lord's Day morning, does not so much differ from the glittering marchioness repeating the responses in the curtained pew as one might think. Human nature is coarse in the one, and fine in the other; in the rough in poor Sukey, polished up in the fine lady; an open grave in the begrimed working girl, a marble mausoleum in the noble peeress; but fallen, fallen, fallen nature alike in both, and, as such, "without God and without hope in the world."

"The Rector's Daughter" has had the good sense to give us Sukey's experience in her own words. We do not know who "The Rector's Daughter" is, nor whether she knows the things of God for herself; but she has, with admirable good sense, given it just as Sukey spoke it. And though some words, as "clammed," "donna," and "tossicated," will be more intelligible to northern

than to southern readers, yet we are glad to see them there, as so many guarantees that the whole is genuine, and that the "Rector's Daughter" has no more corrected Sukey's experience by her own, than adjusted Sukey's rich and racy Shropshire to the standard of Dr. Johnson and Lindley Murray.

Sukey's father died when she was three years old, and left her to poverty, so that, during childhood, she was often well nigh "clammed" (starved), and seems to have had no education whatever, either with book or needle. She grew up, however, hearty and strong; and now we will let her speak for herself:—

"When big enough to go out to service, I was hired at a farm house; I made a good servant, I loved work. The farmers were all glad to get me into their houses. I got through such a lot of work, and was as fond of frolic and play. I gave free licence to my tongue. To my shame be it spoken, I could hardly open my mouth but I would fetch an oath; it was dreadful. I married very young. My husband was a very quiet, steady, and sober man; he was never fond of drink, nor of levity of any sort, like the rest of the young men. I used to despise him in my heart, and say, Well, what a fool I have got for a husband! He'd just go right on with his work and take no notice of anything; backwards and forwards, down the lane and up again, to and fro, morning and night, day by day, it was always the same with him. He'd just mind his own business, and care for nothing else. Well, I would think with myself, what a dolt my Charles is!

Whenever he heard me curse or swear, he would rebuke me; but very mildly. He used to say, 'Sukey, I wish I could hear you talk without swearing; I wish you would leave off them words.' I was ready to hit him for downright rage. Excepting these bouts, we never had any miss words with each other; and a good reason why, he never gave me any, so then I'd none to give him.

Here, then, was Sukey in all her native roughness—a swearing, fighting, working, frolicking wretch, as far from religion or a profession of religion as any poor creature could well be.

But why have we dwelt thus long upon this part of Sukey's history? To show more the superaboundings of grace, and what God can and will do to stain the pride of human glory. The exceeding riches of God's grace is a theme dear to our soul, and to set this forth more clearly and vividly have we lingered thus long over the dark features of Sukey Harley.

But we proceed to the first beginning of a work upon Sukey's soul. This, perhaps, is not so clear as some might wish. Sukey's conversion was not very striking, nor the change very quickly apparent; though, when related at the

distance of many years, much might be forgotten or lost in the delivery. Here, however, is her account of it:—

"The first thing that gave me a turn to my manner of living was being called on by two women, neighbours, who wished me to go with them to meeting; I refused, but when they came again and pressed me very much, I began to fear they would call me a bad neighbour; so to please them I went. I paid no attention to what was going on there."

But she soon began to see something peculiar in the two poor women, at whose invitation she first began to attend the chapel.

"This was my trouble, the thought that these women have got something that I had ne'er got; this was it that troubled me. All day long my thoughts were hampered, my mind was tossed about this thing; what have these women got? I wish I knew what they have got. Oh, I was sore distressed; I was heavily burdened; I was weary, weary in mind to know somewhat about it. Nothing that ever I heard in church or chapel at that time ever struck my mind. I never paid attention there; my trouble wasn't brought on by the word of man; I could tell no man what ailed me, not even my husband. I did ne'er know, I could ne'er find out myself what was the matter; I would for ever make some light excuse to know what they two were about. I would peep into old Nancy Smith's door; she would come out, the big tears standing in her eyes, and the book in her hand; well; I hated her; then I'd go to the other; 'Sukey,' she'd say, 'do come and sit down, and I'll read to you a bit.' 'Well,' I'd say, and think to myself, I do hate to come nigh 'em. Then I would look upon her countenance. Oh, what a blessed look I thought she had in the midst of all her poverty and outward wretchedness! She was a deal worse off than I, though I am miserable and she is blessed. What does it mean? They must have somewhat; I wish I knew what they have found. Then I'd go home pondering on this matter, puzzling my foolish brains to find out what they'd got; tossed to and fro; I was weary, weary, weary; day and night, I could find no rest. Oh! I wanted somewhat I could ne'er get. I began to think there must be a God; then I thought, these women know that God."

How often we find that conviction first arises in the mind, from seeing gracious people possessed of something that we know we have not! This seems to have been the beginning of Sukey's convictions. The leaven thus planted, now works more deeply.

Well, I began to grow worse and worse, more full of perplexed thoughts than ever; I was tossed to and fro. What was I to do? I did ne'er know what to do. The reason I don't know God is because I cannot read. Those two women are such fine scholars, they can read such a sight of books. They can pray, they've such a sight of prayers, and I only know this one. Then I thought, I must have

a new prayer, the old prayer won't do. I kept repeating it over and over again, but I wanted a new prayer. I mourned, I cried to God to teach me a new prayer; yes, I said to my dear Father in heaven, for he was my Father though I did not know him; and I cried to him, and mourned before him; I begged him to teach me a new prayer. These words clapped into my mind: "Lord, lead me into the knowledge of thy dear Son;" I never heard about the Son of God, I never knew that God had a Son, yet these words came into my heart; it was the prayer God taught me himself; no one else taught me.

After she had been thus "tossicated," or tossed up and down for some time, the Lord appeared for her deliverance, of which she gives the following account:—

"On the Monday morning while I was eating my breakfast, (but I had no stomach to eat,) it was after Charles was gone to work, these words entered my mind: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in unto him, and sup with him, and he with me.' I said, this is the text the man had for his sermon last night; well it was, but I had ne'er heard it then. I heard it now though, all the words quite plain came into my heart. Oh! I thought, suppose it should be their God at the door. Oh! how joyful I would get up and loose him the door! Now I thought, I can ne'er give in praying, those words have so encouraged me; I went up the ladder into my bed room, and began to pray; I made such a noise, the folks might have heard me in the street. I was afear'd I should frighten my child; I came down and looked at her, she was a little one, eating her breakfast. I went up again and did not stop long. I came down again, and filled the child's bag with meat, and sent her off to school; I put her out at the door, and locked and bolted it. Then I said in my own strength, I will never open this door again till I know their God. I stuffed the windows with all the old rags I could find, I could not bear the light; then I went down on my knees in the dark corner, and began praying these same words that I used to do, the same words over and over and over again,—the Lord's prayer, and, "Lord lead me into the true knowledge of thy dear Son." I felt as if I would have pulled the roof over my head, I went tearing and tearing at it with such vehement earnestness. Well, who put that strong cry into my heart? Was it from myself? No; but He gave it me and forced me to cry out, because it was His own blessed will to hear me and answer me. I felt Him come; it's past my talking about, such a wonderful time; it's clear past telling. No words can express the feelings of my heart at this time. He fetched me off my knees; I started up. I cannot find words to express the wonderful doings of that blessed moment; well, this is past. He showed me all my sins that I had committed even from a child. Yes, that bit of pink ribbon I had stolen for my doll's cap came upon me. He showed me how for that one sin I might have been sent to hell, and he would have been just. Oh! He showed me my black desert, how I had deserved to go

to hell; what a reprobate I had been, and how like a devil I walked upon the earth; how I had angered Him with my sinfulness. My heavy sins and my vileness came upon me! Oh! He appeared such a holy God, such a heavenly, bright, and glorious Being; suppose He had said to me then, at that awful moment, 'Depart from me, ye cursed,' He would have been just, and to hell I must have gone.

"Oh! what a holy God mine is! Well, I was lost, I could ne'er tell what to do; lost in wonder, lost in surprise; yet all this time He kept me from being frightened. I had been frightened, but not now, there was somewhat that held me from being frightened. He seemed to tell me all my sins were forgiven. I had such a sight inwardly of my dear Redeemer's sufferings; how He was crucified, how He hung on the cross for me; it was as if He showed me what I deserved, yet He seemed to say, He had suffered that desert; it was as if He made it so plain to me, how that He would save me, because it was his own blessed will to save me. It was as if He had shown me how He had chosen me from the foundation of the world. He would have mercy on me because He would have mercy.

"I never knew what sin was till now, but He showed me what it was; how black, how dreadful. I felt it was my just desert to go to hell. He would have been just and holy to send me there. I was so lost in wonder, that I said, "O Lord Jesus Christ, make hell ten thousand times hotter before thou sendest me there." These were my very words. I can tell the words, but the feeling I cannot tell. But He saved me, till I was so overwhelmed that I did not know what to do. I can truly say, since that blessed morning, I have a Saviour and a Redeemer, yes, I have; ever since that blessed time, my dear and heavenly Father has kept me in his dear hands, and guided me and counselled me Himself. Well, I went and unblocked the windows, cleared away all the dirty rags, and let in the blessed light of the sun, the glorious light, my Father's light. I unbolted the door and opened it, I looked out; what a glorious light! I saw my God in everything; the clouds, those clouds I had so often puzzled over; my God was in the clouds; the trees, the hedges, the fields, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, showed me that I had a God. All things were new to me; I was unbound, I was loosed; yes, I wondered at it."

After this gracious visitation Sukey had as usual her trials and troubles, arising chiefly from inward temptations, for in outward circumstances she was tolerably comfortable.

"It was during this time we removed to where we now live, Pulverback. I have known heavy seasons of sorrow, great darkness, bitter distress; I have been sorely tempted of Satan, and plagued with the corruptions of my own heart; Oh, what heavy temptations I have been under for days and days together! I

have just sat still on my chair, tempted and buffeted of Satan; I have not had the least power to do one hand's turn for my own defence; a poor, helpless creature, straitened, weary thing; sorely tempted to believe that I had sinned against the Holy Ghost. Oh! the fiery darts of the evil one, they have pierced my poor soul through and through. Yes, I know what sore temptations mean, yet in all this my God has been with me still. He has never left me nor forsaken me."

Her present experience, for Sukey is still alive, she thus tells to "The Rector's Daughter."

"Hart's hymns, now these are my life; Hart understood my life. How the enemy and my deceitful heart have torn and cut asunder my soul. How I've been past every thing pestered about this! I'd think with myself, Well, am I right, I'm like no one else, they be all so quiet, so sleek, so smooth; they seem to have nothing of the buffetings, and strivings, and tossings, and turmoilings, and mournings, and groanings, that I have; what does this mean? Be I a christian? Am I in the right road? Why canna' I live in quietness like other good christian people? When the devil comes in, he would tell me I was clean contrary to the people of God. Such a fuss with my prayers, such a mourning, such darkness, such sorrow; this been ne'er the walk of a christian. A christian been all in the light. He donna' find such a heap of wickedness in his heart like what I've got. Oh! what I have suffered for years, aye, for years. Then I'd cry to the Lord, 'Oh, my dear heavenly Father, do resolve these heavy doubts and fears, do please to lead me into the right road.'"

As we have made such copious extracts, we, will conclude with a striking account of her experience at a subsequent period, when her house caught fire, which seems to us to stamp authenticity and weight upon the whole:

"I stood upon the causeway, and kept looking at my burning house; but from that day to this, I could never describe the deadly sickness, the frightful terror that seized my inmost soul. Oh! it is very solemn to speak of. I believed the devil's lies when he told me that God would never have suffered this to happen to one of his children; yes, I did believe it, and took it for a real sign and standing proof that I was right down deceived in all my blessed hopes, and that I should never be found among the true elect children of God; and, as I stood looking at the fire, I cried out with an exceeding bitter cry, I cried out with a loud voice, and said, 'I am undone, I am lost, I am undone for ever.'

"Was it my house I cared for? No, but it was because I thought all my heavenly and golden treasures were lost. Then I fell down all along upon the grassy bank before my burning house. I had no power either to attempt to save anything myself, or to call for assistance; as for going into the burning house, I dared not do it, I thought the flames were ready to devour me, and I

was the guiltiest wretch; my sins, my black sins, were ready to swallow me up; I kept lamenting my woeful case. What, I said, is this true? Have I been all these years in a delusion? Is my blessed hope come to nought at last? Is my precious Saviour clean gone for ever? Will he be favourable no more? Will he be no longer my Father, my Redeemer? Oh, what shall I do? When I began to think what a blessed confidence I had had in him, and how I thought he had told me himself that I should be his child, and that he would save me; and be a Father to me, and an Almighty Redeemer. Then I began to think what a boast I had made of him, and how I had published abroad to all the world that I had got a Saviour and a God; and now, I thought, is it all gone to this, what! is all my hope gone? Oh, what shall I do? Then I began to think what blessed things he had done for me. Why, said I to myself, I thought he had been pleased to reveal his name in me, and teach me to read his word, and call him my Saviour; and now has it been a delusion? How can this be, did he not teach me to pray to him? and has he not times and times blessed his word to me? And was it not himself who taught me to read his word? I thought it was him, I thought he had done all these things for me, and now is he going to forsake me? Oh, my woeful case! my sins, my heavy sins, my black sins! Oh, this is what has done it, this is what has done it; and I cried out like David, yes, I roared out this disquietness of my soul."

"Well, I kept crying, and bemoaning, and lamenting myself thus; I hardly dared to look up to God for help, I thought he was clean gone, I almost feared for ever. My sins had hid his mercy from me, and Satan told me my hope was gone for ever; all was lost. Ah! but it was not lost though, that was a lie. The blessed and merciful Lord in heaven, he heard my dolorous cry. Blessed for ever be his most holy and glorious name, he heard my pitiful cry, he saw my tears; he had compassion on me in his own time, he came to my relief, he darted into my soul in one moment, yes, in one moment he darted into my soul. He rebuked the tempter. Then was the devil vanquished. The blessed Jesus put him to flight in a moment. And the blessed Jesus took possession of my sorrowful soul. He brought joy in turn of my heavy sorrow. He assured me over and over again that he was my Saviour and my Deliverer, and that he would never leave me nor forsake me. I felt his precious blood sufficient to wash away all my sins, and my soul was joyful in God my Saviour.

"He strengthened me marvellously; it is impossible for me to describe rightly the wondrous change he wrought upon me, I who was so weak, so poorly, that I had been hardly able to crawl out of the house, and to throw myself on the grass, in one moment was strengthened, and invigorated, and replenished with all I stood in need of. Then I banged into the burning house, I cared neither for flames nor falling rafters, nor timbers, nor yet for the devil, my mortal foe, for my Saviour was with me, he was my defence. Oh, how safe I was! How safe I felt in him! He and I were alone together in the burning house."

We may add that, by the most extraordinary exertions, Sukey saved all her furniture, and that not a single article, not even a cup or saucer, received the least injury.

We may seem, perhaps, to have given too many extracts from this little tract, its whole amount not exceeding twenty-six pages; but we have felt that we could scarcely, in a smaller compass, give anything like a complete idea of the whole.

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**A Short Account of the Happy and Triumphant Death of the late Mr. Robert Creasey, Minister of the Gospel, March, Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire; to which is added a Selection of his Letters.—(June, 1849.)**

"The memory of the just is blessed;" and never more so than when they have made a blessed end. To those who love them in life, their memory is doubly dear when embalmed in the fragrance of a happy death; and even from those who hated and persecuted them living, their dying testimony has sometimes extorted the passing desire, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

The voice that sounds from the dying chamber, where, amidst weeping friends and sinking nature, grace manifests its last and strongest triumphs before swallowed up in glory, must ever forcibly appeal to feeling hearts. The same solemn hour awaits all. What, then will be their feelings; what then their manifestations; what then their strength and consolation; what then their faith, hope, love, joy, and peace; what views then of the Lord Jesus and of their interest in him; what calm in death, what support through death, what glory after death?—what living soul does not, at times, ponder over these deep and solemn realities?

Every happy and peaceful death-bed, then, is not only a proof of the Lord's faithfulness to the departed, but a source of strength and encouragement to the living. As far as regards him, he is at rest. Pain of body, anxiety of mind, afflictions in family or circumstances, powerful temptations, the fiery darts of the wicked one, and, worse than all, the plague of sin within, will trouble *him* no more. But *we*, who are left behind in this vale of tears, who have still to struggle onward, amid fightings without and fears within, may some times be encouraged by his peaceful end to press on against every outward and inward obstacle, casting ourselves wholly on Jesus, who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him.

**The death of the righteous at all times, but especially when it has been signally attended by the presence and blessing of the Lord, has something in it peculiarly softening and solemnizing. And if it be one whom we have known and loved, and we have ourselves been eye-witnesses of the solemn yet blessed scene, the effect produced is indeed far better felt than described.**

**Their frailties and imperfections are all buried in the grave. What they were as sinners, we forget; what they were as saints we only remember. If, during life, we have not in all points seen eye to eye; if in some things we have thought them wrong; if they have manifested any of those imperfections and corruptions which we feel working in our own bosoms—when the presence and love of their Lord and God have shed a sacred halo over their closing days, all these passing shades are swallowed up in that glorious light.**

**It, may, too, have been with them spiritually as we sometimes see naturally. A gloomy morn may have ushered in a stormy day, and only transient gleams of light may have burst at intervals through the lowering sky; yet, at eventide, the winds are hushed, the clouds disperse; and for some little time before the sun touches the horizon, the heavens are clear, and the bright orb of day sheds all around his dazzling beams before he is suddenly lost to view. And when gone, the golden twilight still remains, as the reflection and remembrance of his departing glory. So, many a saint who, like the subject of the above Memoir, has had little else but temptation and trial, with but few gleams of comfort, perhaps, during the greater part of his spiritual course, has, on a dying bed, shone forth a blessed spectacle of what the grace of God can do in that trying hour.**

**If such we have seen, and felt any measure of sweetness and power at the sight, some rays of the departing glory seem to reach us; and the remembrance afterwards of what we have seen and felt in that still chamber is as the twilight—The Object gone, but the rays remaining.\***

**\* Having ourselves lately witnessed a signal display of the grace of God on a death-bed, we have been almost unconsciously led to dwell upon this subject; and if we have, in so doing, somewhat trespassed on the time and patience of our readers, we trust they will receive that as our excuse.**

**The Memoir before us contains an account of the happy end of the late Robert Creasey. We were in his company a few months before he died, and can therefore bear our personal witness how sorely tempted and tried he then was.**

**Without wishing to throw the least reflection upon the departed, we confess that we thought we saw at the time a reason for his being thus sorely tried. Without meaning to be legal, and admitting to the fullest extent the sinfulness**

and helplessness of the creature, yet there was certainly at one time in his ministry a legal tinge as regards handling the precepts. This we know is delicate ground; but in this, as in everything else, there is a right and a wrong path. Some ministers neglect the precept almost as if it did not form as much a part of God's revealed word as the promise; and others legalize it. But precept and promise are alike gospel, when the soul is under the sweet and blessed operations and influences of the Holy Ghost. Without his divine, and sanctifying, and softening influences, what is promise, or what is precept? The first distils no sweetness; the last constrains to no holy obedience. The first little touches the heart; the last little moves the conscience. Each, indeed, remains the same in the word of truth; the one, still full of grace, the other still full of direction; the one pointing to the life of Jesus above, the other to the life of Jesus below; the one tending to produce fruit within, the other to produce fruit without; the one encouraging us to believe, and the other to obey. They are not dissociated in the word of God; nor are they ever separated in experience. When we feel the sweetness of the promise, we feel the power of the precept; when we love we can obey. And when our obedience to the precept flows from gospel motives, under divine influences, and towards heavenly ends, then and then only do we obey the precept aright. All other obedience ends in self-righteousness. How careful, then, should ministers be to handle the precept aright! And this they only can do when they themselves are under the influences of the Holy Spirit, filling their souls with humility and love, softening and melting their hearts into a conformity to the image of Christ, and breathing into them the tenderest affection for the people of God. But to take the precepts and make them up into a scourge, to flog therewith bleeding consciences, will never bring glory to God. It may produce a monkish obedience, a fleshly holiness; but it will never raise up the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Good men sometimes have erred here. Seeing the low state of the churches and the carnal lives of many professors, they have been stirred up as with holy zeal to scourge them into obedience by the precepts. But they have usually toiled in vain; carnal professors will remain carnal still. Chaff was never yet threshed into wheat, nor goats beaten into sheep; and whilst every stroke tells upon tender consciences, it falls upon seared ones like the snow-flake or the eiderdown.

But admitting that the children of God can be awed into obedience, thereby, is that obedience acceptable? Does Jesus want the service of the slave, or the obedience of the son; the duty of the servant, or the affection of the bride? "If ye love me, keep my commandments." "The love of Christ constraineth us." "Put on, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercy." Promise and precept, love and obedience, grace and its fruits, a believing heart and a holy life, affections in heaven and separation from the world, the fear of God and a departing from evil—are all blended in the word, as they should ever be in the heart, lips, and life of every Christian minister.

If, at any time of his ministry, Robert Creasey was tinged with a legal bias, his last furnace, we believe, burned it thoroughly out of him. For though sorely tried with Satan's fiery darts, his conversation was never more savoury, nor, as we have heard, his ministry more powerful than at that period. For being searched himself, he could search others, as well as speak a word in season to the weary. These dark clouds continued, we believe, to a late period of his earthly existence, and were only dissipated shortly before he lay on his deathbed, there to prove the faithfulness of God.

We will not, therefore, detain our readers longer from one of the accounts given in the present memorial of his happy death.

"Almost from the commencement of his long and painful illness, he very frequently expressed an earnest desire to be conformed to the will of God, and to glorify him. He frequently would say, 'I never had such a desire before in my life to glorify God and show forth his praise as I now have. I would not utter one murmuring word, but would say, with the good old prophet, It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' Sometimes at a night he would say, 'Now, if I could go to bed and get a good night's rest,' (having had but little rest for several nights before, some nights not able to go to bed at all,) 'But shall I dictate to thee, thou all-wise Being? No. Thou knowest what is best for me; but I would say with good old Eli, 'It is the Lord, let him do with me what seemeth him good;' which words he would frequently repeat. He would often say, 'I want to embrace the Rock for want of a shelter. I want to be led to that fountain which is open for sin and uncleanness, for the house of David and for the inhabitants of Jerusalem.' Many times when in great bodily pain, he would be repeating almost continually some precious portions of the word of God, such as pressed his present state, the redemption work of Christ, the Lord's kindness to his people, and what he desired to be; these following, and others of a like nature: 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' 'I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only.' And, 'Into thine hands I commit my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth;' and a part of a hymn, 'How will it be, ere thou please to grant me my desire; to fetch me home, and give me ease?'

"Many times when any part of the family said to him, 'Father, you are very bad, I doubt you are no better,' he would say, ' No, but I cannot help it; it is what the blessed Lord pleases, who will do what is right; and I would not utter one murmuring word;' which he used almost always to repeat if any observation was made respecting his being so very ill. He would say, 'I am in the blessed Lord's hands, and I do not wish to be anywhere else.' Indeed, the word of God appeared to dwell richly in him; and he would be almost constantly repeating some precious portions, either in a way of prayer or

praise.

"At one part of his illness he was very sharply tried with darkness and the hidings of God's countenance; indeed, so much so that he said the heavens appeared as iron and brass over his head, so that his prayers could not enter; for he was like the prophet, when he said, 'Though I cry and shout, he shutteth out my prayer.' And like Heman, 'I am shut up, and cannot come forth.' 'Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up the bowels of his mercy? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Will he be favourable no more? I mourn in my complaint and make a noise. Whilst I suffer his terrors I am distracted.' And truly his soul was distressed, and his heart overwhelmed within him; often would he cry out, 'Lord, save or I perish.' 'Lord, lift up on me the light of thy countenance.' 'Lord, I have no might nor power against this great company, but my eyes would be up unto thee.' 'More faith and patience.' 'Lord, increase my faith;' often repeating the following lines:

"Except my faith be stronger,  
Lord, I can wait no longer;  
For that which I desire,  
It is so long a coming,  
I weary am with running;  
My soul is set on fire.

"Although the Lord has spoke it,  
I scarcely can believe it,  
He'll help me over all;  
My sorrows are so heavy,  
And burdens are so many,  
I daily fear to fall.'

"After he had been a long time in this state, he said he was brought again to this, 'I find that nothing will do but my old cry, More faith and patience. Lord, increase my faith.'

"One day in the afternoon, which was about a month before he died, he dropped into a sleep as he sat in his chair; when he awoke, these words were on his lips: 'Let patience have its perfect work.' He had scarcely uttered these words, when the Lord broke in upon his soul with such power and sweetness, such light, love, and liberty, as appeared to be almost too much for his weak frame to bear up under, and he broke out in the words of Simeon, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' And with David, 'Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.' He had, in this blessed visit from the Lord, such a

precious manifestation of the Saviour to his soul, and such a sweet assurance of his interest in him, that he exclaimed, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.' This latter clause, 'I will dwell,' &c., he dwelt upon. Indeed, he said he felt such a blessed confidence in his soul that he could not help crying out, 'I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.' Come life or come death, he was ready. 'Oh,' said he, 'I never could have expected that such a poor, unworthy object as myself should have been favoured with so glorious a manifestation of God's love.' He always after termed this 'the glorious discovery, or manifestation,' and could not mention it without tears; and maintained he certainly saw the Lord Jesus by the eye of faith as his God and Saviour.

"When the Lord so sweetly and powerfully manifested himself to his soul, he wished for all his children, and all that feared God, to help him to bless and praise the Lord for his goodness and mercy to him. He said, 'I can now say, "Come here, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."' "

"From this time he did not sink so low as he had done before, but had an abiding sense and humbling view of his own sinfulness, utter unworthiness, and such sweet confidence in God, and was led so blessedly to justify God in all his dealings with him, often exclaiming, 'What a good and gracious God I have! how kindly he deals with me!' which rendered it quite delightful to be with him. He was much employed in blessing and praising the Lord; and scarcely ever parted with his family at night without repeating some precious portion of Scripture, such as, 'The Lord grant us his presence;' or, 'The Lord bless you out of Zion;' or, 'The Lord be with you,' &c. Towards the close of his life, these scriptures, with many others, and many sweet verses of hymns, were much repeated by him: 'In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them; in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and bare and carried them all the days of old.' After repeating the above, he said, 'I never before saw such a glory and beauty in this scripture as I now do and also this scripture, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; he knoweth our frame, and remembereth we are but dust.' 'This God is our God for ever and ever, and will be our guide even unto death.' And, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake up with thy likeness; for in thy presence there is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.' The last words he was heard to utter were, 'Christ is my hope, and grace my song.' From this time his head was laid on a pillow as he sat in his chair, apparently in a sweet sleep, for about eighteen hours, without stirring either hand or foot; and he expired in his sleep, without either struggle, sigh, or groan. He had been a consistent and useful member of a christian church for a number of years."

Appended to this short Memoir is a selection of his letters, in which it is right to observe that we do not trace any thing of the legal bias hinted at above. These somewhat remind us of Hardy's, though we think inferior in originality and power of expression.

The subjoined letter will give a very fair idea of the rest.

"The great end of all the distresses, crosses, temptations, working of inbred sin, to which we are exposed, with all divine desertions, darkness, soul-misgivings, barrenness, hardness of heart, &c., is the deeper humbling of the soul, more completely abasing of self, rendering sin more thoroughly hateful; more fully exalting Christ in the soul's view, and causing him to be more precious to the heart, in his glorious Person, his unspeakable love, his all-essential death, and most efficacious atonement, his most needful and all-supplying fulness of grace, yea, and indeed, in every office, name, and relationship that bears towards his people; and the promotion of all real holiness of heart and life; therefore it is written, 'Let him,' any and every him, 'that nameth the name of Christ depart from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.' And those who are risen with Christ are known by walking in newness of life. Yet, whilst these are the gracious ends God has in view, connected with the visible manifestation of his glory, in the painful things to which we have alluded, still the Lord's people have frequently to travel a long desert over, pass through a most nipping and sensibly withering winter, and often seriously protracted too, ere they arrive sensibly at this state of things. Hence we have them not unfrequently exclaiming, 'How long, O Lord, how long, how long wilt thou forget me? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me? for ever?' &c. There need be no promises of crooks being made straight, rough places made plain, darkness made light around the soul, iniquities subdued, the prey being delivered out of the hand of the terrible, that the desert should bud and blossom as the rose, that in the place where dragons lay should there be grass with reeds and rushes, in the wilderness waters should break out, if the state of things before named was never experienced by God's living family. And in these promises, with vast numbers besides, Christ speaks to the soul; and it is clearly seen, when faith is in exercise, that he has in truth, adored be his holy Name! the tongue of the learned, and knows how to speak a word in season, in season indeed, to the weary and heavy laden. And, verily, it appears the Lord's people are in this to spend a great part of their time in learning the deep and desperate depravity of their hearts, with all the sad and awful consequences of sin; it is not a slight view and feeling or two of their deplorable condition that will suffice; they must learn indeed how fearfully presumptuous, self-willed, dreadfully rebellious, shockingly earthly, entirely ungodly, completely unthankful, basely selfish, murderous, &c., their fallen nature is; that they are utterly without help in themselves, and that all the creatures in heaven and

earth, should they unite their strength, are entirely unable to help them; and they are therefore completely beyond the reach of anything but an almighty arm. And blessed be the Lord, they shall know that this most glorious and precious Arm has been stretched forth for their everlasting rescue. 'His own Arm,' it is written, 'brought salvation unto him.' But all the feeling, do you say, I have of my sin, the troubles I pass through, the enemies with which I have to contend, the hidings of the divine countenance that fall to my lot, and the like, seem frequently to work no good, but rather all evil in my soul, I get farther off from prosperity, until my soul seems ready quite to forget it. Ah! my dear brother, we must learn that the good is not in the things mentioned, nor is it in our power to bring any good out of them; they constitute our wants, diseases, ruin, loss, and the like, or are a means of manifesting these; and it is when the Lord returns to the heart, when he breaks in with spiritual light and power; revealing himself to us, and applying his savings, benefits, and glorious new covenant blessings to us, that we realize the Lord's gracious end towards our souls in the trying things through which he is pleased to cause us to pass. Forget not, my beloved brother, what is said of that third part, the part which is left when two parts in the land are cut off and perish, a profane and a professing part I suppose; it is said of this most highly favoured part, 'The third part I will bring through the fire;' a fire, through the very midst of a fire, not round or very near it merely; surely this must hold out something very painful and alarming, too. However, this is the mercy, Christ has engaged to bring them through, and not to leave them in the fire. Hence he has engaged in another place, that when his people pass through the fire the flames shall not kindle upon them; and seeing it is no less than the Lord himself who brings his people through the fire, whose wisdom, love, compassion, &c., are truly boundless and without variation, there can be no just ground to fear but that all concerning the degree of heat and the length of time occupied in passing through the flames will be exactly regulated with a view to the soul's real profit and the glory of God.

"Now, these remarks are founded on the most unspeakable realities, though our wretched hearts frequently are ready to say the least, to treat them as mere fables. Oh! the smallness of our faith! Alas! for the greatness of our unbelief! David cries out, 'Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.' Wondrous things, my brother, are everywhere couched in the gospel of the Son of God, in the divine dealings with the souls of the Lord's people, in all the providences which concern them: 'For all things,' it is positively affirmed, 'work together for good to them that love God, to them which are the called according to his purpose.' And sometimes these immortal, all-satisfying, most merciful and gracious, heart-purifying, soul-quickenings, raising, strengthening, and ennobling, peace-speaking, and comforting things are opened with a divine radiance indeed to the believer. Then do we prove in truth that we can do all things through Christ, which

strengtheneth us.' Ah! what cost of pain, bereavements, coldness of friends, enmity of foes, &c., can be too great, which leads us to experience Christ to be our strength and everlasting portion? The Lord spiritually open our eyes from day to day to behold his wondrous things, for not one particle of them can we discern spiritually for the soul's sensible quickening and refreshment when left to ourselves.

"Allow me to say in conclusion, never once permit the thought of any great things with which I may have been favoured of God to deter you from writing freely of any sad case you may experience; for I often feel that I am less than the least of all saints."

"One thing more I must say, Do not expect to realize God's blessing out of God's own path; remember the promise, 'He shall give his angels charge over thee, *to keep thee in all thy ways.*' You recollect how Satan left out these last seven salutary words when tempting Christ; and this is more or less his way with all the members of Christ. The Lord cause us to keep on our watch tower, frequent a throne of grace, keep close to the Bible, and diligently walk in every right path. And may he increase our love to Zion more and more!  
Yours in the Lord,  
R. CREASEY.

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**The Resurrection Body; being the Views of James Godsmark, Minister of Providence Chapel, Hackney.**

**A Pamphlet by J. Godsmark, being a Further Declaration of his Views on the Resurrection.**

**The resurrection of Christ's Identical Body Proved, By George Abrahams, Minister of Regent Street Chapel, City Road.—(February, 1851.)**

**A Controversy has arisen between Mr. Godsmark, of Hackney, and Mr. Abrahams, on the subject of the Risen Body of the Lord Jesus Christ.**

Controversy is a subject that we usually avoid, as often tending more to strife and to "minister questions, rather than godly edifying, which is in faith." Imputations are made, harsh speeches used, and in the warmth of the moment expressions dropped as much at variance with the precepts as with the spirit of the gospel. The controversial writings of neither Toplady nor Huntington, eminent as both were in grace and gifts, are totally free from this blot. Yet at times controversy is not only unavoidable, but necessary. When Arianism arose in the fourth century, an Athanasius was needed to rebut and destroy it.

When Pelagianism sprang up in the fifth century, an Augustine was required to overthrow it. In later days, by the controversial writings of Luther, Popery received a deadly wound; Toplady's sharp pen penetrated through John Wesley's Arminian coat of mail; and Huntington's powerful arguments demolished the moral law as a rule of life to believers. In fact, as there is not a truth which has not been attacked and denied, nor an imaginable error which has not been broached, controversy is inevitable, unless we would see truth trampled under foot. An important error, we will say, is advanced by some man of name and influence, and sedulously propagated by him and his followers. If not at once detected and exposed, this error gradually gains ground, and at last may become established as a truth. Such was the rise and progress of most of the errors of Popery. They were broached by men of learning or influence, and as all opposition to them was prevented by persecution, they became in time almost universally recognized. Controversy is, therefore, in such cases indispensable, and becomes a blessing to the church. It is in fact, under such circumstances, a necessary branch of "contending earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints."

Controversy has winnowed truth from error; controversy has torn to pieces the robes of Satan transformed into an angel of light; and controversy has established on a firm basis, one by one, well nigh every article of our most holy faith. There is nothing, then, in controversy itself intrinsically wrong. It is the abuse, not the use, which has so often made it objectionable. We desire, then, to approach the controversy before us in the spirit of the gospel, and, as far as we have light on the subject, to enter upon it without partiality or any respect of persons, our aim being, not men or ministers, but truth. It is a subject, to our mind, of weight and importance, as involving vital, essential truth. It is not a mere strife of words—a dispute about non-essentials, but touches the very foundation on which the church is built. This is, therefore, our main reason, as it must form our chief apology, for introducing the present controversy into the pages of the "Gospel Standard."

The Resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ is a grand fundamental article of the faith once delivered to the saints. It is well worthy of notice that there is not a single sermon recorded in the Acts of the Apostles in which it does not form the principal feature. When Judas went to his place, and an apostle was chosen in his room, it was that he might be a witness of Christ's resurrection. (Acts 1:22.) And, therefore, when Paul, who was called after Christ's ascension, would establish his claim to the apostolic office, he says, "Am I not an apostle? am I not free? have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord?" (1 Cor. 9:1,) he being favoured with an especial revelation of the risen Jesus, to qualify him to be a witness of his resurrection. On this branch of the subject we need not, however, enlarge, both parties equally admitting the fact and deep importance of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus. The matter in controversy is, *With what body* did he arise? Was it *actual flesh and blood*, as

Abraham's holds? or was it, as Mr. Godsmark maintains, a body so sublimed, as it were, and altered, that it no longer possesses flesh and blood, but is rather some ethereal, aerial substance?

As our object is not men, but truth, we shall take no notice of any harsh speeches made on either side. Truth is not forwarded by such weapons, and, in our judgment, both parties have erred here.

The truth, on this momentous subject, can only be found in the Scriptures. All arguments, therefore, founded upon mere natural reasoning—all assertions that this or that view is absurd, irrational, improbable, or impossible, must be laid aside.

Nothing more stumbles human reason than the incarnation of the Son of God and the resurrection of the saints—two articles, each fully admitted by both parties. Try these by human reason, and we fall at once into infidelity. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves wholly to the Scriptures, and see what *they* teach on this important point.

But we must premise that, generally speaking, on these mysterious subjects, which are matters not of reason but of revelation, the Scriptures confine us, as it were, within certain definite limits. The path of truth resembles a road bounded on each side by landmarks, to show us where *we may not go*. Within these boundary stones the road lies; and thus, when we would turn aside to the right hand or the left, there is a voice saying, as it were behind us, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

1. In approaching this subject, our first inquiry will be, *What body did the Lord Jesus take?* This we must lay as the solid foundation of the whole argument. Here the Scriptures are most decided, clear, and positive. Was it not *actual flesh and blood*? How clearly does the apostle speak on this point!

"Forasmuch, then, as the children are *partakers of flesh and blood*, he also himself likewise *took part of the same*; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil" (Heb. 2:14). Did not Christ's human nature consist of a perfect human body and a perfect human soul, different from ours only in two points: 1, that it was a nature, not a person; 2, that it was conceived in a supernatural way by the overshadowing operation of the Holy Ghost; and therefore perfectly and intrinsically holy and pure, without the least taint of sin, sickness, or mortality? With these two exceptions, the human nature of the Lord Jesus Christ was identical with ours. He ate, he drank, he slept, he walked, he wept, was weary, had bones, though not one of them was broken, had flesh, through which nails were driven, and blood, which he shed for man's redemption.\*

**\*One would suppose that all this was too plain to be denied. Yet the first century was pestered with a set of heretics called *Docetae*, a branch of the early *Gnostics*, who actually denied that Christ was clothed with a real body or that he really suffered, their idea being that his body was a kind of aerial substance, resembling, but not identical with our own.**

**2. Was not this participation in human nature the grand mystery ordained before the foundation of the world? "And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh" (1 Tim. 3:16). "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us: (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth" (John 1:14). John makes the confession or denial of this grand truth the decisive test of a true or false spirit, with reference, doubtless, to the Gnostic heresy then prevalent, to which we have already alluded in our note. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and this is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world" (1 John 4:1-3). In his second Epistle, John speaks with equal strength and decision: "For many deceivers are entered into the world, who confess not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh. This is a deceiver and an antichrist. Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed; for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds" (2 John 9-11). With the exception of the Ebionites, a small sect at the close of the first century, who denied Christ's divinity, the heresies of the apostolic times were chiefly confined to one point—a denial of Christ's having actually taken flesh. They allowed that he was *God*, but not that he was really and truly *man*. This will explain why John insists so strongly upon Christ's *having come in the flesh, i.e.*, was really and truly a partaker of the flesh and blood of the children. And, indeed, upon this all redemption, and consequently all salvation, hangs. If Christ were not really and truly man, then he had no true and real union with human nature, and consequently there is no true and real mediation, no true and real sacrifice, no true and real reconciliation, no true and real redemption. If, as the Gnostics asserted, Christ's human nature was not real, but apparent; not substantial flesh and blood, but shadowy, then all Christ's work, and consequently redemption itself, would be but apparent and shadowy too. John, therefore, opposed this heresy so strongly because it cut at the very root of redemption, and so denied the whole work of salvation from first to last.**

As we pursue our argument it will be seen what bearing this has upon the controversy before us, and why we have laid it down thus broadly at the outset.

**3. Did not Christ in this true, actual, real, substantial human nature suffer and die upon the cross?\***

**\*This was denied by Cerinthus, one of the early Gnostics, and concerning whom we have an interesting anecdote of the apostle John. The beloved disciple, while he resided at Ephesus going once to bathe there, perceived that Cerinthus was in the bath. He came out again hastily. "Let us flee," said he, "lest the bath should fall, whilst Cerinthus, an enemy of truth, is in it."**

**4. When the blessed Redeemer laid down his life, and, breathing forth his holy soul, left, so to speak, his body on the cross, was not that same, actual, identical body laid in the tomb?**

**5. Was not that same, actual, identical body preserved in the tomb without any—the slightest taint of corruption? Here the Scripture is express. This was the ancient record: "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption" (Psa. 16:9, 10). That this was literally fulfilled, we have the express testimony of Paul. "Wherefore he saith also in another psalm, Thou shalt not suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption. But he whom God raised again saw no corruption" (Acts 13:35-37).**

These steps have led us to the resurrection of the Lord Jesus. We ask, then,

**6. Did this true, actual, identical body rise from the dead? Here, we approach the pith and marrow of the controversy. That a change took place as regards that body we admit; that any such change took place as essentially altered the nature of that body we deny.**

But before we come to the scriptural proof of this, we must premise two observations:

**1. That the Lord Jesus had but *one* body. This body was prepared for him: "Wherefore when he cometh into the world, saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a *body* thou prepared me" (Hebrews 10:5). Now, if Christ's risen body *essentially* differed from his suffering or crucified body, then he would have, not *one*, but *two* bodies. Here lies the whole pith of the controversy. The Person of Immanuel is God-Man. If, then, any such change**

has taken place in the risen body of the Lord Jesus as has altered, affected, or essentially changed his true, real, and proper humanity, so that he is no longer actually *man* as well as God, his complex Person is thereby destroyed. Here, then, is one of the boundary stones of which we spoke as pointing out and limiting the path of truth. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, *the man* Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. 2:5). Observe the words, "There is one Mediator, *the man* Christ Jesus." If not a man, therefore not a Mediator; if not *now* a man, not *now* a Mediator. We must therefore hold by this sacred truth as by our life, for it is our life, our all—that the Mediator now at the right hand of the Father is *a man*, a real, actual man, as well as God; and that the body which he wears is the *one* body "prepared" for him, the one body that suffered, the one body that rose from the dead, the one body that ascended up on high. An error here is fatal, for it removes the foundation on which the church of Christ is built.

2. What is human nature? It consists, all admit, of a body and of a soul. Both of these the Son of God took into union with his divine nature. Concerning Christ's human soul there is between the parties no controversy. His body, as a human body, was actual flesh and blood. This was essential to his being man. If he had not taken flesh and blood, actual flesh and blood, he would not have been man, actual man. Now, is not flesh and blood an essential part of human nature? It is not what logicians call "an accident," *i.e.*, something, such as race or language, which does not affect the very essence of the thing itself; but flesh and blood are so essential to human nature that, if not existing or removed, human nature is destroyed. Therefore, whatever change has passed upon Christ's human nature, however inconceivably glorious it now is, no such change has taken place as has destroyed flesh and blood; for if it have, it has destroyed his human nature; and then he has ceased to be the man Christ Jesus, and the church has no longer a Mediator at the right hand of God.

We now pass on to positive scriptural proof that Christ's risen body was, and therefore is, actual flesh and blood. How decisive is the Lord's own testimony to this point! "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have. And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet" (Luke 24:39, 40). "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is *I myself*"—not an aerial, ethereal substance, but I myself, the same, actual, identical Jesus—the same man that for three years you have seen and known. "Behold my hands and my feet"—real, actual human hands and feet. And if sight will not convince you, *feel* them; "*handle me*," feel if I am not substantial, "for a spirit hath not *flesh* and *bones* as ye see me have." Now, is it possible to deny in the face of this express declaration of Christ himself that he has now flesh and bones?

**Thomas would not believe that Christ had actually risen from the dead. And here we may observe that Thomas's unbelief has been wonderfully and mercifully over-ruled for the good of the church. His unbelief has contributed to establish her faith.**

**But what was the only thing, the only solid and unanswerable proof that Thomas would accept as demonstrative that Christ was indeed risen from the dead? Would an ethereal, aerial body have convinced him? No; nothing would satisfy him but a real, actual, substantial flesh and blood body, such as he knew was nailed to the cross. "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe" (John 20:25). This the Lord mercifully vouchsafed him. "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing" (John 20:27). Now, when the Lord said to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands," were they not *real* hands? And if real hands, were they not hands of flesh and blood? the same hands actually and truly that were nailed to the cross? Were not the scars of the nails actually in the hands? and might not Thomas have touched those scars, and thrust his hand into the actual side which was pierced with the Roman spear? Now, if those scarred hands were not *actual human* hands, and that pierced side not *really flesh and blood*, we say it with all reverence, the Lord would have deceived Thomas. He who is perfect truth would have said the thing that was not. Now let us see how Mr. Godsmark explains these appearances of the Lord Jesus to his disciples after his resurrection, which will also give us the opportunity of presenting his views in his own language:**

**"We destroyed the temple of his body, but in three days he built it up again, and having purged our sins, which was his destruction, he beautified it with infinite glory, which swallows up everything natural. Therefore, it behoved Christ that he should reveal himself unto his disciples after his resurrection—naturally to their senses, in order to confirm them that it was the same Jesus; but that glory which would eclipse every natural appearance was hid from their eyes. Therefore he says, in order to confirm them that he was not a spirit as they supposed, 'Handle me, and see that it is I myself; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have.' He also did eat before them; but of course, not from necessity—it was simply to confirm them. And the Christ of God could as easily transfigure himself from a glorious body to a natural body, as he did from a natural body to a glorified body, on the Mount, or as he could stand before them in an instant—the doors being shut—and in an instant vanish out of their sight."**

**Observe the last sentence, where such a distinction is made between a *natural* body and a *glorified* body as evidently makes the Lord Jesus to have had *two***

different bodies. Mr. Godsmark, we, know, declares in words that Christ had but one body, for he says that his glorious body was "not another body, but the same body;" but his assertion that Christ's body is now no longer flesh and blood makes it a different body from what it was when on the cross. It brings us, in fact, to this dilemma: Christ appeared to Thomas and to the other disciples, either with an actual flesh and blood body, or with an aerial body, in which there was no flesh and blood at all. Now, one of these consequences necessarily follows; the scars were either *real* scars, in a real flesh and blood body, or *pretended* scars, sham marks, only calculated to deceive the eyes of Thomas. We ask one question: Were they real hands, or *sham* hands?—the same actual, identical flesh and blood hands that were nailed to the cross, or merely aerial appearances? We are sorry to be compelled to use such language, but if they were merely aerial appearances, it was a deception; and then what evidence have we that Christ rose from the dead at all? If Thomas's eyes could be deceived by an aerial appearance, a mere phantasm, how do we know that Christ's body was ever anything but an aerial appearance; and what proof is there that ever he had an actual flesh and blood body at all? If the eyes and other senses of the disciples could have been deceived *after* the resurrection why not *before*? Luke tells that "he showed himself alive after his passion, by many *infallible proofs*, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God" (Acts 1:3). Where are these "infallible proofs," if the mouth that spoke was not a real mouth, if the eyes that looked were not real eyes, if the feet that walked were not real feet, if the features of the face were not real features, if the hands that broke the bread at Emmaus were not real hands? Did aerial hands break a substantial loaf? Now if these absurdities must at once be rejected as a destruction of the very testimony on which revelation itself stands, there can only be another solution admissible with the views of Mr. Godsmark, *viz.*, that Christ in these appearances to his disciples resumed for a time his flesh and blood body. This, from the extract we have given, appears to be Mr. Godsmark's view. But this necessarily involves that Christ had *two* bodies, and that, too, after the resurrection—one aerial, in which there is no flesh and blood at all, and another, which Mr. Godsmark calls "natural." According to this view, the aerial body is now in heaven, the natural body broke bread at Emmaus; the aerial body was assumed on the Mount of Transfiguration, and then dropped to re-assume the natural body that hung on the cross.

Now, if the body of Christ were a flesh and blood body *before* the resurrection, and an ethereal body, without any flesh and blood, *after* the resurrection, we are necessarily landed into one of these two consequences: 1. Either that the Lord Jesus practised a deception upon Thomas, to persuade him that he had flesh and blood when he had not—a thing awful to think of; or, 2, that Christ had *two* distinct bodies, *one* flesh and blood, which he

showed to Thomas; and *another* without flesh and blood, which he now wears in heaven.

But where does Scripture speak of Christ having *two* bodies, one natural and the other spiritual, and that he alternately changed from one to the other? And where does the word of God say that Christ had a *natural* body at all? *We* have natural bodies, because begotten by natural generation but Christ's body was begotten by a supernatural operation. It was "a holy thing," a spiritual body in its very conception, because begotten by the Holy Ghost, according to the angel's express testimony, "And the angel answered and said unto her, *The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee*, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God" (Luke 1:25). It was indeed flesh and blood, because made of the seed of the woman, and whilst in the world had certain incidents, as eating, drinking, sleeping, &c., necessary to a time state; but still it was a spiritual body, because "conceived" (or "begotten," margin) "of the Holy Ghost." How plain is the testimony of the Holy Spirit here! Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: "When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, *she was found with child of the Holy Ghost*" (Matt. 1:18). Therefore the angel said to Joseph, "Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for *that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost*" (Matt. 1:20).

Here it appears to us that Mr. Godsmark has stumbled, overlooking the spiritual generation of the Lord Jesus. Let us ask him, in all faithfulness, one or two questions. You talk about Christ's *natural* body. Was not that body begotten by the Blessed Spirit? Did the Blessed Spirit, then, beget a natural body? Like begets like. Our bodies are natural, because our fathers' were natural. But Christ's body was a spiritual body, because begotten of the Blessed Spirit. Mr. Godsmark admits that Christ's body when transfigured upon the Mount was a spiritual, or at least glorified body:

"But nothing seems more conclusive to me, as regards the glorified body of Jesus, than that which was revealed to the disciples on the holy Mount of Transfiguration. And this revelation was not merely to establish them in the divinity of Christ; the Spirit of the Father had just before revealed that he was the Christ, the Son of the living God, as declared by Peter. But he was now about to favour them with a glimpse of his glorified body; but they were not to speak of it till after his resurrection, when that which they then saw would be really accomplished.... Thus the disciples saw his glory—his glorified or glorious body, as it is now in heaven. And, as an excellent author observes, 'Gazing at the glorified body of their Master, they beheld not only a proof but an express and lively image of his resurrection, ascension, and exaltation above the heavens.'... Now the question is this, In which of the two characters

does Christ appear in heaven—as they then saw him, or as they saw him before, when they saw his glory? I believe we shall see his glorious body infinitely more glorious than the disciples saw it, which no mortal eye can behold without expiring; and this infinite glory of the Son of Man must be something more than flesh and blood."

But this cuts the whole ground from under his feet; for he must own that this glorified body upon the Mount was at that time and afterwards actual flesh and blood, really and truly ate, drank, slept, sweated blood, and at last suffered on the cross. This changing backwards and forwards, as if Christ had two bodies, one natural and the other spiritual, both before and after his resurrection, appears to us monstrous indeed, and what the Scripture knows nothing of. It seems to us that the cause of his stumbling in this way arises from his confounding the resurrection of our bodies with that of Christ's.

These, as we, hope (D.V.) to show in our next number, are distinct things. Having exceeded our usual limits, we must reserve to another opportunity our remarks upon two points closely connected with the present subject: 1. How Christ's risen body differed from his crucified body: 2. The resurrection of the saints, and how in their case the body is sown a natural body and raised a spiritual body. Meanwhile we may observe that Mr. Godsmark's view is merely the revival of an old heresy, as most new discoveries are, broached, as Tertullian informs us in the second century, by some disciples of Marcion and Apelles. This made Irenaeus introduce into his creed the express words, "The taking up into the heavens of Jesus Christ *in flesh*." Dr. Owen says it is "a Socinian fiction," in the extract immediately following, which we have given as, in our opinion, very much to the point. The words of truth and soberness that are stamped upon it throughout are well worth consideration by Mr. Godsmark and his friends:

"That very nature itself which he took on him in this world is exalted into glory. Some, under a pretence of great subtlety and accuracy, do deny that he hath either flesh or blood in heaven; that is, as to the substance of them; however, you may suppose that they are changed, purified, glorified. The great foundation of the church, and all gospel faith is, that he was made flesh, and that he did partake of flesh and blood, even as did the children. That he hath forsaken that flesh and blood which he was made in the womb of the blessed Virgin, wherein he lived and died, which he offered unto God in sacrifice, and wherein he rose from the dead, is a Socinian fiction. What is the true nature of the glorification of the humanity of Christ, neither those who thus surmise nor can we perfectly comprehend. It doth not yet appear what we ourselves shall be, much less is it evident unto us what he is whom we shall be like. But that he is still in the human nature wherein he was on the earth, that he hath the same rational soul and the same body, is a fundamental

article of the Christian faith." *Owen on the Glory of Christ*, chap. 7.

*Continued March, 1851.*

In our last Number we intimated our intention (D.V.) to make some remarks upon two points closely connected with the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, as it appeared to us, desirable, if not necessary, towards a fuller view of that important subject. These two points were, 1, How Christ's risen body differed from his crucified body; and 2, The resurrection of the saints, and how their body is sown a natural body, and raised a spiritual body. This pledge we now, with God's blessing, propose to redeem.

1. The view in our last Number we endeavoured to combat was, it will doubtless be remembered, that Christ's risen body was not *actual flesh and blood*, but some ethereal, aerial substance. The identity, the oneness and the sameness of the body of the Lord Jesus, and "that he is still in the same human nature wherein he was on earth, that he hath the same rational soul and the same body," we believe, with Dr. Owen, to be "a fundamental article of the Christian faith." Mr. Godsmark's views destroy, as we conceive, that identity. An aerial substance, in which there is no flesh and blood, is not the one body prepared for him, nor that real, actual, essential manhood which the Son of God took into union with his divine Person. And yet, though the same body in substance, it is evident that a change has passed upon it, which, without absorbing, destroying, or annihilating flesh and blood, has yet rendered that body unspeakably glorious.

In attempting to unfold this sacred and mysterious subject, we must revert to a remark dropped by us in our last Number—that the path of truth lies within certain boundary lines. *Within* these limits we are safe; we are on the King's highway of holiness; we are on consecrated soil, where the redeemed may walk under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

1. *One* of these boundaries we have already laid down—the identity of Christ's human body as now actually participant in flesh and blood. This forms one limit of the path, to swerve from which is to fall immediately into error.

2. The *other* boundary is, the exclusion from the glorious humanity of the Lord Jesus of all infirmities incidental to a time state. It was necessary for the accomplishment of the work of redemption that the human nature of the Lord Jesus should resemble ours in all points, sin only excepted. It was therefore born, and grew like ours, ate, drank, slept, suffered, bled, and died. Jesus was thus "made a little (or, 'for a little while,' *margin*) lower than the angels," who, as undying spirits, are not subject to such sinless infirmities as encompassed the Babe of Bethlehem. These sinless infirmities were incidental

to a time state; but they are not essential to human nature, nor necessary to its existence. Upon earth, in a time state, flesh and blood are sustained by food and sleep; but flesh and blood may and do exist in heaven without any such earthly support.

The present glory of Christ's human nature, as in intimate union with his Godhead, and exalted "far above all principality and power, and every name that can be named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come," surpasses human comprehension. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him;" and amongst these things, so unutterably glorious, is the human nature of the Lord Jesus: for, as John says, "We shall see him as he is" (1 John 3:2); and, as Paul declares, "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face" (1 Cor. 13:2). Glory and majesty pervade every feature and lineament of that "visage once marred more than any man, and that form once afflicted more than the sons of men." Those eyes that once drooped in rest on the Galilean lake (Mark 4:28), now neither slumber nor sleep, but ever beam with brightness as lamps of fire. The hands that were nailed to the cross now wield the sceptre and govern all things that are in heaven and earth. The mouth that cried in agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" now speaks, and the armies of heaven obey, and now whispers to the suffering saints on earth pardon and peace. The voice that once, faint and languishing, murmured forth, "Let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done," is now full of melody and power, "as the sound of many waters." And the feet which bore the wearied body along Samaria's toilsome road (John 4:6), and which the rude nails of the cross mangled and tore, are now "like fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace," (Rev. 1:14, 15). All weakness, for "he was crucified in weakness," is gone; he is "declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead" (Rom. 1:4). On earth he "hid not his face from shame and spitting," but he is now "crowned with glory and honour" (Heb. 2:9). Death had once dominion over him, for though his human nature was not mortal as is ours, that is, had no seeds of death naturally in it, yet he laid down his life that he might take it again; and submitted to die that "through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them, who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage," (Heb. 2:14, 15). "But now, Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over him; for in that he died, he died unto sin once, but in that he liveth; he liveth unto God" (Rom. 6:9, 10). He now lives "after the power of an endless life" (Heb. 7:16). He, therefore, says of himself, "I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death" (Rev. 1:18.)

The glory of his exalted human nature we cannot now comprehend. All we

know is, that it is inconceivably glorious, and exalted above the nature of angels and every name that is named in heaven and in earth; that, though still flesh and blood, it is free from all the weaknesses of humanity; that in it, it hath pleased the Father all fulness should dwell; that it is in most intimate and indissoluble union with his Godhead, from which it derives unspeakable glory and lustre; that in it the Father hath unutterable satisfaction and delight; that it is the bond of union and communion between God and man; the channel of all mercy, through which streams of pardon flow down to the sons of men; the treasure house of all grace and truth; the consecrated medium of life, light, love, happiness, and holiness; and the glorious pattern to which the risen bodies of the saints are to be conformed.

It was represented in type, to the sleeping Jacob, by the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, upon which the angels of God ascended and descended: intimating thereby, that through it all the messages from the saints go up, and all messages to them from heaven come down. It is, viewed in union with his Godhead, a fountain of grace, a door of hope, a consecrated mercy-seat, a holy altar, a smoking censer, a habitation for God, a refuge for man. It is a mystery which "the angels desire to look into;" the summit of Jehovah's wisdom, and the deepest emanation of his grace; taking its rise in the eternal fountain of his good pleasure, gushing forth in streams of mercy throughout time, and rolling onward to the inexhaustible ages of eternity. To know it is eternal life; to taste it is the beginning of endless bliss; to see it is the joy of heaven; and to be conformed to it is to awake up satisfied with such a glorious likeness. Here let us pause a while to meditate before we pass on to our second point.

II.—*The Resurrection of the Saints.* Now, in them we have to consider two things: 1, How their body is sown a natural body, and 2, How it is raised a spiritual body?

1. By "a *natural* body," we understand not merely a body of flesh and blood, sustained by food and sleep, but a body tainted and corrupted by the Adam fall.\* The penalty of disobedience denounced on Adam was *death*: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." This denunciation most surely took effect. Though the body of Adam did not sink into the grave until 930 years after the fall, he died in the very hour that he ate of the forbidden fruit—died in his soul so as to become dead in trespasses and sins, and died in his body, inasmuch as in that hour the entrance of sin brought with it the seeds of sickness and death. And "as in Adam all die," all his posterity partake of this mortality and death.

\* Here we wish to drop a word or two upon some expressions which we used in our last Number, and which, if not erroneous, were at least liable to exception or misconception.

We allude to what we said in p. 63, about Christ's body being a spiritual body from its conception. In saying that Christ had not a natural body, we did not mean that he had not an animal nature, *i.e.*, actual human flesh and blood, for to establish that was the drift of all our argument. But we meant that his human nature, not being begotten by natural generation, did not partake of the taint of corruption of the fall. Thus Christ's human nature was not like ours, inherently mortal. It could die, yea, was made that it should die. But the blessed Redeemer said of himself, "I lay down my life for the sheep; no man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." We used the word *natural* in what we consider the scriptural sense, *viz.*, *fallen nature*, as, "The *natural* man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." By a "natural man" is there meant a partaker of the Adam fall, and of the death in sin which was consequent upon the Adam fall. Now, in this sense, Christ was not a "natural man." He partook not of the Adam fall, and therefore not of the death of the Adam fall. His soul was essentially, intrinsically holy, and always did that which was pleasing to God. His soul, therefore, needed not to be regenerated as ours does. So also Christ's body, though of flesh and blood, was essentially a holy body—holy in its conception; a fit companion for a holy soul. We have sinful souls and sinful bodies; he had a holy soul and a holy body; and thus was "a Lamb without blemish and without spot." And yet, in a time state, as "made of a woman," and "in all things made like unto his brethren," his body, as an animal body, increased in stature, and his soul, as a holy soul, increased in wisdom. In this sense we used the word *natural* and *spiritual*, meaning by "natural" tainted and depraved by the fall, as the Apostle Jude uses the word (5:19) "sensual," (the same word in the original as is translated 1 Cor. 2:14, and 15:44, "natural"), "having not the Spirit." And as the same word is also used by James (3:15), "This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly *sensual* (*margin*, natural), devilish." In a similar manner, in speaking of Christ's body as spiritual in its conception, we meant that it was holy as begotten of the Spirit; not spiritual in the same sense as Paul uses the words, "a spiritual body" (1 Cor. 15:44). Our object was to destroy the argument drawn from 1 Cor. 15:44, as applicable to Christ, believing as we do, that it has reference only to the resurrection of the saints. This we believe to be the scriptural meaning of the term *natural*, and in that signification we used it. But as it might appear thereby that we denied that Christ's body was natural in the sense of animal, and therefore not identical with "the flesh and blood of the children," our language was open to exception, and we have taken the earliest opportunity to explain it.

Now, the Lord Jesus did not partake of the Adam fall, either in its guilt, death, or corruption. Though "made of a woman" who was fallen, and partaker of the flesh and blood of the children, his flesh was sanctified by the Holy Spirit in its very conception; and being a "holy thing," in it were no seeds of

sickness, corruption, or mortality. But our bodies are fallen and our flesh corrupt; and in this sense our body is sown a natural body.

To illustrate this part of our subject, let us for a moment cast a glimpse at three different things: 1, The body of Adam unfallen; 2, The body of Adam fallen; 3, The body of the Lord Jesus Christ.

1. The body of Adam was created out of the dust of the earth; but, in it, as it came pure from the hands of its Maker, were no seeds of sickness, sin, or death.

2. The body of Adam fallen was like ours, sinful and mortal.

3. Compare with these, the body of the Lord Jesus. Like the body of Adam unfallen, it had in it neither sin, sickness, nor mortality. But, it differed from the body of Adam unfallen in these three particulars: 1, It was a nature, not a person; 2, It was begotten by the Blessed Spirit, and was therefore intrinsically and essentially holy, whereas the body of Adam was merely pure; 3, It could not fall nor sin. It could die, but only by a voluntary act. Adam's body died because it sinned. Christ's body died that it might redeem from sin. The burial and resurrection, therefore, of Christ's body, is not wholly identical with ours. His body in the grave knew no corruption, because a holy body; but our body is sown in corruption. Our bodies need to be purged of sin which now dwelleth in them; but he did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; "he was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," and therefore had no taint of sin to be purged away. We can only be raised by the mighty power of God; Christ raised himself by his own power. "Destroy this temple," he said, "and in three days will I raise it up." We rise as individuals; he rose as the great Head of the church. We rise only by virtue of his power: "In Christ shall all (*i.e.*, the elect) be made alive." He rose by his own power: "I lay down my life, that I might take it again." Christ's resurrection is the pledge, the first fruits, and the sure earnest of the resurrection of the saints; and to his glorious body are their bodies to be perfectly conformed: "Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself" (Phil. 3:21). The saints are to awake up in his likeness (Psalm 17:15). "We shall be like him," says John, "for we shall see him as he is" (1 John 3:2).

2. They will then have "*a spiritual body*"—that is, not one changed into a spirit, nor into some aerial substance, but employed in spiritual services; delighting in spiritual things, bright and glorious "as the angels which are in heaven" (Mark 12:25); without weakness, sin, or infirmity; not needing sleep, or rest, or food. They bore on earth the image of the earthy: a house of clay, a

tabernacle of dust, taken from the ground, that it might return unto it again; the abode of sickness and sorrow; filled with vile lusts and passions; subject to pain and weariness; exposed to death from a falling tile, a crumb, or a cherry stone; creeping and crawling in infancy, fevered in youth, asthmatic and worn out in old age, and sinful and miserable in all. This, their "natural body," as an old husk, a tattered, worn-out garment, they quit at death, as the butterfly its loathsome chrysalis case, the sailor his crazy, water-logged, sinking ship, and the owner of a new house his old hired, tumbled-down tenement. Slow and sluggish, a constant clog to the soul; chained down to the dull clods of clay amongst which it toils and labours; wearied with a few miles' walk to chapel, or with sitting an hour on the same seats; with eyes, ears, mouth, all inlets and outlets to evil: tempting and tempted: galloping to evil and crawling to good; with its shattered nerves, aching joints, panting lungs, throbbing head, and all the countless ills that flesh is heir to: what is this poor earthly frame fit for but to drop into the grave, and be buried out of sight till the glorious resurrection morn? There let it lie, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," till "the trumpet shall sound," and the sleeping dust be raised "a spiritual body," to die no more, to sin no more, to suffer no more: "for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortality must put on immortality."

How this change takes place, and in what it consists, we know not, for John says, "We know not what we shall be." But we may be certain it will be a glorious body, perfectly pure and holy, without spot or stain, fit companion for an immortal soul; able to see God as he is face to face, and bear "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory." A natural body is only adapted to the present course of nature, fitted only for a time state; but a spiritual body is fitted for eternity, for "as is the earthy"—earthy, fallen Adam—"such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly"—the glorious and spiritual body of Christ, the Lord from heaven—"such are they also that are heavenly" when fully conformed to his glorious image; "for flesh and blood," in its present state of corruption, sin, and death, "cannot inherit the kingdom of God." It is sinful, and needs purifying; it is carnal, and needs sanctifying. It is now earthy, and must be made heavenly; vile, and must be made glorious; it is now frail and crushed before the moth; and therefore must be changed, transformed, and conformed to the glorious body of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Here, then, we close, sensible of the imperfect manner in which we have handled the subject, but desirous to do so in a way that shall be for the glory of God and the good of his people.

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Popery; its Character and its Crimes. *By William Elfe Tayler.*—(July, 1851.)

Popery possesses one peculiar and most distinctive feature—*it is unchangeable*. This is at once its strength and its weakness. Its strength, because its advocates can point to their church and say, "Ours is no ephemeral production, no mere birth of yesterday, no flickering meteor light, no fluctuating, ever-varying system that lives its little hour, and then dies away for ever. *Our* church we can trace upward through revolving centuries, and can prove that her doctrines, principles, rites, ceremonies, and observances, during the whole of that lengthened period, have never varied. The hymns which, sung in the cathedral of Milan in the days of Ambrose (A.D. 380) so touched the youthful heart of Augustine, sound through the same aisles still; the litany of Gregory the Great (A.D. 596) is chanted in our service still; and the sacrifice of the mass, once offered by the hands of martyrs, is celebrated by the same rites at our altars still. Search the writings of the fathers, and you will find in them every doctrine that is professed by the Catholic Church now."

Were these assertions thoroughly investigated, they would not indeed be found wholly true; for it is certain that most of the distinctive doctrines, as well as the peculiar rites and ceremonies of the Romish Church, were of gradual and some even of late introduction.

The doctrine of *transubstantiation*, for instance, was not current in the church till the ninth century, and was not made an imperative article of faith till the fourth Lateran Council, A.D. 1215. The doctrine of *justification* was not finally determined till the Council of Trent, A.D. 1545-60; and the *immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary* has only been authoritatively settled as an article of faith by the present Pope. But with some such deductions, it is true that the main feature of the present creed and ceremonial ritual of Rome existed as early as the fifth or sixth century.

This, then, is Rome's *strength*—that antiquity and prescription have invested her with a certain venerable authority. None can read the writings or speeches of Romish controversialists without perceiving what stress they all lay upon the antiquity of their church, and the utter scorn and contempt which they pour upon Protestantism as a modern innovation. "Where," they ask, in a tone of triumphant mockery, "was your church before Luther?" This argument we may indeed well meet by showing that no antiquity can sanctify corruption, that the rust of ages does not transmute iron into gold, that truth is truth and error is error, not according to dates of chronology, but according to the inspired word of God, that the tendency of the lapse of time is to corrupt revelation by tradition, and that after all the Scriptures are the only infallible authority from whose decision there is no appeal.

**But independently of these arguments, the very position that Rome has taken up of unchangeableness is in truth her greatest *weakness*. Infallibility has strangled herself in her own coil. All the corrupt practices of the dark ages having once been adopted by an infallible church remain petrified. As the lime-impregnated waters of Matlock give permanence to sticks and straws by incrusting them with stone, or as the very excrements of the ancient monsters of the deep have become solidified into marble, so have the very errors and corruptions of the Romish Church become, by prescription and antiquity, hardened into permanence. When Papal Rome was at its utmost height and power, the Scriptures were an unknown book, and education scarcely in existence. The greatest nobles could not sign their own names, and the little learning that existed was confined almost wholly to the cell of the monastery. Rome could then presume upon universal ignorance, and, secure from detection, could palm off her corrupt doctrines upon the rude crowds who looked up to her as the unerring spouse of Christ. But Satan often overshoots himself with his own bow. He miscalculated when he suggested to the Popes the doctrine of infallibility. A day was to come of which he was unaware, when these pretensions would be sifted and exposed; when the Scriptures would no more be locked up, and the mind of man laid prostrate under the wheels of priestcraft. A Luther was to arise, the Scriptures were to be translated into modern tongues, the Spirit of God was to be poured out, and the blessed Reformation was to dawn. When God gave the word, and great was the company of preachers, men like Knox thundered forth against Rome's corrupt doctrine and more corrupt practices.**

**But Rome was infallible. She could not retrace her steps nor retract her doctrines. She could not say, "I have been deceived; I have made a mistake here; I have committed an error there." Infallibility cut her off from recantation or reformation. Upon this platform, then, of her own rearing did our reformers plant their batteries. They launched the word of God against her corrupt doctrines, which she could not by her very position surrender, and against her ungodly practices, which she could only partially modify; and thus her proud walls in great measure fell. If the battle has to be fought again, it must be by the same weapons. Rome still presents the same mark. She is as infallible in the nineteenth century as in the ninth, and infallibility will be her ruin.**

**"The kings of the earth" who are "to burn her with fire" will find an infallible church in their way, and will settle her infallibility very decisively by putting it and her into the same bonfire. But before her infallibility has drawn down the vengeance of God and man, she will probably rise to somewhat of her former height. Of this most thoughtful persons now seem conscious. The signs of the times are so clear that few cannot read in them the advance of Popery. Come when it will, it will be day of suffering to the Church of God.**

The very crisis, then, in which we now live, when Popery is thus furbishing up her arms to resume her ancient warfare, has called forth numerous works on the Papal question. But we have seen none, with the exception of the celebrated Hammersmith discussion, that we like so well as William Elfe Tayler's "Popery, its Character and its Crimes." The arrangement of the subject is excellent. It is divided into two leading heads. I.—POPERY A SPIRITUAL FAMINE. II.—POPERY A MORAL PESTILENCE. Under these two leading divisions the author has concisely but clearly sketched out the leading characteristics of Popery, *negatively* in prohibiting the Scriptures, and the preaching of the word, and supplanting spiritual prayer by mere formal lip service, and *positively* by showing the pestilential effect of Popish doctrines and practices. The author has brought forward an amazing number of original documents, from both ancient and modern sources, the greater part of which are of the most interesting character. He thus shows that Rome is unchanging and unchangeable. The same superstitious practices which were in existence before the Reformation, the same lying fables, ridiculous legends, and absurd doctrines she unblushingly promulgates now. The only real, as it is the only fair way of knowing what the creed and practices of Rome are, is to study her own acknowledged documents. By these alone can she stand self-convicted. Show her her own signature: place before her her own instruments; and ask her this simple question, "Is this your own act and deed?" If she answer, as she must do, "Yes," she stands condemned by her own testimony. It is for this reason that we attach a peculiar value to Mr. Taylor's work. There is in it such an abundance of documentary evidence, and the whole so clearly arranged, that few we believe can study its pages without feeling that Popery is indeed not only "a spiritual famine," but also "a moral pestilence." And as we read extract after extract from Popish writers of acknowledged authority, the conviction still forces itself on the mind: "What! is this Popery? It is so then still. Popery is unchanged and unchangeable. Let it be re-established in this country, it will be what it ever has been. It will destroy all our civil and religious liberties. It will crush all creeds but its own. It will debase and degrade England as it has debased and degraded Spain, Italy, and Ireland."

Such works, therefore, as the one before us are very seasonable. If anything will open people's eyes, it must be dragging to light Rome's corrupt doctrines and practices. These cannot bear the full light of day. There is scarcely an uninteresting page in the whole work; but we will confine ourselves to one extract. It is taken from a long and most interesting chapter on the worship of the Virgin Mary, and is full of the clearest documentary evidence of the idolatrous character of that worship.

Having concisely but clearly traced the commencement of the adoration of the

Virgin Mary to the General Council of Ephesus (A.D. 431), in which it was unanimously decided that she was truly the MOTHER OF GOD, Mr. Tayler thus proceeds:

"Several centuries, however, elapsed before the worship of the Virgin attained the height which it at present exhibits in the church of Rome. In the tenth century, the custom of abstaining from flesh every Saturday, in Honour of the Virgin, was introduced in the west. In the next century, this superstition acquired fresh vigour. St. Fulbert, Bishop of Chartres, in France, composed many writings in praise of the Virgin; erected the cathedral of Chartres to her honour, and introduced the celebration of 'The Nativity of our Lady' in France. In the same age lived Peter Damien, Bishop of Ostia and Cardinal of Rome. He composed the 'Office of the Virgin,' and exceeded all who had gone before him in devotion to Mary. He taught that 'all power was given to her, in heaven and in earth, and that nothing was impossible to her.' (Sermones, Opera, tom. 3.) In another place he says, 'She comes before the golden altar of human reconciliation, not entreating but commanding, as a mistress, not as a maid.' It was in this age that those blasphemous anthems, the '*Alma Redemptoris*' and '*Salve Regina*,' which are still so often repeated in the Romish Missal and Breviary, were composed by Hermannus Contractus, a monk of Germany.\* Our countryman, Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, lived in this century, and zealously defended the new doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, and introduced the festival of that event into the English Church. The writings of Anselm abound with the grossest blasphemies, in reference to Mary. He calls her 'The Empress of Heaven and Earth, and of all that is therein!' He tells us, that one reason why our Lord left her behind, when he ascended to heaven, was, 'lest, perhaps, the court of heaven might have been doubtful which they should rather go out to meet, their Lord or their Lady' (De Excel. B. Virg., c. 7.). As a matter of experience he assures us, that 'more present help is sometimes found, by commemorating the name of Mary, than by calling upon the name of our Lord Jesus Christ' (ibid. cap. 6). He also teaches, that 'the Blessed Virgin has saved even the angels, many of whose seats would have been vacated, like Lucifer's, had it not been for her protection.'"—*Andrade, p. 493.*

\* The following is a literal translation of the first of these hymns: "Indulgent Mother of the Saviour, who art still the gate of Heaven, of easy access, and star of the Sea, help the falling people who wish to rise. Thou who didst beget, while nature wondered, thine own Author. A virgin before and after. Taking up the Ave from Gabriel's lips. Have pity upon sinners." The *Salve Regina* is, "Hail! Oh Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope, hail! We exiles, the sons of Eve, cry unto thee. To thee we sigh, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears. Lo, then, our advocate, turn into us those merciful eyes of thine, and manifest unto us, after this exile, the blessed Jesus,

the fruit of thy womb! Oh merciful! Oh pious! O sweet Virgin Mary!" Such are two of the most favourite, and constantly repeated hymns of the Romish Church, in which, for eight hundred years, she has given utterance to her blasphemies, and fulfilled the prediction, "And a strange god, whom his fathers knew not, shall he honour," to (Dan. 11:38.)

"Such being the doctrines inculcated by the highest authorities of the eleventh century, we need not wonder that in the next age, to use the language of Hallam, 'the worship of the Virgin rose to an almost exclusive idolatry!' The greatest doctor of this period was St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairval, who possessed more influence, probably, than ever fell to the lot of any private individual. What then must have been the effect of such divinity as the following? 'You fear,' says he, 'to approach the Father—terrified merely by his voice—you hide yourself among the leaves, (referring to Gen. 3:7-10). He has given to you Jesus as a mediator. But perhaps, even in him, you dread the Divine Majesty; for although he became man, yet he remains God. Do you seek an Advocate with him? Flee to Mary,—since the humanity in Mary is not only pure, by its freedom from all contamination, but also pure by the oneness of its nature. Nor would I speak doubtfully. She will be heard on account of the veneration in which she is held. The Son will hear the Mother—the Father will hear the Son,' &c. (Serm. in Nativ. B.M. de Aquaeductu. Ed. Mab. tom. 2, p. 160.) In another place he extols the Virgin as 'the subject of all Scripture, and the end for which it was given;' and even 'the end for which the world was made.'"—(*Super Salve Regina.*)

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"The most inexhaustible, however, in the praises of the Virgin was St. Bonaventure, a Cardinal of Rome, in the thirteenth century, whose works are, notwithstanding, characterized same fervour and unction which distinguishes St. Bernard's. He wrote 'The Mirror of the blessed Virgin Mary'—'The Crown of the blessed Virgin Mary'—'Verses upon the Anthem, Salve Regina'—'The praise of the blessed Virgin'—'The Lesser Psalter,' and 'The larger Psalter.' We shall pass by all the other works of this celebrated writer, to make the reader acquainted with the last-mentioned one, 'The Psalterium Majus.'

This impious production is nothing less than a parody upon the book of Psalms; the same appellations, prayers, and praises being addressed to the Virgin Mary which David addressed to the everlasting God. 'Blessed is the man,' says Bonaventure, 'that loves thy name, O Virgin Mary; thy grace shall comfort his soul' (Psa.1). 'O Lady, how are they multiplied that trouble me? With thy tempest thou wilt persecute and scatter them' (Psa. 3). 'Lady, suffer me not to be judged in the fury of God; neither to be judged in his wrath'

(Psa. 6). 'Lady, in thee have I put my trust; deliver thou me from mine enemies, O Lady' (Psa. 7). 'In our Lady I put my trust, for the sweetness of the mercy of her name' (Psa. 10). 'How long wilt thou forget me, O Lady, and not deliver me in the day of tribulation?' (Psa. 12). 'Preserve me, O Lady, for I have trusted in thee, and impart unto me the droppings of thy grace' (Psa. 15). 'I will love thee, O Lady of heaven and of earth, and will call upon thy name among the nations' (Psa. 17). 'In thee, O Lady, I have put my trust, let me never be confounded; in thy favour do thou receive me' (Psa. 30). 'Blessed are they whose hearts love thee, O Virgin Mary; their sins shall be mercifully washed away by thee' (Psa. 31). 'O my Lady, judge those that hurt me, and rise up against them, and plead my cause' (Psa. 34). 'Incline the countenance of God upon us; compel him to have mercy upon sinners' (Psa. 35). 'Have mercy upon me, O Lady, who art called the mother of mercy, and according to the bowels of thy mercies cleanse me from all mine iniquities' (Psa. 50). 'Shall not my mind be subject to thee, O Lady, who didst beget the Saviour of the world? Pour forth grace out of thy treasuries; cleanse all our sins and heal all our infirmities' (Psa. 61). 'The song becometh thee, our Lady, in Zion; praise and thanksgiving in Jerusalem,' &c., &c. (Psa. 64) 'Let Mary arise, and let her enemies be scattered, let all of them be trodden down beneath her feet' (Psa. 67). 'O come, let us sing unto our Lady; let us make a joyful noise to Mary, our queen, that bringeth salvation.' (Psa. 94) 'O come let us sing unto our Lady a new song; for she hath done wondrous things' (Psa. 97). 'Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; give thanks unto his mother, for her mercy endureth for ever' (Psa. 106 and 117). 'The Lord said unto our Lady, Sit thou, my Mother, at my right hand' (Psa. 110). 'Blessed are all they that fear our Lady, and blessed are they that know to do thy will and thy good pleasure' (Psa. 127). 'O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for by his most sweet Mother, the Virgin Mary, his mercy is given' (Psa. 135). 'Blessed be thou, O Lady, who teachest thy servants to war, and dost strengthen them against the enemy.' This mass of blasphemy thus concludes: 'Praise our Lady in her saints; praise her in her virtues and miracles, &c. Let every thing that hath breath praise our Lady' (Psa. 150).

"Such is the 'Larger Psalter of the Blessed Virgin Mary,'\* and the reader will doubtless agree with us, that to evade the charge of direct and most impious idolatry, which this production fastens upon the Romish Church, is wholly impossible. No nice distinctions of Latria and Dulia, or Hyperdulia, will avail them here; since the identical language, the identical feelings, hopes, fears, affections, desires, &c., which constitute the religion of man are here addressed to a creature. Nor will the plea that it is an ancient and absolute production avail Papists in this case; since it has gone through fourteen editions since the year 1830. A copy of one of these, now in the possession of Dr. Cumming, of the Scotch Church, London, has the imprimatur and reimprimatur of the present ecclesiastical authorities in the Vatican; it is

published in the Italian, or vulgar tongue, and sold for three scudi,—about 12s. 6d.

\* All the songs of praise addressed to God in the Old Testament are similarly paraphrased by this Saint at the end of the Psalter. For instance "Miriam's Song at the Red Sea," "Deborah's Song," "Hezekiah's Song at his recovery."—*S. Bonaventure, Opp. vol. 7, p. 517.*

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"Such were the doctrines respecting the Virgin inculcated previous to the Reformation; and it will not now be questioned by any impartial reader, that the Church of Rome, during this period, exalted the Virgin to the very throne of the Godhead. Still it may be thought that these idolatrous doctrines of the Dark Ages have long since been abandoned, and that modern Papists reject such blasphemies as firmly as Protestants themselves. In opposition to such an idea, it may be stated, not only that many of the extracts in the preceding pages are constantly quoted in almost every modern Popish book of devotion, but what is worse, that many of the devotional works of the Romish Church, printed since the Reformation, contain, if possible, more blasphemous and idolatrous statements than any of the preceding.

"The first work which we shall adduce in evidence of the truth of this charge is, the modern Romish Breviary:

"O thou, whosoever understandeth, that thou art rather floating on the ocean of this world, amongst storms and tempests, than walking on the earth, turn away thine eyes from the brightness of this star (alluding to the Virgin) if thou wishest not to be overwhelmed by this star. If the winds of temptation arise, if thou run upon the rocks of temptation, call on Mary. If thou art tossed upon the waves of pride, if of ambition, if of destruction, if of envy, look to the star, call upon Mary. If anger or avarice, or the temptation of the flesh shall toss the bark of thy mind, look to Mary. If disturbed with the greatness of thy sins, troubled with the defilement of thy conscience, affrighted by the horror of judgment, thou beginnest to be swallowed up in the gulf of sadness, think on Mary. In dangers, in straits, in perplexities, think on Mary. Let her not depart from thy mouth, let her not depart from thy heart; and that thou mayest obtain the suffrage of her prayers, desert not the example of her conversation. Following her, thou dost not go astray; asking of her, thou dost not despair; thinking of her, thou dost not err; while she holds thee up, thou dost not fall; while she protects thee, thou dost not fear; she being thy guide, thou dost not grow weary: she being propitious, thou reachest thy destination."—*Brev. Rom., Winter part, p. 359.*

**We have already been much indebted to Mr. Tayler's book for documentary evidence contained in our "Notes and Illustrations" to our articles on Popery; and shall probably avail ourselves of his valuable aid again.**

**We can, therefore, recommend it fully to all who desire to see what Popery is, as exhibited in her own writings and as self-convicted by her own testimony.**

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**The Teachings of the Spirit; exemplified in the Writings of Sarah Church, a young cottager.—(September, 1851).**

**Every regenerated soul is a miracle of grace. To quicken, to convince of sin, to bring to the bar of judgment, and thence, by pouring out a Spirit of grace and supplications, to the throne of mercy, to reveal Christ, to deliver the soul from death, the eyes from tears, the feet from falling, is as much an operation of Divine power as to create a world or to raise the dead from the grave. But there are cases where the Lord seems to work these miracles of grace with a more abundant and unusual display of Divine power. To call the rude fisherman of the Galilean lake to be a disciple and an apostle was really as much a miracle of grace as to convert the learned pupil of Gamaliel. But the conversion of Paul was accompanied by circumstances outwardly more supernatural and miraculous than the call of Peter. Augustine was directed to take up and read the Bible that lay at his side by a voice from heaven so audible to his outward ears that he at first thought it was that of a boy calling in an adjoining garden. Colonel Gardiner was called by the miraculous appearance of Christ upon the cross in the room where he was waiting, before fulfilling an intended assignation. Huntington, in his little tool-house, had a manifestation of Christ clothed in garments dipped in blood. Who can doubt the veracity of these men, when the whole tenor of their subsequent lives bore the strongest witness to the genuineness and reality of their Christianity? It is true, that in these extraordinary cases we want stronger evidence than seems requisite in the more usual and ordinary operations of Divine grace. But where that evidence is given, and there is no reason to believe the individual is a deceiver or deceived, to refuse assent to unusual displays of God's grace, merely because they differ from or surpass our own experience, would seem to be a refined species of infidelity.**

**Sarah Church was one of these extraordinary cases. As we are in possession of some particulars respecting her not recorded in the little book before us, but furnished us by a private and trustworthy correspondent, we think it desirable no longer to confine them to our own breast, but bring them before our readers.**

**The preface to the "Teachings of the Spirit" gives a short account of the writer:**

**"Sarah Church, the writer of the following letters and papers, was the daughter of a labouring blacksmith, in a country village in Kent, and had only the ordinary education of a village school.**

**"They were written during a period of three years, after a severe blow on her head, received while in service, which had rendered her totally blind and deaf, and had also deprived her of the use of her limbs, with the exception of her right hand, which she was able to use in writing. For some months, during the first part of her illness, she was unable to speak, and it was at this time she wrote most of the letters and papers. She was confined to her bed during the whole time, and was hardly ever free from intense pain in her head. She died at the age of twenty-three years and eight months."**

**The neighbourhood in which Sarah Church lived and died is well known to us, it being near the scenes of our boyhood and youth; and of the individuals who were in the habit of visiting her on her bed of affliction, two (one since dead) have been known to us from a very early period of life, and known as men of veracity. The following extract is from a letter written to us, some years ago, by one of them, in answer to some inquiries upon the subject:**

**Dear Sir,—Herewith I send you copies of the greater part of the papers in my possession of Sarah Church; but whether it would be right for them to be published in the Magazine I must leave, as she often expressed her wish that they might not go abroad.\* She never, I believe, was noticed as being what is called "particularly pious," nor ever made any profession of religion more than going occasionally to her parish church, and, when very young, did attend their Sunday-school; so that she had no opportunity of learning any form of doctrine, sound or unsound. Her parents being poor she was early put out to service, but on account of illness was often at home. While at home (I think in August, 1841) she asked a person who lived near them to let her go with him to the workhouse at Deal, to hear Mr. Wollaston; but he, thinking it was only to satisfy her curiosity or pass away the time, did not give her any encouragement to go with him, but I believe she followed him at a little distance. Mr. W. preached from the Book of Ruth, which was the first sermon, as she often told us, that was sent home to her heart. Some time after she came to Walmer, in the service of Mr. S—. In September, 1841, as she was at her work in the dining-room, early in the morning, she thought her mother was at the door and calling her by name. But, on going to the door and finding no one, she went back to her work, and very soon, as she thought, heard her mother's voice again calling her. On going again to the door and seeing no person, she was afraid something had happened to her mother at home, and obtained leave to go to Finglesham; but finding her mother well she returned**

to Walmer, and in the evening, while pulling-to the outside window-shutter, the wind being high, it was blown out of her grasp and struck with violence the back of her head. She was carried home the next day. After which I several times heard about her, but did not credit all I heard. Some time in November or beginning of December she sent, wishing Mr. W. would call on her. He called on me in his way home (he then lived on Walmer Beach), and in relating the substance of what I sent before† I could scarcely give it full credit; but on going with him a few days after I was lost in wonder and amazement. On expressing a wish to know whether she could tell the portion upon which he placed her hand in the word of God (he put her hand on the twenty-third Psalm), she immediately wrote it down: "The Lord is my shepherd," &c. And also, on asking her, by writing, to find the verse, "Jesus wept," she did it, slowly moving her hand down the column and at last, darting her finger on it, marked it with her pencil. I once asked her how it was, whether she could feel the print. She replied she could not tell, she felt nothing, but her finger stopped at the place she wished, and it would move no farther. I have often seen her mark a passage, but never once on the letters, but on a blank space; and in writing, after laying her paper down, she always began again close to where she left off. I sent her a paragraph Bible, to try if she could find the passages she wished in that; as it is now lying before me, if you wish it, I will send it you, to look at her marks. You must quite understand that she was totally blind and deaf, and had one arm and side paralysed. At first she had not lost her voice, but often sang, as described in the former letter. After she lost her voice she wrote with a pencil, for some time; then entirely forgot how to write, and spoke again in a low whisper, till her decease. She wasted at last to a mere skeleton, and, indeed, less than that; as her bones seemed reduced to almost nothing. For the last three months nothing was taken in food by her, only a little swallowed and immediately vomited up again. J.H. Walmer, Feb. 6, 1846.

\* The publication at the head of this paper now removes from us this objection.

† This alludes to a previous letter, on which we are sorry we cannot lay our hands, as it contained some interesting particulars.

Let us draw attention to several remarkable features in this case:

1. She was *totally blind and deaf*; the blow on the back of her head having probably wholly paralysed the nerves of sight and hearing. Under these circumstances it seems scarcely credible that she could find out passages in her Bible with the greatest readiness. A friend of ours, who was frequently in the habit of visiting her, went in one day. She knew him instantly, and taking her Bible put his finger (if memory serve correctly) on Gen. 24:31, "Come in,

thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without." They then carried on a conversation by his taking her hand and pointing to a passage in the Scripture, and she, as if by intuition, reading what her finger was upon, and, in her turn, directing his finger to another portion. As she was totally deaf and blind, the only other means of communicating with her, independent of the Scripture, was by taking her hand and making her form the letters. The answers she wrote in pencil.

2. It should be borne in mind that she had never heard the Gospel preached above five or six times before her injury, and yet her views of Gospel truth were singularly sound and clear. This will be evident from an extract which we shall give.

3. How remarkable is the refinement of her language! Look at this poor servant-girl, with no education beyond that of a village-school, not above twenty-three years of age, paralysed, and on a bed of suffering totally blind and deaf, just able to use a pencil with her only available hand, and then read the following extract from the little work before us:

**Colossians 3:11.—"Christ is all and in all."**

More joyful tidings cannot possibly reach our ears than what are contained in these words. Christ is indeed all and in all. He is all to me as "the end of the law for righteousness" (Rom 10:4;) the substance of prophecy (Acts 10:43); the sum of the Gospel; the life of the promises; his wisdom to direct me; his righteousness to justify me. He is the perfection of glory; truth, without any defect or error; holiness, without the least taint of pollution; the chief among ten thousand (Song 5:10); whatever is desirable on earth, whatever is attractive in heaven, all the graces of time, all the glories of eternity, meet in him their proper centre, and flow from him their first source.

His love how vast—his promises how precious—his work how perfect—his mercy how boundless—his truth how immutable—his power how omnipotent—his grace how sovereign—his counsels how profound—his people how secure—his presence how blissful—his smiles how transporting—his Gospel how free—his law how holy—his precept how pure! Christ is all and in all.

Hunger cannot be satisfied without the bread of life, which is Jesus Christ (John 6:48). Thirst cannot be truly quenched without that living water, which is Jesus Christ (John 4:13, 14). The captive cannot be delivered without the Redeemer, Jesus Christ (Luke 4:18). All building without him is upon the sand, where it will quickly fall to the ground (Matt. 7:26); all labour without him is in the fire, where it will infallibly be consumed (Hab. 2:13). He is the

way, without him we are wanderers; he is the truth, without him we live in error; he is the life (John 14:6), without him we are dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. 2:1), he is the light (John 8:12), without him we are in darkness (Luke 1:79), and know not whither we go; he is the vine, they who are not grafted in him are withered branches, prepared for the fire (John 15:5, 6); he is the rock (1 Cor. 10:4), they who are not built upon him will be carried away by the flood of Divine anger (Matt. 7:27); he is the Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last (Rev. 27:13), the Author and Finisher of our faith (Heb. 12:2). He, therefore, who hath not Christ, hath no beginning of good, nor will he have any end of misery.

Our hearts may well tremble if we look at ourselves, and at our own demerits; but if the riches of infinite grace have formed Christ in us the hope of glory (Col. 1:27); then, although the ark of the national church be removed, and the pillars of the earth be shaken (Job. 9:6), we shall be kept by the power of God. Then, "although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet we will rejoice in the Lord, we will joy in the God of our salvation" (Hab. 3:17, 18). "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God. How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out; for of him, and through him, and to him, are all things; to whom be glory now and for ever. Amen" (Rom. 11:33, 36).

Turn next to our "Poetry," and read a piece written by this poor blind and deaf girl, and see whether grace must not have done wonderful things for her.

It is true there is not much recorded, in the little work before us, of Sarah Church's experience. In her circumstances she needed great support and consolation, and she appears to have had it. But we extract from the private papers sent us two remarkable manifestations, which are not to be found in the printed work:

The Lord has again visited me in a most wonderful manner; so much so that I am lost in wonder, love, and praise, that he should show me such a revelation—me, the vilest of the vile.

I heard a voice saying, "Come up hither, and I will show thee things that must and will come to pass;" and immediately I was in the Spirit, and was carried up on a high mountain. I saw the rocks rent, and the high hills were removed, and the heavens opened. I saw a white horse, and on him sat a man dressed in scarlet, with a sword in his mouth and a crown on his head; and his face shone brighter than the sun at noon-day, followed by thousands of people, all in white, going forth to tread down their enemies, and from that I saw the bottomless pit. Oh, the sight was dreadful! For I saw the flames, and Satan,

that roaring lion, fast bound in chains, making a most howling noise. The sight of him made me tremble, but he could not harm me. And then I heard the trumpet blow, and the dead that were in their graves come forth; and an angel of the Lord said to me, "Come and see!" And he led me on a little farther, and, behold, I looked up and saw a woman dressed in very costly apparel. And I said, "Who is this?" and he said, "This is the bride, the Lamb's wife;" and I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, singing "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us rejoice, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and the wife is ready!"—and much more than I can express, the sight was so great.

When I came to myself I could scarcely believe I was in the flesh. So astonished was I that the Lord should show me these great things that I was ready to cry out, "O Lord, I am not Joshua nor John, that thou shouldst show me these things." But it came with such power. "No! but thou art one whom my soul loveth." Oh, that I could praise him more for his wonderful love to me, who am so unworthy of the least of his mercies! Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and evermore. Amen and Amen.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me! Let us exalt his name together, for he has regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden.

The Lord appeared to me in a most wonderful manner—to me, so unworthy a creature! I was, to all appearance, asleep, but my heart waketh. It was the voice of my beloved that called, "Sarah, Sarah!" and he enabled me to say with Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." I looked up, and saw a beautiful figure over my head. I was struck with amazement, so that as it were I fell down on my face; but he said, "Fear not, I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage. Behold I will yet raise thee up a little while, to show forth my glory; that the people may see what I can do. A little while, and then I will come and receive thee to myself, that where I am there you shall be also." So the figure disappeared from me.

To his name eternal praises;  
Oh, what wonders love hath done!

I am lost in wonder that the Lord should look down upon such a hell-deserving wretch as I am; but glory be to his name, he does not deal with us after our sins. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things, and blessed be his glorious name for ever. Let all the earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.

Some will perhaps at once condemn such manifestations as altogether visionary; and under ordinary circumstances we should ourselves be very

slow to receive them. But we look at the whole circumstances of the case. It was extraordinary, we may say supernatural, from first to last. But when totally blind she should be able to read the Bible as it were by the ends of her fingers is little short of a miracle. But that she did this is evidenced by most undeniable testimony. Those who visited her, we are informed by a private friend who is well acquainted with them, investigated very closely whether she was totally blind, and were well satisfied of the fact. And if it be said that it is utterly incredible because beyond the limits of our understanding or experience, it is, after all, only an infidel objection which may be brought against everything supernatural, even the ordinary operations of the Blessed Spirit. The whole case we consider a remarkable display of the power and grace of God; and therefore though her manifestations were peculiar, and such as under different circumstances might be viewed with a degree of suspicion, yet, *in her case*, they are but in harmony with the rest. Her views and language in the extract which we have given from the work before us, are singularly clear and sound, without the least trace of wildness or enthusiasm; and if she was indulged with peculiar manifestations, they were not only suited to her peculiar case, but are altogether consistent with the strict letter of truth.

Such instances of grace as that of Sarah Church are edifying to the Church of God, as testifying still to the love and power of the risen Jesus, and as showing, however low Zion may be, her Head remains the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

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Whitefield at Lisbon. Being an Account of the Blasphemy and Idolatry of Popery, as witnessed by that Servant of God, George Whitefield, during his stay at the above City. Also, a Narrative of the Dreadful Earthquake that totally Destroyed the City, with Sixty Thousand Inhabitants, shortly after Mr. Whitefield's visit; with his remarks thereon.—(*October, 1851.*)

"The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."  
How applicable to Whitefield and his persecutors! *His* memory is embalmed in the hearts of thousands—*their* name has perished with them. He indeed, during life,

"Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,  
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age;  
The very butt of slander, and the blot  
For every dart that malice ever shot.  
The man that mentioned him at once dismissed  
All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed.

**His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,  
And Perjury stood up to swear all true.**

**\* \* \* \* \***

**The world's best comfort was, his doom was passed;  
Die when he might, he must be damned at last."—Cowper.**

At this distance of time, we can scarcely frame to ourselves an idea of the general burst of execration that assailed Whitefield on the one hand from the dead formalists of that day and generation, and of the mighty revolution in the minds of hundreds and thousands on the other which led them to hail him as an ambassador of heaven. Cowper's noble eulogium upon him, under the name of Leuconomus (the translation into Greek of Whitefield), a part of which we have quoted above, is perhaps the most forcible as it is the most concise description of him in the English language. But by way of introduction to the little work before us, we are tempted to present a slight sketch of this remarkable man.

God usually works by means, and brings about appointed ends by appointed instruments. These instruments are usually not only adapted to the work which they have to perform, but to the age and generation in which they live.

Luther was so adapted to Germany, Knox to Scotland, and Farel to Switzerland, that, humanly speaking, had the men been transferred to each other's soil, the work of reformation would have immediately stopped. So Whitefield was especially adapted to his day and generation. We speak sometimes of the low state of things in our day, as if all vital religion were perished out of the land. But whatever our day be, it is clear to all who know the history of that period that things then were much worse. Then there was scarcely any profession. Persons speak against our day as a day of profession. It is true; but profession in many as much implies possession in some as forged coin proves the existence of genuine, or as shadow implies substance. In that day there was little or no profession, for the same reason that there is no shade in the Arabian desert—there are no trees. The influence of Puritanism had gradually worn out: the flood of corruption introduced by Charles II had gradually (the barrier of Puritanism being well-nigh in ruins) settled down over the lowlands of society as well as submerged its highlands. The pulpits resounded with moral essays: and many Dissenting ministers, as much as those in the Establishment, "stalked abroad on the seventh day," to use the striking language of Bishop Horsley, "solemn apes" of Epictetus.\* With the experience of the power the very doctrine of godliness was lost in the Churches.† Arminianism ruled far and wide; and as this has always been half-brother to Socinianism, a dark cloud was brooding over the land, akin to that which has buried Germany in neology and France in infidelity. Doddridge's celebrated seminary at Northampton soon became tainted with Socinian

errors; and, from his later writings, there is every reason to fear that Dr. Watts was far from sound on the cardinal doctrine of the Trinity. Thus the state of torpor and death everywhere prevalent before Whitefield was raised up is indeed indescribable. The very doctrine of the new birth was all but lost out of the land. It is hard to say whether Church or dissent was the worse; for though the latter might retain more of the form of sound words, yet it seems to have been nearly as destitute of the power.

\* Epictetus was a celebrated moral philosopher among the heathen. Bishop Horsley's meaning, therefore, was that the clergy of his day had abandoned the distinctive doctrines of the gospel for heathen morality.

† The most popular religious book of the day among Church-people was, "The Whole Duty of Man;" and with persons called "serious," "Law's Call to a Holy and Religious Life"—works somewhat different in character, but each based on creature-righteousness. Watts and Doddridge were the chief lights in the Dissenting Churches; and a mere glance at their writings will show how deficient both were in clear, distinct views of gospel truth.

Arianism was fast spreading in both denominations, and infidelity was widely prevalent in society at large. Bishop Butler, in the preface to his celebrated "Analogy," has the following remarks: "It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it, as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." The very circumstance that such a work should be called for to prove the truth of Christianity shows how widely spread infidelity must have been in that age and generation.

In this state, of things, then, when all was torpor and death, God raised up Whitefield, and, in his providence and grace, sent him through the length and breadth of the land, proclaiming the necessity and nature of the new birth. To us who at this day read his sermons, there seems comparatively little in them to produce such powerful effects. When we read of the thousands who hung entranced upon his lips; of his arresting into silence the disorderly multitude of a London fair: of his receiving on one day a thousand notes from persons under convictions of sin; and then quietly read the sermons which came abroad under his name, we look in vain for the

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn"

which produced such effects; and we seem led to the conclusion either that the

published sermons are unfaithful, mutilated, imperfect transcripts of the actual discourses, or that a mighty power rested upon him which clothed with fire words and ideas which in other mouths would seem almost commonplace. But whichever solution we adopt, their effect is undoubted when delivered by him.

Besides the power from on high that rested upon him, there was a holy warmth and energy, a simplicity and godly sincerity, and a pouring out of his whole soul with fervour, that arrested the most unconcerned hearer. He spoke as one whose very heart and soul were in the work. He had, besides, great natural eloquence, a voice unrivalled for melody, variety, pathos, and strength, and every feature and gesture were lit up with energy and animation. The most fearless courage, the greatest patience, a character without a blot, the most undeniable disinterestedness, labours to us scarcely credible, a heart overflowing with tenderness and affection, and, above all, a soul favoured beyond most with the inshinings of God's favour and love—such is a feeble sketch of England's great apostle. To say that Whitefield in all points was a perfect minister would be foolish. He was not always clear in doctrine; and his free addresses to sinners would seem to us now strongly impregnated with free-will. Doubtless there was also much in him due to natural advantages, which should always be carefully distinguished from grace. His natural eloquence arrested the attention of Hume, the infidel historian, who is said to have declared that his address to the angel Gabriel not to depart till he could bear to heaven the tidings of a sinner's conversion was the finest burst of oratory possible; of the sceptic, Benjamin Franklin, who tells an amusing story how he was compelled to empty his purse under a charity-sermon for the Orphan Institution, though predetermined to give only a small sum; of Lord Chesterfield, who used to hear him preach at the Countess of Huntingdon's. And if men of such name and note, men of great mental ability, were so charmed with Whitefield's eloquence, we may be sure that it must have been very extraordinary. It is evident, therefore, that many followed and admired Whitefield as in days of old. As the rebellious children of Judah listened to the "lovely song" of the prophet Ezekiel; and as the Jews were willing for a season to rejoice in John the Baptist as a burning and a shining light, thus the multitude heard Whitefield. Hundreds admired his eloquence, wept under his pathos, and rejoiced in his light who never repented of their sins, nor believed on the Son of God. Still there can be no doubt that God largely honoured Whitefield's ministry in the calling in of elect souls, and that it was the commencement of a revival in the Churches. Toplady, Newton, Berridge, Romaine, and other useful men in their day, may all be said to have sprung up under the light sown by Whitefield. There was a wide revival in the land; and where Whitefield planted, others watered, and God gave the increase.

In the providence of God, Whitefield, on one of his voyages to America, put in at Lisbon in the palmy days of Popery, and witnessed with his own eyes the public celebration of some of its most important festivals. These he has described in a series of letters to a friend; and as an authentic account of what Popery is in really Popish countries, this testimony of so thoroughly qualified an eye-witness is very interesting. To the mass of mankind nothing is so attractive in religion as outward beauty and magnificence. The spiritual worship of God, the glory of Jesus, the beauties of holiness, the still small voice of the Spirit, inward communion with the Lord, the consolations of his presence, meltings of heart under the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, all that gives power to vital godliness is beyond the reach of nature in its highest flights of sensuous devotion. Denied the wings of faith, she must raise and sustain herself on artificial pinions. These Rome furnishes for birds of every size, from the vulture to the wren. A religion of sight, sense, and touch is the religion of man. To this depraved religion, or rather superstition, Rome panders. Unchecked by remorse, she presses into her theatrical ritual the holiest scenes of redeeming love. She dramatizes the crucifixion, turns the dying agonies of the Son of God into an opera-spectacle, and debases Calvary into a common show. What Whitefield witnessed of this nature at Lisbon wrung his heart, and drew forth those vivid letters in which the whole scene seems to pass before our eyes.

Be it borne in mind that Popery is unchangeable, and that this external pomp and show is her main element of success. Were London Lisbon, and 1851 1754, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's would be the scenes of similar pomp and parody. As yet in this country Rome dares not bring forward all her puppets. They are in the box, but high-fair is not yet come. The showmen are ready, but the mob is not yet duly prepared to welcome their appearance.

We subjoin one letter as a specimen of Whitefield's powers of description:

To Mr. ———,  
Lisbon, April 12th, 1754.

My dear Friend,—After the news already sent you, I thought our correspondence would entirely have been put a stop to; for, upon returning to my lodgings (as weary, I believe, as others that had been running from church to church all day), word was sent me that our ship would certainly sail the next morning. This news, I own, was not altogether agreeable to me, because I wanted to see the conclusion of the Lent solemnities. However, I made ready; and having despatched my private affairs the over-night, was conducted very nearly in the morning, by my kind host, down to Belem, where the ship lay. We parted. The wind promised to be fair; but dying away, I very eagerly went ashore once more. But how was the scene changed! Before all used to be noise

and hurry; now all was hushed and shut up in the most awful and profound silence. No clock or bell had been heard since yesterday noon, and scarce a person was to be seen in the street all the way to Lisbon. About two in the afternoon we got to the place where (I had heard some days ago) an extraordinary scene was to be exhibited. Can you guess what it was? Perhaps not. Why, then, I will tell you: It was the crucifixion of the Son of God, represented partly by dumb images, and partly by living persons, in a large church belonging to the convent of St. de Beato. Several thousands crowded into it; some of whom, as I was told, had been waiting there from even six in the morning. Through the kind interposition and assistance of a Protestant or two, I was not only admitted into the church, but was very commodiously situated to view the whole performance. We had not waited long before the curtain was drawn up. Immediately, upon a high scaffold hung in the front with black baize, and behind with silk purple damask, laced with gold, was exhibited to our view an image of the Lord Jesus at full length, crowned with thorns and nailed on a cross between two figures of like dimensions, representing the two thieves. At a little distance, on the right hand, was placed an image of the Virgin Mary, in plain long ruffles, and a kind of widow weeds. Her veil was purple silk, and she had a wire glory round her head. At the foot of the cross lay, in a mournful pensive posture, a living man, dressed in woman's clothes, who personated Mary Magdalene; and not far off stood a young man in imitation of the beloved disciple. He was dressed in a loose green silk vesture, and bob wig. His eyes were fixed on the cross and his two hands a little extended. On each side, near the front of the stage, stood two sentinels in buff, with formidable caps, and long beards; and directly in front stood another, yet more formidable, with a large target in his hand. We may suppose him to be the Roman centurion. To complete the scene, from behind the purple hangings came out about twenty little purple-vested, winged boys, two by two, each bearing a lighted wax taper in his hand, and a crimson and gold cap on his head. At their entrance upon the stage, they gently bowed their heads to the spectators, then kneeled and made obeisance, first to the image on the cross, and then to that of the Virgin Mary. When risen, they bowed to each other, and then took their respective places over against one another, on steps assigned for them at the front of the stage. Opposite to this, at a few yards distance, stood a black friar in a pulpit hung in mourning. For a while he paused, and then breaking silence, gradually lifted up his voice till it was extended to a pretty high pitch, though, I think, scarce high enough for so large an auditory. After he had proceeded in his discourse about a quarter of an hour, a confused noise was heard near the front great door; upon turning my head I saw four long-bearded men, two of whom carried a ladder on their shoulders, and after them followed two more with large gilt dishes in their hands, full of linen, spices, &c. These (as I imagined) were the representatives of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. On a signal given from the pulpit they advanced towards the steps of the scaffold; but upon

their very first attempting to mount it, at the watchful centurion's nod, the obedient soldiers made a pass at them, and presented the points of their javelins directly to their breasts. They are repulsed. Upon this a letter from Pilate is produced. The centurion reads it, shakes his head, and, with looks that bespoke a forced compliance, beckons to the sentinels to withdraw their arms. Leave being thus obtained, they ascend; and having paid their homage, by kneeling first to the image on the cross, and then to the Virgin Mary, they retired to the back of the stage. Still the preacher continued in declaiming, or rather, as was said, explaining the mournful scene. Magdalene persists in wringing her hands, and variously expressing her personated sorrow; whilst John (seemingly regardless of all besides) stood gazing on the crucified figure. By this time it was near three o'clock, and therefore proper for the scene to begin to close. The ladders are ascended, the superscription and the crown of thorns are taken off, long white rollers put round the arms of the image, and then the nails knocked out which fastened the hands and feet. Here Mary Magdalene looks most languishing, and John, if possible, stands more thunderstruck than before. The orator lifts up his voice, and almost all the hearers expressed concern by weeping, beating their breasts, and smiting their cheeks. At length the body is gently let down. Magdalene eyes it, and gradually rising receives the feet into her wide-spread handkerchief; whilst John (who hitherto stood motionless like a statue), as the body came nearer the ground, with an eagerness that bespoke the intense affection of a sympathizing friend, runs towards the cross, seizes the upper part of it into his clasping arms, and, with his disguised fellow-mourner, helps to bear it away. And here the play should end, were I not afraid you would be angry with me if I did not give you an account of the last act, by telling you what became of the corpse after it was taken down. Great preparations were made for its interment. It was wrapped in linen and spices, &c., and being laid upon a bier richly hung, was afterwards carried round the churchyard in grand procession. The image of the Virgin Mary was chief mourner, and John and Magdalene, with a whole troop of friars, with wax tapers in their hands, followed after. Determined to see the whole, I waited its return; and in about a quarter of an hour the corpse was brought in, and deposited in an open sepulchre prepared for the purpose; but not before a priest, accompanied by several of the same order, in splendid vestments, had perfumed it with incense, sung to, and kneeled before it. John and Magdalene attended the obsequies; but the image of the Virgin Mary was carried away and placed upon the front of the stage, in order to be kissed, adored, and worshipped by the people. This I saw them do with the utmost eagerness and reverence. And thus ended this Good Friday's tragi-comical, superstitious, idolatrous farce—a farce which, whilst I saw, as well as now whilst I am describing it, excited in me a high indignation. Surely, thought I, whilst attending on such a scene of mock devotion, if ever, now is the dear Lord Jesus crucified afresh; and I could then, and even now, think of no other plea for the poor beguiled

devotees, than that which suffering innocence put up himself for his enemies, when actually hanging upon the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." There was but one thing wanting to raise one's resentment to the highest pitch, and that was for one of the soldiers to have pierced the side of the image upon the cross. This, in all probability, you have heard has actually been done in other places, and with a little more art might, I think, have been performed here. Doubtless it would have afforded the preacher as good, if not better, opportunity of working upon the passions of his auditory, than taking down the superscription and crown of thorns, and wiping the head with a bloody cloth, and afterwards exposing it to the view of the people; all of which I saw done before the body was let down. But, alas! my dear friend, how mean is that eloquence, and how entirely destitute of the demonstration of the Spirit, and of a divine power, must that oratory necessarily be that stands in need of such a train of superstitious pageantry to render it impressive! Think you, my dear friend, that the apostle Paul used or needed any such artifices to excite the people of Galatia, amongst whom, as he himself informs us, "Jesus Christ was crucified, evidently set forth?" But thus it is, and thus it will be, when simplicity and spirituality are banished from our religious offices, and artifice and idolatry seated in their room. I am well aware the Romanists deny the charge of idolatry; but after having seen what I have this day, as well as at sundry other times since my arrival here, I cannot help thinking but that a person must be capable of making more than metaphysical distinctions, and deal in very abstract ideas indeed, fairly to evade the charge. If weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, I am positive the scale must turn on the Protestant side; but such a balance these poor people are not permitted to make use of! Does not your heart bleed for them? Mine does, I am sure, and I believe would do so more and more were I to stay longer and see what they call their Hallelujah, and grand devotions on Easter day. But that scene is denied me. The wind is fair, and I must away. Follow me with your prayers, and believe me to be, my dear friend, Yours most affectionately in our common Redeemer,  
G. Whitefield.

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**The Christian World Unmasked. Come and Peep. By John Berridge, A.M.—  
(December, 1851.)**

The middle and latter end of the last century was a remarkable period. A chain of ministers, commencing with Whitefield, and embracing in its links Toplady, Berridge, Newton, Romaine, Huntington, and Hawker, extends itself down to our degenerate days. However differing in gifts, all these men were evidently taught by the same Spirit, and preached the same gospel. Toplady, like a lamp fed with spirit, flamed forth, blazed, and died, from shortness of wick, not from lack of supply. Newton, snatched from Africa's burning shore,

and from worse than African servitude, united to much sound wisdom great tenderness of spirit, and an experience of divine things which, if not very deep, was sound and varied. He knew much of his own heart, was singularly frank and sincere, had much sympathy with the tried and afflicted, and, being gifted with an easy, fluent style, has left behind him many useful and excellent letters. Romaine was a burning and shining light, who lived the faith which he preached, and in the midst of the metropolis for half a century had but one theme, one subject, one object, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

In many points widely differing, but united by the same faith to the same glorious Head of influence, light, life, liberty, and love, was John Berridge. As all the lines of a circle radiate towards the centre, all necessarily meet in one point. So, however the servants of Christ may differ in ability, gifts, time, place, and usefulness, yet all meet in one point the central Sun of the system—the crucified, risen, ascended, and glorified Son of God. We hear of "the music of the spheres."\* But without harmony, music there is none. If there be music in the revolving spheres, it is because each planet preserves its circuit, rolling round the sun at the appointed distance, and with the appointed velocity. And what are the servants of God but planets to the Sun of Righteousness, each having his appointed orbit, fixed as definitely by decree, as the orbit of the earth, and enjoying only light, warmth, and motion in proportion to his proximity to the glorified Immanuel? Shall they then jar and quarrel, and seek to mingle orbits, envying each other's grace, gifts, or usefulness? The light of each and all is but reflected light, the light of the Sun of Righteousness shining into their hearts; "for what have they which they have not received?" Pride, cursed pride, is the root of that jealousy which is cruel as the grave. Did ministers but view themselves, and did others but view them, as mere instruments, they could and would no more quarrel on the ground of superiority and inferiority than the flute would quarrel with the violin, or the chisel with the saw. Romaine poring over Hebrew roots in his study at Lambeth, and Berridge preaching from a horse-block at Potton, mingling smiles and tears, and the quaintest humour with the deepest pathos, were as different in natural disposition and constitution as can well be imagined. But each sighed and groaned under a body of sin and death, each dearly loved, and each highly exalted the dying Friend of sinners, each was honoured and blessed in his work, and each is now in the bosom of his Lord and God. Of Berridge we now propose a slight sketch.

\* It was an ancient and poetical idea that the planets, as they moved in their orbits, produced a heavenly harmony, which was called "the music of the spheres." Milton refers to this in the subjoined lines:

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres,

Once bless our human ears;  
(If ye have power to touch our senses so;)  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;  
And make your ninefold harmony,  
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony."

John Berridge was the eldest son of a wealthy farmer and grazier, and was born at Kingston, Nottinghamshire, March 1st, 1716. His father's intention was to bring him up to his own business, but partly through some early religious impressions and partly through an innate love to study, the youthful farmer could never learn how to hold a plough or handle a bullock. He was sent therefore to the University of Cambridge, his father probably thinking that his first-born might have sufficient talent to read prayers and preach a sermon, if not to learn the mysteries of a four-shift course or sell a broken-mouthed ewe. To Cambridge, therefore, John went; and when his father was asked what had become of the youthful student, he is said to have jocularly replied that "he was gone to be a light to the Gentiles." At the University he studied hard, but lost much of his early religious impressions, so much so as to give up almost entirely secret prayer for ten years, and to have drunk deeply into Arian and Socinian views, which at that time were widely prevalent. These last sentiments, however, he abandoned, from seeing that they lowered God the Father, as well as God the Son, and were destructive of all vital religion.

Our limits will not allow us to enter further into the biography of Berridge. All that was known of him is contained in an Introduction to the above edition of the work before us. A few remarks, however, upon his experience may not be misplaced.

The experience of Berridge is best seen in his hymns. In them his whole heart is open. They were written in the furnace of a long and trying illness, and the fruits of the furnace are seen in them.

1. What *honesty and sincerity* are stamped upon them! Berridge knew himself. The Holy Spirit had taken him into the chambers of imagery, and shown him "The creeping things pourtrayed upon the walls round about." The veil of self-righteousness and self-complacency had been taken from off his heart, and he had seen light in God's light. This made him honest. No disguise, he knew, could shroud him from the eyes of Omniscience. "Thou God seest me" was engraved on his heart. And to this we owe the transparency of his character, his freedom from guile and hypocrisy.

2. Though a man of learning, his language was *simplicity* itself. Simplicity is always beautiful. God's works in nature, how beautifully simple! From a blade of grass to an oak; from a fly to an elephant; from the sand under our feet to the stars in the sky! Wherever the fingers of God are there is simplicity. And his *word* how simple! The parables of Jesus, the sermon on the mount, the farewell chapters with his disciples in the Gospel of John, what beauty! what simplicity shine throughout! True religion, real experience, vital godliness, wants no *rouge* upon its cheek. It shines forth with the lustre of God, as the face of Moses when he came down from the mount of communion. It is falsehood and hypocrisy that want disguise. Truth needs no adventitious ornaments to set off its intrinsic beauty. To adorn it is to spoil it—to array the virgin in the garb of a harlot. This beautiful simplicity was a marked feature in the character of Berridge, and is stamped on all his writings. He could afford to be sincere, as he alone can in whom the fear and grace of God dwell.

3. We admire, too, in Berridge the *emptiness and self-destitution* which form such prominent features in his character. He knew what Pharisaism was from a long experience of it in his own heart; and he abhorred the client. He says himself that it was the rock on which he had long split, as appears from the following interesting extract from a letter to a friend:

"You may ask, perhaps, what was my doctrine? Why, dear sir, it was the doctrine that every man will naturally hold whilst he continues in an unregenerate state; viz., that we are to be justified partly by our faith and partly by our works. This doctrine I preached for six years at a curacy which I served from college; and though I took some extraordinary pains, and pressed sanctification upon them very earnestly; yet they continued as unsanctified as before, and not one soul was brought to Christ. There was, indeed, a little more of the form of religion in the parish, but not a whit more of the power. At length I removed to Everton, where I have lived altogether. Here again I pressed sanctification and regeneration as vigorously as I could; but finding no success after two years' preaching in this manner, I began to be discouraged; and now some secret misgiving arose in my mind that I was not right myself. (This happened about Christmas last.) Those misgivings grew stronger, and at last very painful. Being then under great doubts, I cried unto the Lord very earnestly, 'Lord, if I am right keep me so; if I am not right make me so. Lead me to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.' After about ten days' crying unto the Lord, he was pleased to return an answer to my prayers, and in the following wonderful manner: As I was sitting in my house one morning, and musing upon a text of Scripture, the following words were darted into my mind with wonderful power, and seemed indeed like a voice from heaven; viz., 'Cease from thine own works.' Before I heard these words, my mind was in a very unusual calm; but as soon as I heard them my soul was in a tempest directly, and tears flowed from my eyes like a torrent.

The scales fell from my eyes immediately, and I now clearly saw the rock which I had been splitting on for nearly thirty years. Do you ask what this rock was? Why it was some secret reliance on my works for salvation, I had hoped to be saved partly in my own name, and partly in Christ's name; though I am told there is salvation in no other name, except in the name of Jesus Christ. I had hoped to be saved partly through my own works and partly through Christ's mercies; though I am told we are saved by grace through faith, and not of works (Eph. 2:7, 8). I had hoped to make myself acceptable to God, partly through my own good works, though we are told that we are accepted through the Beloved.

"And now let me point out to you the grand delusion, which had like to have ruined my soul. I saw very early something of the unholiness of my nature and the necessity of being born again. Accordingly I watched, prayed, and fasted too, thinking to purify my heart by these means, whereas it can only be purified by faith (Acts 15:9.) Watching, praying, and fasting are necessary duties; but I, like many others, placed some secret reliance on them, thinking they were to do that for me, in part at least, which Christ only could. The truth is, though I saw myself to be a sinner, and a great sinner, yet I did not see myself an entirely lost sinner; and therefore I could not come to Jesus Christ alone to save me. I despised the doctrine of justification by faith alone, looking on it as a foolish and dangerous doctrine. I was not yet stripped of all my righteousness, could not consider it as filthy rags, and therefore I went about to establish a righteousness of my own, and did not submit to the righteousness of God by faith (Rom. 10:3) I did not seek after righteousness through faith, but as it were by the works of the law. Thus I stumbled and fell (Rom. 9:31, 32). In short, to use a homely similitude, I put the justice of God into one scale, and as many good works of my own as I could in the other; and when I found, as I always did, my own good works not to be a balance to the divine justice, I then threw in Christ as a make weight. And this every one really does who hopes for salvation partly by doing what he can for himself, and relying on Christ for the rest.

"But dear Sir, Christ will either be a whole Saviour or none at all. And if you think you have any good service of your own to recommend you unto God, you are certainly without any interest in Christ. Be you ever so sober, serious, just, and devout, you are still under the curse of God, as I was, and knew it not, provided you have any allowed reliance on your own works, and think they are to do something for you, and Christ to do the rest."

4. With this feature of destitution, poverty, and soul-emptiness which characterize Berridge, we see combined its inseparable companion, *self-  
abhorrence*. How feelingly he says, (Gadsby's Hymn 702.)

**"Self-condemned and abhorred,  
How shall I approach the Lord."  
And again, (Hymn 336.)  
"I drop my vile heart in the dust."**

**5. But Berridge knew also the *gospel of the grace of God*. Here he preeminently shines. The gospel flowed purely into his soul, and thence pure out of his mouth, not turbid and tainted like a ditch with the rotting leaves that Adam would fain have covered himself with, but bright and sparkling as the river of life. Read Hymns 684, 690, 745. Christ was indeed his all in all.**

**6. One point more we would call attention to lest we dwell too long upon this part of our subject. We mean the sweet and indescribable *savour* that rests upon Berridge's Hymns. They are "seasoned with salt," and are thus preserved from corruption. How many thousands of sermons, hymns, and tracts have been written and published within this last century! And who reads them now? They wanted that which God commanded never to be lacking from the meat offering, (Lev. 2:13) "*salt*." Their sacrifice was not seasoned with salt, (Mark 9:46; Col. 4:6,) and therefore lacked both savour and preservation. Not so with Berridge. His hymns are seasoned with salt; have therefore savour and flavour; have been preserved to our time, and will go down to all generations.**

**The work before us we do not rate so highly as his hymns. There is doubtless in it much acuteness of argument, much sound scriptural experimental truth, great liveliness and originality of style and that peculiarly quaint vein of humour which was as much a part of Berridge as his stature or complexion. But it is almost wholly argumentative and controversial. The very nature of the subject, therefore, renders it more a book for beginners, a child's primer, than a text book of gospel experience. The vicar pays a visit to one of his sick parishioners, a wealthy grazier, but as ignorant of the gospel as any grazier that ever sold a beast at Bedford fair. The vicar has, therefore, to handle this rough grazier with as much caution as if he were handling a vicious bullock. All his quaint, yet forcible similes and figures are, therefore, admirably adapted to his purpose; and page after page is filled with keen, shrewd, pointed arguments in proof of the main point—salvation by grace. But this very circumstance, whilst it makes the book excellent for an inquirer after truth, renders it less appropriate to those who no more want to be convinced that salvation is of grace, and grace alone, than that the sun shines in the sky at noon. Whilst, therefore, we would fully recommend "The Christian World Unmasked" to those who have not yet seen the unmasked ugliness of Pharisaism, we should say that for exercised and experienced Christians there is much more solid savoury food in his hymns, which we believe will be understood, valued, and loved in proportion to the reality and depth of the**

work of grace in the soul.

**Our limits will not allow us to make any extracts from the book itself, which indeed, are less necessary, because it is a work so well known, and stamped with the approbation of many editions and of many readers, whose eyes behold now in glory him whom they once saw, believed in, and loved in grace.**

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**An Exposition of the New Testament; in which the sense of the sacred text is taken; doctrinal and practical truths are set in a plain and easy light; difficult passages explained; seeming contradictions reconciled; and whatever is material in the various readings and several oriental versions is observed. The whole illustrated with Notes, taken from the most ancient Jewish Writings. By *John Gill, D.D.*—(February, 1852.)**

**Commentaries upon the Scripture are by many persons much objected to. That there is some ground for these objections must, we think, be admitted. Let us, then, examine some of these objections.**

**1. They are considered *unnecessary*. The Scriptures, it is urged, are written so plainly and simply that he that runs may read. To overlay them, then, with human explanations is not only superfluous, but is to darken the counsel by words without knowledge. If God speak to men, he must speak plainly and intelligibly. "All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing froward\* or perverse in them. They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge" (Prov. 8:8, 9). To need, then, human explanations and learned commentaries, it is urged, would argue *imperfection* in the revelation itself.**

**\* Literally, "twisted;" *i.e.*, intricate, confused.**

**2. Besides which, the same blessed Spirit who revealed the Scripture alone can give a spiritual understanding of it. To study commentaries, therefore, it is argued, is to *slight the teaching and work of the Holy Spirit*, and to trust to the wisdom of the flesh.**

**3. Most commentaries, too, it is objected, are *written by carnal, unregenerate men*, who are necessarily blind to the spiritual meaning, and therefore can only adulterate the pure truth of God.**

**4. Ministers, too, it is especially urged, should get *everything immediate from God*: and therefore all they get from commentaries is but dead, dry, useless lumber, unprofitable to themselves, and starvation to the living family.**

That there is great truth and force in these objections, especially the last, cannot be denied. The tried and tempted, exercised and distressed children of God do not want a sermon nicely picked and culled out of books, but something warm and dewy out of the preacher's soul. Nor do they want sermons dished up out of a commentary, nor a cold hash of dead men's brains, but something hot from the spit. Take away all the scraps that they have picked up from old authors, all the explanations which they have culled from Dr. Gill, all the anecdotes that they have borrowed north, south, east, and west, all the hum-drum common phrases which form their general stock of trade, and leave them nothing but what has been made their own by divine teaching and experience, and it is to be feared many ministers would cut as poor a figure as David's messengers when Hanun had shaved off half their beards, and cut off their garments in the middle. There is no ministry worth a straw which does not come out of the heart and conscience of the minister. All that is pillaged out of books falls dead and dry upon the hearts of the exercised children of God. If there be *light* in the understanding of a minister, it must be from "the entrance of God's word, that giveth light." "God," says the apostle, "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." (2 Cor.4:6). If there be *life* in his soul, it must come directly and immediately from him who is "the Life," and who has said, "Because I live ye shall live also." If he have *utterance*, it is the gift of God: "Ye are enriched by him in all utterance" (1 Cor. 1:5). The Apostle Paul, though so deeply instructed into the mysteries of the gospel, yet so sensibly felt that God himself must teach him how and what to speak, that he begs the prayers of his fellow-believers, "that utterance might be given unto him, that he might open his mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel" (Eph. 6:19). "Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ, for which I am also in bonds, that I may make it manifest, as I ought to speak" (Col. 4:3, 4). If there be *liberty* in the minister's soul, it is from "the Spirit of the Lord," for "there (and there only) is liberty" (2 Cor. 3:17). If there be *power* resting upon his spirit and testimony, it is the power of God. Stephen was "full of faith and power." And why? Because "full of the Holy Ghost" (Acts 6:5). "Truly," says the prophet, "I am full of power by the Spirit of the Lord" (Micah 3:8). The possession of this power is the only true foundation of the gospel ministry. "Whereof I was made a minister, according to the gift of the grace of God given unto me by the effectual working of his power." (Eph. 3:7). And the apostle expressly testifies that his "speech and his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power" (1 Cor. 2:4). If there be *wisdom* in his heart and mouth, it is not the wisdom of the creature and the flesh, but "the wisdom which cometh from above." If there be *savour* in his ministry, (and without it what is all preaching but an empty sound?) it

is only so as his speech is seasoned with salt; and this is only by grace (Col. 4:6). And if there be a *blessing* attending the word preached, if the dead are quickened, the distressed delivered, and the saints built up on their most holy faith, though a Paul plant or an Apollos water, it is still all of God that giveth the increase. God is expressly "against the prophets that steal his words, every one from his neighbour" (Jer. 23:30). And the Lord has promised to give his servants in the needful hour "a mouth and wisdom which all their adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist."

If these positions are founded in Scripture and experience, as we believe none will deny who have any experimental knowledge of the truth, it is very evident that a ministry grounded upon natural abilities, hard study, acquired learning, and upon such materials as are usually found in Commentaries, is not the ministry of the Spirit. Were it so, the spruce academies of Hoxton and Cheshunt would be stars of bright lustre in the firmament of the church.

"Temptation, prayer, and meditation," says Luther, "make a minister." These, too, we may add, make the only true Commentary upon the word of God. By temptation and conflict the experience of the Bible saints is entered into and realized; by prayer, and in answer to it, its spiritual meaning is opened up; and by meditation it is turned into sweet and solid nutriment. The heavenly wisdom, the unspeakable majesty and beauty, the divine savour and power, the richness and fulness, the certainty and faithfulness, the suitability and blessedness that are stamped upon the Scripture—these prints of the hand of God can only be felt and recognized as the Holy Spirit shines upon the sacred page. He is the only true Commentator, for he alone can reach and melt the heart; and he is the only true Preacher, because he alone can seal the truth upon the soul.

But giving these scriptural positions the fullest weight, and we do so from our very heart and conscience, may not something still be said on the other side of the question? Because the Spirit of God is the only Teacher, are we to set our face decidedly against all human learning, all commentaries of every kind, and everything written by the pen of man? Does the Lord never sanctify to his own use, to his own honour and glory, and to his people's good, natural or acquired abilities? We did not learn the English language by grace, and yet we preach in English. So it is impossible to say how far God may not use natural abilities in the ministry of the gospel. Gold, silver, and brass, blue, and purple, and scarlet, fine linen, and goats' hair, rams' skins dyed red, badgers' skins, and shittim wood (Exod. 35:57), were all freely given to the tabernacle in the wilderness, were all accepted and sanctified by the blood sprinkled upon them (Heb. 9:21), by the anointing oil (Exod. 30:25-29), and the divine Shechinah that filled the sanctuary. Nay, the very laver of brass was made of the brazen mirrors of the women (Exod. 38:8). All these were severed thereby from

common uses, and dedicated to the worship and service of the sanctuary. May we not apply this to the ministry of the gospel? The servants of God undoubtedly differ in natural as well as in spiritual gifts. But may not both be employed in the service of the sanctuary? Thus, if a man's natural or acquired abilities be gold or brass, rough and close as the skin of the badger, refined as the fine linen, or strong and wiry as the hair of the goat, if sanctified by the Lord for the service of the tabernacle, they may all be used for his glory and his people's good.

Apply this view of the case to the Commentary before us, written by a man possessed not only of great learning and abilities, but of grace and divine teaching, and well instructed into the truth of God. May there not be something edifying and instructive, something establishing and profitable in the remarks made by him upon the Scriptures? Because ministers without a conscience may pillage from this fund, and pass off the Doctor's explanations as their own, it does not make the remarks themselves less valuable. A stolen sovereign is good gold still, though the pickpocket has filched it, and spent it as if earned by honest labour. In this, as in most other circumstances, it is not fair to argue against the use of a thing from its abuse.

Because worldly wisdom is out of place in the preaching of the gospel, we need not canonise ignorance. If it be "the foolishness of preaching," God does not send fools to preach. Bunyan, Huntington, and Gadsby were not men of learning and education, but they were no fools. On the contrary, they were men of original minds and natural powers which would have made them conspicuous in any sphere. Augustine, on the other hand, Luther, and Calvin were men of deep and varied learning; and in modern times, Romaine, Berridge, and Toplady were hard students. Nay, to come to Scripture instances, Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians: Daniel was skilled in all wisdom, knowledge, and science (Dan. 1:4; 5:11); and Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel. Learning, therefore, abilities, and study are, only so far hindrances, and great hindrances too, as they are made *substitutes* for the teaching and wisdom of the Spirit. This is their great danger, and most of all in the self-instructed and half-learned, who have not got so far on the road as to know their own ignorance. With such tall masts and spreading sails, a deal of heavy ballast is needful. But with that there may be less risk of toppling over. There is one test that they are kept in their place—*when they never appear*. Hart earned his daily bread by teaching languages. Where is there a trace of his knowledge of languages in his hymns beyond the admirable propriety and clearness of well nigh every line? Romaine was a thorough master of Hebrew. But where do we find him, beyond a passing hint in his writings, digging up Hebrew roots and slicing them up hot or cold? Berridge was a tutor of his college, and a hard student. But where in his beautiful hymns are his Clare Hall researches visible? Luther was one of the most

learned men of his age; but his German writings are so addressed to the popular understanding, so homely, pointed, racy, and expressive, that they are models of simplicity and strength, without the slightest tincture of pedantry or display, but gushing out of his heart clear, sparkling, and forcible as a mountain stream.

If a man possess natural or acquired ability, it should make him all the more plain and simple, and only enable him, like a skilful mechanic, to turn out his work more sharply and finely. It is only bunglers that can't handle their tools, who make a parade with the chisel. A man's knowledge should be wrought into his mind, as the mechanic's skill is wrought into his eye and hand. Let the work show the workman, not the tools flourished before the eyes.

If thus kept in its place, if sanctified to the service of God, if used only with a single eye to his glory and his people's good, human learning is not to be despised. It is the application that decides the value. Gold was given to make the golden calf, and gold was given to make the golden candlestick; the one was an idol, the other gave light to the sanctuary.

We may ask this simple question, "Where would have been our English Bible but for human learning?" The Scriptures are written in what are called the learned languages. To translate theses into English required an accurate and extensive knowledge of those languages, only to be acquired by long and patient study and labour. So far, then, learning has been used as an instrument in the hand of God for the benefit as thousands. The poorest man, with the Bible in his hand, may say, "Were it not for human learning I should never have read a line in this blessed book." To despise, therefore, human learning in itself, and apart from all abuse of it, is to despise what had been made a signal blessing to the church of God. And we suspect that its greatest despisers are those who do not possess it. Pride is of so subtle, accommodating a nature, that whilst one man is proud of his knowledge, another is proud of his ignorance. A Commentary, therefore, which explains the meaning of the original, where the translation is obscure, may be no more worthy of contempt or disregard than the translation itself.

Again, there are many ancient customs and rites which may, to ordinary readers, present matter of difficulty. Or there may be types, figures, and ceremonies, the spiritual meaning of which is, perhaps, not very apparent, but which, when explained, may throw a sweet light upon gospel truth. Thus Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews is a Commentary upon the Book of Leviticus.

Again, there may be real or apparent difficulties, even contradictions in the word of God, which may much perplex the mind, and which Satan may make much use of to harass and distress the soul.

**Or there may be profitable and edifying remarks drawn from different texts of Scripture, such as Hawker's "Morning and Evening Portions," or Mason's "Spiritual Treasury," and similar works, which, in fact, are but a Commentary on different parts of God's word.**

**But we may take a wider view still. A minister takes a text, shows its connexion, explains its literal meaning, traces out from it the experience of the soul—in other words, makes a Commentary upon it. If his words were taken down, and printed, and read, what are they but an extended Commentary upon a text of Scripture? There was a period in the history of the church when sermons were preached without texts at all; and when the practice was introduced of taking a text and preaching from it, it created much stir in the churches, and great opposition.\* But the practice eventually prevailed. When, then, a minister takes a text to preach from it, all that he says, so far as it is connected with his text, is but a Commentary upon it. Dr. Gill, we believe, preached a series of sermons on the Song of Solomon, which he afterwards published in a separate form as a Commentary upon that book, and a most excellent Commentary it is.**

**\* "This century (the 14th) was marked by the introduction of a novel mode of preaching, (in our days the most common,) that of taking a single text. The recent division of the Bible into chapters and verses, and the method common in the argumentative writings of the schoolmen, led to the first adoption of this plan; and it was long warmly opposed. The older methods of preaching were those termed declaring and lecturing. In the former, the preacher began by declaring the subject on which he intended to discourse, something in this manner: 'To-day I shall address you on the holiness of God;' in the latter, it was more in the style of exposition, being a kind of running commentary on some book of the Bible. The preachers from texts were first complained of as wordy triflers, whose almost interminable divisions of their subject perplexed, instead of edified, the hearers. Chrysostom was referred to as a model preacher, who had never confined himself to a text."—*Universal History on Scriptural Principles*, Vol. 4. p. 506**

**Now, if souls were blessed in hearing those sermons preached, why might not souls be blessed in reading those sermons when printed? The late Thomas Hardy had a remarkable gift in exposition, and his hearers often preferred what he said on the chapter to the sermon. What was this exposition but a Commentary?**

**There is, then, if these arguments be worth anything, nothing objectionable in Commentaries themselves, that is assuming, as we here do, that they are written by gracious and enlightened men. It is the abuse which renders them justly objectionable.**

**5. But one objection remains which we have not touched, perhaps the most formidable of all, and one which especially regards the Commentary before us—the impossibility of one man having such a spiritual knowledge of the whole Scripture as to enable him to write a Commentary upon the word of God from Genesis to Revelation. God the Spirit never opened up, it is urged, the whole of the Scripture to one man; and if he attempt to unfold what he has not been spiritually taught, what is it but dead, dry, human wisdom at best? This is to say, in other words, what is certainly most true, that the best Commentary must be very imperfect, that there are depths in the word of God which no one pen can unfold, and that the spiritual, experimental meaning of a large part of the Scriptures must be left wholly untouched.**

**But may there not be a little confusion of ideas here? And may not persons confound two things certainly distinct? What is applied with power to the soul is one thing, and a general light upon God's truth is another. A servant of God may not have had fifty portions of Scripture applied with power to his soul, but in his whole life time he may preach from several thousand texts. May a minister preach only on those texts which have been applied with power to his soul? May he not have light upon others, and life, and liberty, and power, and sweetness too?**

**Mr. Huntington published a little work, in two volumes, called, "Light Shining in Darkness," which we may call a Commentary upon certain dark passages of Scripture. But though, of course, he had light, and, it may be, life and feeling upon these passages, he does not profess that they all came with power to his soul for his personal deliverance or consolation. And is not this in accordance with Scripture precept and practice? What says the apostle? "Having, then, gifts according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion (or analogy) of faith;" *i.e.*, the preaching must be in strict accordance with the general drift and tenour of God's word. Paul does not confine a minister here to those texts only which have been applied with power to his soul, but requires that his preaching should be in strict agreement with the general tenour of inspiration. "If any man speak," says Peter, "let him speak as the oracles of God;" *i.e.*, in strict accordance with them. He does not limit him to a few portions of Scripture, but binds him to speak as they do.**

**Now apply this to a Commentary such as Dr. Gill's. If the Doctor had written no more upon the Scriptures than from the texts which had been opened up and applied to his soul, his Commentary would never have seen the day. But he might have much light upon the Scriptures generally, might have a clear judgment upon the truth of God revealed therein, distinct from certain**

portions particularly applied. Indeed, his experience of the truth of God in these particular passages would open up the meaning of others, as a master-key opens different locks. "The rain cometh down and the snow from heaven to make the earth bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater. So shall my word be" (Isa. 55:10, 11). A distinction is here made between personal enjoyment and a ministerial gift. There is in God's word, bread to supply the seedsman's soul, and corn to supply his seed-basket. He may sow a sack of corn before he has eaten all his loaf. The Corinthians were enriched by God in all utterance and in all knowledge, so that they came behind in no gift; and yet they were, as regards grace, still babes in Christ, who needed milk rather than meat. A man, then, like Dr. Gill might possess a great gift in expounding the word of God who in grace might be inferior to many private Christians.

Besides which it should be borne in mind that the cases of ministers and expositors of God's word and of private Christians are widely different. A private Christian needs no more light upon the Scripture than serves for his own comfort and edification. A minister may have to feed thousands, and therefore needs supplies of wisdom and light for others as well as himself.

A commentator, therefore, might have much light upon God's truth, for the benefit of others as well as himself.

Again, all the objections which we have adduced go upon the ground that the *only* use and object of a Commentary is spiritual edification. This, of course, should be the *main* object, but there are other things looked for as well, and certainly very desirable; such as the literal meaning of a passage, the solution of apparent inconsistencies and contradictions, the explanation of ancient customs, and many things which, if not understood, render a passage obscure.

Our limits warn us abruptly to close. We must therefore defer to a future Number our remarks on the particular Commentary before us.

*(Continued, March, 1852.)*

Our own experience, we confess, is not much in favour of Commentaries. Like many others of inquiring minds, we have in times past consulted them. But we must acknowledge, for the most part, with but little profit. The truth, in vital, heartfelt experience, we never attempted nor desired to draw from them; and as far as regards the ministry, we never dared and indeed were never tempted to derive from them the slightest aid whatever.

Every minister, we believe, whom God sends, owns, and blesses has given to him not only an experience of the truth, but a door of utterance to set it forth. Gifts may widely vary in extent and degree, but if man have no divine gift for the ministry, he has no business with the ministry. Many gracious men have brought trouble upon themselves, trouble upon the churches with which they are connected, and trouble upon the churches among which they have gone, for want of a divine gift for the ministry. They can preach *one* good, often one excellent sermon—*their own experience*. There they begin and end. They cannot open up the Scripture, nor trace out the work of God upon the soul, nor describe the in and out path of a Christian, nor take up the stumbling blocks, nor bring out of their text the treasures of experimental truth stored up in it, nor speak to the conscience, nor separate between the wheat and the chaff, nor handle the promise, nor enforce the precept, nor, like a good householder, bring forth things new and old to feed and edify the household of faith. The Lord's people, humanly speaking, are much dependent on a gospel ministry. They need to be instructed, fed, encouraged, comforted, reprov'd, warn'd, admonish'd, led on, humbled, raised up, and the whole work deepened and strengthened in their soul. To do all this is the end and object of the ministry of the gospel. Jesus, we read, "is ascended up on high to give gifts unto men," and all "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." (Eph. 4:7-16.) One little thinks how many of the Lord's people are looking anxiously forward to the ensuing Lord's day, hoping to hear something to comfort and encourage their hearts; and how disappointed they are when nothing comes with power to their souls. A man may be truly gracious, have a good experience, and love and live the truth, have a desire for the glory of God and the good of his people, and by this feeling be led into a pulpit, and kept in it, and yet be rather a plague and a burden than a benefit to the exercised family of God. He may be esteemed and loved as a gracious man, but not heard with any profit; and the consequence too often is coldness, and deadness, or perhaps divisions, in the body of the church, and disappointment or jealousy in the bosom of the minister. There is an electric wire between the pulpit and the pew; but what is the wire without the influence? What is the ministry without the power of God passing through it to the soul? If the Lord then send and furnish a minister, according to his experience and gifts will the Scriptures be opened up to him, will texts be applied with light and life to his soul, will matter spring up in his heart, will thoughts be communicated, feelings be inspired, words supplied, liberty of speech imparted, and an ability, sometimes surprising to himself, given to handle the truth as "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Such a ministry as this will be commended to the conscience of God's people, will fall with weight and savour on their spirit, and, as God is pleased to bless it, will carry life and feeling into their heart. A ministry of this kind, gushing out of the preacher's heart and mouth as a spring of living water, is as different from a hard, dead, cut and dry ministry, based on study and

premeditation and commentaries, as a living, breathing man from a cold withered skeleton. Cold, dry learning is not wanted in the pulpit. What is wanted there is experience in the heart, life, and feeling in the soul, and such a measure of divine power resting on the spirit as shall clothe the ideas that spring up with clear, simple, suitable language, level with the comprehension of the most uneducated hearer. A ministry of this kind will be fresh, original, stamped with a peculiar impress, and will carry with it a weight and power which manifest its divine author.

Of what use, then, it may be asked, are commentaries to a minister of truth?

As regards the ministry, none. Nor will any minister, with a tender conscience and the fear of God in his soul, dare to use them for that purpose. But may he never, then, look into them or consult them at all? Never with a view to the ministry, or to supply himself with matter for the pulpit. But suppose he cannot preach without them? Then he has no business in the pulpit at all, and had better at once leave it for the pew. But may he never read them for private information or edification? If something in a passage perplex his mind, and Gill is at hand, may he not take the volume down and consult it? Or may he not for the instruction and edification of his own soul read what Gill says upon a psalm or a chapter of Isaiah? May he not, if he possess them, read Owen's Commentary on Psalm 130, and that upon the Hebrews, or Leighton on the Epistles of Peter? "Give attendance to reading," says Paul to Timothy. May nothing be read but the simple Scriptures? To, say "No," would, we think, be tying him up too tightly. This leads us, then, to two cases in which it would seem hard to deny a minister the use of a commentary. For by parity of reasoning it might be argued that as Romaine, Hawker, Bunyan, or Huntington might furnish ideas for the pulpit, they should never look into "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Grace Abounding," the "Contemplations on the God of Israel," or "The Kingdom of God taken by Prayer," lest there be ideas and expressions suggested by them. And some good men, feeling how almost involuntarily the ideas and words of authors mingle with their own, and that it is a species of hypocrisy to let them escape their lips, have for that reason renounced reading all books but the Scriptures.

We do not wish any one to attach the least value beyond what it is worth to our own feelings on this subject; but as persons can speak best from experience, we will just mention how we have felt in this matter. Were we in possession of a copy of Gill's Bible, which we are not, though we well know the book, we should feel it allowable to look into it under two circumstances:

1. Suppose some verbal difficulty in a passage perplexed our mind, we should feel no more scruple in examining what the Doctor said upon it than we should in taking down our Hebrew or Greek Lexicon to investigate the

meaning of a difficult word. In nine cases out of ten the difficulty might not be solved by either the commentary or the lexicon so as to satisfy the judgment, but we might, we think, as legitimately see what the Doctor had to say upon it as the dictionary. So far, then, we think we could, without scruple, examine a commentary like the one before us.

Here let us diverge for a moment to give our view of what a really good and useful commentary should be. It should be, for the most part, but one extended translation. What we mainly want is the literal meaning of a passage—a strictly accurate translation from the original. Now in this very point, which is the main want, commentaries are almost always sadly defective. What we require is not the opinion of the commentator, but *what God has really said*, what is the strict literal meaning of the passage. When the commentator gives *his* interpretation, he almost always darkens counsel by words without knowledge.

But we read sometimes for our own edification; and therefore, 2. We see no objection, *with that object solely in view*, to reading Owen on the Hebrews, Or Caryl on Job, Or Lampe on John, or Gill on the Canticles, supposing we possessed them. A minister's soul is to be edified, instructed, fed like that of private Christians; and as he cannot be always reading the Scriptures, we see no objection to his reading, for that purpose only, the writings of gracious men. We read sometimes, for instance, Owen on the Spirit, and other of his writings, and have often found our soul sensibly edified, instructed, and fed thereby.

An observation which we heard Mr. Warburton make some years ago completely fell in with our own feelings and experience. He said that he could and did read the works of gracious men, as Mr. Huntington's, for his own edification, but never found them, or wished to find them, of the least benefit as regarded the ministry. In the pulpit, he had only what God gave him at the time. This is exactly as we have felt ourselves.

But if for the above reasons we have tied up ministers somewhat tightly, there is no cause why we should rein up hearers in the same gear. And as we presume none would restrict them from reading the writings of gracious men, we might justly plead for this liberty to be extended to their reading what gracious men have written upon the Scriptures. Nay, of all writings a spiritual Commentary on the Scriptures ought to be the most profitable. In all human writings there ever will be an admixture of infirmity; but there should be less of this in a commentary than in any other, for it is nearest the word of God. It should, therefore, be more simple, more scriptural, more weighty and powerful than any other writing, because it confines itself to pure truth. Supposing, then, in which supposition indeed lies the whole pith and marrow

of the question, that a really spiritual and gracious commentary could be found, to debar a private Christian from reading it merely because it is called a commentary would be to do homage to a word or a prejudice at the sacrifice of his profit. The difficulty is to find such a commentary. We may look far and wide to find it. Scott and Henry are often unsound, and generally very superficial. Whitby is a thorough Arminian and as dry as a chip. Adam Clarke is tainted to the very core with Wesleyanism. Barnes, though his Isaiah and Job are useful books in their way, might be distilled to the very bones without getting a drop of oil out of him. Of all commentaries Gill's is confessedly the best, but it is scarce and dear, and beyond the reach of most purses.

Under these circumstances, we believe it is best to read the Scriptures without any commentary whatever. Dark and difficult passages may indeed occur which we should be glad to understand; but for the most part the Scriptures are so simple and so beautiful, when read with life and feeling in the soul, that a commentary does but mar them. Our own practice is to read them without any explanation or illustration whatever, in their own beautiful simplicity, and scarcely once a year do we look into a commentary at all.

Our long preamble demands an apology, but upon a subject so difficult and delicate we have thought it not amiss to throw out our ideas at some length.

But now to the Commentary before us. Dr. Gill's is confessedly the best Commentary on the Bible in the English, or perhaps in any other language. The Doctor was a man of great research and learning, a most indefatigable student, and a thoroughly good scholar. But he knew also the truth, and all through his Commentary has never lost sight of it. He believed that the Scripture was a consistent, harmonious revelation of the mind and will of God; and the gospel of the grace of God he believed to be the grand key to both Old Testament and New. This gives his Commentary its chief value, that the Doctor is not a Calvinist in one page and an Arminian in another, building up and pulling down, and neither consistent with truth nor himself. The Doctor, therefore, explains every passage in conformity with the analogy of faith. Here he is confessedly very great, and usually very successful. The Doctor had a clear head and an able pen, which made Toplady apply to him what was said of the famous Duke of Marlborough, that he never besieged a town that he did not take, nor fought a battle which he did not win. Dr. Whitby and the Arminians had no more chance with the Calvinistic Doctor than Marshal Tallard and the French with the conqueror of Blenheim. We will not say of Dr. Gill's Commentary what Toplady thus said of his controversial writings, but this at least may be said, that the Doctor never slips by a hard text without attempting to take it, or attacks a difficult passage without struggling to master it. If there be no satisfactory explanation in Gill's

**Commentary, we are not likely to find it anywhere else. The Doctor, too, is generally very candid in acknowledging difficulties, and sometimes, from his very desire to explain a passage, gives so many explanations, that he rather perplexes than satisfies. One main point with the Doctor was his Rabbinical learning; and sometimes, it must be acknowledged, he has overlaid his Commentary too much with it, though often his quotations from the old Jewish writers throw light upon the Scripture. Before we conclude we will give an instance or two of this. But sometimes the good Doctor steps out of his Rabbinical learning, and writes in an instructive, edifying, and savoury manner.**

**His Commentary had become scarce and dear, and Mr. Doudney, who, before he became a minister in the Church of Ireland, was a printer, has formed a determination to bring it out in a cheap form. It can scarcely, we believe, be procured, according to the edition, whether folio or quarto, small or large paper, under from six to eight or ten guineas. Mr. D. purposes to bring it out in six volumes, octavo, at a cheap rate. How far it accords with his present position to edit the commentary of such decided and unflinching Particular Baptist as Dr. Gill, and how far passages explained by the Doctor must rise up as witnesses against him,\* we must leave, for to his own Master each must stand or fall. We have his guarantee, which, as far as we have seen, he has scrupulously observed, that there shall be nor alteration or tampering with the commentary as it now stands. What literary qualifications, too, he possesses to edit a book full of Hebrew and Greek passages and much miscellaneous learning seems exceedingly questionable. There are many errata in both the Hebrew and Greek of the original editions, and though this does not affect the ordinary reader, if they are preserved at all they should be given correctly. Apart from these circumstances, which we have felt a right to allude to, we wish the undertaking every success. It is undoubtedly a useful, valuable, excellent work, and at present almost unattainable. He is doing this under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, being in a remote part of Ireland, and having no regular compositors or pressmen, but obliged to avail himself of the services of raw Irish lads, whom he is kindly instructing into the mysteries of the printing-office; thus conferring a great benefit upon them at a great inconvenience to himself. The work appears in half-volumes, and the part that we have seen (Matt. 1-23.) appears to be, considering all circumstances, very correctly printed. We give three extracts, the first of which will show the consistent line of truth which the Doctor moves in, and the other two the way in which his Rabbinical learning sometimes throws light on the Scripture. Our second extract refers to Jesus going on the Sabbath day through the corn, and his disciples plucking and eating the ears. (Matt. 12:1.)**

**\* "Matt. 3:6. The manner in which they were baptized by him was by immersion, or plunging them in the water. This may be concluded from the**

signification of the word *baptidzo* here used, which in the primary sense of it signifies to dip, or plunge; from the place in which they were baptized—the *River Jordan*; and from John's constant manner of baptizing elsewhere, who chose places for this purpose where and because there was there much water. (John 1:28, and 3:23.)

"Matt. 3:16: '*And Jesus, when he was baptized,*' &c.—Christ, when he was baptized by John in the River Jordan, the place where he was baptizing, went up straight away out of the water. One would be at a loss at first sight for a reason why the Evangelist should relate this circumstance; for after the ordinance was administered, why should he stay in the water? Every one would naturally and reasonably conclude, without the mention of such a circumstance, that as soon as his baptism was over, he would immediately come up out of the water. However we learn this from that, since it is said that he came up out of the water, he must first have gone down into it; must have been in it, and was baptized in it; a circumstance strongly in favour of baptism by immersion; for that Christ should go down into the river, more or less deep, to the ankles, or up to the knees, in order that John should sprinkle water on his face, or pour it on his head, as is ridiculously represented in the prints, can hardly obtain any credit with persons of thought and sense."

"Matthew 13:23: '*But he that received seed into the good ground,*' &c.—The hearer, compared to ground into which the seed fell, is *he that heareth the word, and understandeth it*; has a new and spiritual understanding given him, feels the power of it on his heart, enlightening and quickening him; has an application of it made to him by the Spirit of God, can discern the work and excellency of it, and distinguish it from all others; and, as Mark says, *receives it*; as the word of God in faith, and with the love of it, and with all readiness and meekness; and as Luke observes, *keeps it*; holds it fast against all opposition with great struggling; will not part with it at any rate, nor depart from it in the least, nor entertain any doubt about it; but abides by it, stands fast in it, and is valiant for it; and this he does *in and with an honest and good heart*; which no man naturally has, nor can any man make his heart so. This is the work of God, and is owing to his efficacious grace. This is a heart of flesh, a new and right heart and spirit, a heart to fear God, to love him, and to trust in him; in which Christ dwells by faith; in which the Spirit of God has his temple; and in which every grace is implanted; and such a one, as he hears with a strict and an honest intention and in the exercise of grace, so he holds fast the words he hears, understands, and receives, with all faithfulness and honesty. '*Which also beareth fruit and bringeth forth, some a hundred fold, some sixty, and some thirty.*'—The fruit borne and brought forth by such a hearer is the true fruit of grace and righteousness, and is all from Christ, under the influences of the Spirit, through the word and ordinances, as means, and issues in the glory of God; and though not brought forth in the same

quantity in all, yet is of the same quality, and is brought forth, as Luke says, *'with patience;'* constantly and continually, in all seasons, in old age, and even unto death; and is at last brought forth to perfection, holds, and remains to the end."

"Matthew 12:2: *'But when the Pharisees saw it,' &c.*—Who went along with him, or followed him, being employed to make observation on his words and actions. *'They said unto him.'*—Luke says, *'unto them,'* the disciples. It seems they took notice of this action both to Christ and his disciples, and first spoke of it to the one and then to the other, or to both together. *'Behold, thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do upon the Sabbath day!'*—They mention it with astonishment and indignation. What they refer to is not their walking on a Sabbath day; this they might do, according to their canons, provided they did not exceed two thousand cubits, which were a Sabbath day's journey; nor was it their passing through the corn field, though, according to them, 'it was not lawful for a man to visit his gardens or his fields on the Sabbath day, to see what they want or how the fruits grow; for such walking is to do his own pleasure.' But this they knew was not the case of Christ and his disciples, who were not proprietors of these fields. Nor was it merely their plucking the ears of corn, and rubbing and eating them, which were not their own, but another man's; for this, according to the law, in Deut. 22:25, was lawful to be done; but what offended the Pharisees was, that it was done on the Sabbath day, it being, as they interpret it, a servile work, and all one as reaping; though, in the law just mentioned, it is manifestly distinguished from it. Their rule is, 'he that reaps (on the Sabbath day) ever so little, is guilty (of stoning); and *plucking ears of corn is a derivative of reaping,* and is all one as its primitive, and punishable with the same kind of death, if done presumptuously;' so Philo, the Jew, observes, 'that the rest of the Sabbath not only reached to men, bond and free, and to beasts, but even to trees and plants; and that it *was not lawful to cut a plant, or branch, or so much as a leaf,* on a Sabbath day.' And it may be, what might make this offence of the disciples the more heinous was, that they plucked these ears and ate them, and so broke their fast before morning prayer; for a man might not eat anything on a Sabbath day until morning prayers were ended in the synagogue, nor indeed on any other day; for they used not to eat bread until after they had offered the daily sacrifice, which was about the third hour of the day, or nine o'clock in the morning, nor did they eat till the fourth hour, or ten o'clock."

"Matt. 23:24: *'Ye blind guides, which strain at\* a gnat, and swallow a camel,' &c.*—It is in verse 16, *'who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.'* The Syriac and Persic versions read the words in the plural number: *'gnats and camels.'* The Jews had a law, which forbid them the eating of any creeping thing, (Lev. 11:41,) and of this they were strictly observant, and would not be guilty of the breach of it for ever so much. 'One that eats a flea or a gnat they say is an

apostate,' one that has changed his religion, and is no more to be reckoned as one of them. Hence they very carefully strained their liquors, lest they should transgress the above command, and incur the character of an apostate, and, at least, the penalty of being beaten with forty stripes, save one; for, 'whosoever eats a whole fly, or a whole gnat, whether alive or dead, was to be beaten on account of a creeping flying thing.' Among the accusations Haman is said to bring against them to Ahasuerus, and the instances he gives of their laws being different from the king's, this is one: that 'if a fly falls into the cup of one of them, he strains it, and drinks it; but if my lord, the king, should touch the cup of one of them, he would throw it to the ground, and would not drink of it.' Maimonides says, 'He that "strains wine, or vinegar, or strong liquor, and eats *Jabehushin*, (a sort of small flies found in wine cellars, on account of which they strained their wine,) or gnats, or worms, which he hath strained off, is to be beaten on account of the creeping things of the water, or on account of the creeping, flying things, and the creeping things of the water.'" Moreover, it is said, 'a man might not pour his strong liquor through a strainer by the light, (of a candle or lamp,) lest he should separate, and leave in the top of the strainer, (some creeping thing,) and it should fall again into the cup, and he should transgress the law in Lev. 11:41.' To this practice Christ alluded here; and so very strict and careful were they in this matter, that to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel became at length a proverb, to signify much solicitude about little things, and none about greater. These men would not, on any consideration, be guilty of such a crime as not to pay the tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, and such like herbs and seeds, and yet made no conscience of doing justice, and showing mercy to men, or of exercising faith in God, or love to him."

\* It is a great pity that it stands in the authorised translation "*strain at*," instead of "*strain out*," which the word literally means, as well as the sense requires. As in the Geneva translation it is "*strain out*," it was probably in the first instance a misprint, which has been servilely perpetuated. The figure is not of a person opening his mouth wide, straining himself, as it were, to catch a gnat in the air, which has little or no meaning; but of one so scrupulously fearful of defiling himself by partaking of unclean food as not even to drink until he had passed the liquor through a strainer, lest there might be a gnat in it, and he inadvertently swallow it.

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A Warning to Ministers; or, The Dangers Incident to the Ministerial Office. A Fragment, by Jonathan R. Anderson, Minister of Knox's Church, Glasgow.

A Day in Knox's Free Church, Glasgow; being Notes of Lecture and Sermon Delivered 12<sup>th</sup> Oct., 1851, by J. R. Anderson.

**John Knox Tracts.—(April, 1852.)**

**Many circumstances have concurred to stamp on Scotland a peculiar character, both naturally and religiously. Its northern position, isolating it from the great centres of civilization; the free, valorous spirit of its natives, generated and maintained by its long struggles in ancient times to preserve its independence against England; its division into two originally distinct nations, speaking two different languages, and occupying two physically distinct districts, the Teutonic race being settled in the Lowlands, and speaking Scotch, and the Celtic occupying the Highlands, and speaking Gaelic; its wild mountainous scenery in the north, and its fertile vales in the south and southwest, all have concurred to render the Scotch a peculiar people. Shrewdness and thrift, industry and perseverance, have long favourably distinguished them from the natives of the opposite isle.**

**But nothing has so stamped a distinct character on the Scottish people as the Reformation, which in Scotland was far more sweeping, general, and complete than in any other country of Europe. From this dates Scotland's glory. Till the light of truth penetrated her mountains and dales, she lay a rude chaos of strife and confusion, war and bloodshed. But since that period she has been, as regards the things of God, in many respects, a highly-favoured country. John Knox, Rutherford, Halyburton, the two Erskines, and many others less known by name, were, each in his day and generation, burning and shining lights; and the torch of truth, borne aloft in their hands, has cast its rays far and wide.**

**But Scotland has, for many years, far departed from her ancient glory. The lamp in the sanctuary burns dim; the salt has lost its savour; the body retains its shape and proportions, but, struck with paralysis, lies helpless on its death bed. Religion has still its name and place in Scotland's head, but, it has much died out of Scotland's heart.**

**It has struck our minds that it might not be uninteresting, in connection with the little works at the head of this article, to present a slight sketch of the present religious state of Scotland. But as its present state is inseparably connected with its past, we trust we shall be excused if we first enter into some historical details, as it is well nigh impossible to understand the peculiar features of Scotch profession without some little acquaintance with its religious history.**

**The abuses of Popery before the Reformation were, perhaps greater in Scotland than in any other country in Europe. Full half the wealth of the nation was in the hands of the clergy, who were characterized in the higher**

ranks by pride, ambition, profligacy, and sloth, and in the lower by the densest ignorance and superstition. Besides the *secular* clergy, as the bishops, vicars, and curates were called, the land swarmed with *regular* clergy, the monks and friars of more than a dozen Orders, many of whom lived on mendicancy, and wandered about the country preaching the most absurd and ridiculous legends. (1) Besides the amount of alms thus obtained by the mendicant orders, the exactions of the secular clergy who occupied the parishes were particularly obnoxious; for besides the church lands and tithes, the latter of which were particularly felt in a poor country like Scotland, claims were continually made by the incumbents of parishes which were most galling and oppressive. As one instance, we may mention that when a farmer or labourer died, however small his property might be, the vicar could demand of the widow or surviving family what was called a *corps-present*; (2) *i.e.*, the best cow which belonged to the deceased, and the uppermost cloth or covering of his bed, or the uppermost of his body clothes. Besides this, there were fees for interment, and the sums necessary to offer masses for getting his soul out of purgatory. A volume indeed would be required to describe the abominations and corruptions of Popery, with their attendant exactions and oppressions, under which Scotland groaned. But soon after Luther had, with the blessing of God, lighted up the blazing torch of Reformation in Germany, some sparks were wafted to the Scottish shore. No sooner, however, did the doctrines of the Reformation begin (about A.D. 1526) to penetrate that country, than persecution started up as an armed giant, to stifle the rising flame. Patrick Hamilton, Scotland's first martyr, was burnt by Archbishop Beaton at St. Andrew's, Feb. 28th, 1528. (3) From his funeral pile, however, as from that of Latimer and Ridley afterwards in England, fire burnt up which soon illuminated the whole of Scotland. (4) But from 1530 to 1546 the flames of persecution fiercely raged. Henry Forrest was burnt at St. Andrew's, 1530, for possessing a copy of the New Testament, and for asserting that Patrick Hamilton was a martyr. Norman Gourley was burnt at Greenside, near Edinburgh, because, being a priest, he was married. At a somewhat later period, Cardinal Beaton burnt George Wishart, at St. Andrew's, in defiance of the Regent and civil power; (5) hanged at Perth four men for eating a goose in Lent; and had a young woman drowned (Knox says with her babe at her breast) because, in childbed she did not pray to the Virgin Mary and the saints. (6) Many to save their lives fled. Still the Reformation grew and spread far and wide, till about 1540 many of the nobility embraced it. A struggle now commenced to throw off Popery altogether, which, with many alternations, ultimately proved successful. The Reformation in Scotland was much more sweeping and complete than in this country. Not only was Popery put down with a high hand, but the very frame of the episcopal church, as a national establishment, was overthrown, root and branch. Not to weary our readers with historical details, we will merely observe that John Knox was the chief instrument employed in this work, which was singularly favoured by the

providential dispensations of God. In the year 1557, John Knox, then residing at Geneva, was invited into Scotland by the Protestant nobility. (7) In May, 1559, he arrived at Edinburgh, and, in the following June, made his memorable visit to St. Andrew's, where he preached for four successive days against the errors and abominations of Popery, with such power and effect, that the parish church was stripped of its pictures and images, the monasteries pulled down, and the reformed worship unanimously set up. From this point, as a spiritual focus, in the course of a few weeks, at Stirling, Cupar, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh, the monasteries were demolished, and the reformed worship established. It is not our purpose to dwell on these points, except as bearing on our subject. We shall, therefore, merely observe that the reformed worship was, in the year 1560, established by the Scottish Parliament, and Scotland became thenceforward a Protestant nation.

John Knox was undoubtedly a most eminent man, possessed of a large measure of gifts and grace, but he and his coadjutors seem to have committed one great mistake, which has had a wonderful influence on their native country. This mistake, we believe, was the identifying the Kirk of Scotland with the Church of Christ. Churches are assemblies called out of the world—not the world Christianized. The Kirk of Scotland was set up on the Presbyterian model, first adopted by Calvin, at Geneva. Knox was in that city several years, and brought thence to Scotland the pattern of the Geneva Church. Those who know the history of Calvin's troubles at Geneva need not be informed of the difficulties that he had to encounter in his endeavour to mould an ungodly city into the semblance of a church of Christ. But when this system was applied to all Scotland, when parishes were considered branches of the Kirk, and therefore little churches of Christ, it is evident that a mistake was made at the outset. Considering the peculiar features of the times, it was, perhaps, impossible to act otherwise; but it has produced singular effects, both for good and evil.

To bring this more vividly before our mind, let us take an English parish. Put down the episcopal service, place in the pulpit a minister who can pray and preach consistently with truth; nay, advance one step further, let him be a man really possessed of grace, and let him deal with big parishioners as if they were a part of the flock of Christ. The whole of the New Testament must be distorted and perverted to make such a system work. We are well aware that the Scotch ministers were sensible, deeply, painfully sensible, of the unconverted state of the greater part of the flock; and that, holding as they did so firmly the doctrine of election, they must have been convinced that the majority would live and die so. But, viewing as they did, the Kirk of Scotland as the Church of Christ, whereas, with all its purity of doctrines and forms, it was after all but a National Establishment, they were entangled at every step with this dragging chain. The Scotch ministers were, for the most part, men of

unequalled devotedness, and the greatest precautions were used to have none but godly men. But how could they turn a parish into a church of Christ? They might warn, threaten, excommunicate, preach, and pray with the greatest fervour and zeal, and might reap a rich harvest of souls, but they could not wash the Ethiopian white, or make the leopard change his spots. This they deeply felt; and the singular consequence was that the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, generally speaking, is administered in Scotland but once a year. (8) For this every preparation was made, and necessarily so; for what an amount of warning and exhortation was needful to bring up the parishioners in a fit state to receive it! (9) It was not with them as it is with the gospel churches in England—a church gathered from a congregation, but the congregation, with certain exceptions, gathered into the church. (10) What an amount of sifting was therefore needful to bring out the pure wheat. We understand that in Scotland, even now, before the Lord's Supper is administered, the warnings from the ministers not to approach the table unworthily are most fervent. All this may be inseparable from the system; but one thing is evident, that, as far as the Lord's people are concerned, it must generate a great spirit of bondage, and make the Lord's Supper, rather a duty to be performed with a burdened conscience than a blessed privilege, where the Lord himself sits and says, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved;" and that, with every precaution, hundreds sit down who are dead in unregeneracy.

It may seem presumptuous in us, so far inferior to those gracious men who bore the burden and heat of the day, to censure their views; but that which is wanting cannot be numbered, and what is not according to God's revealed word must be censured. A foundation error once established necessarily ran through the whole of their ministry. Thus the sweet sound of gospel grace, though, in the doctrine of it, none could be more clear, was almost necessarily mingled by them with the harsh tones of the law. One mistake involves others. Infant sprinkling was the universal practice, and the law as a rule of life, the universal doctrine. (11) The assumption that a minister's flock was his parish, necessarily leavened his ministry; and as, of course, the far greater part were unconverted, it became viewed as a part of his duty to labour till they were brought to repentance.

This mingling in the same fold of sheep and goats, and considering the whole

as one flock, has singularly affected Scotland. It has made it, at least till of late years, the most religious country professedly in the world. It has moralized the land in a most remarkable manner, spread one creed all through the country, inculcated and effected a habit of attending public worship to a degree elsewhere unknown, sanctified the Lord's day almost into the literal strictness of the Jewish Sabbath; in a word, made religion so popular, and at the same time so universally indispensable, that a person with any character to maintain dares hardly not be religious. A correspondent from Scotland, in a private letter, speaking of the general profession there, lately made use of this expression, "*We are all church.*" Doubtless wonderful good was done in restraining open evil, and shaming down gross transgression, though, with all this outward reformation, in numberless instances, the banked-up stream would flow into the hidden channel of hypocrisy and self-deceit, and in others would swell all the higher in secret indulgence. But admitting all this, there is every reason to believe that from generation to generation a harvest of souls has been gathered into the kingdom of God.

The Kirk, too, in former days, had to pass through the hot fires of persecution. The unsuccessful attempts of Charles I to force the English liturgy upon the Scottish nation, and the dreadful persecutions of the Covenanters in the reign of Charles II are well known. But her sufferings only the more endeared the Kirk to the hearts of the Scottish people, till she became almost the national idol.

One bone of contention, however, has always existed in Scotland since the Kirk became a National Establishment—what is called the right of *lay patronage*; that is, the right claimed by the landed proprietors to appoint their own nominees to the vacant livings. In the first Scottish Parliament which met after the Revolution (A.D. 1690), the right of lay patronage was abolished; but it was revived in 1712, and though for some years both patrons and ministers were disinclined to avail themselves of the resuscitated law, the face of matters soon changed. A strong party among the clergy favoured the claims of the lay patrons; and to such an extent were these claims frequently carried that instances occurred where the nominee of the lay patron was inducted into the living under a file of soldiers, and, when the parishioners barred the door, has been introduced into the pulpit through the window. This siding of a strong party in the General Assembly (as the highest Ecclesiastical Court in Scotland

is called) with the lay patrons, combined with their defection from the truth and their worldly spirit in other matters, has produced, at two different periods, separated from each other by somewhat more than a century, two most important disruptions, that have, in their issue, torn the Kirk asunder. The first was the secession of Ebenezer Erskine, with three other ministers, in 1733, laying thereby the foundation of what is called "The Secession Church," which from that time went on increasing, until, in 1839, it numbered 357 ministers and more than 260,000 persons. The other event took place about eleven or twelve years ago, when, Parliament having decided in favour of lay patronage, a secession from the Kirk took place, embracing, we believe, more than two thirds of the ministers in quantity, and undoubtedly the best and most devoted in quality. These formed themselves into "The Free Church." Many and great have been their privations and sufferings. They had to leave their comfortable *manses* (as the parsonage houses are called in Scotland) and preferments; and as the great landed proprietors almost universally refused them sites to erect new churches upon, they had to meet, like the ancient Covenanters, under hill sides, and beneath the shadow of tents. The last grievance has, we believe, lately been much diminished but it is certain that the salt of Scotland is in the Free Church, for the best of the people seceded with their ministers.

Yet Scotland is in a singular position. Two events have indeed sadly marred her ancient religious character in her once most favoured districts, the Western Lowlands, where the Covenanters were anciently most strong. These are 1, the amazing increase of trade and manufactures at Glasgow and on the banks of the Clyde; and 2, the immigration of the low Irish into the manufacturing towns, who here, as elsewhere, have brought with them, undiminished and undiminishing, their Popery, their drunkenness, their quarrels, and their dirt. Glasgow, the second town for population in the British Isles, is said to be the most drunken city perhaps in the world.

Experimental truth is, generally speaking, in Scotland, at the lowest ebb. A sound creed, at least of dry, hard Calvinism, generally prevails, but of experimental truth there is little or none. Mr. Anderson, of Glasgow, is an exception, as we hope to show when we notice his works; but a friend of ours, a man that well knew and loved the truth some years ago assured us that he had wandered from church to church, and from chapel to chapel, both at

Edinburgh and Glasgow, and could find nothing, absolutely nothing to feed his soul. We have heard also our departed friend, J. M'Kenzie, himself a Scotchman, express the poorest opinion of Scotch profession. A dry, cold, hard, metaphysical religion has frozen up the people. The corpse is well dressed, and laid out in its satin lined coffin; but it is a corpse still; and if there be occasionally twitches, as though life were in it, they are but the result of pulpit galvanism. All is soon motionless as before. What life there is, is, we understand, chiefly in the Highlands, among the population who speak Gaelic, miserably poor as regards worldly things, and widely scattered. They are men singular for their fervent prayers, such as in England we have but little conception of. But, with these exceptions, torpor and death reign under a general profession, and Scotland's ancient glory has departed.

We, have been struck with the little works of Mr. Anderson at the head of this article, and hope, in a following number, to give some extracts from them. An apology meanwhile is required for introducing so much mere historical and preliminary matter; but we were desirous to show a little of the religious state of a land so intimately connected with our own, by way of introduction to the works named at the head of our Review.

#### NOTES.

(1) The bishops in Popish times never preached, and the secular clergy very rarely. The preaching, such as it was, was almost wholly confined to the monks, and those chiefly of the mendicant orders, who went about the country, relating from the pulpits legendary tales of the saints, and especially of the founder of their order, such as his long fasts, bodily conflicts with Satan, innumerable miracles, severe flagellations, and corporeal austerities, interlarded sometimes with jokes and mirthful anecdotes, and generally winding up with sending round the begging box for the good of the monastery and order to which the preaching friar belonged.

(2) Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, whose writings had an immense effect in Scotland in overturning Popery, thus satirises the practices of *corps-present*. We have somewhat modernised the spelling:

"Sir, by what law, tell me wherefore, or why,  
That a vicar should take from me three kye (cows)?  
One for my father, and for my wife another,  
And the third cow he took for Mold, my mother.

\* \* \* \* \*

And as to the vicar, as I trow,  
He will not fail to take a cow  
And upmost cloth, though babes thame ban (there be),  
From a poor *seely* (simple) husbandman,  
When that he lies for til de (to die),  
Having small bairns two or three.  
And his three kye, withoutin mo (any more),  
The vicar must have one of tho (them),  
With the gray cloak that happis (covers) the bed,  
Howbeit that he be poorly clad;  
And if the wife die on the morn,  
Though all the babes should be forlorn,  
The other cow he cleikis (steals) away,  
With her poor coat of roplock gray;  
And if within two days or three,  
The eldest child happens to de (die),  
Of the third cow he will be sure.  
When he has all them under his cure,  
And father and mother both are dead,  
Beg must the babes without remeid (remedy)."

(3) To show what in those days it was death to hold, we make the following quotation: "Patrick Hamilton was accused of teaching 'that the corruption of sin remains in children after baptism; that no man by the power of his free-will can do any good; that no man is without sin so long as he liveth; that every true Christian may know himself to be in a state of grace; that a man is not justified by works, but by faith only; that good works make not a good man, but that a good man doeth good works, and an ill man ill works, although these ill works, if truly repented, do not make an ill man; that faith, hope, and charity are so linked together that he who hath one of them hath all,

**and he that lacketh one lacketh all; that God is the cause of sin in this sense, that he withdraweth his grace from man, and grace being withdrawn, he cannot but sin; that it is devilish doctrine to teach that, by an actual penance, remission of sin is purchased; that auricular confession is not necessary to salvation; that there is no purgatory; that the holy patriarchs were in heaven before Christ's passion; that the Pope is Antichrist; and that every priest hath as much power as he.'"**

**(4) The effect of the martyrdom of Patrick Hamilton was so great, that it is related "one John Lindsay, a plain man, who attended the bishop, gave his advice to burn Forrest in some hollow cellar, for 'the smoke,' said he, 'of Mr. Patrick Hamilton, hath infected all those on whom it blew.'"**

**(5) It is reported that, when Wishart was in the middle of the flames, he looked up to a window where the cardinal was sitting, and expressed himself as follows: "This fire hath scorched my body, yet hath it not daunted my spirit; but he, who from yonder place beholdeth us with so much pride, shall soon lie in the same as ignominiously as he is now seen proudly reposing."**

**(6) After Cardinal Beaton had burnt Wishart, he proceeded to the Abbey of Arbroath to celebrate the marriage of his eldest daughter by Marion Ogilvy, with whom he had long lived in scandalous concubinage, and there with infamous effrontery gave her in marriage to the eldest son of the Earl of Crawford, and with her 4000 marks of dowry. But Wishart's prophecy soon came to pass. On May 29th, 1546, just two months after the death of Wishart, Cardinal Beaton was put to death in his own chamber by a party headed by Norman Leslie, and his dead body was hanged out of the same window from which he beheld Wishart's execution.**

**(7) John Knox preached in Scotland before this, as the following interesting letter of his to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Bowes, shows:—**

**"The wayis of man ar not in his awn power. Albeit my journey toward Scotland, belovit mother, was maist contrarious to my own judgment, befoir I did interpryse the same; yet this day I prais God for thame wha was the cause externall of my resort to theis quarteris; that is, I praise God in you and for**

**you, whome hie maid the instrument to draw me frome the den of my awn eas (you allane did draw me from the rest of quyet studie), to contemplat and behold the fervent thirst of oure brethrene, night and day sobbing and gronyng for the breid of lyfe. Gif I had not sene it with my eis, in my awn contry, I culd not have believit it! I praisit God, when I was with you, perceaving that in the middis of Sodome, God had mo Lottis than one, and mo faithful dochteris than twa. But the fervencie heir doth far exceid all utheris that I have seen. And thairfoir ye sall pacientlie bear, altho' I spend heir yet sum dayis; for depart I cannot unto sic tyme as God quenche thair thirst a litill. Yea, mother, thair fervencie doith sa ravische me, that I cannot but accus and condemp my sleuthful coldness. God grant thame thair hartis desyre; and I pray you advertteis (me) of your estait, and of thingis that have occurit sence your last wryting. Comfort yourself in Godis promissis, and be assureit that God steiris up mo friendis than we be war of. My commendation to all in your company. I commit you to the protection of the Omnipotent. In great haist. The 4th of November, 1555. From Scotland. Your son, John Knox."**

**(8) The Secession Church has been accustomed to celebrate the Lord's Supper in many of their congregations four times a year, and in the remainder twice.**

**(9) "Some time before the Lord's Supper takes place, it is announced from the pulpit. The week before, the Kirk session meets and draws up a list of all the communicants of the parish, according to the minister's examination-book, and the testimony of the elders and deacons. According to this list, tickets are delivered to each communicant, if desired, and the ministers and elders also give tickets to strangers who bring sufficient testimonials. None are allowed to communicate without such tickets, which are produced at the table. Those who have never received the Lord's Supper are instructed by the minister, and by themselves, in the nature of the Sacraments, and taught what is the proper preparation thereunto. The Wednesday or Thursday before, there is a solemn feast, and on the Saturday there are two preparatory sermons. On Sunday morning, after singing and prayer as usual, the minister of the parish preaches a suitable sermon; and when the ordinary worship is ended, he, in the name of Jesus Christ, forbids the unworthy to approach, and invites the penitent to come and receive the sacrament. Then he goes into the body of the church, where one or two tables, according to its width, are placed, reaching**

from one end to the other, covered with a white linen cloth, and seats on both sides for the communicants. The minister places himself at the end or middle of the table. After a short discourse, he reads the institution, and blesses the elements; then he breaks the bread, and distributes it and the wine to those that are next him, who transmit them to their neighbours; the elders and deacons attending to serve and see that the whole is performed with decency and order. Whilst these communicate, the minister discourses on the nature of the sacrament; and the whole is concluded with singing and prayer. The minister then returns to the pulpit and preaches a sermon. The morning service ended, the congregation are dismissed for an hour; after which the usual afternoon service is performed. On the Monday morning there is public worship, with two sermons; and these, properly speaking, close the communion service."

(10) In 1839, the Secession Church embraced a population, young and old, of 261,345. Of these there were 126,070 communicants. The average number of the congregations was 730, and the average number of communicants was 349. Now deducting children (and the number of scholars in the Sabbath schools was 37,602) it would make at least two-thirds of the congregation attendants on the Lord's Supper, and this in the Secession Church, confessedly much stricter than the Established Kirk.

(11) In the Confession of Faith drawn up by John Knox and adopted by the Kirk is this article on infant baptism: "We assuredly believe that by baptism we are engrafted into Jesus Christ, to be made partakers of his justice (righteousness), by the which our sins are covered and remitted." This does not much differ from the second answer in the Church of England catechism.

*(Continued, May, 1852.)*

There is a striking similarity between the history of the church and the experience of a believer. Nor is this coincidence casual, but necessarily connected with their mutual position, the body and the members being affected by the same circumstances, and being dependent on the same causes of health or decay. Thus the first is as the volume of which the second is a page; the one being the history of centuries, and the other the record of a life.

**This similarity embraces several particulars. 1. The first and main point of coincidence lies in this—that both are dependent for their spiritual life and prosperity on the Lord their Head. The church is his body, of which individual believers are separate members; and without him neither body nor members can do anything. He is "the Way" in which both walk; "the Truth" in which both believe; and "the Life" in which both live.**

**2. But besides this similarity in point of *dependence*, there is also a striking resemblance in point of *experience*. Thus in the history of the church there are certain marked periods, or, as they are usually called, "*epochs*," of spiritual prosperity when the Lord's presence and power were peculiarly manifested. As these seasons were wholly due to the special pouring out of the Holy Spirit, (according to the Scripture promise, "I will pour out my Spirit upon you,") they have been termed "*effusions*" of the Holy Ghost. The first of these, and the type and pattern of all succeeding, though immeasurably exceeding them in power and glory, was that most memorable one, on the day of Pentecost. The early and the latter rain\* spoken of in the prophets seem to represent in type and figure the beauty and blessedness of these gracious effusions. Now, as long as these showers fell on the church, she flourished. It was generally with her a time of outward persecution and trouble; but as her afflictions abounded her consolations abounded also, and she "looked forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." But when these gracious effusions were withheld, like a field deprived of rain, she gradually declined in fruitfulness. Thus the history of the church presents an alternation of fruitfulness and barrenness, restoration and decline, life and death, summer and winter, resurrection and decay. Herein they experience of the church corresponds with the experience of its spiritual members. There are few of the children of God who cannot look back to certain marked periods in their experience when the blessed Spirit worked powerfully in their hearts. Their first convictions or their first blessings, their spirit of supplication or their spirit of hearing—the sweet manifestations of Christ, the marked answers to prayer, the love they felt to the brethren, the willingness to make sacrifices and suffer persecution for the truth's sake—these and similar bright and blessed spots in Christian experience correspond in the individual to the effusions of which we have spoken as marking certain epochs in the church. And their coldness, deadness, and barrenness, when the**

**Spirit's influences are withheld, correspond to the periods in the history of the church of decline and decay.**

**\*Rain in Palestine fell, not as with us at uncertain seasons, but mostly twice a year only, the early rain falling in the autumn when the seed was first committed to the ground, and the latter in spring, to fill the ear and carry the growing crop on to harvest.**

**3. A third point of similarity may be also noticed. When the church has declined into coldness and death, the Lord has at all periods preserved in her an elect remnant who sigh and cry on account of Zion's declension, and testify as faithful witnesses against the condition into which she has fallen. Here too the experience of the individual coincides with the experience of the church. In the bosom of a child of God, however low the soul may have sunk into carnality and lukewarmness, there is still a sigh and a cry on account of the abominations. The soul is inwardly sensible of its backslidings, its coldness, deadness, and declension; and conscience, as a faithful witness for God, unbribed and unbribable, unsilenced and unsilenceable, will ever and anon raise up its voice and testify against the forsaking of the Fountain of living waters, to hew out cisterns, broken cisterns, that hold no water.**

**Bearing these observations in mind, and confining ourselves to comparatively modern times, we may point to two remarkable periods when there seems to have been a special effusion of the Holy Spirit. The first was the blessed Reformation; and the other the times of Whitefield. Now, the history of the seven churches in the Revelation, as well as that of the church subsequently in all ages, teaches that a special pouring out of the Holy Spirit is usually as much succeeded by lassitude and weariness. The power of the Reformation in this country we may perhaps consider to have lasted down to about the Revolution of 1688, when the Dissenters for the first time\* obtained legal rights. Thence followed a period of great declension and decay, till Whitefield was raised up to proclaim the necessity and nature of the new birth through the length and width of the land. This latter period embraces Hart, Toplady, Hervey, Berridge, Newton, Romaine, Huntington, Hawker, and others whose praises are in all the churches. But we seem now for some time past to have entered into the period of decay. The church has been for some years passing**

into the dark shadow of the eclipse; and there is every reason to fear that the light will be more and more withdrawn, till, as in Egypt, the darkness may be felt.

\* We, of course, omit here out of our consideration the short period of the Commonwealth.

What the state of things is in Scotland we have already attempted to describe. And lest we should seem as writing at a distance, therefore to be incompetent judges, we will subjoin the testimony of those who are on the spot. Our first extract shall be from a pamphlet published by a probationer (that is, a candidate for orders) of the Free Church of Scotland. We must make allowances for the somewhat inflated style of a young man, but, besides its vigour it bears to us the internal stamp of truth. He thus addresses the ministers:

"Now, Reverend Fathers, your knowledge of doctrinal truth is not of this experimental kind. You do not preach because you believe; you believe because you preach; and you believe, to a certain extent, or, in a certain sense, what you do preach; but you do not preach *because* you believe, or on the warrant of your own personal experience in the matter. The doctrines of the cross have not been ratified in *you* by the testimony of the Spirit, and by the seal of your own consciousness. Your sermons (at least as many as I have heard, with scarcely a single exception) are a mere accumulation of doctrinal paragraphs, arranged on good authority, and in the most approved order,—a register of other men's discoveries in the spiritual world, accredited by you on the evidence of textual corroboration.\* I see you in your studies (with a partition of books before you), arranging with laborious accuracy the points of an exhausted argument, and adjusting the sub-divisions of a prolonged theological echo. There lies the ground-work of a text; then follows an introduction to correspond; then comes the first head of discourse, the opinion of a commentator; which brings you, by a preconcerted originality of design, to the second head, another view of the same point, or a step further on in the discussion, borrowed with orthodox fidelity from the pages of some other divine; then the third head, &c., &c. This sort of theology is sometimes varied, in the hands of an ingenious or aspiring orator, by a lively digression on some

obscure grammatical or critical point, of no consequence whatever to the spiritual enlargement of the subject; or by some entertaining illustration of Oriental manners or Jewish antiquities, copied from a book of travels, to attract attention or dispel sleep; and sometimes by a blast of rhapsodical froth, delivered in a strain of lofty monotonous elocution, peculiar to the man, and conveying to the minds of ignorant hearers the notion of extraordinary piety or uncommon genius, and thereby overpowering them with a sort of superstitious delirium, mistaken both by preacher and people for the operation of divine grace (surely this excess of infatuation can be nothing else than the result of Satanic movement—one of those strong delusions to which the Almighty abandons the reprobate); and the whole is concluded by what is called a 'practical improvement;' in other words, by a studied exhortation to the hearers to be strongly affected and impressed with the importance of certain truths only half-exhibited, or rather half-obsured, and by which the speaker himself is no more touched than if he did not comprehend them—which, in disgraceful and blasphemous deed, is the very case! How do I know this? How can I prove it? Was I ever in your studies? I never was; I know very few of you so intimately. But I see you in the pulpit, and I judge you there. I see you straining every muscle of your memory to recollect some brilliant paragraph, not to be left out on any consideration; or rousing your souls, by a sort of galvanic spasm, to reluctant and fictitious correspondence with the manuscript before you; or dreaming through the turns of an elaborate composition, utterly regardless of the spiritual hazard of the prisoners who are condemned to hear you; I *see* this, and I know the origin of the evil. You have *written* what you do not comprehend, or *committed* to memory what you never felt. You have studied in darkness, and written in the stupor of a dream; and you must *read*, or *deliver*, accordingly. You are the slaves of a practised, mechanical theology: men of memory, or of paper. Your preaching is a list of doctrines not distinctly apprehended, a string of interjections without sympathy, of epithets without order, of terrors without apprehension, of entreaties without sincerity, of joys without interest—struck off in a given number of minutes, with the air of a finished performance, like an elaborate fugue or rondo wanting the key-note. The soul hangs on in anxious expectation for the concluding stave; but the preacher, like one that hath a pleasant voice and playeth well upon an instrument without feeling, seems to be quite unconscious, from first to last, that there is such a tone in the gamut of the sinner's heart as personal spiritual experience."

**\* "Reverend Fathers, in this record of my own experience, I am supported by the testimony of aged believers, who assure me that, *for upwards of twenty years*, matters have been in the same state, except in the case of solitary pulpits, where *gospel-life* made surrounding death more conspicuously appalling."**

**Mr. Anderson writes less oratorically, but quite as decidedly:**

**"But there are dangers nearer and greater than any of these, to which we are called to awake, and from which we ought to seek to escape. The religion which in the present day bears the name of Protestant and evangelical is to a large extent quite dead. And most pitiable is it to see those who profess it assembling themselves together, and giving forth the loud note of preparation, and making as though they were just about to furbish their armour, and muster their hosts, and go forth to meet the enemy, aye, to conquer him too. For does it never once strike these men that they are themselves in the enemy's hands; that he is in possession of their citadels, their armouries, their ammunition, their officers, their soldiers, their recruits? Is it possible that an empty name, however high-sounding, will stand before a dread reality; that an expiring Protestantism will carry it against a reviving Popery; that a dead Christianity will prevail against a living Antichrist? O no! And it is rank delusion to look for it."**

**"We have had quite enough of the flatteries of men that talk as if they were saints themselves, and almost all were saints around them—whose worship is often a solemn mockery of Him who made heaven and earth, and whose bustling labours never pass beyond the outer court of a name, a profession, a speech, a sermon, a prayer. O where is the Lord God of the Reformations granted to this land—the God of Knox, of Henderson, of Gray, of Livingston? Where are the men to rouse a slumbering generation to the solemn realities of the eternal world, the shortness of time, and the certainty of the judgment? Where are the pulpits from which are at any time heard the peals of thunder from Mount Sinai making the hearts of sinners tremble under the power of the holy law, and the still small voice of mercy from Mount Zion melting the soul under the influence of the glorious gospel? Where are the preachers that**

seem to be weighed down with the interests of immortal souls, the difficulties of dealing faithfully with them, and the solemn account that is to be rendered for them? Where are the people that are troubled with sin, fearful of wrath, anxious about salvation, weeping, praying, seeking a Saviour? Where, any where, but, with few exceptions, not in Scotland."

Both these writers are, members of the Free Church, and are evidently well acquainted with the state of profession in their native land. But the information that we have received from Scotland leads us to believe that the Free Church, as a body, is nearly as much sunk in carnality and formality as the Kirk or the United Presbyterian. The very principle of secession was to a certain extent a political one. For after all it was practically this. A living becomes vacant. Who shall give that living away? Shall it be the Duke of Buccleugh, or shall it be the neighbouring clergy (in other words the Presbytery), or the farmers of the parish, (the heritors,) or the majority of the communicants? For in which of these bodies the patronage was to be vested was a matter of dispute. There was no point of experience, nothing spiritual or gracious here involved, which like a sieve, would sift out the carnal. A man without a grain of spiritual experience might be deeply imbued with the doctrine of "Christ's headship," as thus contended for, and make sacrifices for it, who might be an enemy to the work of the Spirit. When the storm was raging, the mariners were crying every man to his God; but when Jonah was overboard, and the sea calm, they would soon slink down under the hatches and fall asleep. So in the storm which rent asunder the Kirk, many of the mariners on board the Free Ship would be full of earnestness and zeal whom the subsequent calm has rocked asleep.

Viewed, then, religiously, the spirit of deep slumber has been poured out on Scotland. "Darkness covers the earth, (its profane part,) and gross darkness the people," (the professing part;) for the light that is in her being darkness, how great is that darkness! The Episcopal Church in Scotland, we may mention by the way, is sunk wholly into Puseyism; the Independents and Baptists (the latter but few in number) much resemble their English brethren in their Arminian no-religion; and Popery is chiefly confined to the Irish immigrants.

**But it is high time to drop a few remarks on the little works at the head of the present article. Their author, Mr. Anderson, is much prized by the few in Scotland who value experimental preaching, a thing in the land of Rutherford now hardly known by name. He is evidently a man of considerable ability, much improved by that laborious system of education through which every Scotch ordained minister must pass. He therefore writes with great fluency, and often with great energy and strength. Indeed we have not many preachers in England professing truth who handle a subject so ably, and enforce their views with so much closeness and earnestness. His eyes have been opened clearly to see the nature of that dead profession which hangs over Scotland like a funeral pall. This, therefore, he exposes and denounces with much warmth and energy. He is evidently one also who has felt the terrors of the law and the promises and consolations of the gospel. His own heart too he knows, its evils and corruption, making him a mourner in Zion. Upon all these subjects he writes well as one who feels their weight and importance, and has an inward experience of their reality.**

**His position, however, is a peculiar one, and must, we should think, exercise an unfavourable influence over his mind and ministry.**

**Connected as he is with the Free Church, of which the great mass, both preachers and people, are evidently as much sunk in death as the general Dissenters with us, he occupies a position somewhat similar to that of a minister in the Establishment who has life in his soul. We say somewhat similar, for it is not precisely so. There is much less connection between the ministers of an Episcopal system than between the ministers of a Presbyterian one. In the former system the bishop is the sun, and the clergy are the planets, each moving independently of the other in its solitary orbit. But where there is no centralising bishop, the Presbyters of a district form a united body, the members of which gravitate towards each other, and therefore, exert a mutual influence. If the bulk of these ministers be dead Godward, they must either deaden and paralyse a living minister, or if he preserve his life, he will be separate first in spirit and then in body from them. Floating masses of ice are dangerous neighbours. A living body surrounded by them is in peril of being cooled down to the freezing point or of being frozen in. Whilst we are bound up with a certain body of men, we are held in fetters by them. Here is the peril of all unions of ministers, whether they be clerical meetings, or Presbyteries,**

or associations. The rules of good breeding, the trammels of society tie up the tongue. Faithfulness in the spiritual portion is merged in politeness; deadly opposition to the Spirit's work in the carnal portion, is masked under a few sanctimonious phrases. A spiritual minister will in vain attempt to bring up his carnal confederates to his standard. They are much more likely to tone him down to theirs. His only safe and scriptural course is to come out and be separate. Mr. A. is, we understand, disliked and persecuted by his ministerial brethren, and has been more than once summoned before the Presbytery, and reproved by them for his faithful testimony.

We have now before us several of his writings, being chiefly sermons, pamphlets, and tracts, and therefore have some means of forming a judgment upon them.

We have read them with mingled feelings. His "Warning to Ministers" contains much that is striking. One extract will show its character.

"The only result then that is worth the seeking after—that which we are sworn to promote, and which ought ever, as our pole-star, to be before our eye—is the salvation of immortal souls. But we are in no danger of entire indifference to this object. The man, indeed, who does not know the value of his own soul cannot be expected to set much by the souls of others. He that has never tasted the wormwood and the gall of a lost state, nor experienced the pangs of the new birth, is not likely to be much concerned that others should pass through such an ordeal. He may, it is true, pretend, and in these days when evangelical preaching and evangelical profession are so fashionable, he must pretend to be concerned upon the subject. But need I say how difficult it is to make out a complete mask, and to get it so entirely to fit as to altogether conceal the dread reality? The truth surely comes out to men's own consciences. The Searcher of hearts, from his holy high throne in the heavens, may, in many parts of the land, have his eye upon the fearful spectacle of men who in public appear to be all earnestness about the salvation of sinners, and yet cannot stand before the condemning voice of their own consciences, testifying that they neither know nor care anything about the matter.

"We fear, however, that the more common case is to have the conscience

seared as with a hot iron, and that too by means of lofty evangelical pretensions, and smooth-flowing honeyed evangelical words, and very beautiful and appropriate evangelical illustrations, while there is a total absence of spiritual discernment and inward living experience of the power of saving truth. The pretensions, however, are at times so flimsy and so ill sustained that a discerning eye may detect the hollowness that is within; and even those who can look, and are entitled to look, no deeper than the outward appearance may discover that there is nothing whatever of true evangelical religion amidst the noise that is made about it. 'Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? etc.; and then will I profess unto them, I never knew you,'" etc.

But we must confess that the "John Knox Tracts" please us most of Mr. Anderson's writings. They are more simple and striking than his more elaborate compositions. They are short, not exceeding usually eight pages, and for the most part simple and clear. Read, for instance, the following extract from the Tract No. 11, called "The Best Robe:"

"But the Prince of Peace pierces with arrows of saving conviction those for whom he shed his blood, and does not suffer them to wrap themselves in the coverings of delusion and proudly to walk in vain imagination. He makes manifest to them that they are rotten to the core, that their souls are corrupt and ruined, and that if justice takes its course, they must be reserved for the vengeance of eternal fire. He teaches them that their inmost thought is vanity; that their affections are carnal; their motives selfish; their imaginations a sink of filthiness; and their tastes, desires, and purposes, all alienated from the life of God. He shows them that the law of God is against them, and at every point condemns them; that its principles are against them, for they are not subject to them; its precepts are against them, for they have not kept them; its penalty is against them, for they have incurred it; that the word of God is against them, for in every page it takes part with the Holy One of Israel, and solemnly protests against them and the evil of their doings; its doctrines, its maxims, its threatenings, its very promises, are all against them; the providence of God is against them. They see an enemy in every object that meets their eye, in every event that occurs in their lot, in every affliction that is laid upon them, in every mercy that is offered to them. 'The Lord shall smite thee with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart' (Dent. 28:28). 'Cursed shalt thou be

in the city, and cursed shalt thou be in the field; cursed shall be thy basket and thy store' (Deut. 28:16, 17).

"To such a man deliverance is most precious; it is the one thing needful; it is his life. But here his pride opposes itself, and threatens him with a double ruin, and a heavier woe than is incurred by the breach of the law; for he will not stoop to be saved by sovereign mercy; he stumbles at the cross of Christ; he will not own that but for a redemption, effectually applied by the Holy Ghost, he must perish; he quarrels with the only spring of hope; he rejects the only Saviour, and fights against the love that seeks his good. But here grace—free, sovereign, and effectual—triumphs, and leads this proud rebel a humble captive. For such a man, indeed, modern professors have no sympathy; he is a riddle to them; they know not what to make of him. Nor are those that set themselves up as spiritual guides a whit better. To get up a song of gospel peace, conveyed in language as lofty in sound as it is low in sense; and uttered with a manner as solemn in appearance as it is hollow in reality; and urged with a spirit that sounds very like the gentleness of the lamb, while it has in it the cunning of the fox and the cruelty of the wolf—all this is quite within their power, and they exhibit it as often as opportunity allows. But to take up the case of a poor distracted sinner, with his conscience full of the arrows of guilt, and his heart bleeding with his pride and unbelief, or so cold and stupid that it refuses to feel—*that* is beyond their skill; it does not seem to be in their way; for it can hardly be expected that men who are pleased with themselves; and those with whom they associate, should be the means of bringing any into soul-trouble. We talk of conversions as rare; and no marvel, for there are hardly any convictions, and few that seem at all to aim at producing them. 'A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?'" (Jer. 5:30, 31.)

Having spoken thus favourably of Mr. Anderson, and we think that the above extracts will fully bear out all that we have said, it pains us to be obliged to mention that we have met with expressions in his writings that have quite stumbled us. Whether it be from his being imbued with the system of Scotch theology, or from his connection with the Free Church, he uses language which savours most strongly of free-will. Having such clear views of the fall of man, and of his death in trespasses and sins, it surprises us, for instance, that

he can use such language as the following to dead sinners:

**"Men and brethren, addressing you as the creatures of God, we say it is in this truth you are to see your Creator. There his ineffable beauty appears—there his infinite glory shines. And O, were it not your wisdom to turn aside from whatever would divert your attention and see this great sight? Let those of you who have hitherto lived in practical or avowed atheism seek after a knowledge of God. It will do your heart good to get a little of it. It is the purest and sweetest thing that can enter the soul, and will stand you in stead when other things fail you. It will lighten you in the dark valley of the shadow of death. It will gladden your souls to all eternity. See that you 'acquaint yourselves with God, and be at peace, so good will come to your souls.'" (Job 22:21.)**

**"But there is not an individual now within these walls who is not put under the alternative of knowing the mind of God in his wrath against sin, either here or hereafter, under a dispensation of mercy or at the judgment seat, in the way of conviction unto the salvation of the soul or in the way of condemnation unto the perdition of the soul. Shall we say, 'We speak as unto wise men, judge ye what we say?' Were it not a wise and righteous choice in you to prefer mercy in time unto your salvation, before judgment in eternity to your damnation? When life and death are set before you, as they are wheresoever his mind is made known, ought you not to choose life? Is it not madness to prefer death?"**

**"Mark! if you are found in a Christless state, your wretchedness in hell will bear a proportion to the infinite wisdom and mercy that have been expended upon this redemption. Beware, then, and do not turn away from this wisdom. O get through the strait gate into the narrow way that leads to life; for then, and then only, can you be said to be safe."**

**The last extracts are taken from a sermon entitled "A Testimony for Truth," and may therefore, be taken as his decided views.**

**These dead flies taint the ointment. There are also expressions in his "Warning to Ministers" which grate upon our ear. We do not like, for**

instance, such an expression as this:

**"Of course we must receive what is the Lord's, from his own word, by the illumination of his Holy Spirit. Nor is this to be expected, but in a sober and rational way, in keeping with the proper exercise of our rational powers, renewed and sanctified by the grace of God."**

**In these free-will expressions Mr. Anderson is quite inconsistent with himself: for put the above, side by side with the following, and how different the language!**

**"But how are we to learn the nature and taste the sweetness of divine consolation? We must be brought down from our loftiness, we must be disturbed in our carnal ease, and burnt out of our nest of self-sufficiency; we must be hewn by the prophets, broken by the wrath of God, and slain by the law, so as again and again to feel that we must be debtors to sovereign grace, flowing through the righteousness of Christ. We must have our idols exposed, our lusts dragged forth from their holes, our carnal religion made loathsome in our eyes, our own righteousness shown to be filthy rags; and the necessity of true holiness engraven in our hearts, and its rudiments formed in our souls by the finger of God. By trials such as these we are to learn the preciousness of Christ; and be disposed, through grace, to embrace him as all our salvation and all our desire; and thus to come into the large room of peace in believing, or joy unspeakable and full of glory. We may, indeed, without such a process, pretend to comfort; we may get what will pass with many as comfort, nay, what are very close imitations of comfort. But to the divine reality we must be utter strangers and, sooner or later, be seen by the people of God to be painted hypocrites or silly self-deceivers. For every part of genuine Christian experience answers in its essential elements to the grand outline that is drawn of the whole: 'Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom.'"**

**We call this sound divinity, and sound experience too; and therefore we wonder the more that free-will should be allowed to mingle her discordant notes with the silver trumpet of the gospel.**

**We are most unwilling to make a man an offender for a word, but there is something in the language that we have quoted immediately preceding the last**

**extract which is sadly discordant with free grace and creature helplessness. Had it been merely a slip in expression we could have passed it by; but, meeting with similar expressions in different places, we are constrained to believe it forms a part of his habitual ministry.**

**With this drawback, there is much that is valuable in his writings. The Scotch are a well-educated people, and accustomed to elaborate sermons and a certain amount of intellectual reasoning. For them Mr. Anderson is well adapted, especially in a city like Glasgow, where he would have many educated hearers. He is a man, we understand, of eminently consistent life and prayerful habits, adorning the doctrine that he preaches. We therefore conclude by wishing him well in the name of the Lord, as what we have heard of him from private sources leads us to esteem him highly in love for his work's sake.**

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**A Brief Account of the Rich Display of God's Grace, Mercy, and Love in the Life and Conversion of James Lewis, of Chichester, Sussex; with a Preface and Accounts of his Death, by James Hallett.—(*June, 1852.*)**

**In the visible church there are three distinct classes of professors. There are those of whom we have no doubt they are right; and there are those of whom we have no doubt they are wrong; and there are those of whom we have a doubt whether they are right or wrong. In the first, grace shines conspicuously; in the second, grace does not appear at all; in the third, if grace sometimes seem to appear, it is at others so shaded and obscured that its very existence becomes a matter of question.**

**As the present is but an image and reflection of the past, these three classes have existed in all ages of the church. David, Absalom, and the old prophet in Bethel (1 Kings 13:11) in the Old,—Peter, Simon Magus, and Nicodemus in the New Testament, might perhaps be adduced as instances of these three classes. To find living types we need not go far. Well nigh every congregation where the truth of God is preached, believed, and loved will furnish examples. Nay, in a closer compass still, in the very same man, the very same heart, may**

**all these be found; for when grace and mercy prevail, all is known to be right; when sin and nature prevail, all is felt to be wrong; and when grace and nature by turns prevail, it is sometimes a matter of doubt whether all is right or wrong.**

**In the first of these three classes was James Lewis, late of Chichester, whose life and conversion are recorded in the little book at the head of this article. It is nearly ten years since we were in his company; but his conversation made a deep and lasting impression on our mind, and we felt then, as we feel now, that no one who knew what grace was could converse with him on the things of God without being convinced he was a favoured partaker of it. Without anything austere or sanctimonious in his language and demeanour, there was a peculiar weight and power in his manner and conversation—what we might almost call a heavenly seriousness, a solemnity and a savour, without any cant or assumption, which at once proclaimed, "Here is a man taught and blessed of God." Something of this subdued and chastened manner, poles asunder from that levity and frivolity which seem the very life and breath of many in a profession, was probably owing to his heavy trials; for he was a man much afflicted in body, suffering under frequent fits of spasmodic asthma, during which his struggles for breath were most agonising, as if life and death trembled in the balance, and producing as its result a constant laborious breathing, at times painful to witness.**

**In the memoir before us he thus speaks of his bodily affliction:**

**"The dear Lord saw fit, shortly after I was awakened, to bring upon me a most trying and severe affliction of body, as related in the former part of this, my poor narrative, 'a spasmodic asthma.' At first I tried almost every means that could be devised or thought of by physicians, surgeons, and others, but to no purpose whatever. All medicines and every refuge seemed to fail, and instead of getting better, like the poor dear woman with the bloody issue, I grew worse and worse. Many pounds were spent for advice, but all means resorted to but seemed in vain. It was laid upon me by God himself, and not all the world could possibly remove it. I betook myself to prayer, and sought the good and great Physician's care, skill, and attention; and truly at times I did feel persuaded he would heal me of my complaint. I found freedom of**

access with him, and pleaded so earnestly and fervently that I verily thought it would be done; but one day this passage came to my mind with some degree of weight which arrested my attention, "Be still, and know that I am God;" and afterward this one, "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter;" and from that time, for many years, I dare not ask the Lord to remove it from me, knowing that he has so often blessed and sanctified the affliction to my soul, that I have been constrained to bless him for laying it on me; for O in how many instances has he shown me that were it not for this very affliction, where I should run to, and what things I should indulge in, &c. As Hart says:

'Affliction makes us see  
What else would 'scape our sight;  
How very foul and dim are we,  
And God how pure and bright.  
The punish'd child repents,  
The parent's bowels move;  
The offended father soon relents,  
And turns with double love.'

To which I can and do set my seal to the truth of, for sure I am the Lord does nothing in vain. He is infinite in wisdom, and boundless in mercy, and has caused this very thing many times to work for my soul's profit and good, and his own glory."

Another allusion which he makes to his bodily affliction strikes us as very much to the purpose:

"I know full well that many of the Lord's dear children have been, and still are, deeply and sharply exercised in a way of providence, not knowing where to get the next meal, and in this way they have been led on for many years; but, with regard to myself, I dare not say it has been so with me; the Lord has never exercised my mind in this way, having ever supplied my returning wants in providence. But then I have generally observed that, with regard to the former, they have been blessed with a great share of bodily health and strength, which is indeed a great blessing; while myself and others have been severely afflicted in body, and that for many years. Then what shall we say to

these things, 'but that the Lord is infinite in wisdom, and doeth all things well?' and must we not say that he has led us in a right way that he might bring us at last to a city of habitation?"

How true is this! and what an even balance is struck between man and man. A child of God, pressed down with poverty, sees a brother or sister favoured in the things of providence. His heart secretly envies him. He can scarcely believe they can have any temporal troubles when they have meat for dinner every day and walk upon a carpet. But, besides family afflictions, these objects of his envy may have such frail tabernacles, such an aching head, or torpid liver, or racking face ache, or weak chest, or cross-grained stomach, or shattered nerves, or crippled limbs, or dizzy brain, or dejected spirits, that they in their turn are ready to envy the half-fed ploughman, with nerves and stomach as hard as iron, and a frame that knows not ache or pain, blow the wind north, south, east, or west, come hail or storm, summer's burning heat or winter's nipping cold. Had spasmodic asthma lain in his path, James Lewis would not have taken it up and laid it on his own shoulders as his abiding load, after the experience of the first fit. But God, his heavenly Father, Counsellor, and Friend, chose it for him, fastened it on his back with the cords of love, and made him carry it until he sank with it into the grave. Each man knows best his own burden, but those who have a weak tabernacle know well it is no slight one.

The memoir before us is written by his own hand, and contains much that is truly experimental and interesting. It gives not only his experience, but also a sketch of his previous life, the most interesting part of which is his going out to, and residence in Jamaica for about two years, where he had some remarkable escapes of his life. We pass over, however, all this period of his history, and come to his call by grace, which he thus relates:

"It pleased the Lord to lay my dear mother on a bed of sickness, and, as we thought it would have been for her end, my sister Linney, and my two brothers, Thomas and Charles, accompanied me to Midhurst, in order to take our final leave of her in this life. We left our sister behind, who was a good and gracious God-fearing woman, and we three returned to Chichester: but just before we entered the city, my brother Thomas said, 'Now, boys, you know where we have just been, that we have taken our final leave of our dear

mother, not supposing that we shall ever see her again alive in this world. I shall have you both go with me this evening to chapel, to hear Mr. Vinall, as he is going to preach at Providence Chapel; you would not think of going elsewhere to-night?' My brother Charles said, 'Indeed you will not have me to accompany you to chapel,' and so said I; but as soon as the chaise reached the north gate of the city, my brother Thomas ordered the driver to stop, and we all three got out. Charles walked immediately up the street, but Thomas taking fast hold of my arm, said, 'James, you must go with me.' I know not how it was, but I was so struck I could not speak a word, although my heart went after the others. However, to chapel he led me, it being the first time they could, any of them, get me there, although I have many times gone with my sister Linney as far as the outer door of the chapel when she had been going to hear the word, but never before could they get me within the walls; this being, as I trust it will hereafter appear, the Lord's time; there being a set time in Scripture to favour Zion; yes, and a set time also to favour every individual member of Zion or Christ's mystic body.

"We were seated in the chapel, and shortly after Mr. Vinall, the dear minister of Christ, entered the pulpit. I do not remember his text, but during his discourse, he had been pointing out the real state and condition I was in as a sinner before God, the way I was going on, the sins I was committing, and then quoted this text in confirmation of what he had been stating: 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment' (Ecc. 11:9). And looking me hard in the face, as I thought, said further, 'And I tell you from the word of God, that if you live and die in the state and condition you are now in, you will be damned, and that to all eternity.' My brother just at that moment touched my foot, as much as to say, 'James, do you hear that?' But I did not require any touch from him; my conscience bore witness to the truth: my sins were set in battle array before my eyes, and I felt sensible that such would indeed be my place, or I was lost forever. I thought verily the place would have swallowed me up. But O the thought would again rush into my mind, What! separate yourself from your young companions? come out from among the whole of them, and that for ever? What? never join them again, but take up a Methodistical life? O thought I, no, never can I do this.

**"When we came out of the chapel, my brother perceiving the word had got fast hold of me, said, 'Come, James, you will go with me to Mr. Baxter's this evening, and take supper with them; Mr. Vinall will be there.' I replied, in an angry tone of voice, 'No, I will not go near the place; and had I known what would have taken place here this evening, I would not have been there for a thousand guineas,' such desperation and madness rose up in my breast against the Lord. And trying, if possible, to stifle my convictions, I left him in the chapel-yard, and made the best of my way to my lodgings, in a most wretched and deplorable condition, kicking, plunging, rebelling, and fighting against the Lord and his servant in my feelings, and calling myself a thousand fools for ever consenting to go; but before I reached home, my sins stared me in the face again, and, with deep convictions on my mind, I went into the house, and asked for a light, telling them I was going to bed. As soon as I reached my bedroom, I shut-to the door, and fell on my knees, and cried most fervently to the Almighty for mercy. The mere form of prayer which I had been taught from my youth up did not so much as once enter my mind; but from my very heart, and from a deep feeling, sight, and sense, was led to cry to God for mercy, like the poor publican, whose prayer every way suited my then present state and condition."**

**The feelings of distress thus produced in his soul lasted some time. He thus describes the exercises of his mind:**

**"But to return. During this time my convictions for sin came on stronger than ever; the arrows of God stuck fast in me; guilt stared me continually in the face; the wrath of God was most keenly felt in my conscience; fearfulness and trembling laid hold of me, and, like the Psalmist and others before me, 'I found trouble and sorrow; then called I on the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.' I found also, that 'by the law is the knowledge of sin;' the law having entered my conscience in its spirituality, it wrought in me all manner of concupiscence, and stirred up in my heart enmity, hatred, rebellion, hard thoughts of God, and every evil work and abomination. The law being spiritual, but we carnal, sold under sin, it wrought the more powerfully, and brought me to my wit's end; I knew not what to do. I cried, prayed, and supplicated both night and day to God for mercy when at home, abroad, in my office (though secretly), or in my bed; it mattered not where I was, or what I was doing, a continual cry went up from my heart to the Lord.**

**I used to walk the fields by the hour, pouring out my soul in one incessant cry, nor could I ever cease until I was brought to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel."**

**But the same instrument which was employed by the God of all grace to wound and kill was also used to heal and make alive. The account of his deliverance is rather long, but we can hardly omit any portion without marring it:**

**"I had been seeking the Lord about two years and a half. About a fortnight before Mr. Vinall came again to Chichester, which he constantly did once a month, I had a very unusual spirit of grace and supplication poured out upon me; I think I may say constantly was I seeking the Lord's face for a clear manifestation of his love and mercy to my soul, from which I seemed to gather a degree of assurance that, the next time the Lord's servant came amongst us, I should certainly obtain the blessing. And O how did I long for his coming! I was, no doubt, looking too much to man. The time arrived; I went to the chapel with great earnestness of soul, listened with all attention, crying for the blessing; and although the things which he advanced were every way descriptive of my feelings, state, and condition, yet I got nothing whatever satisfactory, but returned home with my pitcher empty. Well, thought I, but here is another night, and who can tell but what the blessing maybe reserved till then. The next night came, and to chapel I went again, in full expectation; but, alas! all in vain, for there was nothing for me. O how did my heart fret against the Lord! I thought him a hard master, that I should be for ever shut out from his kingdom. The next morning, Mr. Vinall took his leave of us to go to Petworth, and I stood at the door looking at him as he rode up the street, till he turned the corner and was out of my sight. O, thought I, it will be another month before I shall hear him preach again: what shall I do, or how shall I contain myself? I went to my office, and wrote as well as I was able, with a burdened mind and a heavy heart; but, after dinner, as I was sitting alone in my office, I took my little Bible out of my desk, and promiscuously opened it at the fourth chapter of the Gospel by Mark, where the Lord is speaking on the parable of the sower and the seed, and the meaning thereof. After reading the parable, I shut up the book, and went into an out-house, fell on my knees, and earnestly entreated the Almighty that he would be pleased to show me which of *those* characters I belonged to, that if I had been deceived**

in my religion he would show it me, as I wished to know the worst of it; but that if he had begun a good work of grace in me, he would be pleased to make it manifest, as my desire, above all things, was to know *which* of the characters I belonged to. I got off my knees, went into the office, and began writing, when shortly after a friend, who attended the chapel, came and looked through the window, and said he wished to speak a word with me. I went out to speak with him. He said, 'I wish very much to go to Petworth to hear Mr. Vinall preach this evening.' I replied, 'Yes, and so do I: there is nothing particular to prevent it; how shall we go? I feel too weak to walk so far, it being near fourteen miles.' He said, 'We will hire a horse and gig.' We did so, and reached Petworth just before the service commenced. Mr. Vinall knew nothing whatever of our coming till he saw us sitting in the chapel. He took his text from the first chapter of James and 3rd verse: 'Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.' I said to myself, as soon as he had read his text, 'Well, there is nothing for me again this night; as for faith, I seem to know nothing about it; and as to the trying of faith, much less so.' However, he began his discourse by dividing it into three general heads, 1st, of faith, and what real faith was; 2nd, how we were to know whether we had this real faith; 3rd, of the trying of this faith working patience. He commenced with his first head, and continued speaking some time, when all of a sudden he made a long pause, and said, 'I know not, my friends, what the Lord is about to do this evening, but something I am quite certain from the secret impulse I feel on my spirit, for I am constrained of necessity to leave my subject in hand, and to take up the parable of the sower and the seeds; and in doing which, I shall draw the line of distinction as close as the word of God will admit, that you may judge for yourself which of the characters you belong to.' I was instantly struck with astonishment and surprise; fearfulness and great trembling seized me in a moment; I knew it was for me; that the Lord had heard my prayer which I had before put up at Chichester, that he was about to answer it, by putting it into the heart of his dear servant to speak from the parable, and even to utter the same words which I had before made use of, namely, that I might know which of the characters I belonged to. I felt as satisfied as I was of my existence that, whichever way it was then decided, it would be so decided to all eternity. O my feelings were of that nature I cannot possibly now express them. I felt just as a poor criminal would, being placed before his judge on trial, and waiting to hear from the lips of the jury, 'Guilty,' then trembling to hear the sentence pronounced against him by the judge. He gave us first a

description of the seed and of the sower, and how the seed was sown, and where it fell; some fell by the way side, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it up; some fell on stony ground, some fell among thorns, and other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased, &c. In giving a description of the three first characters, I could hold up a clear conscience that none of their feelings were anything like mine; but when he came to speak of the last, namely, of the seed being sown in an honest and good heart, and of the fruits and effects of the heart being thus made honest and upright before God, and of the soul travail that would assuredly come upon the poor sinner; of the many fears, doubts, and misgivings of heart; and of the many ardent cries, groans, and supplications that would go up to the Lord from the heart both by night and by day, he traced out my feelings and the exercises of my soul for the whole two years and a half I had been seeking the Lord, better, yea, much better by far, than I could possibly have described them to any mortal creature; and the Lord was graciously pleased to open my ears to hear, and my heart to understand and to receive the truths that were then delivered by his servant, and sweetly, blessedly, and most powerfully to apply them home to my heart, so that I as sensibly felt the burden of sin removed—guilt, wrath, fear, misery, and bondage taken out of and from off my conscience—as sensibly as any poor creature literally would feel released by having a burden taken off his shoulders which he had long borne, and under which he was sinking and nearly exhausted. And this is but a faint representation or resemblance; peace flowed into my soul like a river, and love, praise, gratitude, and thanksgiving ascended up to the throne of grace; and the dear Lord, as if to complete the work, sent home this text with great power, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' An application of that atoning blood was applied to my heart; nay, I had the rich contents of the whole text in the sweet enjoyment thereof. After which, Mr. Vinall said, 'The work is now done; I will again resume my former subject;' but what was afterwards said I knew but little, being lost in wonder, love, and praise, and completely swallowed up with the unexpected, unthought of, undeserved electing and everlasting love of God in Christ Jesus."

We should be glad to extract more of his subsequent experience when the evils of his heart were opened to him, but as we have already somewhat exceeded our limits, we pass to his happy end, as related in the preface by his friend and brother, Mr. Hallett:

**"As I had an engagement to preach at Chichester on the evening of the day he died, he said to Mrs. Lewis in the morning, 'I shall be deprived of the privilege of hearing Mr. H. to-night; but hope he will be enabled to preach to me after he returns from chapel.' He inquired during the morning if I was come, and being answered in the negative, said, 'I want to see him; send him up to me when he comes.' When I arrived, about noon, he was dosing; but upon going into his room afterwards he said, (after he had asked after my health, and the welfare of my family and friends), 'Is there not balm in Gilead? is there not a Physician there?' And then answering the question himself, said, 'There is balm in Gilead; there is a good Physician there.' He then said, 'The doctor has just been in to see me; he is very kind: but is a physician of no value in my case;' and then added, with a heavenly smile on his countenance, 'I know in whom I have believed, bless his precious name!' which were the last words he spoke, so as to be understood. From this time he sank most rapidly. About ten minutes before he died he moved his hand and placed it under his head, and in that position he breathed forth his spirit, without a groan or struggle, into the hand of his dear Redeemer, at a quarter before four o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th January, 1848. His happy spirit took its flight to realms of endless bliss, to dwell in the presence of his dear Lord and Saviour, in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."**

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**A Selection of Hymns for the Use of Sunday Schools. By the late William Gadsby. With a Supplement.—(July, 1852.)**

**Education is one of those questions which have fought their own way into general acceptance. The benefits and blessings of ignorance have lost their numerous advocates; and though, as Laplanders wonder how any can live out of Lapland, preferring their own murky sky and oil-lit snow huts to the suns of Italy and the palaces of Venice, so there are those still who, in a moral sense, love darkness rather than light; yet it is a generation scanty in number and weak in influence. The Laplanders are fast passing away. It is true that there is a party, more numerous, perhaps, and influential than is generally thought, who, with the architecture of the middle ages, are seeking to restore**

the darkness of the middle ages. Let us not be deceived on this point. It is not merely the arches and windows, the porches and pillars of bygone ages which the Puseyites, lay and clerical, are seeking to renew, in all their exact detail, in the new churches that are everywhere studding the land. These are but symbols of a yearning after mediaeval times, when superstition debased the people and exalted the priest; when amidst the thick darkness that brooded over Europe no object was allowed to be seen but the illuminated dome\* of St. Peter's; when men were not suffered to look into the word of God for instruction, or to the Spirit of God for light, but a living oracle was set up as Christ's vicar on earth, a feeble old man at Rome, cradled in monkery, and fed up from childhood with the subtle policy of Italian wiles.

\* It is the custom once a year, either on the anniversary of the festival of St. Peter or on the evening of Easter Sunday, to illuminate St. Peter's Cathedral, and especially the dome, with an innumerable multitude of paper lanterns, the effect of which is to make the whole building a mass of light. Till of late years there was also suspended from the interior of the dome on Holy Thursday "the cross of fire," that is, a cross eighteen feet long covered with lamps, the rest of the building being in darkness. On account of the numerous intrigues which the darkness permitted, this has been disused; but the symbolic meaning of both is the same—that Rome is the source and centre of light.

The vane is but a slip of tin, but it shows the direction of the wind; the whirl of dust is but the movement of a few grains of sand, but it is the herald of the approaching storm. Coming events cast their shadows before. The barn-like churches and chapels of the last century showed the ascendancy of Protestantism, whose distinctive feature is to prefer the substance to the shadow, the word of God to form and ceremony. The recurrence to mediaeval models shows the desire of recurrence to mediaeval times. Thus, as in the turning vane we behold the changing wind, and in the whirling dust view the lightning stroke, so may we see in the tracery of a Gothic window the setting in of a flood of Popery.

It is our wisdom not to disregard the signs of the times. The child playing on the sands does not see how steadily and stealthily the tide is rising to engulf him, and gathers cockle shells till escape is cut off. Thus slowly and stealthily does Popery seem to be advancing, whilst most seem unaware of its progress.

**But we must acknowledge that at present the danger does not seem immediate. Against an enemy like Rome it is well to be warned in time, for far-seeing is her policy, deep-laid her plots, unscrupulous her measures, innumerable her agents, and undying her determination. That she is bent upon what she calls the conversion of England is unquestionable, and that to achieve it she would wade up to her knees in blood is undeniable. That too she has made great advances of late must be admitted. Many of the aristocracy, more than is generally known, especially of the female portion, have already received the wine cup of Babylon from Puseyistic hands, and though not professedly Catholics are really more bent upon restoring the palmy days of Popery than many actual Papists.**

**But admitting all this, if we regard the spirit of the age, the spread of education, the diffusion of knowledge, and the power of the press, the conviction is forced on our mind that, *things continuing as they are*, a return to the Popery of the dark ages in this country is impossible. The arrogant pretensions, the lying miracles, the persecuting spirit, the intolerant bigotry, the priestly ambition of Rome, as carried out in the days of Dunstan or Thomas-á-Becket, are so diametrically opposed to the spirit of the times that it seems next to impossible that Popery, unmitigated Popery, the Popery of the dark ages, should ever wave its banner over free Protestant England. The eyes of England must indeed be put out and her noble heart crushed before she can lick the dust of Rome as in the days when monks lashed the naked back of our second Henry at Becket's tomb. The light of ages must indeed be quenched in our native land, her schools closed, her printing presses burnt, her parliaments silenced, her railways ploughed up, her armies scattered, her ships sunk, her looms burnt, her factories and workshops closed, and she a French province, sunk down into Ireland's rags and Ireland's ignorance, before the proud priest of Rome shall put his foot on her neck. What England may become we know not. The glory and riches of the modern Tyre may pass away like those of ancient Tyre. But England *as she now is* never can become a Popish country. English freedom and English intelligence, such as we now see them, must be utterly overthrown before Popery can be in this country what it is in Spain, Italy, or Ireland.**

**The danger that more immediately threatens us is from the other quarter. We**

are not now threatened with the dethronement of intellect, but its deification. The peril now before our eyes is not that superstition should restore the reign of ignorance, but that education should supersede religion, and the schoolmaster abroad should strangle godliness at home.

Time was when Sunday Schools were unknown, when the children of the poor ran wild in the streets uncared for by parent and instructor, and grew up semi-barbarians, without being able to read or write, or possessing the common elements of education. If ignorance, according to the Popish saying, be the mother of devotion, how devout must these uncombed specimens of humanity have been. Devout indeed that generation was not, but most devoted it was—to cock-fighting, the skittle ground, the ale-house, and the race-course. Read they could not, but swear they could; they could not write their own names, but were thorough masters of the vulgar tongue. Now, to take these young barbarians into the Sunday School, subject them to its quiet discipline, teach them to read and write, accustom them to attend a place of worship, detach them from the gross sensual vice of their fathers, did no other effects follow, must be excellent. Kept in its place, limited to its true object, the Sunday School is a most admirable institution. But when, as is too often the case, the Sunday School is made the nursery of the church, great evil arises. There are in our great national dockyards what are called *converting houses*, not, be it known, Wesleyan chapels, but sheds in which, in huge coppers timber is steamed and boiled so as to be *converted* from straight stems and limbs into curves for ships' bows and similar purposes. Here the green wood is softened and kneaded, bent and bowed, till it assumes the requisite form. Many a chapel has a *converting house* built on to it called the Sunday School where the dockyard labourers, in the guise of teachers, steam and boil the green wood to build up with it the vessel of the church. With boiling and steaming, the wood may assume the due curvature; but alas! when built into the ship, dry rot soon breaks out in the planks, and down she goes foundering in the gale. We would not have these green timbers. Give us the rough, gnarled oak of the forest, curved by wind and storm rather than the steamed plank out of the Sunday School copper.

It is a great evil to consider the Sunday School the nursery of the church. Let that principle once pervade a church, and the big boys and girls will clamour to be let out of the nursery and sit at table with the family, as much as the growing sons and daughters of the squire at the hall expect at a certain age to

leave the nursery for the dining-room.

Thus is the standard of religion lowered, and the new birth slurred over, the work of grace tacitly set aside, and that deceptive thing called "early piety" set up.

The next step is to turn the Sunday School teacher into a minister the leading feature of whose ministry will be to trace the beginning of all religion to the Sunday School, instancing himself as a example of youthful piety, and holding it out as an encouragement to the elder boys that they, if very pious, may become ministers too. And who shall say that the taller girls, when they see a well-dressed lady looking up so admiringly to the pulpit, may not think within themselves, "Was not *she* once a Sunday School girl, and why should not *I* become one day a minister's wife too?" When such are the rewards of piety, who can wonder that the land overflows with it?

It has been stated that we are opposed to Sunday Schools. This is not the case. We approve of them highly when applied to their proper use. It is their *abuse* that we are opposed to. No man who has children can be opposed to the education of children; and no one who is a friend of the poor can be opposed to what is often the only means of educating the children of the poor. The last man to depreciate education as education is he who has known the advantages of it.

But education has its perils as well as its benefits. In past ages Satan worked by ignorance; in the present he works by intellect. Before Luther and the printing press, Satan, as an angel of darkness, shrouded his movements by the diffusion of universal ignorance. In modern times, as an angel of light, he works by the diffusion of knowledge. The old monk who, in reading his missal, persisted in saying *mumpsimsus* for *sumpsimus*,\* and the preaching friar who told his hearers that there was a new language invented called Hebrew, and that all who learned it infallibly became Jews,† were as much mouth-pieces of Satan as Voltaire or Tom Payne.

\* The Latin word "*sumpsimus*" (we have taken) occurs in the Romish missal, Latin, we need scarcely observe, being always used in Catholic services. An old priest before the Reformation had been accustomed for many years to say

*mumpsimus*; and when his mistake was pointed out to him, tartly said, "He liked his old *mumpsimus* better than their new *sumpsimus*," and stuck to it till his death. The old priest's stock is not worn out.

† This was the language of the preaching friars at the revival of ancient learning.

The spread of education presents two sides, both destructive of vital godliness. On the one hand, intellect working by secular education threatens to swallow up external revelation by infidelity; and on the other, working by religious education to swallow up internal revelation by Sunday School piety. As the church always partakes more or less of the spirit of the age, the people of God are thus exposed to two temptations; those whose heads are active and hearts cold to be seduced into a pursuit of knowledge apart from godliness, and those whose heads are dull and hearts warm to mistake creature piety for spiritual, supernatural religion.

Few people, we believe, in a profession of religion have stronger leanings than ourselves to pursuit after and love for natural knowledge. But we know its snares and temptations, and how unsanctified knowledge hardens the heart and deadens the soul. If one lesson more than another has been impressed on our conscience, it is the spiritual, supernatural character of vital godliness, and the utter worthlessness of everything in the kingdom of God but the special teaching of the Holy Ghost. Natural knowledge is one thing, spiritual knowledge is another. A wide gulf is fixed between them. Nature at its best is but nature still; and education, whether elementary as at the Sunday School or learned as at the University, does not and cannot sanctify the natural heart, or transmute the old Adam into the new. If this broad line be not maintained, the Sunday School may produce more harm than good.

What then should the education be that is pursued in the Sunday School? Should the education be wholly secular and worldly? Should the children be merely taught to read, and should all religion be discarded? Should the Bible be set aside, prayer neglected, the voice of singing not be heard, the name of God not be mentioned? If so, how would the Sunday School differ from the socialist meeting? Because we cannot regenerate the children, are we to banish the name of religion, and as it were ignore its very existence? Is there not a medium, and we believe a scriptural medium, between fostering

hypocrisy and practising heathenism? Timothy knew the Scriptures from his youth. Lois, then, and Eunice must have made him read the Scriptures. This indeed was the express injunction of God in the Old Testament: "Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life; but teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons; especially the day that thou stoodest before the Lord thy God in Horeb, when the Lord said unto me, Gather me the people together, and I will make them hear my words, that they may learn to fear me all the days that they shall live upon the earth, and that they may teach their children." (Deut. 4:9, 10.) And if in the education of children all religion is to be ignored, what means the New Testament injunction to bring children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? We cannot say with Chillingworth, "The Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants," for besides the Bible outwardly we need this blessed Spirit inwardly; but we can say, "The Bible and the Bible alone is the book of the Sunday School." The children should be taught that it is the inspired word of the living God—the word by which they will be judged at the great day. The truths too revealed in the Bible should be laid before them, such as the immortality of the soul, the creation and fall of man, the dreadful nature of sin, the certainty of death and judgment, the Godhead, sufferings, atonement, death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, the necessity of the new birth, and the awful consequences of dying in a state of unregeneracy. A good Sunday School teacher will never be at a loss for a topic of oral instruction—the main course to be pursued. The parables of the Lord Jesus, the figures and emblems of Scripture, the customs, manners, seasons, feasts, rites of the children of Israel, the ancient prophecies, with their fulfilment, the history of Joseph and his brethren, the wanderings in the wilderness, the book of Ruth, the account of David and Goliath—but not to particularize, what a field of instruction is there in the Bible for the Sunday scholar, from the least to the greatest. Banish the Bible from the Sunday School! What will you substitute? The history of Tom Thumb and Jack Hick-a-thrift? Or dreary lessons of dead morality? No, let the sacred word of God be the book of the Sunday School. We need not, to exclude hypocrisy, exclude the Bible; if so, the next step might be to exclude the Bible from the chapel. Because we cannot treat children as Christians, we need not treat them as heathens. So let them sing hymns; their little voices are sweet, and let them use them. But they should not be taught hymns that are couched in language of appropriation. What more grating to

**the ear of one that fears God than to hear the words**

**"My Jesus hath done all things well,"**

**burst forth through the windows of the Sunday School?**

**The late Mr. Gadsby, who was a sincere friend to education, and especially to Sunday Schools; having for many years a large one in connection with his chapel at Manchester, much felt the impropriety of allowing the children to sing hymns which none but believers can, without hypocrisy, use. He therefore compiled a selection expressly for Sunday Schools. In the preface to this selection he thus expresses himself.**

**"As one part of the service connected with Sunday School Teaching is singing, I have often thought a little Selection of Hymns was desirable. It is true I have seen several designed for that purpose, but most of them contain Hymns that do not appear to me to be true, and, as such, I could not give them my sanction; and all of them which I have perused lead the children to appropriate some of the truths they contain in a way which none but true believers can justly do.**

**"The design of this Selection is to give a statement of the real truths of God, and yet in such a manner as to be a means, in the hands of the Holy Ghost (if it be his sovereign will), to impress their minds with the solemn reality of them, and the essential necessity of being quickened by, and taught of God, before they can enter into his glorious kingdom."**

**This principle, which we consider a sound and scriptural one, does not involve any serious loss. It is true that there are many hymns which are thereby, wholly or in part, necessarily excluded from the Sunday School, but many excellent hymns remain.**

**And here we may perhaps be allowed to give our views of what a Sunday School hymn book should be. As the Bible is the Book of the Sunday School, so should the Bible be the sole foundation and source of the Sunday School hymn book. Mere dead, dry, moral lessons about cleanliness and good temper in jingling rhyme, like some of the infant school sing-songs, should be**

discarded as worse than useless. Deep are the impressions; lasting the remembrance of songs learnt in childhood; and, as many of the Lord's people know by painful experience, it is almost impossible to forget what rhyme and tune have so deeply burned into the memory. Who does not find some foolish, or worse than foolish, jingle, heard in ungodly days, haunting the mind? Looking forward, then, to the time when Sunday scholars will become men and women, the hymns should not be childish nonsense about clean face and hands, duty to teachers, and being good little boys and girls, but the solemn truths of the gospel, clear from the language of appropriation. Such hymns as,

"When Adam by transgression fell;"  
"The fear of the Lord is clean and approved;"  
"Whatever prompts the soul to pride;"  
"The moon and stars shall lose their light;"  
"Happy the men that fear the Lord;"

are not only sweet and savoury to the children of God, but eminently suitable for a Sunday School. They contain no language of appropriation which in unregenerate lips is little short of profanity, and yet clearly and experimentally set forth blessed truth. Nor should we limit the range of our vision to the Sunday School as if its present occupants were to be always children. A few years will make them men and women and send them forth into the whirlpool of life. The time, then, may come when the Lord may visit by his grace some of these grown-up scholars. As we opened, what people call promiscuously, the little book at the head of this article, the following hymn met our eye:

"When Jesus undertook  
To rescue ruin'd man,  
The realms of bliss forsook,  
And to relieve them ran;  
He spared no pains, declined no load,  
Resolved to buy them with his blood.

"No harsh commands he gave,  
No hard conditions brought;  
He came to seek and save,

**And pardon every fault.  
Poor trembling sinners hear his call;  
They come, and he forgives them all."**

**The thought struck our mind: "If the Lord were to call a poor sinner by his grace who had learnt those words at a Sunday School when far away from the sound of the gospel, if applied to his soul by the Holy Ghost, what a blessing they might prove to him!" England is sending out her thousands to distant lands, and will most probably continue to do so more and more. Our present scholars may in a few years be scattered far and wide. Some may be in the wild Australian bush, or the South African desert, or the New Zealand hut, where the sound of the gospel is unheard and unknown. Should the Lord call any such, by his grace, texts of Scripture or sound hymns learned at the Sunday School might be made the greatest blessing, and lead them to Jesus as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. What a blessing have Hart's hymns been made to the family of God! And who shall say that a line of a hymn from Hart learnt at a Sunday School may not in after life be blessed to an Australian emigrant! For these and similar reasons would we desire that the Sunday School hymn book should be filled with the purest, soundest, most experimental truth, such as we find it in Berridge and Hart, but clear from language adapted only to a believer in Jesus.**

**But our limits warn us to proceed no further with our idea of what a Sunday School hymn book should be. Such a one it would be difficult to compile; but the one before us approaches far nearer to that idea than those miserable compilations of free-will and trashy jingle which form the usual staple of such productions.**

**A Supplement has been added to the original hymn book, which may increase its usefulness, by adding to its length and variety.**

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**Obituary of Mrs. E. Parsons, wife of Mr. Edward Parsons, late Minister of the Gospel, Zion Chapel, Chichester. From a Manuscript by her Husband.—  
(August, 1852.)**

Next to the word of life and the preached gospel, and, we may perhaps add, the conversation of the tried and favoured amongst the people of God, there are few things more edifying to the soul than the records of the experience of the living family. Even in natural biography there is for most readers a peculiar charm. The pulses of human life so beat in unison, heart so echoes to heart in man to man, even as it lies buried amidst the ruins of the fall, that most are riveted by any well written, detailed description of the varied circumstances and incidents that have stamped a character on the writer's life. And most have a history to relate, a tale of joys and sorrows, of marked providences and striking incidents, were they able to recollect or willing to detail the varied events that have tracked their path and lie buried in the secret depths of their bosom.

But if this be true naturally, how much more so spiritually! Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," Hart's "Experience," Huntington's "Kingdom of Heaven,"—where, in the whole range of spiritual reading, can we find three more edifying books? They are the concentrated kernel of well nigh everything else that these gracious men of God wrote. "The Pilgrim's Progress" lies deeply imbedded in Grace Abounding; the Hymns of Hart in his "Experience;" and the more than twenty volumes of the immortal Coal-heaver in "The Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer." If our books were placed on different shelves according to their worth and value, these would occupy the first, and few, perhaps, be found worthy to stand by their side. But as preachers have been owned and blessed who have not had the gifts and knowledge, power and utterance of Huntington, and writers been honoured who had neither the temptations of Bunyan nor the experience of Hart, so there are other records of Christian experience which well deserve a place on the shelves and in the hearts of those that fear God. Where these accounts are genuine, clear, deep, and powerful, they impress the heart and conscience in an indescribable manner. The weighty things of eternity are brought vividly before the eyes; the reality of true religion, the blessedness of those who are taught and favoured of God, the fallacy of a dead profession, the truth of the Scriptures, the oneness of the Spirit's teaching, all seem to be impressed on the soul of the spiritual reader when he sees them take this living, breathing form, and thus stamped as by the creating hand of God. And when we can follow the suffering saints from their first convictions to their deliverance, and then all through the wilderness of temptation to a dying bed, and see the faithfulness

**of God and the efficacy of his superabounding grace manifested from first to last, how it makes us admire and adore the depth and fulness of his infinite and eternal love! Grace in the heart of a Christian is thus seen as in the mirror. In the Person and work of the Lord Jesus is grace revealed, in the word of truth is it made known; but it is only as let down into the heart that it is tasted, handled, felt, and realized.**

**Now grace in the heart of one child of God will ever unite with grace in the heart of another. If there be jars and divisions, if there be dispute and contention in churches and among individuals, let not these be fathered on religion. It is not grace but want of it that gives them birth and maintains them in being. So far as grace rules and reigns, so far as the life of God is made manifest in the conscience, there is a blessed bond of union amongst the family of God. This bond of union may indeed lie very deep or be much hidden and covered; the brook of love that once flowed strong and clear may be diminished to a trickling rill; circumstances may separate the chiefest friends; ministers may be divided, churches split, congregations dispersed, the dearest ties severed; because iniquity abounds the love of many may wax cold; but love itself can never die, for life and love are so one that love can only die with life, and life the with love. It is one of the three abiding graces; and as faith never ceases out of the believer's heart, nor hope quite dies out of his soul, so love, however low it may sink or cold it may grow, never gives up the ghost. If a man could cease to love he would cease to believe; and if he could cease to believe he would cease to live; and if he ceased to live he would die out of the body of Christ as a dead branch out of a tree. But this we know is impossible with the people, of God. "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand;" "Because, I live, ye shall live also."**

**That there is a great diversity in the experience of the Lord's people must be acknowledged; but there is a oneness, notwithstanding, running through and shining forth amidst that diversity. A few moments may not be out of place in glancing at this subject. Oneness, with diversity, is the peculiar feature of the work of God as seen in the visible creation. It is the grand clue that leads the naturalist through the labyrinth of created beings with which we are surrounded, from the stars that spangle the sky to the grass that we tread under our feet. Not to mention God's noblest work, man, created in his own image, after his own likeness, in the features of whose countenance there is the**

greatest diversity, with oneness of original design and form, there is not a leaf that waves on the trees nor a flower that blows in garden or field that is not different, and yet alike—alike in type and nature, different in size, shape, or colour; alike as a whole, different in detail. And if natural creation present this beautiful combination of variety and oneness, shall not the spiritual creation bear a similar impress of God's handiwork? That there is a striking analogy between the old creation and the new is most plain. The figures and parables, comparisons, and similitudes that meet us in well nigh every page of Old Testament and New amply prove this; for were there no resemblance between the work of creation and the work of grace there could be no room for such comparisons.

In true experience, then, viewed as the product of God's hand, there must be *oneness*. It is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit." (1 Cor. 12:12, 13.) Without this oneness there could be neither union nor communion. In grace as in nature, there must be a face to look at and love. "Thy neck," says the Bridegroom to the Bride, "is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim; thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus." (Song 7:4.) The graces of the Spirit typified by the features of her face drew forth his love. "Turn away thine eyes, for they have overcome me." (6:5.) When we gaze upon a human countenance we instinctively look for features. Without eyes, nose, mouth, and the other features, and these blended and assimilated in some proportion and harmony, it would not be the face of a man but of a monster. In the work of God on the soul, must there not be equally marked features? And do we not look, as if instinctively, for them? In hearing or reading, then, some professed account of the Lord's dealings with the soul, are we not obliged sometimes to stop and say, "Well, there is something here like face; but where are the eyes, where the nose, the mouth, and chin? Why, with all its roundness and softness, its form and colouring, it is after all but a mass of flesh—a misshapen mummy; or if there be something in it like eyes, they are certainly in the wrong place, in the cheek or chin, and the nose, where the forehead should be. Is this a face to draw forth love? It rather creates disgust." Is there not much of this in the

religious world? Taking the word experience in the broad, and, we may say, misused sense, of mere *feelings*, without regard to their source, nature, and end, the world is full of it. Does not the Wesleyan class leader catechize his young brood about their experience? and does not the Romish priest draw forth the workings of the heart from his female penitents? True experience is not mere feeling, as feeling, but an experience of the power, presence, grace, and teaching of God in the soul. When, then, we examine much that is called experience, it is like looking at what claims to be a human face. And what are many such countenances? Some are like the *gutta percha* faces, the new toy that amuses children, which can be pulled and squeezed, made long or short, round or square, to smile or frown, and yet always in the end resumes its vacant, unmeaning stare. Hundreds of such experiences are every year manufactured to order. Others possess no features at all—a mere mummy and mass of flesh; or, if any features, all in their wrong places. Liberty before bondage, gospel before law, deliverance before the prison, pardon before guilt, assurance before unbelief, redemption before captivity, mercy before misery; eyes, nose, mouth, chin, and cheeks all topsy-turvy, all in their wrong place. Aye, and some features altogether wanting—holes instead of eyes, or no eyes at all; a cheek all over the face, forehead and chin clean shaved away. How many have what they call faith and yet no repentance, knowledge and no contrition, confidence and no fear, boldness and no humility, praise and no prayer, singing and no sorrowing, rejoicing and no mourning, victory without fighting, resurrection without dying, and glory in prospect without grace in possession! What can we make out of all this? Are we harsh, bigoted, uncharitable, if we cannot admire nor love such an eyeless, noseless, chinless face? Show us real, well-placed, harmonious features, and we can admire and love them; but not a featureless, disfigured countenance—a cross between presumption and ignorance. Let us have eyes, and we shall not inquire whether they be blue or black; a nose, and we shall not be particular as to its shape or size. Oneness without variety would be sameness; variety without oneness would be disfigurement.

Amidst, then, all the variety of gracious experience, there is, as in the human countenance, a pervading oneness and a harmony, which, like the key-note of an air in music, runs through and blends the whole. For there is a *variety*, a beautiful variety in the experience of God's family. Each tuneful bird has its own note, each fragrant flower its own smell, each season its own beauty; and

each child of God his own experience. Their trials, temptations, afflictions, providences, mercies, miseries, are not made in the same exact mould, nor cut in the same precise pattern. Some sink more deeply, and others rise more highly; some are faint and feeble, and others lively and strong; some are slow, late, and long, others, quick, early, and short; some are cropt in their bloom, and others hang till their leaves get brown and dusky; some promise well at the outset and perform poorly, others promise but indifferently and ripen better; with some, clouds and rain last nearly all day till there is a glorious sunset, with others, cloudy bars are stretched across their evening rays, though their morning might have been bright and clear; some walk tenderly and humbly all their days, and others bring grief on themselves and others by their carelessness and carnality. Yet amidst all this variety there is oneness. The misery of sin, the vileness and deceitfulness of the heart, the guilt and bondage that allowed carnality produces, the mercy and long-suffering of God and the superaboundings of his grace, the suitability and preciousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, the emptiness of all created things, the assaults and fiery darts of Satan, the doubts and fears that spring up within when night comes on and the beasts of the forest prowl forth, the cries and sighs that go up unto the Lord when the battle is hot and victory hangs trembling in the balance, the sweetness of the promises as applied to the soul, the certainty and security of the elect, with the other blessed truths of the gospel, as appropriated and realised—in all these features of divine experience, there is a sweet oneness of spirit among all the family of God. To see, to feel, to realize this oneness is to experience spiritual union and communion with the members of the body of Christ. This is the "communion of saints"—an article of the apostles' creed, but to most, as dead and dry an article as the gilded sentence that stands at the east end of a church, or the whole of the thirty-nine articles to a young curate pouncing upon a living as a duck upon a worm. But the "communion of saints" is as much a living article of a Christian's faith as "the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting." This is the mystical tie that knits heart to heart. This Jonathan felt to David, Elisha to Elijah, Asaph to the generation of God's children, (Ps. 73:15), the saints to each other in those Pentecostal days when they were of "one heart and one soul," Paul to the Corinthian believers, (2 Cor. 12:15,) and the early Christians when the wondering heathens said, "See how these Christians love one another."

**Here, then, is one of the main benefits and blessings of those accounts of real Christian experience which we are sometimes favoured with. They much tend to the edifying of the body in love. They strengthen faith, encourage hope, and draw forth love, tenderness, and affection. The faithfulness of God is seen in living examples, his dealings seem brought near, and there is a sweet testimony that the Lord still reigns, that he has not forgotten the earth, and that a seed still serves him.**

**We have made the porch so large that we find we have not room for the house. As is the case with some ministers, our sermon is all introduction. We must, therefore, following their example, defer the rest of the subject till the evening—in other words, till the following Number.**

*(Continued September, 1852.)*

**Death sets a solemn and final stamp on the life. The setting sun casts its expiring rays over air, earth, and sky, and tinges the whole prospect with its peculiar prevailing colour. Be that hue lurid and threatening, or be it bright and golden, such also is the general tone and complexion of the landscape. Whatever darkness and gloom, mist and fog, cloud and storm, may have marked the day, a beautiful evening, a bright sunset, makes amends, and stamps its character on the whole. In many a tried, tempted believer has this been spiritually verified. A bright sunset has made amends for a day of mist and fog, cloud and storm.**

**But ah! how different with the ungodly! When the wicked are in full prosperity they are like a river flowing on to a cataract. We view only the wide, gentle flow of waters dancing and gleaming beneath the sunbeam; and the sound of the cataract in the distance is not heard. We see only how the ungodly spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasure; and we forget the abyss of misery and woe to which they are hastening. When the waters have fallen down the precipice, and we are stunned with the noise and wetted by the spray, we then see the beginning from the end, and how deceitful and perilous was the river's former flow. Their pursuits and pleasures, sins and follies, all come to remembrance, and we see misery and destruction stamped on all their ways, from the cradle to the grave—from the**

first rise of the rill to the river's final fall. If connected with us by ties of blood, how painful the thought of their past life and present condition! and if anything particular has marked their end—suddenness or despair, the reflection is too acute to be borne, and it is driven from the mind by any means, if possible.

How different the end of the righteous! Old John Newton, whose remarks usually embody much sound sententious wisdom, used to say, "Don't tell me how the man died; tell me how he lived." There may be some truth in this, but not the whole truth. If it is blessed to live well, it is blessed to die well. If living faith is desirable, is not dying faith desirable? And if victory over the first enemy, unbelief, and over the three middle enemies, the flesh, the world, and the devil, is so highly prized as God's gift and faith's conquest, why should not victory over the last enemy, death, be still more highly prized as God's last gift and faith's greatest triumph? It is true that we read in the Scriptures much of the life, but little of the death of Job, Abraham, Isaac, Joseph, Moses, Aaron, and other saints of old. Stephen's blessed end, and that chiefly as connected with his martyrdom, is, we believe, almost the only happy death specially mentioned in the New Testament. And yet it cannot be denied that a peaceful, happy end is greatly desirable, not only for the departing but for those who remain behind; for strength and comfort to survivor as well as to sufferer. The rays of the Sun of Righteousness, gilding a dying pillow, reflect a blessed light over the whole spiritual life of the departed. If there have been circumstances in life, such as infirmities of temper, errors of judgment, a trying path in providence, a doubting, fearing track in grace, which may have cast somewhat of a shade over him, an end marked beyond contradiction by the power and presence of the God of all grace fully dispels it. Former specks and blemishes are lost in the last flood of light; dubious marks are cleared up; doubts and hesitations are dispersed; and triumphant grace swallows up the last remnant of suspicion. His looks, his words are embalmed in the memory; the tears that flow over him are not bitter and scalding, but soft and tender, mingling holy joy with affectionate sorrow; and his very remains seem consecrated by the spirit—the now glorified spirit, which but yesterday tenanted them. To them affection and respect pay the last services. Faith digs the grave; Hope deposits in it the mortal remains till the resurrection morn; and Love writes the epitaph, on which SUPERABOUNDING GRACE is traced in capitals so large as to leave no space for the small print of the good

qualities, or the misprint of the bad qualities of the departed. Nor does the blessing end when the tomb has closed over the pale, cold relics of mortality. Dying words are remembered; and often, like seeds scattered from a harvested sheaf, afterwards spring up and grow. To many a wild son, to many a thoughtless daughter, have the dying expressions of a believing parent been in after life an awakening voice, and made them to feel that there was a power in that still chamber, a reality in religion on that bed of suffering to which they are strangers. As the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church, so the last life-drops of a dying parent have often not fallen to the ground like water spilled, but have sprung up into a spiritual seed. Samson slew more in death than in all his previous life; and thus many an expiring parent has done more to slaughter a worldly spirit and a worldly religion in the heart of a child by death in faith, than by a whole life of warning and admonition. Dying words are remembered when living are forgotten; and the wild boy who capered and sung at the warnings of a living mother may, in after years, when tossing on the wild Atlantic, or camping beneath an Australian gum-tree, look up and say, "My poor mother! Would God I were like thee!"

Truthful memoirs, then, and simple genuine obituaries\* are, we believe, really profitable to the church of God; and for this reason are we pleased, as occasion offers, to introduce them into our pages.

"At the risk of raising a smile, we cannot forbear to mention the following. A poor woman some years ago, when several numbers had appeared without any obituary, asked a friend of ours "when Mr. Obi-tary" (accenting the third syllable) "meant to write again, for she was very fond of Mr. Obi-tary's writings." We agree with her, that when Mr. Obi-tary has a good subject, what appears under his name is both interesting and profitable.

The Obituary before us is that of Mrs. E. Parsons, wife of the late Mr. Parsons, for some years an esteemed minister of the gospel at Chichester. Mr. Lewis, whose experience has lately been perused with so much interest by many of our readers, was a deacon in his church, and most highly esteemed him.

It would appear that the memoir before us was found in manuscript after the decease of Mr. Parsons. The following extracts will show its general character.

**The account of the first work on her soul is thus given:**

**"It is now about twenty years ago since the Lord convinced my dear wife of sin. This brought her into great trouble, and caused her to weep daily, and to supplicate the Lord for mercy and for a knowledge of salvation by the pardon of all her sins. The burden of her iniquity, the wrath of God, the curse and terror of the law, and the constant fear of death, brought her very low in her mind, and for about two years they kept her in such a weak state of body and nerves that her life was often despaired of. Medicine neither eased her body nor relieved her burdened mind. These things, together with the overwhelming temptations of the enemy, and especially the temptation to put an end to her then miserable life and the life of her own dear children, often sank her in horror and gloom, and caused her to weep bitterly for days and months together; and, to complete her distress, she sometimes had nothing for food for her tender offspring. Nevertheless, through all her distress she was enabled to call upon the Lord to 'deliver her soul from death, her eyes from tears, and her feet from falling;' and she did so by his blessing the reading of good Mr. Bunyan's 'Holy War' to her. It was that part where the prince Emmanuel pardons the men who came with ropes round their necks. Again she sank under the hidings of the Lord's face, the fear of death, the temptations of Satan, and many more troubles; but God was gracious to her again, and raised her up by blessing this precious portion of his holy word to her soul in the power of the Holy Ghost, 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?' She then sang in her happy soul the sweet song of love, unprecedented mercy, great salvation, full and free redemption, and eternal and unmerited goodness; and although her temporal troubles were many and grievous, yet she was enabled to sing her joyful song as she sat upon the lonely stile, or while she was in the house, or in the street, or upon her bed in the dead watches of the night. Then again she was brought very low through the fear of death; so low that she could not endure to hear the Lord's children say that when the Lord blessed them with perfect love, they longed, like good old Simeon, to depart, for she was kept in bondage through the fear of death. But again the Lord heard her prayer, and delivered her from her fears for a time by these precious words: 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.'"**

**Of the intermediate period between her state of soul, as thus described, and her last illness there is not much here recorded. We gather, however, that her path was for the most part one of trial and affliction, being weak in body, nervous and dejected in spirits, tried in soul, pressed with family cares, and, through fear of death, all her life-time subject to bondage.**

**But we come to the closing scenes of her afflicted life:**

**"On the 12th of August, I went to Midhurst for her. I found her much worse than she was when she left home; but the Almighty gave her strength to reach home; and, ill as she was, the dear Lord supported her, by assuring her that 'he would never leave her nor forsake her.' She continued quiet and peaceable in her heart and mind until Saturday, having both heart and mind stayed on the Lord and his word by the power of the Holy Spirit. She would then talk of death with as much freedom as she would of the nearest friend, and gave orders for her funeral with the greatest composure. She said the fear of death was gone from her; and her death's Abolisher, her sin Atoner, her everlasting Redeemer and perfect Saviour was with her; therefore, 'When I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'"**

**A striking feature, as will presently appear, in her experience is her total dependence on the Lord's support and smile. While the everlasting arms were underneath, and the Sun of Righteousness shone, she was happy in soul; but when night came on, all the beasts of the forest crept forth. Some call this weak faith. We would rather call it dependent faith. Say, however, that it is weak. It is in weakness that the strength of Christ is made perfect; and no man has a grain more faith than the Lord bestows upon him. As we are sitting writing, a thought occurs to our mind. Last night there was a heavy thunderstorm. Lightnings flashed, the thunder rolled, and the rain came down in torrents. This morning the sun is shining brightly; but dark hanging clouds occasionally gather, and a shade comes over the scene. When the dark cloud is gone by, how much more brightly does the sun seem to shine forth—far more brightly than were it a day without a cloud! Is there no instruction here? The thunderstorm of convictions clears a path for the bright morning; the passing clouds add by contrast fresh lustre to the sun. So it was with Mrs. Parsons. Her first distress of soul was the thunderstorm; her death-bed experience the day chequered by cloud and sun:**

**"On Sunday morning, August 17th, she was very dark in her mind, bowed down in her soul, and in trouble about her dear boy, who was gone from her, and whom she had before been enabled to leave in the hands of the Lord. The enemy took advantage of this trouble, and told her that all her faith was vain and false, or she would not take up again that which she had pretended to leave with the Lord. He also laboured hard to bring on again the fear of death, through which she had all her lifetime been subject to bondage; but in this he could not prevail, for her hope was an anchor to hold the poor tempest-tossed vessel in the storm. I went to chapel with a heavy heart, a troubled mind, and a burdened soul, to proclaim good news and glad tidings to others, when I seemed to be of all men the most unfit, having nothing but sorrow and grief myself; but the Almighty brought me through with a great and high hand. I returned with a grain of faith in my heart that he would hear prayer in the behalf of my dear afflicted partner, and that he would do as he had said to her in the morning before I left, which was, 'What think ye, that he will not come to the feast? He will surely come and not tarry.' And, blessed be his dear name, he did come, and displayed his great power, showed his amazing love, and manifested his boundless mercy unto her. She wept for joy, and said, 'O what a precious Jesus is my Jesus! O how sweet he is!' And the dying love of such a dear friend blessed her sweet and tender heart; and although her pain was very sharp at times, yet she said it was nothing compared to her dear Saviour's sufferings. She then repeated Mr. Hart's hymn:**

**'Heaven is that holy, happy place  
Where sin no more defiles;  
Where God unveils his blissful face,  
And looks, and loves, and smiles,' &c.**

**She then said to me, 'O what a prison is this poor body! I long to be freed from it, and see my dear Jesus without a veil between.' I said, 'There the Lord will be your everlasting light, your God, and your glory for ever, and the days of your mourning will be for ever at an end.' She replied, 'Yes; bless his dear name, I hope soon to be with him.'"**

**But thick clouds gather. A storm is at hand—nearly as heavy, but not so long,**

as the first which broke upon her soul:

"On Monday, the 18th, the scene was changed. Darkness overspread her whole soul; her joy was gone, and sorrow came in its place; her Lord had hidden his face; and Satan was come in his room; the Bible was a sealed book, her evidences were lost, unbelief was prevalent, and the devil began to come in like a flood and carry all before him; but the grace of God in her heart, that will stand in all and through all and live for ever. In this conflict of mind and body, and in the fire of temptation, she cried with bitter and lamentable cries, that she was deceived, was a hypocrite, and dying. What should she do? She said she should be left in the pains of death to cry out to us all to save her. Then she burst forth in the most pitiful and heartfelt cries to the Lord, 'O Lord, help me! O Lord, save me! O Lord, have mercy upon me! "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"' We laboured to comfort her by recalling to her many promises, showing her the path of the saints; and I did so, in particular, by telling her what I had been brought through, of floods and fears; but all in vain. She said it was useless, it was not for her; therefore, said she, 'Say no more, for I am full of desperation. I could jump into a well or take poison.' She then repeated one of Mr. Kent's hymns:

"'Twas in the night when troubles came.

I sought, my God, for thee;  
But found no refuge in that name  
That once supported me.

'I saw no day-star in the skies,  
'Wrapt in perpetual gloom;  
I said, "When will that sun arise  
That shall my soul illumine?"'

The last verse she much dwelt upon. I said, 'He will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.' She said, with many tears, 'I think I shall go to heaven. Yes; I hope I shall.' I said. 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion above with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; and you, in spite of the devil, your unbelief, and all your enemies, shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing flee away from you for ever; for in that blessed country the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick."' She then said,

**'I am shaken to pieces in body and soul by the enemy. O that my God would come and put him to flight.' I said many more things to her to comfort her; but the Comforter that should relieve her soul was far from her, although he enabled her to maintain her hope."**

**With her it was a day of clouds almost to the very last. Streaks and bars were spread even over her setting sun. The closing scene is thus described:**

**"Thursday morning, at about one o'clock, I was called up at her request. When I came to her I found her in a cold sweat, dark in her mind, and molested by the enemy of her soul. I said to her, 'You know where you are going to through it all.' 'O yes,' she said, 'to heaven, to heaven!' At about five o'clock, she cried out, in conflict of soul, 'O Lord, hear my prayers.' We could see that she was much distressed, but could not learn the cause of it, as she could not speak. At about eight o'clock, she spoke out, 'O dear Lord, I do not know where I am going, and I am dying. Do you think that I am a child of God?' I then said that the enemy was thrusting sore at her and her interests in a dear Redeemer. I then began to point out to her that all the saints of God had been tried on the same ground, and that the infernal foe had brought his daring 'buts,' 'ifs,' and 'hows,' to her dear Jesus, to try to dispute him out of his Sonship; and that she would be more than a conqueror over the devil, sin, death, hell, and the grave through him that loved her and gave himself for her. Then I brought forth this precious portion of God's word, 'The Lord is good, and a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that put their trust in him.' She gave me a sweet smile, and replied, 'Yes, he is good to me.' She then lay suffering much in body, and at times rambling, through extreme weakness, until about half-past ten o'clock, when she looked up with a bright and heavenly countenance, and said to me, 'He will never leave me nor forsake me, world without end.' I said, 'I know, my dear, his word is firmer than heaven and earth, for these must pass away, but not a jot or tittle of his word shall ever fail, but shall be fulfilled in your behalf and in behalf of the Lord's family. "Faithful is he who hath called you, who also will do it."' The enemy was again obliged to fly before the almighty Captain of salvation, and to leave her again in peace and quietness, for she was returned to her rest; but her conflict with death was still upon her, and she said, 'Now the enemy is afflicting my poor body.' At about twelve o'clock, she said to me, 'Do you not see that blood?' I could not understand her. 'Why,' she said, 'the**

precious blood of Christ.' About half an hour after, she said, 'My heart sinks; but how can I sink with such a prop;' She had not strength to utter the whole sentence. I then said, 'As bears the world and all things up.' She then nodded her head, as much as to say, 'Yes, that is what I meant to say.' She continued while the cold sweat of death was upon her, to call upon the Lord to help her and grant her patience to go through the valley of the shadow of death. At about six o'clock, she thought as well as we that she was going to her rest. I took her up in my arms, she then lifted up both her hands to heaven, and said, 'Come, Lord Jesus, and receive me!' and then sank breathless into my arms. We then stood in silent sorrow, and thought that her sufferings were at an end, but they were not quite filled up, for she revived again and brought up the phlegm, and said that she should see the light of another morning. At about nine o'clock in the evening, she shook hands with us all, and said, with a heart full of comfort and a real feeling of love to each, 'God bless you! God bless you!' Her nurse said to her, 'You have not kissed me for some time.' She then took her round the waist and kissed her several times. Then she said, 'Now all of you lay down and sleep and rest, and I will go to rest;' and to me she said, 'You come here and lie down with me, my dear.' Then she said, 'Now, my God, do not forsake me in my last moments.' Then she went off into a sleep, and neither moved hand nor foot for several hours, but she lay labouring for breath, and with the cold hand of death upon her. Some time before she breathed her last, she looked very earnestly upon us, and was very sensible; and, as I stood by her bedside, she fixed her eyes upon me, beaming with the love of her Saviour, and tried hard to speak, but could not. I said to her, with a heart too full to bear any more, as I thought, 'My dear, I know you cannot speak.' She then put up her cold and almost lifeless hand, and waved it towards heaven and over her head, as a token of triumph, victory, and joy in God her Saviour, and breathed out her happy spirit unto the Lord her God, at five minutes past eight o'clock on Friday morning, October 3rd, 1845."

Well has Hart said,

"See the suffering church of Christ,  
Gather'd from all quarters;  
All the names in that red list  
Were not murder'd martyrs."

**There are other martyrs than those who are torn by wild beasts in the Roman amphitheatre, or burnt to ashes in Smithfield. All suffer *with* Christ, though all do not suffer *for* Christ; for if we suffer not with him, we shall not reign with him. Judging from this memoir, Mrs. Parsons was one of these inward martyrs. Since her departure her widowed husband has been called to pass Jordan's flood. There we leave them, inscribing on their tomb that memorable voice from heaven: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them" (Rev. 14:13).**

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**A Treatise on Various Subjects. By John Brine.—(*October, 1852.*)**

**It is rather more than one hundred and ninety years ago since the Church of England cast out of her bosom two thousand of her most faithful ministers.\* Nor was she satisfied with merely ejecting them and reducing them and their families to poverty and want; she added to it the most bitter and harassing persecution. Urged on by Clarendon, the same ungodly Parliament which passed the infamous Bartholomew Act proceeded to treat as criminals not only the ejected ministers, but all those who cleaved to their ministry. Fine, imprisonment, and transportation to the colonies, another word for a worse than African slavery, were the punishments which ungodly magistrates, without judge or jury, could, on the oath of a common informer, inflict upon men of whom the world was not worthy.†**

**\* By the Act of Uniformity it was required that on or before St. Bartholomew's Day, Sunday, August 24th, 1662, every clergyman should be re-ordained if he had not before received episcopal ordination; should declare his unfeigned assent and consent to everything contained in and prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer; should take the oath of canonical obedience to the bishop; should abjure the solemn league and covenant; and should renounce the principle of taking arms, on any pretence whatsoever, against the king.**

**It was the three first articles chiefly that the Nonconformist ministers objected to, and could not conscientiously comply with. Two thousand were in**

consequence ejected from all their preferments, or voluntarily relinquished them.

† By the Act of Uniformity, every clergyman who should officiate without being what was called properly qualified was punishable by fine and imprisonment; but in 1664 an additional Act was passed, in which it was enacted that wherever five persons above those of the household should assemble for religious worship, every one of them was liable, for the first offence, to be imprisoned three months, or to pay £5; for the second, to be imprisoned six months, or pay £10; for the third, to be transported seven years, or pay £100.

Think of a poor labourer, with a large family, being transported to Virginia, to work like a Negro slave in a tobacco plantation under the burning sun of America, nominally for seven years, but really for life. And for what? Because he met with a few gracious souls in a cottage to read and pray or hear the word. By the Five Mile Act none of the deprived ministers were allowed to come within five miles of a market town. And all this time iniquity ran down the streets like water.

But it is not our purpose to dwell here on the sufferings of our Puritan ancestors. Let us rather endeavour to trace out in their sufferings the mysterious purposes of God. True religion never flourished, never can flourish, except in adversity. Prosperity is its death. However paradoxical the assertion may seem, true religion was in this country saved by the very blow that was aimed at its life. Had the scheme of comprehension succeeded which was to embrace in the National Church Bunyan, Owen, and Goodwin, with Archbishops Sheldon\* and Sharpe,† vital religion would have been strangled in its embrace. Owen, with a mitre on his brow, could hardly have written his work "On the Spirit." Bunyan, enthroned in a stall in Canterbury cathedral, would not have written "The Pilgrim's Progress." Bedford Gaol was a better place for him than the cathedral close.

\* Archbishop Sheldon among the bishops, and Lord Clarendon among the king's councillors, were the chief instigators of the Parliament which passed the Act of Uniformity.

† Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was the chief instrument employed by Charles II in restoring episcopacy in Scotland, and was a fearful persecutor of the Covenanters. He was cruelly murdered in 1679, on Magus Muir, near St. Andrews.

The circumstances of the time were very peculiar. Few have any idea of the flood of ungodliness and profanity which characterised the reign of Charles II. It was not merely libertinism and the most unblushing profligacy which stalked abroad in open day, but the most avowed infidelity and coarsest profaneness. It was as if all hell had broken loose; and as if ungodliness, chained up by the iron hand of Cromwell, would now take its full swing, and make ample amends for past deprivations. The Puritans, called so derisively from their purity of principle and conduct, were hooted down, and driven from society as disturbers of the public peace. They had no need to separate themselves from the world, the world separated them from itself. Thus one grand point was gained. The church and the world were really separated. Ranks of society in those days were much more marked by outward distinctions than in our own. The gayest dresses, the richest silks, the most gaudy colours were then worn by all of both sexes who aspired to worldly distinction. Here were our Puritan ancestors specially distinguished. Their plain garb and unadorned apparel at once marked them. This made a gulf between the world and them, now too much bridged over. And as thus they were driven out of the world, they were more closely united with each other than we have in our day any conception of. Two distinct forces were thus at work to bring together the people of God—external persecution and internal love. One drove and the other drew; one closed the circle from without, and the other attracted in the circle from within.

But as in all ages grain and chaff have been strewn on the same floor, wheat and tares have grown up in the same field, fish, good and bad, have swum in the same net, the Puritan assemblies were not exempt from admixture. If there was a Judas among the disciples, an Ananias and Sapphira among the Pentecostal converts, a Demas among Paul's personal friends, were the Puritans likely to be, according to their name, a pure heap of unmixed grain? But this very circumstance exercised a peculiar influence on their ministry and writings. If there had been no Talkatives in the little meetings at Bedford or Gamlingay, what materials would there have been for Bunyan's inimitable

life-portrait? If no Mr. By-ends or Hold-the-world were to be found within reach of the Tinker's eye and voice, they would not have fallen within the scope of the Tinker's pen. Mr. Money-love, it will be remembered, says to his good friend By-ends, "They, and we, and you, Sir, I hope, are going on pilgrimage." And pilgrimage in those days did not mean complying with the Act of Uniformity. In this, however, as elsewhere, we see good springing out of evil. Being thrown by the circumstances already mentioned more closely together, if there was on one side deeper hypocrisy, there was on the other clearer discernment. In their small assemblies *character* became more closely watched, and therefore better known. Professors of religion lived more under each other's eye. There was more spiritual conversation; more discussion of doctrine and experience; more marked displays of God's providence; more mutual intercourse and affection; more sympathy and communion; more bearing of each other's burdens; and more general equality and brotherhood than we have any idea of. Those who experimentally knew the things of God lived more under their power and influence than in our day; and religion, as a personal reality, was with them more a matter of daily and hourly experience and consideration. As a necessary consequence, counterfeits were better got up. If the coins from heaven's mint had in those days a clearer ring, were of brighter hue, bore a more deeply-cut impress, and showed a closer resemblance to the Sovereign's image, the master of the infernal mint was not then behind in his imitative coinage. The rude, mis-shapen, base money of the present day would not have passed in times when Bunyan and Owen were assayers. Their sharp eyes would soon have detected the clumsy counterfeit. This has made the Puritan writers so searching, so discriminating, so minute in the marks which they lay down of a real work of grace.

But the Puritan ministers were also men mighty in the Scriptures. When they had opportunity they had been hard students. Dr. Owen was one of the most learned men of the seventeenth century, and was appointed by Cromwell Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, mainly for the advantage of the students. Most also of the ejected ministers were men of ability and learning. But persecution drove them from public libraries; and poverty soon compelled them to part with books for bread. A learned ministry was rather an idol with the Puritans; and this idol was to be broken. Having to defend the truth from the assaults of Popery on the one hand and infidelity on the other, they had been compelled, as they considered,

to study works of learning. But, hunted down by informers, haled before magistrates, hooted by mobs, and immured in prisons, they had little time for learned researches. Poverty made them dig other roots than those of Hebrew words; and the prison taught them to tag laces instead of turning over lexicons. Hiding in a wood by day, and preaching in a cottage by night, expecting every moment to hear the door driven in, were not situations favourable to hard reading. Folios and quartos, the usual sized books of that day, were not readily carried about when soldiers were on their track; and a hollow tree or a damp cellar made but an indifferent study. Thus were they driven to study the heart instead of books, and to watch the movements of grace and the workings of sin instead of confuting the infidel arguments of Hobbes, or replying to the objections of Socinus.

The work of grace on the soul, its various counterfeits, how far a person may go and not be a Christian, the certain marks of regeneration, the opposition made to it by sin and Satan, the privileges and duties of a believer, the misery and danger of an unconverted state, the work of Christ on the cross, and the influences and operations of the blessed Spirit on the heart—these and similar topics form the staple of the writings of the Puritans. And though in some points, such as the law, general invitations, &c., they may be obscure, or even erroneous, yet where they are at home there is a peculiar weight and power in their works. They are eminently scriptural and invariably practical. They were keen anatomists of the human heart, dissecting its hidden fibres to the very core. Its deceitfulness and hypocrisy were well known to them, and they possessed a peculiar ability in laying bare all its pretences and false refuges. They were sometimes, perhaps, too systematic, and would scarcely tolerate the least deviation from the prescribed formulas of doctrine and experience. But they were a blessed generation, maintaining alive by their writings, when persecution had much silenced their voices, the hidden life of godliness in the hearts of hundreds; and by sending abroad from their hiding-places their spiritual and savoury works, they much made up by their pen what had been lost from their tongue.

But as they obtained rest from persecution, they began to decline in power and savour. The darkest period which the church of God in this country has ever seen, since the Reformation, was in the reign of Queen Anne. Dissent had obtained a legal footing at the Revolution of 1688. From that era commenced

**the decline of vital religion till the time of Whitefield. The eighteenth century arose in the thickest cloud that has overspread this country since Popery fell. We live, it is true, in a day of much spiritual declension; but things were much worse then. Nearly all the Dissenting churches were sunk into Arianism. Little else but dead morality was heard in pulpits where free grace was formerly proclaimed. Religion, in fact, had sunk so low that when Whitefield went about proclaiming the new birth; it was a doctrine as new to the Dissenters as to the adherents of the National Establishment. A rational religion was the order of the day, and as much preached in the chapel as in the church. The Lord doubtless had a people; a seed still served him; but the strength and vigour of those days when Bunyan preached and Owen wrote were gone. Strangers had devoured Ephraim's strength, and he knew it not. We admit that our day is a day of sad declension in the church, and of great ungodliness in the world. But those who speak of these days as the worst that England ever knew, religiously and nationally, are evidently unacquainted with either side of the subject. We feel not the least hesitation in asserting that one hundred and fifty years ago there was more open brutality in the lower classes, and more profligacy in the upper, than the present generation would tolerate. Many, many years have elapsed since we read the works of that day and generation; but our memory, in some things too retentive, has not forgotten what made such deep impressions on the boyish mind. We have no desire, nor indeed would it be right, to bring forward the evidence to this point, which lies hidden in the memory and had best be for ever forgotten; but were it necessary, we could easily substantiate the truth of our statement by mentioning a few particular instances. Nor do we hesitate to say that the truth is now better known and more widely preached than in the days of Watts and Doddridge.**

**But the Lord has, in the darkest days, preserved a remnant in the earth, and has always maintained an apostolic succession, not indeed in the Puseyistic sense, but in the spiritual acceptation, of a series of gracious ministers to feed the church which he hath purchased with his own blood.**

**Amongst them we believe we may enrol the name of John Brine, whose name stands at the head of the present article.**

**To this republication of one of his best works is prefixed a short memoir of the**

author, from which we extract the following particulars.

John Brine was a native of Kettering, Northamptonshire, where he was born in the year 1703. He was one of the first fruits of the ministry of Dr. Gill, who was, when a young man, member of the Baptist Church at Kettering, and preached occasionally at Higham Ferrers. At an early age, Mr. Brine joined the same church, and after some time was called by it to exercise his ministerial gifts. After preaching occasionally for some time, he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Coventry. There he continued for a few years, when he was invited to the pastoral charge of the church assembling in Curriers' Hall, Cripplegate, London. His labours in London comprised a period of thirty-five years. He was a copious and able writer, and published many works which are now almost forgotten. He died Feb. 21st, 1765, in the sixty-third year of his age; and as he left positive orders that no funeral sermon should be preached, his request was partly complied with. His very intimate friend, Dr. Gill, preached, however, on this occasion from 1 Cor. 15:10: "By the grace of God I am what I am;" and in a note appended to the sermon, thus writes of his departed friend:

"I am debarred from saying so much of him as otherwise I could do. I was born in the same place, and he was among the first fruits of my ministry. I might take notice of his natural and acquired abilities, his great understanding, clear light, and sound judgment in the doctrines of the gospel and the deep things of God; of his zeal, skill, and courage in vindicating important truths published by him to the world, and by which he being dead yet speaketh. I might also observe to you that his walk and conversation in the world was honourable and ornamental to the profession which he made, and suitable to the character he sustained as a minister of Jesus Christ, which endeared him to his friends and to all who knew him; but I am forbid to say more."

In Brine's day there was a very great departure in the Dissenting churches from the discriminating doctrines of the gospel. This is evident from the writings of Skepp, Toplady, Gill, and other writers of that day, who now seem to us, from that circumstance, more doctrinal than experimental. The lamp of truth was hidden in the sepulchre, and they had to dig it out, trim the wick, and lift it up on high. We now content ourselves with *stating* doctrine. But

they had to *prove* it. Election and the other glorious truths of God's word were with them pregnant with life; not, as often now, a cold, dead, lifeless statement. They had the soul where we too often have only the body. They felt, therefore, a holy unction and sacred boldness in bringing forth and defending the truth of God—truth which had been revealed by the Spirit with power to their soul. They clearly saw and felt that Arminianism was the parent of Arianism, Arianism the twin brother of Socinianism, and Socinianism the direct sire of infidelity. The low state of the churches, in which the power and savour of godliness were well-nigh extinct, they attributed justly to the low doctrines then almost universally preached. And as they felt that the glorious doctrines of the gospel had instrumentally lifted their souls out of the pit, they preached them to others with the same unction and power with which they had themselves received them.

Some persons cannot understand why the doctrinal preachers of our day should not be as highly esteemed and as greatly blessed as the doctrinal preachers of the last century. They do not see the wide difference between receiving the truth at first hand and at second hand. When Toplady preached election, and Whitefield urged the new birth, they preached what their souls had received directly and immediately from God. It was not with them a second or third running, but the pure blood of the grape. Their souls had drunk of the wine of the kingdom; and, like the apostles on the day of Pentecost, they preached under its influence. Peter preaching Christ's resurrection at Jerusalem, Athanasius contending for the Trinity at Alexandria, Luther declaring justification by Christ's righteousness at Wittenberg, Knox thundering against Popery at St. Andrews, Whitefield pouring out his very soul in enforcing the new birth in Moorfields, Toplady urging election at Orange Street Chapel, all preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Many ministers now preach just the same truths; but are they equally blessed? No. Why not? Because they have not received them in the same way, nor do they preach them under the same power and influence. Their thunders are mimic thunders; their preaching is rather acting than preaching. Some one asked to see the sword of Scanderbeg, a celebrated warrior against the Turks, which was preserved in a museum. "Why," exclaimed he, "there is nothing remarkable in this sword." "No," was the reply; "but you should have seen the arm which wielded it." So the doctrines of justification, as preached by Luther, and of the new birth, as urged by

Whitefield, may be stated by any white-cravated youth, with a few hairs on his chin. It may be the sword of Scanderbeg; but where is the hand that made it drunk with the blood of the slain? The secret of all preaching and of all writing is power; and if that be denied, the tongue and pen are both those of the stage.

But besides the doctrinal statements, there is in the writings of Brine much that is closely experimental. Here, we think, he peculiarly shines, for he was evidently a man who knew much of his own heart. Among the papers in the present volume there is one, "On the Causes of Declension in the Power of Godliness," which seems to us very excellent. He treats first of the *causes* of declension, showing that there is a connection between cause and effect, and that much of this declension is attributable to ourselves. An extract here may be profitable.

"IV. Criminal indulgences are very prejudicial to grace. It may be taken as a certain rule that by whatever means sin is increased, grace is impaired, and the flesh grows in strength when and so far as it is gratified in its desires; it increases in its demands as fast as they are answered, for it is of an insatiable nature. In vain shall we expect sin to abate of urgency in its pleas and arguings for gratification, if in any degree, or in any acts, we are prevailed with to give it countenance; modesty and limits it has none. We shall always find it grow in impetuosity and violence by every act of indulgence it is able, through its artifice and cunning, to obtain. The only way of keeping it under is refusing to hearken to its solicitations. If once it gains a small advance, it will not fail of making a great advantage to itself by our inadvertency and folly; and, in proportion, to the increase of the vigour of sin, grace declines in its strength, darkness spreads itself over the mind, and an indisposedness to spiritual acts and duties is the certain consequence of all sinful self-pleasing. There are lusts of the sensitive and lusts of the intellectual part; indulgence to the latter is as dangerous and hurtful as indulgence to the former, though but few seem to be persuaded of its truth. Pride is as pernicious as intemperance, and covetousness is not less hurtful than incontinence. If we follow after lying vanities of any sort, we forsake our own mercies. Backsliding is always attended with very ill consequences to ourselves, as it dishonours our heavenly Father. If our conversation is vain, frothy, and unguarded, we have no reason to wonder that we are lean in our souls, that our graces are languid, and that

we are destitute of those spiritual comforts we formerly enjoyed. It is a dreadful delusion to imagine that we may pamper the flesh and at the same time preserve the vigour of the spirit. Grey hairs will certainly be found upon us, whether we are sensible of it or not, if the corrupt lusts in our hearts are suffered to break forth into acts. Indeed, it is not in our own power to give spirit to the new man; but we can surely wound the new creature in us, and bring it under a sad waste of spirits, by acting a part agreeable to the old man. The eruptions of lust will assuredly be followed with a melancholy decay in grace; for if we live after the flesh we shall die, *i.e.*, we shall decay in the exercise of our grace, lose our comforts, and bring our souls into such a condition as may render it very difficult to determine, upon inquiry, whether we are in the flesh or in the Spirit—dead in sin, or dead unto it. O the egregious folly that many are guilty of who feed the carnal part, to the great detriment of their spiritual part! If, indeed, they are true Christians, it must be confessed that their behaviour affords very little evidence of real Christianity."

He next treats of the *symptoms* of declension, and unfolds the state into which the soul often sinks through carnality and self-indulgence. He shows how the conscience becomes deadened and hardened, and the grief and sorrow which always accompany true restoration.

Another chapter treats on the ways of revival, and the means by which God restores his wandering sheep; and with an extract from this part of his subject, as we have somewhat exceeded our usual limits, we will conclude our present article.

"Shall we be so ungrateful to our heavenly Father as to bury in forgetfulness the gracious discoveries of his kindness, grace, and mercy to our souls when we were overwhelmed with a sense of guilt, curse, and vengeance which we saw we had contracted, and whereunto we were exposed, without any ground of hope of relief and deliverance, but only from that infinitely glorious Object against whom we had been sinning all our days? *Let us remember how sweet the gospel was to us!* what a rich treasure and delightful food it was to our famishing souls! how we delighted in the ordinances of Christ, that we '*sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to our taste!*' The remembrance of these things, on the one hand, may produce joy; and on the other, shame, sorrow, indignation, and revenge against sin and ourselves,

when we consider what a melancholy change we have passed under. Oh! surely with shame, blushing, and confusion of face we must think of our present declension. What want of watchfulness against sin is now found in us, and what near approaches do we dare to make unto it! What a *languor* is there in our *graces!* How little is faith in exercise! And how is our *love* abated to God, to Christ, to his gospel, his ordinances, and his people! We cannot wholly be insensible that we are without those gracious visits of divine love from our covenant Father, our only Saviour, our best Friend, and *Elder Brother*, who was born for our help and relief in the *worst of adversity*, which in time past our souls enjoyed. And this distance between God and our souls is the consequence of our *sin, sloth, negligence, and base ingratitude*. Are our hearts affected with this as they ought to be? They are *not*, God knows. We are in a *sad slumber*, perhaps some are in a *dead sleep*, as we used to say, and nothing will wake and rouse them out of their wretched carnal security, but some shocking and terrible dispensation, which, whenever it comes, will pull them into the utmost consternation and terror, and they may not be able to determine whether they are *of the living in Jerusalem or sinners and hypocrites in Zion*, whose portion will be fearfulness here, and everlasting burnings hereafter, notwithstanding that flourishing profession they once made! Awful thought indeed! Should we not each of us say, What have I done to cause God to hide his face from me? Wherein have I grieved the Holy Spirit, which hath occasioned him to withhold his benign, comforting influences from my poor soul, through the want of which I am attended with darkness, deadness, loss of spiritual consolation, joy in God, and am at a great uncertainty, in my own apprehension, whether I am in the way to heaven, or in the broad road to hell and destruction? Oh! the bitter effects of sin!"

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"The Greatness of the Soul, and the Unspeakableness of the Loss thereof."  
"No Way to Heaven but by Jesus Christ." "The Strait Gate." By John Bunyan. To which is prefixed an Introductory Essay of his Genius and Writings, by Robert Philip, Author of "The Life and Times of Bunyan."—  
(November, 1852.)

There is a yearning in the mind of man after name and fame. Shrinking from oblivion, grasping at an earthly immortality, the ambitious heart desires not

wholly in death to die. It would not pass away as unnoticed and as unknown as the leaf which falls into the babbling brook, and, after a few whirls, sinks to the bottom with scarce a bubble to mark its vanishing out of light into darkness. Few indeed care for life eternal—for an immortality of happiness and holiness in the mansions of heavenly bliss; or if there be a passing desire for heaven, it is but to escape hell. But to achieve an immortality amongst their fellow-men; to be or to do something which shall secure the proud and rare distinction of living after death in the memories and on the lips of successive generations, is a deep-seated feeling in the human breast. This felt Absalom, as the Scripture records: "Now Absalom, in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale; for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day, Absalom's Place." (2 Sam. 18:18.) This feels the school-boy who cuts his name on the form, as much as the painter, who longs that the canvas may breathe his name when the fingers which spread it with form and colour lie mouldering in the dust; or the poet, who is content to die if his verses live for him from generation to generation. But this coveted distinction is attained by few. "Surely," says the Psalmist, "they are disquieted in vain." "Their memorial is perished with them." But could they obtain their object, it would be but a shadow. No applauding breath of man reaches them in their gloomy abode; no rills of human praise let fall a drop of water from earth to hell to cool their burning tongue. Most names that are remembered and handed down to posterity are of men in whom the Spirit of God was not. They were of the world; their words and actions were inspired by a worldly spirit, and directed to worldly ends. Therefore the world loved them in life, honoured them in death, and bestows on them after death the only reward it has to give—an earthly immortality. But when we view what they were in life, and what they are in death; when we lift up the veil which hides the mansions of the dead, is their lot worth coveting? Alas! no. Their soul is no more cheered by the honours paid to their memory than their mouldering dust is gladdened by the marble monument which stands over their grave. Solomon has already written the epitaph of this admired son of fame, the compendious history of his birth and death, beginning and end. "For he cometh in with vanity, and departeth in darkness, and his name shall be covered with darkness. Yea, though he live a thousand years twice told, yet hath he seen no good; do not all go to one place?" (Eccles. 6:4, 6.)

**But there are a few, and a few only, who have won a double immortality. Their names, their works, their influence survive them on earth when their happy spirits are bathing in the bliss of heaven. To be a Shakespeare, a Byron, a Voltaire—who that fears God would accept so wide-spread a name to accept with it what we may well apprehend is their present and future portion? Better be the meanest pauper who starves on a parish pittance; better be the shoeless wretch that sweeps the public crossing; better live in a hovel and die in a hospital, with the grace of God in the heart, than have a world-wide, time-enduring name when the soul is howling in hell.**

**And yet there is, we will not say an immortality, for that word is inappropriate to what blooms only on earth, but a living after death here below which is worth coveting. It is to be made a blessing to the church of God, not only in our day and generation, but when the grave shall have closed over us. The usefulness of most of God's servants necessarily terminates with their life. When their tongue is silent, the Spirit of God speaks no more by them, except at least so far as he may bring to remembrance words dropped from their lips. Few ministers of Christ leave any memorial behind them but souls called by their ministry, or the affection which recalls their names and words to remembrance. Some indeed write books, useful in their day, but they slowly fall into the gulf of oblivion. How active were pen and press in the days of the Reformation. Who now reads Bucer, Beza, Œcolampadius, or numerous other authors found in almost every hand in the sixteenth century? Who reads even the still more famed works of Luther, Calvin, or John Knox? They are to be found in dusty libraries, and are sometimes consulted by men of learning and research; but do they stand as of old on every bookshelf? Where, too, are the works of the seventeenth century, a more prolific period still? Howe, Owen, Goodwin, Flavell, and a few others still survive, and their works are sometimes reproduced; but the great majority of the Puritan divines have gradually sunk into oblivion.**

**One honoured name forms, however, a striking exception. That name, we need hardly say, is BUNYAN. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is known wherever the English language is spoken. Nay, it has become known beyond those limits, by means of translation into most of the European, and into some Oriental**

tongues. A great critic and historian\* has said that the seventeenth century, so prolific in writers, produced but two thoroughly original works, which would be handed down to posterity; and it was noteworthy that both these were produced by the pens of Dissenters—Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Milton's "Paradise Lost."

\* Macaulay.

Bunyan himself, we believe, was not aware of his own peculiar genius. Owing nothing to education, his powerful intellect grew like a wild tree, unpruned and unnailed to university wall, but it made up in strength for what it might lack in symmetry. He possessed by nature three rare gifts, which education might have refined, but could not have imparted, and possibly might have weakened—a most vivid imagination,—a singular power of dramatic representation,—and a most expressive style and language. The first and last are self-evident; the second may require a few words of explanation. Bunyan possessed, then, one of the rarest faculties of the human mind—the power of so throwing himself into the very character which he was drawing that he makes him speak exactly as that person would have spoken had he actually existed. A Puritan in principle and practice, he justly abhorred the theatre; and yet, without knowing it, he possessed in the highest degree that very talent in which consists the perfection of that species of writing. By means of this peculiar talent, his men and women are to us as substantial realities, as thoroughly living, breathing characters as if they had actually existed. Christian, Pliable and Obstinate, Faithful and Hopeful, with matronly, prudent Christiana, and modest, maidenlike, timorous Mercy—we know them all as if we had lived next door to them. This perhaps is his most striking faculty, and has made the "Pilgrim's Progress" a spiritual drama. What life and animation has this gift cast over it! Look, as a sample, at Obstinate's short and characteristic sentences. "Tush! away with your book. Will you go back with us or no?" "What, more fools still!" Compare these sharp, short, iron sentences with Pliable's soft, wax-like, ductile words, "And do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?" How his pliable disposition is shown by this soft, drawling sentence to turn and wind itself round Christian's belief! But what a peculiar gift was this to strike off with a few words two characters which have imprinted themselves on the minds of hundreds of thousands! But look also at his vivid, powerful, picturesque *imagination*. How

image after image comes forth with unflinching interest and boundless variety! What force and power in his pictures! The Slough of Despond, and the Wicket Gate, and the Hill of Difficulty, and the Castle of Giant Despair, the Vale of the Shadow of Death, Vanity Fair, Faithful's trial, and the close of all—the passage of the Dark River—why does the mere mention of these scenes recall them at once so distinctly to mind? Because they are drawn by a master's hand, giving form and body to scenes pictured in his imagination as living realities. His hand but executed what his eye saw; and thus his vivid imagination has engraved them more deeply on our memory than many scenes which we have seen with our bodily eyes. Is any book so well remembered? Has any made so vivid an impression? And all without the least effort on the part of the writer. In the Apology which he prefixed to it, for he must needs apologise for a production so different from the usual stamp of Puritan writings, he says,

"Well, so I did; but yet I did not think  
To show to all the world my pen and ink  
In such a mode; I only thought to make  
I knew not what; nor did I undertake  
Thereby to please my neighbour; no, not I;  
I did it mine own self to gratify.

"Neither did I but vacant seasons spend  
In this my scribble; nor did I intend  
But to divert myself, in doing this,  
From worsen thoughts, which make me do amiss."

He wrote not to go down to posterity but "to divert himself."

Having now my method by the end,  
Still as I pulled, it came."

So John pulled away at the skein and weaved the bright threads into a web of unfading colours and imperishable texture. But even then, when he took it off the beam, and rolled it out, neither he nor his friends knew what to make of it.

"Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so:  
Some said, It might do good; others said, No."

**Simple-hearted John! Admirable critics!**

**The third striking feature is the plain, clear, strong, noble, good old Saxon English in which it is written, a style so admirably suited to the great mass of readers, and at the same time possessing, from its purity and simplicity, a peculiar charm for the most refined English ear.**

**"But," suggests a reader, "you have merely noticed the genius of Bunyan! What was that? It was only nature. There was no grace in that. Why do you not speak of his grace and experience, and the teaching of the Spirit in his soul?" But, my good friend, don't you see how the Lord bestowed this genius on a poor illiterate tinker for a special purpose? Did not grace sanctify his natural genius, and direct it to the glory of God and the good of his people? And don't you perceive how this peculiar genius, of which you think so lightly, was absolutely necessary to produce the "Pilgrim's Progress," a work which will live when our heads are laid low? Bunyan was not striving after effect, beyond the best of all effects—being made a blessing to the church of God. He was not aiming at a dramatic representation of character, which a playwright might well envy. He saw Christian with his mind's eye in the Slough of Despond. His own feet had been fast held there. He saw and heard him in the dungeons of Giant Despair. He had lain there himself, and the iron had entered into his soul. He did not sit down as a play-writer to produce a drama, of which every character and scene were thoroughly fictitious. He had himself passed through all the scenes, and was, under the name of Christian, the leading character, the hero of the piece. The successive scenes were all deeply imbedded in his memory, and they came forth from his mind and pen as the deepest and most solemn realities. He therefore, under an allegory, described what he himself had seen, and where he himself had been, as a voyager in the Arctic regions might depict the frozen seas and piercing climate where the iceberg dwells in lonely grandeur; or as a tropical traveller might retrace the bright skies and lovely isles where the sun walks in its meridian glory. Thus Bunyan is himself reflected from every page of the "Pilgrim's Progress." He is the pilgrim who progresses from the City of Destruction to the heavenly Jerusalem. It is, in fact, his own experience so far modified as not to be exclusive. He did not, like some, set up his own experience as a standard from which there must not be the slightest deviation. Mercy, who hardly knows**

why or wherefore she set out, except to accompany Christiana, is drawn as a vessel of mercy as much as Christian, who spends his nights in sighs and tears. But still he has drawn with vigorous hand a certain definite path, in tracing which the highest genius and the greatest grace combined to produce a work blessed beyond measure to the church of God, and yet so animated with natural talent as to be handed down to an earthly immortality. Who shall say the hand of God was not here? Who but he raised the immortal tinker to this distinction? The same hand which took David from the sheepscoats to feed his people Israel raised Bunyan from the tinker's barrow to feed the church of God; and the same power which gave David strength and skill to sling the stone put into Bunyan's hand a pen which has done far more execution.

But besides these extraordinary endowments of genius and grace, Bunyan's *experience* was in itself peculiarly calculated to produce a work like the "Pilgrim's Progress." Were we to characterize this experience in one short sentence we should say it was the *abiding power of eternal things resting on his soul*. He did not only believe, he saw. The word of God did not merely speak to him; it entered into his inmost soul. Hell, with its sulphurous flames, Heaven, with its glorious abodes, were to him more distinct realities than the earth on which he trod; for the latter was but temporal, whilst the former were eternal; the one but a passing shadow, the other an enduring reality. So when the law sent its curses into his inmost conscience, he saw more clearly its lightnings, and heard more distinctly its thunders, than his outward eyes ever saw the vivid flash or his natural ears ever heard the pealing thunders of a passing storm. The dark clouds of the natural sky soon rolled away, and ceased to peal forth their terrors, but the Law knew no intermission for time or eternity. Thus, too, when Christ was revealed to him, he saw him by the eye of faith more distinctly than he ever saw any literal object by the eye of sense; for the natural sun itself, the brightest of all objects, could but fill his eye, but the Sun of Righteousness filled his very soul. When he talked with God, he talked to him more really, truly, and intimately than he could ever talk with an earthly friend, for to God he could unbosom all his heart, which he could not do to any human companion. His spiritual sorrows far outweighed all his temporal griefs, and his spiritual joys far surpassed all his earthly delights. The one were measured by time, the other by eternity; man was but the subject of one, God the object of the other. A few sentences from the "Grace Abounding" will abundantly prove this peculiar feature in Bunyan's experience:

**"By these things my mind was now so turned, that it lay like a horse-leech at the vein, still crying out, Give, give (Prov. 30:15), which was so fixed on eternity, and on the things about the kingdom of heaven (that is, so far as I knew, though as yet, God knows, I knew but little), that neither pleasures, nor profits, nor persuasions, nor threats, could loose it or make it let go its hold; and though I may speak it with shame, yet it is in very deed a certain truth, it would then have been as difficult for me to have taken my mind from heaven to earth, as I have found it often since to get it again from earth to heaven."**

**"At another time, as I sat by my fire in my house, and musing on my wretchedness, the Lord made that also a precious word unto me, 'Forasmuch then as children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through the fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage' (Heb. 2:14, 15). I thought that the glory of these words was then so weighty on me that I was both once and twice ready to swoon as I sat; yet not with grief and trouble, but with solid joy and peace."**

**"Oh! I cannot now express what I then saw and felt of the steadiness of Jesus Christ, the Rock of man's salvation. What was done could not be undone, added to, nor altered. I saw indeed, that sin might drive the soul beyond Christ, even the sin which is unpardonable; but woe to him that was so driven, for the word would shut him out."**

**"Thus I was always sinking, whatever I did think or do. So one day I walked to a neighbouring town, and sat down upon a settee in the street, and fell into a deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to; and, after long musing, I lifted up my head, but methought I saw as if the sun that shineth in the heavens did grudge to give light; and as if the very stones in the street and tiles upon the houses, did bend themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world. I was abhorred of them, and unfit to dwell among them, or be partaker of their benefits, because I had sinned against the Saviour. O how happy now was every creature over me! For they stood fast and kept their station; but I was gone and lost."**

**"At which time my understandings were so enlightened that I was as though I had seen the Lord Jesus look down from heaven through the tiles upon me, and direct these words unto me. This sent me mourning home; it broke my heart and filled me full of joy, and laid me as low as the dust: only it staid not long with me. I mean in this glory and refreshing comfort; yet it continued with me for several weeks, and did encourage me to hope."**

**This same experience of the power of eternal things made Bunyan such a mighty preacher. What a key he gives to his ministry in the same book!!**

**"Also when I have done the exercise, it hath gone to my heart to think the word should now fall as rain on stony places; still wishing from my heart, Oh! that they who have heard me speak this day did but see as I do, what sin, death, hell, and the curse of God is; and also what the grace, and love, and mercy of God is, through Christ, to men in such a case as they are, who are yet estranged from him. And, indeed, I did often say in my heart before the Lord, that if I be hanged up presently before their eyes, it would be a means to awaken them, and confirm them in the truth, I gladly should be contented."**

**"For I have been in my preaching, especially when I have been engaged in the doctrine of life by Christ, without works, as if an angel of God had stood at my back to encourage me. Oh! it hath been with such power and heavenly evidence upon my own soul, while I have been labouring to unfold it, to demonstrate it, and to fasten it upon the consciences of others, that I could not be contented with saying, I believe, and am sure; methought I was more than sure (if it be lawful to express myself) that those things which then I asserted were true."**

**His was no cut-and-dried ministry, but the outpouring of his whole heart; and as God had blessed him with remarkable powers of expression, he sent arrow after arrow from his full quiver, lodging them in the hearer's conscience up to the very feather. He was not what men commonly call eloquent, and yet was so in the highest sense of the term, for his words were words of fire. The most manly fervour was combined with the greatest simplicity; language which a child could understand came forth from his lips, but a giant wielded the words. Blow after blow, thrust after thrust came from his vigorous hand. The**

subject was simple, the manner of handling it was simple; but the simplicity was that of the life-guardsman's sword, of which the hilt is not gilded nor blade filigreed. Ornament would be foreign to the massive strength of either. Bunyan will make himself understood. He uses many words, but not a cloud of idle epithets. He thus addresses at the same time the understanding and the conscience, and reaches the latter through the former. The point of the sword enters the understanding; one home-thrust carries the blade deep into the conscience. This is the perfection of preaching—clear thoughts and words which pass at once into the understanding, and home-thrusts which reach the very soul. How many preachers and writers fail here! Confused ideas, cloudy, long, entangled sentences, which require the utmost stretch of attention to understand, perplex alike speaker and hearer. "What is the man driving at? Poor fellow! he hardly knows himself what he means;" and similar thoughts rise up almost involuntarily within. Others again speak and write with tolerable clearness, but their words are like Jonathan's arrows. None hit the mark. The arrow is beyond the lad, and the conscience is no more touched than the great stone Ezel, behind which David hid himself.

Bunyan was a most prolific writer. His mind teemed with divine thoughts. His heart was ever bubbling up with good matter, and this made his tongue the pen of a ready writer. Besides the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Grace Abounding," his two best works, for in them his whole heart lay, his "Holy War," "The Two Covenants," his little "Treatise on Prayer," his "Broken Heart the Best Sacrifice," and others which we need not name, are deeply impregnated with Bunyan's peculiar power and spirit. There is some powerful writing in the three treatises contained in the little volume before us. Take the following specimen, and see if it is not stamped with Bunyan's peculiar force and power:

"And never think that to live always on Christ for justification is a low and beggarly thing, and as it were a staying at the foundation; for let me tell you, depart from a sense of the meritorious means of your justification with God, and you will quickly grow light, and frothy, and vain. Besides, you will always be subject to errors and delusions; for this is not to hold the head, from or through which nourishment is administered (Col. 2:19.) Further, no man that buildeth forsakes the good foundation; that is the ground of his encouragement to work, for upon that is laid the stress of all; and without it

nothing that is framed can be supported, but must inevitably fall to the ground. Again; why not live upon Christ alway? and especially as he standeth the Mediator between God and the soul, defending thee with the merit of his blood, and covering thee with his infinite righteousness from the wrath of God and curse of the law. Can there be any greater comfort ministered to thee than to know thy person stands just before God, just and justified from all things that would otherwise swallow thee up? Is peace of God and assurance of heaven of so little respect with thee that thou slightest the very foundation thereof, even faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ? And are notions and whimsies of such credit with thee that thou must leave the foundation to follow them? But again; what mystery is desirable to be known that is not to be found in Jesus Christ, as Priest, Prophet, or King of Saints? In him are hid all the treasures of them, and he alone hath the key of David to open them." (Col. 2:1, 2; Rev. 3:7).

That he is in places somewhat legal, and speaks too much of the "proffers" of the gospel, we freely admit. This was the prevailing theology of the day, from which scarcely any writer of that period was free. But he sometimes employs the word "proffers" where we should rather use the term "promises" or "invitations;" these said "proffers" being not so much proffers of grace to dead sinners as promises of mercy to God's living family who feel they are sinners.

But we are unwilling to dwell on his blemishes. The Lord, whose servant he was, honoured him in life, was with him in death, and his name will be dear to the church of God whilst there is a remnant on the earth.

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**The Christian Philosopher Triumphant over Death. A Narrative of the Closing Scenes of the Life of the late Wm. Gordon, M.D., F.L.S., of Kingston-upon-Hull. By Newman Hall, B.A.—(December, 1852.)**

The sovereignty of God is a great deep—a deep utterly unfathomable to human reason. This will be readily admitted by all whose creed is sound and judgment clear in the truth of God. To disbelieve, to doubt, to cavil at God's sovereignty exposes a man to a suspicion, and for the most part a well-

grounded suspicion of unsoundness in head or heart. But do all who receive the *doctrine* of God's sovereignty receive the *truth* of God's sovereignty? for there is a difference between receiving a doctrine and receiving a truth. The judgment is the seat of the former; the heart the seat of the latter. Job, doubtless, had received the doctrine of God's sovereignty, and by it had instructed and comforted others, as Eliphaz told him, "Behold, thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands. Thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees." (Job 4:3, 4.) But how did Job feel when put into the furnace of temptation? Where was his hold then of the sovereignty of God, as applicable to his own case? "But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled." (Job 4:5.) When David went out with the sling and stone, and specially when he returned with the Philistine's head in his hand, he doubtless believed and admired God's sovereignty. He felt it, too, when hunted like a partridge on the mountains, and even when driven from Jerusalem by his son Absalom, as is evidently shown by his touching speech to Zadok: "And the king said unto Zadok, Carry back the ark of God into the city; if I shall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again, and show me both it and his habitation; but if he thus say, I have no delight in thee; behold, here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him." (2 Sam. 15:25, 26.) But when tidings came that Absalom was slain, his crushed spirit could hardly submit to God's sovereignty when displayed in a manner which cut his very heart strings. The feelings of the father overcame the feelings of the saint. His own life, which rested on the sovereign will of God to shorten or prolong, he could freely have laid down to have spared for awhile the life, equally determined by divine decree, of a rebellious son, who would, if permitted, have steeped his hands in the blood of his own father, and God's anointed king. The deep, full tide of the father's love swelled above all the restraints of grace, and burst forth in that heart-rending cry, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" (2 Sam. 18:33.)

But not to speak of such deep and painful trials, in which natural feelings are so overwhelmed that the voice of grace is almost silenced, there are other cases wherein the sovereignty of God is with difficulty bowed down to, or reverentially held by. Take, for instance, the work of grace on the soul. Our own experience, the experience of others most commended to our conscience, that of the preachers and writers most eminently blessed, all point to a certain

line of divine teaching. This, therefore, we feel constrained to abide by. But even here, in our own stronghold, our impregnable fortress, divine sovereignty seems sometimes to run counter to our firmest creed. In election itself, that cardinal feature of divine sovereignty, the objects of eternal choice are not always such as we should seem, at first sight, to approve of. But will the Lord walk within our narrow limits? Say, for instance, that he has chiefly chosen the poor in this world's goods. May he never take any comparatively rich? Or admit that the Lord's people are generally of uncultivated minds, and devoid of human learning. Has he none in the wide reach of his gracious embrace whose minds have been cultivated by education, and whose acquirements he sanctifies to the use of the sanctuary, as the jewels of old which were brought up out of Egypt? Or allow that it is a rare instance for any one of noble or distinguished birth to be called by grace. Is there never such an exception, now, as that of Queen Candace's noble chamberlain, or Luke's "most excellent Theophilus?" Or allow that the great bulk of God's children are dissevered from the National Establishment. Has the Lord no children in her pale? Upon such points as these the sovereignty of God sometimes startles us. But even in that important matter, Christian practice, undoubted saints have been permitted to act in a way which seems opposed to fundamental principles of gracious obedience. We are not speaking here of slips or falls acknowledged and repented of, but of a line of conduct for which no repentance was felt, or at least ever expressed. Colonel Gardiner continued in the army for years after his most striking conversion, and was killed at the Battle of Preston Pans; and although it may be pleaded that he died in defence of his king and country, and indeed of the Protestant faith, all of which were perilled in the rebellion of 1745, yet to fight for pay, and charge at the head of a regiment with the intent to destroy hundreds of lives in the most murderous possible manner, seems inconsistent with the requisitions of the gospel of peace. John Newton, for some considerable time after he was called by grace, was master of a slave-ship, and trafficked backwards and forwards from Africa to the West Indies in that horrid and accursed trade, carrying slaves, and as he says, enjoying the presence of God amidst all the horrors of the middle passage. Think of John Newton enjoying communion with God in his cabin, separated by a few inches from a crowd of miserable slaves, manacled and fettered, torn from family and home, and dying by scores of suffocation and disease! Even apart from grace, think of the newly-married husband writing daily the tenderest letters to his wife, and almost dying of a broken

heart for fear she was dead, when he was dragging hundreds of husbands to die under the lash in a sugar plantation! But who would unchristianise Colonel Gardiner or John Newton? We do not mention these things to disparage these eminent saints and servants of God, but to show how in the sovereignty of God things are done, or permitted to be done, which seem to run counter to those views of Christian practice which we feel constrained to hold by. But do these instances overturn sound scriptural views? Not a whit. Nay, they rather confirm them. It is in grace as in grammar. The exception proves the rule. Jan. 1, 1851, was, we believe, a warmer day than June 1, 1851;\* but that does not turn winter into summer. In the commencing, carrying on, and completing of the work of grace in the soul, the Lord usually moves in a certain path; but he does not always confine himself within certain prescribed limits.

\* The thermometer was ten degrees lower on June 1, 1851, than on Jan. 1, 1851.

The work before us, which has given rise to these observations, is in some points the most remarkable book which we have read for a long time. Its main object is to give an account of the last illness and happy death of Dr. Gordon, late physician in Hull. We may be deceived, but we cannot but think that Dr. Gordon was a most remarkable instance of the sovereignty of grace. And yet we cannot but feel that in some leading points there is a deficiency, or at least a discrepancy, in what we consider to be the decisive work of the Spirit. As a man, naturally Dr. Gordon was eminently distinguished and favoured. He possessed a searching and highly cultivated mind, was a most ardent and indefatigable student in the fields of science, had an extensive and lucrative practice, and was much looked up to and respected. His moral character and disposition too were peculiarly beautiful. He possessed the warmest possible affections, was of a singularly upright and truthful disposition, and especially full of benevolence and solicitude for the interests of the poor. To show this latter trait in his character, it will be sufficient to mention that after his death a monument was erected to his memory chiefly through the contributions of the poor, bearing this inscription: "Erected by public subscription to William Gordon, M.D., F.L.S., THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND."

But all this others have been, who lived and died enemies to God's grace. Not

so with Dr. Gordon. The displays of the grace and power of God in his sickness were indeed most remarkable. But up to his last illness he scarcely seems to have made even a profession. Still, as he declared on his death-bed, his soul had been long secretly exercised. Nor, again, have we any distinct and clear account of the way in which mercy reached his heart. But his joy and peace, as having received mercy, were most remarkable. It must be borne in mind that he was a most acute sufferer in body, and most sensible of the gradual approach of death.

The following extracts will show the acuteness of his suffering, arising from a disease, the nature of which much baffled all medical skill:

"Dreadful agony now came on, arising from spasm of the heart. He frequently raised himself in bed, and lifted up his arms in great distress, comparing his sensations to the effect of ten thousand screws tearing him to pieces. As his powers of patient endurance were remarkable, it was evident that the suffering which would cause such indications of it as were witnessed must be of the most intense kind. He once cried out, 'O my friends, my children, can you do nothing for me? O my heavenly Father, help me! O my dear Jesus, take me!' Frequent vomiting, and the necessity of continually changing his position, added to his distress. But he retained most fully his self-possession, frequently feeling his pulse, making remarks on its intermittent character, and calling for remedies as the symptoms varied; often expressing his surprise that he continued so long."

"At intervals he made the following remarks: 'Remember, this pain is only bodily. I've no fear. Is this because I've no dependence upon myself, but am trusting to Jesus alone? If I come, will he reject me? And will he put those white robes on me? This is indeed agony, *torture*; but what a mercy that my *mind* is at perfect peace.'"

But amidst the most racking tortures of body and the prospect of almost immediate dissolution, his peace and joy were most remarkable. It was not stoicism, nor mere mental endurance, as the soldier at the triangles bears the lash without a groan, or the Indian smiles at the burning pincers, but a solid rejoicing in the felt presence of Christ and the prospect of eternal bliss. Could this be delusion? Had he been unsound in doctrine, or devoid of experience,

we might well suspect the ground of his peace. But he had fully received the doctrines of grace, laid hold of and embraced Christ's righteousness, and had felt mercy and pardon in his soul. Nor was he likely to be deluded by false joys. He was a man as far removed from enthusiasm as well could be. The turn of his mind was rather sceptical than enthusiastic; and all through his illness he had the most complete possession of his intellect.

The author, who, as his son-in-law, was almost constantly with him, and took down in short-hand, unperceived, what fell from Dr. Gordon's lips, records the following dialogue:

"Dr. Doddin called to bid him farewell, when the following dialogue took place:

"Dr. G.—'This affliction was all for my good, my happiness.'

"Dr. D.—'God sends afflictions that we may remember him.'

"Dr. G.—'Not only that we may *remember* him, but that we may have *joy*. I have had more enjoyment the last few weeks than in my whole life. I could not have a doubt, not one. He saw me a rebellious child. I am a miracle—an example of a marvellous interposition of God. A short illness would not have been enough. He saw I needed all this, and O the blessing that has attended it!'

"Dr. D.—'More seems necessary to be done for educated men than for others. They have the pride of intellect and of heart to be subdued. But there's only one way.'

"Dr. G.—'Only one. I trusted too much to human learning; but when I saw how to get this, by coming as a little child, it burst on me in a way I cannot describe. But man could not have taught me this. It was the Holy Spirit of grace. Then it all rushed upon my view at once. I saw Christ my Saviour; stripped off all my filthy deeds, went to the foot of the cross, and Christ presented me to God.'

"Dr. D.—'This is the best of wisdom.'

**"Dr. G.—'It is the *only* way. I could laugh to scorn the man who rests in his learning.'**

**"Dr. D.—'The true wisdom is in coming to Christ. This is joy.'**

**"Dr. G.—'And power and majesty. You have a greatness in your soul you never felt before. You have no fear of the world, or death, or anything. You feel God is your companion and friend, cherishing you by constant intercourse. O the hours I have spent of the most delightful kind, such as I never experienced before.'"**

**The strength, simplicity, and firmness of his mind are very remarkable in the preceding conversation. The author records another, in some respects more interesting:**

**"Mr. and Mrs. J. V. H., arriving unexpectedly in the evening from Maidstone, that they might have the melancholy pleasure of bidding him farewell, the following conversation took place:**

**"Dr. G.—'How kind to come and see so unworthy a creature.'**

**"Mr. H.—'You are a monument of mercy.'**

**"Dr. G.—'I am indeed. I am as black as sin can make me.'**

**"Mr. H.—'We grieve to lose you, but the will of God must be done.'**

**"Dr. G.—'That is what you must say; what I say every hour.'**

**"Mr. H.—'We ought not only to submit to, but *acquiesce* in his will.'**

**"Dr. G.—very earnestly—'I *love* it.'**

**"Mr. H.—'Don't let me weary you, but, I love to talk of the grace of God.'**

**"Dr. G.—'I should like to hear it talked from morning to night.'**

**"Mr. H.—'I am afraid of exciting you.'**

**"Dr. G.—'It does not excite me. I love it. I have had a joy and a peace which I did not know existed. And how did I get it? There's the kindness, the blessing! No clouds, no doubts, no fears—peace unbroken. I am a marvellous instance of the gracious interposition of a kind God. If he sought me when I did not seek him, why should I doubt now I have gone to him? O that magnificent book!'**

**"N.—'The wise cannot understand it, but only the fool and the babe.'**

**"Dr. G.—'Human wisdom is folly, folly! though I once did not think so. I have felt my degradation and my black wickedness, but he has forgiven and washed me.'**

**"Mr. H.—'What a blessing that he "has forgiven us all trespasses." They alone know this peace who have tasted it. You have.'**

**"Dr. G.—'I have indeed. If such an impossibility could take place that I should be restored, nothing could give me the least trouble. I do not think fear of any kind could ever enter my breast. Had I no other evidence than my own feelings of the truth of Christianity, it would be sufficient. If all the world were anti-Christian, I should be a Christian.'**

**"Mr. H.—'This confidence is from God. Not all the books you have read could have given it.'**

**"Dr. G., emphatically.—'Never.'**

**"Mr. H.—'I remember once thinking it folly to talk of being born again. We knew not what it meant.'**

**"Dr. G.—'But we know now. It is the strong conviction of the truth of Christianity which gives me peace and blessedness. It has so changed my whole nature. This is the evidence.'**

**"N.—'John Newton, when entangled by scepticism, resolved to test the truth**

of Christianity by seeking the divine influence promised in answer to prayer, arguing that if the religion were true, the result of such seeking would be an evidence of it.'

"Dr. G.—'That is the argument which weighs with me. No mere reason of man could have written that book. Reason may find *fault* with it, but could not have *made* it. O it is a book! Read every word of it, and believe it just as it is.'

"On taking leave for the night, he said, 'Let me see a great deal of you. Constant talk of my blessed Saviour will be my greatest happiness.'

"Mr. H.—'How blessed it is to feel a thrill of joy within at the name of Jesus!'

"Dr. G.—'To know it in the head is not to know it.'

"Mr. H.—'I have been called mad because I love Christ, and delight to talk of him continually.'

"Dr. G.—'I wish all the world were mad. My blessed Saviour is always with me.'"

We do not say that there are not a few expressions in the above dialogue which may not lie quite square with our own views, but there is, to our mind, a singular force, and almost majesty, in his energetic expressions.

But the question arises, How did Dr. Gordon get this peace and joy? Is there no account of the way in which it was produced in his soul? The author records the following conversation with him:

"In the course of the day, the author said to him, 'You have told us that, had it pleased God that you should recover, it would have been your delight to preach Christ. I have been thinking that you could do this very emphatically at your funeral. Many people, of all descriptions, will be gathered together, and your dying testimony would be very impressive. If you would like to say anything I will write it down.'

**"Dr. Gordon.—'O I cannot find words sufficient! I am afraid I cannot convey the thing sufficiently. I should be doing injustice to my Saviour.' He then, after a brief pause, very solemnly and emphatically spoke as follows: 'All human learning is of no avail. Reason must be put out of the question. I reasoned, and debated, and investigated, but I found no peace till I came to the gospel as a little child, till I received it as a babe. Then such light was shed abroad in my heart, that I saw the whole scheme at once, and I found pleasure the most indescribable. I saw there was no good deed in myself. Though I had spent hours in examining my conduct, I found nothing I had done would give me real satisfaction. It was always mixed up with something selfish. But when I came to the gospel as a child, the Holy Spirit seemed to fill my heart. I then saw my selfishness in all its vivid deformity, and I found there was no acceptance with God and no happiness except through the blessed Redeemer. I stripped off all my own deeds, threw them aside, went to him naked—he received me as he promised he would, and presented me to the Father—then I felt joy unspeakable, and all fear of death at once vanished.'"**

**A few more extracts from this remarkable work will show what joy and peace reigned in his soul:**

**"In conversation with his family, he said, 'How can I help loving him. I seem to see him with his heavenly countenance smiling on me now. He has pardoned me, washed me, clothed me, is preparing mansions for me—I feel I could not rebel against him! What are men about when, with such a theme, they can preach such sermons as many of them deliver! There are not only joys to come, but joys in this world. Having him so near as a companion takes from us evil thoughts, ambition, and avarice. He says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." And what are his commandments? Not grievous! There he was, seeking me out first, and not I seeking him! And whence came this? By grace we are saved. O think of Christ! How can any one think of himself? Analyse any one act of his life, how imperfect compared with that pure and spotless Being. But Christ says, "Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow!" and he has forgiven me, and clothed me with the robe of righteousness. It has come to me in so mysterious a manner. I now see how full the whole Bible is!'"**

**"To his family, who were sitting at his bed-side, he said, 'What joy I have had!**

no one can describe it. I have often told you, when in great pain, that I could not have conceived any human being could suffer so much. I am sure I may now say I could not conceive any human being could *enjoy* so much! And to compare these pleasures with the pleasures of the world, O how foolish! I have seen all grades of life, but I never found full satisfaction, because I had not got the pearl. I honoured Christianity, thinking it a great and noble thing, but I did not *feel* it. What a difference! Now I feel God is my Friend. Christ has covered my sins; I am fit for heaven. I could not dread danger and death. But this is not to be had by reasoning. How true that saying is, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." But directly we come as little children, we obtain everything we need. I never disbelieved, but I did not feel, as I now do, the wisdom and goodness of the gospel."

But though in some points the experience of Dr. Gordon might seem less marked or decisive than usually accompanies the Spirit's teachings, yet let it not be thought that he received mercy without a sense of guilt or sin. He repeatedly spoke of himself as the chief of sinners. On one occasion he said,

"I am so *deeply* sensible of my unworthiness and wickedness! But then I looked to Christ, and he has pardoned me, washed me, and clothed me in his robe of righteousness. And why, then, should I fear? This is why I am now contented and happy, with no dread of death, because, though I see my own vileness, I see Christ as my Saviour."

We cannot forbear giving, as our closing extract, the account of his departing moments, in which, as far as human eye could see, his soul was bathing in heavenly bliss before he dropped the mortal body. The author, who was present at this wondrous scene, where to sufferer and spectator death was alike swallowed up in victory, thus relates his last moments on earth:

"Increased difficulty of breathing was the only distressing symptom. He appeared no longer conscious of what took place around him. He gazed upwards as in a wrapt vision. No film overspread his eyes. They beamed with an unwonted lustre, and the whole countenance, losing the aspect of disease and pain with which he had been so long familiar, glowed with an expression of indescribable rapture. As we watched in silent wonder and praise, his features, which had become motionless, suddenly yielded for a few seconds to

a smile of ecstasy which no pencil could depict, and which none who witnessed it can ever forget. And when it passed away, still the whole countenance continued to beam and brighten, as if reflecting the glory on which the soul was gazing. Like Stephen, he was, by faith, looking up to heaven, and with a clearer vision than may be hoped for till the river of death is well nigh passed, was beholding, through the opening gates of glory, 'the Son of man standing at the right hand of God.' It is not too much to say that, as far as the expression of holy rapture could contribute to it, like Stephen's, 'his face was as it had been the face of an angel.'

"Though his emaciated frame, propped up by pillows, was incapable of the least effort, yet such was the effect on the bystanders of his upward outstretching gaze, that even the motionless body itself seemed to be reaching forward as if impatient for the summons to depart. We saw as much as mortal eye *could* see of the entrance of a soul into glory. Nothing more could have been given us but the actual vision of the separate spirit and its angelic convoy. This glorious spectacle lasted for about a quarter of an hour, increasing in interest to the last, during which the soul seemed pouring itself forth from the frail tenement which had imprisoned it into the embrace of its Lord. The breathing now became shorter and shorter, then, after a long pause, one last gentle heaving of the chest, and without a struggle, at two o'clock, the soul had fled."

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The Protector; a Vindication. By J. H. Merle d'Aubigne.—(*February, 1853*).

To be misunderstood and misrepresented is the common lot of men much raised above their fellows. Envy follows eminence as the shadow follows the sun; and envy, open-eyed to every defect, is blind to every merit.

Few greater men have lived in modern times than England's once feared and honoured Protector, Oliver Cromwell; and upon few reputations has the tooth of envy and hatred fastened with more venomous and lasting fang. Many circumstances have contributed to this. He was, not by choice but by necessity, a Republican, and monarchy is deeply enshrined in the English heart. He laid low a proud and dominant church, and stabled the horses of his victorious

troops in her cathedrals. This the National Establishment can never forget or forgive. He helped to depose and put to death the King—a crime never to be justified or palliated, though Charles I. was one of the most faithless and worthless monarchs that ever swayed the English sceptre. He defeated and put to flight, on the plains of Worcester, that profligate prince Charles II., a name never to be mentioned without abhorrence by every lover of liberty, hater of hypocrisy, upholder of morality, and friend of religion. But above all, he was a Puritan, and a professor, we would hope, a possessor of vital godliness. To political enmity, therefore, against him as a usurper, there has been added the deeper-seated and more enduring religious enmity against him as a saint.

But the same causes which make Cromwell's name abhorred by a Tory church and a profligate court have also handed down his character to posterity blackened by prejudice and overwhelmed with calumny. When death, amidst the tears and prayers of thousands,\* had stopped that noble heart, and for

ever paralysed that mighty hand, and Charles II. was restored to the throne, it was the interest of every hireling scribe to blacken the character and pour contempt upon the memory of that great man, whose very name had made the foes of England tremble.† Every ass could now kick the dead lion. Every dangling courtier had his gibe and jest at the stern Puritan who had chased away such profligates as the eagle drives before him a flock of hungry vultures. But scoffing jests were not the only insults offered to his memory. Not content with blackening his name, they must needs insult his remains. His very corpse they dragged out of the grave, and hanged it at Tyburn, and threw it into a hole dug under the gallows. His religion they called fanaticism, his letters and speeches cant, his assuming the reigns of government when no one else could hold them rebellion, and his prayers and tears hypocrisy. Every mercenary writer and court preacher curried favour by ridiculing the words and actions of the man who had purged the church of erroneous and immoral ministers, selected for his bosom friends and associates those alone who feared God, put down with a strong hand balls and theatres, and assembled in Parliament men whose chief qualification was the possession of inward grace. Oxford could not forgive a ruler who had made Dr. Owen Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor of the University, and Dr. Goodwin President of Magdalen; who had chosen his chaplains for their spiritual gifts; and who, in

seasons of difficulty and trial, instead of consulting his cabinet, had sought the Lord with tears and supplications. These, in their eyes, unpardonable sins were not redeemed or counter-balanced by his making the name of England universally feared and honoured, by the stop he put to the victorious progress of France and Spain, or by the protection he afforded to the Protestants abroad, when he compelled the French minister to cast his shield over the very men for whom he had been whetting the sword.

\* "The sorrow of the Protector's friends and of the majority of the nation cannot be described. 'The consternation and astonishment of all people,' wrote Fauconberg to Henry Cromwell, 'are inexpressible; their hearts seem as if sunk within them'...'I am not able to speak or write,' said Thurloe; 'this stroke is so sore, so unexpected, the providence of God in it so stupendous, considering the person that has fallen, the time, the season wherein God took him away, with other circumstances, I can do nothing but put my mouth in the dust and say, It is the Lord. It is not to be said what affection the army and people show to his late Highness; his name is already precious. Never was there any man so prayed for.'"

† Cardinal Mazarin, the powerful minister of Louis XIV., is said to have changed countenance whenever the name of Cromwell was mentioned in his presence.

The impressions of most people as regards our Puritan ancestors have been formed from reading shallow histories, written by the infidel Hume or the hired scribbler, Goldsmith; and as these impressions are usually made in tender, unreflecting years, and are well suited to the carnal mind of youth, they become grounded in the memory as certain fixed truths. We have been taught at school to believe that Cromwell was a hypocrite and fanatic, because so we have read in Pinnock's Goldsmith. Here most persons' knowledge of the life and character of Cromwell begins and ends. Access to sounder sources of information few possess, or indeed care about. All that has been written of him by Owen, Baxter, Milton, Mrs. Hutchinson, &c., all the evidence derivable from his letters and speeches, the minute account still extant of his last illness and deathbed, and almost every other source from whence to form a sound judgment of his character, is to most, even educated, persons unknown, and it is handed down from father to son, as a most certain truth, that as Charles I. was a martyr, and is gone to heaven, so Oliver Cromwell

was a hypocrite, and is gone to hell.

Without attempting to vindicate all the actions of Cromwell, yet one thing we may safely assert, that to him, more than to any other man, does England owe her present civil and religious liberty. That England is not a Popish country, that the Sovereign is not absolute, that the Press is free, that Parliament meets, that we can assemble ourselves peaceably together to worship God in spirit and in truth, that the Bible may be circulated and read—in other words, that England is not now a second Spain, Italy, or Portugal, is due, under God, mainly to Oliver Cromwell. What is called by church historians the Great Rebellion was, in fact, a rising of English liberty against a vast conspiracy to make England a Popish country, and the monarch an absolute despot. Charles I. had married a Popish princess, a daughter of France, and there was a deep-laid plot to overthrow English liberty and English Protestantism. This conspiracy, hatched by Jesuits abroad, and to be supported by all the power of France, was, under God, defeated by the resistance of our Puritan ancestors. But however stout their hearts, or strong their hands, they wanted a guiding head. This Cromwell furnished them with. It was he who enlisted under his banner such soldiers as the world never saw before or since. "How can we be otherwise than beaten?" said he to Hampden. "Your troops are many of them old decayed serving-men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and theirs are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. But I will remedy that. I will raise men who have the fear of God before their eyes, and who will bring some conscience to what they do; and I promise you they shall not be beaten." He was as good as his word, and enlisted in the eastern counties the young freeholders in whose hearts he believed the fear of God was. John Bunyan was one of these soldiers, and shouldered his musket at the gates of Leicester. These were the men who, at their watch-fires, read their little Bibles, or engaged in prayer alone or with each other, or sang their hymns and psalms, or listened to the sermons of their preachers, or conferred with each other on points of doctrine or experience. These were hailed with joy wherever they went, for they protected the widow and the orphan, scrupulously paid for all the food and forage which they required, and put down with a strong hand oppression and violence.

With these views and feelings, which we have long entertained respecting Oliver Cromwell, we acknowledge ourselves to have been much interested in

the work at the head of the present article.

**Dr. Merle d'Aubigne is favourably known in this country as the author of the best account of the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland which has yet appeared. Deeply struck with the original letters and other documents relating to Oliver Cromwell which Mr. Carlyle has published, and experiencing thereby a thorough revolution in his own views concerning him, he felt desirous to communicate similar impressions to others. He thus writes:**

**"I am well aware that the task I have undertaken is a difficult one. We have so deeply imbibed, in early youth, the falsehoods set forth by Cromwell's enemies that they have become in our eyes indisputable truths. I know it by my own experience, by the lengthened resistance which I made to the light that has recently sprung up and illuminated, as with a new day, the obscure image of one of the greatest men of modern times. It was only after deep consideration that I submitted to the evidence of irresistible facts."**

**We have seen no work which gives so complete an account of the Protector, or which furnishes so much original and authentic evidence of his real character. He does not vindicate all Cromwell's actions, but he has shown, and we think satisfactorily, that what is called his ambition, and his mounting from step to step, till at last he ruled England with absolute sway, was in him not a matter of crafty and deliberate policy, but the force of unavoidable and uncontrollable circumstances. The struggle between the Parliament and the King was for life or death. If Charles prevailed, all civil liberty was at an end, and with the loss of civil was involved the overthrow of all religious liberty. Nor was there hope of peace, for Charles was so thoroughly faithless to his word that no stipulations or promises, oaths or treaties, could bind him. This, then, was Cromwell's unhappy position; we say unhappy, because he was forced by it into actions which must have grieved and wounded his conscience. When once he had drawn the sword, the question with him was this, "Shall I withdraw, or go on? If I withdraw, the cause is ruined. Not only I myself, but thousands of the Lord's people must perish; tyranny will prevail, Popery triumph, the gospel be extinguished, and the blood of the saints be shed like water. If I go on, I may establish civil and religious liberty on a firm basis." We who, in the days of general liberty, sit under the shade of our own vine and fig tree, which were watered with the blood of our suffering forefathers,**

are very imperfect judges of the motives, feelings, and actions of men like Cromwell. Nor can we enter into his peculiar temptations and the perplexing difficulties of his position. He was fighting, as he believed, for the cause of God's saints. To abandon them would be to abandon the cause of God. Thus was he led on from one step to another, till at last it came to this point, that unless he took the reins of government, anarchy and confusion would reign in the land, evil men would have full licence, property would perish, law would cease, and the whole kingdom be overrun with crime and violence. Any government is better than no government; and one government was alone practicable after the death of the King—the government of the army. And if this were indispensable, where was the arm that could wield that sword with such skill, power, and moderation as his? It would have been far better for him quietly to have lived and died on his farm at Huntingdon, to have strayed by the banks of the sluggish Ouse in prayer and meditation, and been gathered to his fathers without one drop of blood in his hand. But this he could not do. Like a man who incautiously enters a broad and rapid river, he had to swim for his life. The shore he had left he could no longer regain, but must now breast the waves which carried him by main force along whither he would not.

Unless we understand and bear in mind the circumstances of the times, and his peculiar position, we cannot enter into the character of Cromwell, and are most imperfect judges of his conduct and actions. The King was a faithless tyrant, besotted by love to a Popish wife, who was in league with France, and whose every movement was directed by the Jesuits. The Cavaliers, his soldiers, were a profligate, debauched set, atheistic in sentiment and dissolute in life; his counsellors were either semi-Papists, like Laud, or violent and tyrannical, like Strafford. No promise could bind such a King. Restore him to power, he would use it to crush all liberty. On the other side was every principle and feeling dear to Cromwell's heart his country's ancient liberties, the cause of vital godliness, the free conscience of the saints—at last his own life, and with that the lives of thousands. Where was he to stop? Instead of considering his misdeeds, consider his temptations, his peculiar position, the circumstances of the period. Consider, too, the largeness of his mind, the far-seeing views which he had, the universal deference paid to his opinions, and the critical conjunctures wherein, if he had not acted, all would have been lost. Consider, too, the use he made of his power when attained. How tolerant to all

parties, how moral and religious his court, how unassuming his demeanour! Such a period as Cromwell's brief reign England never before saw, and has never seen since. Never were vice and immorality so put down, never was the gospel so widely preached, never did religion so prevail, and we may add, never did England stand higher among the nations, never was she more honoured, never more feared.

But we have dwelt so long upon the external circumstances of Cromwell's character that we have left ourselves no space for our main object—the consideration of him in a religious point of view. We must, therefore, defer this view of our subject to a following Number, concluding, for the present, with a letter which we think will surprise some who have no other idea of Cromwell than a soldier or a usurper:

"To my beloved Cousin, Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham his house, called Otes, in Essex:

"Present these.

"Dear Cousin,—I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas! you do too highly prize my lines and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

"Yet to honour my God, by declaring what he hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find, that he giveth springs in a dry, barren wilderness, where no water is. I live—you know where—in Meshec, which they say signifies '*Prolonging;*' in Kedar, which signifies '*Blackness:*' yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though he do prolong, yet he will, I trust, bring me to his tabernacle, to his resting-place. My soul is with the congregation of the first-born, my body rests in hope; and if here I may honour my God, either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad. Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in his Son, and give me to walk in the light, and give us to walk in the light, as he is in the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say he hideth his face

from me. He giveth me to see light in his light. One beam in a dark place hath much refreshment in it; blessed be his name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. O I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light! I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true. I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of his mercy! Praise him for me; pray for me, that he who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

"Salute all my friends in that family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and that my son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.

"Salute your husband and sister from me; he is not a man of his word? He promised to write about Mr. Wrath, of Epping; but as yet I receive no letters. Put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor cousin I did solicit him about.

"Once more farewell. The Lord be with you; so prayeth,

Your truly loving cousin,

"Ely, 13th October, 1638."

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

*(Continued March, 1853.)*

To understand and rightly appreciate the character of Oliver Cromwell, we must, in imagination, transport ourselves back to the peculiar period in which he lived. Though the principles of truth are immutable, and the precepts of the gospel unchangeable, and by these infallible standards men's actions must be judged, yet unless we can enter into the peculiar circumstances of that period of confusion and strife, we are most imperfect critics of the conduct of the great Protector. In these days we enjoy liberty of conscience, and civil or ecclesiastical tyranny is unknown. If *we* choose to write an article to show that the theatre is an ungodly amusement, or that government of the church by bishops is unscriptural, there is no Archbishop Laud to bring the Editor of the "Gospel Standard" before the Star Chamber, to fine him £10,000, publicly flog his naked back in Cheapside by the hand of the common executioner, put

him in the pillory, slit his nose, cut off his ears, and brand his cheeks with a hot iron. If Cromwell's blood was stirred up to draw the sword against such tyranny, we can hardly help forgiving, if we cannot fully justify him. In viewing, then, his religious character, a few words on his peculiar position may not be inappropriate.

It has been observed by a distinguished writer\* that there were, from the very outset, two reformations in England—that of the King, and that of the people. The first began and terminated in the Establishment, and has therefore left deeply imprinted on her worldly, semi-papistic character. It was, for the most part, a mere external, political reformation, commenced from worldly motives and directed to selfish ends. The King (Henry VIII.) wanted a new and young wife, the nobles panted for the abbey lands, and the people were weary of priestly arrogance and Popish exactions. Gospel truth, spiritual religion, vital godliness—what charms had these divine and heavenly realities for a king bloated with pride and lust, for courtiers hungering after the fat lands and wealthy manors which lay outstretched beneath the shade of Woburn and Malmesbury Abbeys, or for the rude masses which had for centuries been trodden down into the mire of superstition by the iron heel of Popery?

\* Guizot.

But side by side, or, to speak more correctly, underneath this outward Reformation there was another of a wholly different origin, and of a totally distinct nature, pursuing its silent course. This did not originate with a cruel, licentious king, but with the King of kings; did not distribute broad acres among courtiers, but the riches of Christ among needy souls; did not merely drive from the cottage the monkish legend and the exacting priest, but sent in their place the word of God and a minister of truth. This Reformation was not a mere transference of the nominal headship of the church from a wicked Pope to a wicked King, or a change from singing prayers in Latin to saying prayers in English, or turning an altar into a table, or diverting tithes from a Popish pocket into a Protestant one; but a Reformation of heart and life—a regeneration of the soul, a spiritual work on the conscience, an implantation of grace and godliness. The offspring and produce of the external, political Reformation was the National Establishment; the child of the inward,

**spiritual Reformation was Puritanism.**

**These two reformations being, therefore, radically and essentially distinct, soon came into collision. He that was born after the flesh soon persecuted him that was born after the Spirit. No sooner did Queen Elizabeth feel herself firmly seated on the throne than she began to persecute the Puritans. Her successor, James I., followed her example, and Charles I. walked faithfully in his father's footsteps. The bulk of our readers are probably aware of the persecutions suffered by our Puritan ancestors, to which we have indeed already alluded; but the following extracts from the work before us may serve to give them a little idea of the shameful indignities and barbarous cruelties inflicted upon them:**

**"Dr. Leighton, father of the celebrated archbishop of that name, for publishing 'An Appeal to the Parliament, or Zion's Plea against Prelacy,' was condemned to pay a fine of £10,000; to be set in the pillory at Westminster, and publicly whipped: to lose his ears, have his nostrils slit, and his cheeks branded with the letters S.S., 'Sower of Sedition'—a sentence that was executed in all its severity.**

**"Prynne, a very remarkable, man, was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. The first crime that he committed, and for which he lost his ears, was his having published a work entitled, '*Histrionastix, the Player's Scourge,*' directed against all stage-plays, masques, dances, and masquerades. The King and Queen were fond of masques and dances, and Henrietta of France won loud applause in the Court theatricals. Prynne was accordingly accused by Laud of sedition. His second crime was a work against the hierarchy of the church. As he had already lost his ears by the first sentence, the stumps on this occasion were literally sawn off. 'I had thought,' said Lord Chief Justice Finch, feigning astonishment, 'that Mr. Prynne had had no ears!' 'I hope your honours will not be offended,' replied Prynne;—'pray God give you ears to hear.' Oliver's ear heard, and his heart throbbed with emotion.**

**"As Dr. Bastwick ascended the scaffold on which he was to suffer mutilation, his wife rushed up to him, and kissed the ears he was about to lose. Upon her husband exhorting her not to be frightened, she made answer, 'Farewell, my dearest, be of good comfort; I am nothing dismayed.' The surrounding crowd**

manifested their sympathy by loud acclamations.

**"On descending the scaffold he drew from his ear the sponge soaked with his blood, and holding it up to the people, exclaimed, 'Blessed be my God who hath counted me worthy, and of his mighty power hath enabled me to suffer anything for his sake; and as I have now lost some of my blood, so am I ready and willing to spill every drop that is in my veins in this cause for which I now have suffered; which is, for maintaining the truth of God and the honour of my King against Popish usurpations. Let God be glorified, and let the King live for ever.'**

**"When Mr. Burton, a Puritan divine, was brought on the platform, and was asked if the pillory were not uneasy for his neck and shoulders, he answered, 'How can Christ's yoke be uneasy? He bears the heavier end of it, and I the lighter; and if mine were too heavy he would bear that too. Christ is a good Master, and worth the suffering for! And if the world did but know his goodness, and had tasted of his sweetness, all would come and be his servants.'**

**"Such were the acts of Charles I.—acts that filled Oliver's soul with horror and anguish."**

**But how do these remarks bear, it may be asked, on the religious character of Oliver Cromwell? Thus. Before he appeared in public life he had for several years belonged to these despised and persecuted Puritans. This is in itself some evidence of his religious sincerity. He professed their principles, supported their ministers, and worshipped in their assemblies at a period when Dr. Leighton was pilloried, publicly whipped, had his ears cut off, his nose slit, his cheeks branded with a hot iron—cruelties and indignities worthy of savages and cannibals! Why? Because he had written a book to show that the government of the church by bishops was not scriptural. It certainly looks like sincerity, when a man of family and property like Oliver Cromwell casts in his lot at such a time amongst a persecuted and despised people. Had Cromwell merely put on his religious profession when Puritanism was rising and gradually obtaining the ascendant, his sincerity might be well called in question; but it was when it was trodden under foot that he joined himself to the sect everywhere spoken against.**

**There is, we believe, no distinct record of the time and way in which conviction was wrought in his soul, beyond the letter which appeared in our last Number; but from the following extract it would appear that it was soon after his marriage, 1620, when he was about twenty-one years of age:**

**"The next ten years were passed in seclusion, years in which a man is formed for life. Cromwell busied himself in farming, and in industrial and social duties; living as his father before him had done. But he was also occupied with other matters. Ere long he felt in his heart the prickings of God's law. It disclosed to him his inward sin; with St. Paul, he was disposed to cry out, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' and, like Luther, pacing the galleries of his convent at Erfurth, exclaiming, 'My sin! my sin! my sin!' Oliver, agitated and heart-wrung, uttering groans and cries as of a wounded spirit, wandered pale and dejected along the gloomy banks of the Ouse, beneath a clouded sky. He looked for consolation to God, to his Bible, and to friends more enlightened than himself. His health, and even his strong frame was shaken; and in his melancholy he would often send at midnight for Dr. Simcott, physician in Huntingdon, supposing himself to be dying. At length peace entered into his soul.**

**"An important work, as we have seen, was finished in Oliver during the nine or ten years of obscurity and seclusion that intervened between his marriage and his obtaining a seat in Parliament. Milton, who knew him well, says of him, 'He had grown up in peace and privacy at home, silently cherishing in his heart a confidence in God, and a magnanimity well adapted for the solemn times that were approaching. Although of ripe years, he had not yet stepped forward into public life, and nothing so much distinguished him from all around as the cultivation of a pure religion and the integrity of his life.'"**

**But Cromwell could act as well as profess, and made manifest that the grace of God which bringeth salvation purifies "a peculiar people, zealous of good works." It would seem that during his worldly days he had won large sums in gambling. The money thus sinfully obtained he felt he could now no longer retain:**

**"At the time when Popery was thus re-appearing at the court of England, the gospel flourished in the house of Oliver, who was occupied with his flocks and**

fields, with his children and the interests of his neighbours, and above all, in putting into practice the commandments of God. Salvation was come to his house, and his light shone before men. He possessed a great delicacy of conscience, and of this we shall give one instance which occurred a little later. After his conversion to God, he remembered what Zaccheus said to Jesus, as he went into his house, 'Behold, Lord, if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' Cromwell had taken nothing in that way; but, like other men of the world, he had won some money formerly in gambling. This he returned, rightly considering it would be sinful to retain it. The amounts were large for those days; one of them being £80, and the other £120. His means were not ample; his family had increased, but such things had no weight with him. His religion was not one of words, but of works. As soon as his conscience spoke, he responded to its suggestions, however great the sacrifice he was compelled to make. He remembered Christ's remark, and acted on it during his whole life, 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.'

On Cromwell's entrance into public life, and the gradual way in which his great abilities displayed themselves, it is not our purpose here to dwell. Our object is rather to gather up what evidences we can of his religious character. Let the following interesting anecdote be accepted as some evidence that he knew what secret prayer was:

"Sir John Goodricke used to relate a remarkable anecdote, which we should probably assign to the siege of Knaresborough Castle, in 1644, and which was told him when a boy, by a very old woman, who had formerly attended his mother in the capacity of midwife. 'When Cromwell came to lodge at our house in Knaresborough,' said she, 'I was then but a young girl. Having heard much talk about the man I looked at him with wonder. Being ordered to take a pan of coals and air his bed, I could not, during the operation, forbear peeping over my shoulder several times, to observe this extraordinary person, who was seated at the far side of the room. Having aired the bed, I went out, and, shutting the door after me, stopped and peeped through the key-hole, when I saw him rise from his seat, advance to the bed, and fall on his knees, in which attitude I left him for some time; when returning again, I found him still at prayer; and this was his custom every night so long as he stayed at our house; from which I concluded he must be a good man: and this opinion I

always maintained afterwards, though I heard him very much blamed and exceedingly abused.'"

But admitting, as we think must be admitted, Cromwell's sincerity, we feel it necessary to point out a most signal error, we might almost call it a delusion, which casts a long and lurid shadow over the whole of his public life, and has irreparably damaged his name. A persuasion was deeply imprinted on his mind, and not his mind only, but on that of the Puritans generally in his day, that their cause was so the cause of God, that in fighting earthly battles they were fighting for the Lord, and that in killing their enemies by the sword they were destroying the foes of Jesus. This strange persuasion they seem to have imbibed from the letter of the Old Testament, instead of adhering to the spirit of the New. The Puritan soldiers, encamped on Roundway Hill or drawn up in battle at Cropredy Bridge, viewed themselves as standing in the same position as the children of Israel when they drew out their hosts in Gibeah against the Philistines. In their eyes, Charles and his Cavaliers were Amorites and Amalekites, Essex and Cromwell Joshuas and Jephthahs. Oliver's broadsword was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" Naseby field, the valley of Ajalon; and the cutting off the King's head, the hewing Agag to pieces in Gilgal. This was a fearful and fatal mistake—the fundamental error which eventually ruined their cause, brought back a profligate prince, and well-nigh shipwrecked civil and religious liberty. It was indeed a grievous error, if we do not go so far as to call it a fanatical delusion, and did more harm to the cause of vital godliness than any other circumstance from the Reformation to the present day; but it was an error shared by some of the best and greatest men of that period, and therefore not to be laid at the door of Cromwell alone, as a damning and damnable crime. Had he originated this persuasion as a means to carry out his own ambitious designs; or, contrary to his better judgment, had he availed himself of it, when already existing, to ride by it into power; had he worked by it, as an instrument of deception, and attempted to sanctify evil deeds by colouring them over with religious hues, we should need no other evidence of the insincerity and rottenness of his profession. But no one can read his letters and speeches without being convinced that in this point he was no hypocrite, but was himself fully persuaded that in fighting with carnal weapons he was fighting the cause of God. He might be deceived, but he was no deceiver; he might be deluded, but he was no impostor. He never went into battle without prayer, nor came out of

it without praise. He spent much of the night in prayer before he stormed Basing House. The Duke went to Waterloo from a ball at Brussels; Cromwell went to Naseby from off his knees. The world calls one general a hero; the other a hypocrite. Let the Scriptures decide which is the better preparation for death. But right or wrong, this persuasion that God was with him was confirmed to Cromwell by every successive victory; and the wonderful manner in which he triumphed, in the face of the greatest difficulties, rooted it more and more deeply in his mind. He thus wrote to the Parliament after he had taken Bristol by assault, Sept. 14th, 1645:

"For the Hon. William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

"I have given you a true, but not a full account of this great business; wherein he that runs may read, that this is none other than the work of God. He must be a very Atheist that doth not acknowledge it.

"It may be thought that some praises are due to those gallant men, of whose valour so much mention is made; their humble suit to you and all that have an interest in this blessing is that in the remembrance of God's praises they be forgotten. It's their joy that they are instruments of God's glory and their country's good. It's their honour that God vouchsafes to use them. Sir, they that have been employed in this service know that faith and prayer obtained this city for you; I do not say ours only, but of the people of God with you and all England over, who have wrestled with God for a blessing in this very thing. Our desires are, that God may be glorified by the same spirit of faith by which we ask all our sufficiency, and have received it. It is meet that he have all the praise.

"Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer; the same presence and answer. They agree here, have no names of difference; pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere! All that believe have the real unity, which is most glorious; because inward, and spiritual in the body [which is the true church], and to the Head [which is Jesus Christ]. For being united in forms, commonly called *Uniformity*, every Christian will for peace' sake study and do as far as conscience will permit. And for brethren, in things of the mind, we look for no compulsion but that of light and reason. In other

things, God hath put the sword in the Parliament's hands, for the terror of evil doers and the praise of them that do well. If any plead exemption from that, he knows not the gospel; if any would wring that out of your hands or steal it from you, under what pretence soever, I hope they shall do it without effect. That God may maintain it in your hands, and direct you in the use thereof, is the prayer of,  
"Your humble servant,                    **OLIVER CROMWELL\***

**\* To a person who really desires to penetrate into and understand the ruling principles of Cromwell's character and conduct, the above letter communicates more sound information than pages of what is called history. Hume says that if Cromwell's speeches and letters were collected into a volume, they would form the most nonsensical book in the world. What will not prejudice and ignorance combined say? the truth being that he was one of the most sensible men that ever lived, and his speeches and letters, though the style is somewhat loose and obscure, are as full of good sense as they are sound in principle. To a philosophical infidel like Hume, John 17 or Gal. 3 would be nonsense. But what is such a man's judgment worth? What a remarkable dispatch from a commander-in-chief! And what a Parliament, to receive such a communication! Such a dispatch in our House of Commons would be received with shouts of laughter and derision. But let men say what they will, let them call it cant and whine—one thing is certain, that in that day God was openly acknowledged, that honour was paid to his name, that his glory was sought, and his favour desired.**

**Having seen how Cromwell writes to the Parliament, let us see how he writes to a brother soldier:**

**"For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Armies, at Windsor: These.**

**"Sir,—It hath pleased God to raise me out of a dangerous sickness; and I do most willingly acknowledge that the Lord hath, in this visitation, exercised the bowels of a Father towards me. I received in myself the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in him that raiseth from the dead, and have no confidence in the flesh. It's a blessed thing to die daily. For what is there in this world to be accounted of? The best men according to the flesh, are things**

lighter than vanity. I find this only good, to love the Lord and his poor despised people; to do for them, and to be ready to suffer with them; and he that is found worthy of this hath obtained great favour from the Lord; and he that is established in this shall (being conformed to Christ and the rest of the body, *i.e.*, 'the Church') participate in the glory of a resurrection which will answer all.

"Sir, I must thankfully confess your favour in your last letter. I see I am not forgotten; and truly to be kept in your remembrance is very great satisfaction to me; for I can say in the simplicity of my heart, I put a high and true value upon your love, which, when I forget, I shall cease to be a grateful and an honest man.

"I most humbly beg my service may be presented to your lady, to whom I wish all happiness and establishment in the truth. Sir, my prayers are for you as becomes

"Your Excellency's most humble servant,

"London, 7th March, 1648."                      "OLIVER CROMWELL.

How are we to explain the above letter on the common assumption that Cromwell was a hypocrite? This, be it remembered, is the easiest and most sweeping of all charges. We have only to say, "This man is a hypocrite," and it sweeps away at a stroke all his profession. His experience, his prayers, his life, his words and actions, are all swept away at once into the common sewer. But this is the way of the world, not the leading and teaching of the Spirit, which "proves all things, and holds fast that which is good."

But let us follow Cromwell into the bosom of his family. A man cannot well be a hypocrite at home. The mask must indeed be closely fitted on not to drop off at his own fireside. The stout-hearted Oliver was a most tender and affectionate husband and parent; and some of his letters to his wife and children breathe, intermixed with religious admonition, the language of sincerest love. He thus writes to one of his daughters:

"For my beloved daughter, Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury, the General's Quarters: These.

**"Dear Daughter,—I write not to thy husband; partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed [*i.e., not in the mood*] at this, time, having some other considerations.**

**"Your friends at Ely are well. Your sister Claypole is, I trust in mercy, exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind, bewailing it; she seeks after (as I hope also) what will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker is to be one of the best sect next to a finder; and such a one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious without some sense of self, vanity, and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of his and could go less in desire [*i.e., become less desirous*], less pressing after full enjoyment? Dear Heart, press on; let not thy husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he [*thy husband*] will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me.**

**"My service and dear affections to the General and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations. I am**

**"Thy dear Father,  
" London, 25th October, 1646." "OLIVER CROMWELL.**

**The following letter was written to his son:**

**"For my beloved Son, Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley, in Hampshire: These.**

**"Dick Cromwell,—I take your letters kindly; I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart and are not strained nor affected.**

**"I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are; I wish you may own it and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and his face continually; let this be the business of your life and strength; and let all things be subservient and in order to this. You cannot**

find nor behold the face of God but in Christ; therefore labour to know God in Christ; which the Scripture makes to be the sum of all, even life eternal. Because the true knowledge is not literal or speculative; no, but inward, transforming the mind to it. It's uniting to, and *participating of*, the divine nature: 'That by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.'—(2 Pet. 1:4.) It's such a *knowledge* as Paul speaks of (Phil. 3:8-10): 'Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith; that I may know him and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death.' How little of this knowledge is among us! My weak prayers shall be for you.  
"Carrick, 2nd April, 1650."

The two following letters were addressed to his wife, and were evidently written from his heart. The first was written the day after the battle of Dunbar:

"For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell: These.

"My dearest,—I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice.

"The Lord had showed us an exceeding mercy; who can tell how it is! My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported; though I assure thee I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success, Harry Vane or Gilbert Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. I rest thine,  
"Dunbar, 4th September, 1650." "OLIVER CROMWELL.

The second was written when he was at Edinburgh, soon after his recovery from a dangerous illness:

"For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell: These.

"My dearest,—I praise the Lord I am increased in strength in my outward man; but that will not satisfy me except I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better; and get more of the light of his countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions; in these hopes I wait, and am not without expectation of a gracious return. Pray for me; truly I do daily for thee, and the dear family; and God Almighty bless you with all his spiritual blessings.

"Mind poor Betty [Elizabeth Claypole] of the Lord's great mercy. Oh! I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord; and to keep close to him; and to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her and for him [her husband]. Truly they are dear to me, very dear; and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them; knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtle the adversary is. Let them seek him in truth, and they shall find him.

"My love to the dear little ones; I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their letters; let me have them often. Truly I am not able as yet to write much. I am weary; and rest.

"Thine, OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Edinburgh, 12th April, 1651."

Our object, it will be perceived, has been to let Cromwell speak for himself. His own letters afford the best and most trustworthy evidence of his real character. He thus writes to his son-in-law:

Dear Charles,—I write not often. At once I desire thee to know I most dearly love thee; and indeed my heart is plain to thee, as thy heart can well desire; let nothing shake thee in this. The wretched jealousies that are amongst us, and the spirit of calumny, turn all into gall and wormwood. My heart is for the

people of God; that the Lord knows and will in due time manifest; yet thence are my wounds, which, though it grieves me, yet through the grace of God doth not discourage me totally. Many good men are repining at everything; though indeed very many good are well satisfied and satisfying daily. The will of the Lord will bring forth good in due time.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dear Charles, my dear love to thee, and to my dear Biddy, who is a joy to my heart, for what I hear of the Lord in her. Bid her be cheerful, and rejoice in the Lord once and again. If she knows the covenant (of grace) she cannot but do so. For that transaction is without *her*; sure and steadfast between the Father and Mediator in his blood. Therefore, leaning upon the Son, or looking to him, thirsting after him, and embracing him, we are his seed; and the covenant is sure to all the seed. The compact is for the seed; God is bound in faithfulness to Christ, and in him to us. The covenant is without *us*; a transaction between God and Christ. Look up to *it*. God engageth in it to pardon us; to write his law in our heart; to plant his fear so that we shall never depart from him. We, under all our sins and infirmities, can daily offer a perfect Christ; and thus we have peace and safety, and apprehension of love, from a Father in covenant, who cannot deny himself. And truly in this is all my salvation; and this helps me to bear my great burdens.

"If you have a mind to come over with your dear wife, take the best opportunity for the good of the public and your own convenience. The Lord bless you all. Pray for me that the Lord would direct and keep me his servant. I bless the Lord I am not my own; but my condition to flesh and blood is very hard. Pray for me: I do for you all. Commend me to all friends."

But we pass on to his death-bed, which has been greatly misrepresented. Dr. d'Aubigne rejects the well-known story of his conversation with Dr. Goodwin:

"It is said by some writers that he once asked Dr. Goodwin, who attended at his bedside, whether a man could fall from grace? Which the doctor answering in the negative, the Protector replied, 'Then I am safe, for I am sure that I was once in a state of grace.' We have seen moments of doubt and fear trouble passingly the dying bed of the firmest and most pious Christians.

**It might therefore be possible that the light which shone in Cromwell's heart suffered a brief eclipse. Yet it is very remarkable that the faithful witness of the Protector's death, who has reported with such care all his words and all his prayers,\* does not make the slightest allusion to this conversation with Dr. Goodwin. It is, besides, in contradiction to all the discourses held by him on his death-bed, and still more so, to the whole of his life. He was a Christian too far advanced, too well grounded and enlightened, to put a question like that which has been ascribed to him. We are therefore inclined to question the authenticity of this anecdote."**

**\* The Groom of the Bedchamber, in his Collection.**

**Though somewhat long, we cannot forbear giving some extracts from the work before us relating to his dying hours:**

**"Cromwell's disorder grew worse. He was soon advised to keep his bed, and as the ague-fits became more severe, he was removed to Whitehall. Prayers, both public and private, were abundantly offered up on his behalf.**

**"The Protector's language on his sick-bed unveiled his thoughts and the favourite occupations of his heart. According to the words of St. Paul, he set his affections on things above, and not on things on the earth. Oliver was content and willing to be gone. He expressed himself convinced that there were better mansions, a better inheritance, a better crown, a better throne, yea, every way better things in heaven provided for him.**

**"The sick man, tortured by fever, spoke much of the covenant between God and his people. He saw, on the one side, the covenant of works; but on the other, he hailed with rapture the saving covenant of grace. 'They were two,' he exclaimed, as he tossed on his bed; 'two;—but put into one before the foundation of the world!' He was then silent for a time, but resumed, 'it is holy and true, it is holy and true, it is holy and true! Who made it holy and true? The Mediator of the covenant.' After a brief silence, he spoke again, 'The covenant is but one. *Faith in the covenant is my only support.* And if I believe not—*He abides faithful!*'**

**"Speaking to some who were by him as he lay on his death-bed, Oliver said,**

**'Whatsoever sins thou hast, dost, or shall commit, if you lay hold upon free grace, you are safe. But if you put yourself under the covenant of works, you bring yourself under the law, and so under the curse. Then you are gone.'**

**"As his wife and children stood weeping round his bed, he said to them, 'Children, live like Christians. Abide in him, that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming. If ye know that he is righteous, ye know that every one that doth righteously is born of him. Little children, let no man deceive you; he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous. Love not this world. I say unto you, it is not good that you should love this world. I leave you the covenant to feed upon!'**

**"'Lord,' he exclaimed, 'That [perhaps *thou?*] knowest, if I desire to live, it is to show forth thy praise and declare thy works.' Another time he was heard moaning, 'Is there none that says, Who will deliver me from the peril? Man can do nothing: God can do what he will.'**

**"Yet he could not escape from those anxieties which so frequently disturb sincere minds in the hour of death. He knew that he was a sinner. He could say with the Psalmist, 'My sin is before me;' and cry with Job, 'The terrors of God set themselves in array against me.' Thrice over he repeated these words of Scripture, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.' But this trouble did not last long. Cromwell knew him 'who died once unto sin,' and could exclaim with David, 'Blessed is he whose sin is covered.' He resumed, 'All the promises of God are *in him*. Yes, and in him, Amen; to the glory of God by us—by us in Jesus Christ. *The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of his pardon and his love as my soul can hold*. I think I am the poorest wretch that lives; but I love God; or rather, am beloved of God. I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me.'"**

**The dying words of Cromwell deserve attentive consideration, especially the two sentences which we have marked in italics. Had he been a fanatical enthusiast, he would have been lifted up with self-confidence, or rested on something visionary; had he been a hypocrite, he would most probably have been in despair. But he was equally removed from both these extremes. He**

was indeed, like most believers, exercised about the great change. Death did not find him careless and unconcerned. The weight of those solemn words which he thrice quoted lay upon his spirit. But he had support, and if he may be believed, support of a right kind. "*Faith in the covenant*," he said, "*is my only support*." His faith did not rest, as lying historians have asserted, on the predictions of his recovery by his preachers, but on the only solid foundation of a sinner's hope—the covenant of grace. And so far from being in despair, he said, "*The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of his pardon and his love as my soul can hold*." What striking words are these! And who spoke them? A dying man, after a profession of nearly forty years. Why should we cast them aside because Oliver Cromwell spoke them, unless we are prepared to say that his whole life gave them the lie?

In the dead of the night he was heard to offer up the following prayer:

"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with thee through grace. And I may, I will come to thee for thy people. Thou has made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Pardon thy foolish people. Forgive their sins, and do not forsake them, but love and bless them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on thy instruments to depend more upon thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm; for they are thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer. And give me rest for Jesus Christ's sake, to whom, with thee, and thy Holy Spirit, be all honour and glory, now and for ever! Amen."

But his hours were now numbered:

"On the Thursday following, Underwood, the Groom of the Bedchamber, who was in attendance on his Highness, heard him saying, with an oppressed voice, 'Truly God is good; indeed he is; he will not'—here his voice failed him; what he would have added was undoubtedly, 'leave me; he will not leave me.' He spoke again from time to time in the midst of all his sufferings, with much

**cheerfulness and fervour of spirit. 'I would be willing to live,' he said, 'to be farther serviceable to God and his people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people.'**

**"Ere long, he betrayed by his movements that agitation which often precedes death; and when something was offered him to drink, with the remark that it would make him sleep, he answered, 'It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.'**

**"Towards morning he showed much inward consolation and peace, and uttered many exceedingly self-abasing words, annihilating and judging himself before God. 'It were too hard a task for any,' says the Groom of the Bedchamber, who assisted him, 'especially for me, to reckon up all those graces which did shine forth in him.'"**

**But death had now set its mark upon him:**

**"It was the 3rd of September, 1658, the anniversary of his famous battles of Dunbar and Worcester; a day always celebrated by rejoicings in honour of these important victories. When the sun rose, Oliver was speechless, and between three and four o'clock in the afternoon he expired. God shattered all his strength on this festival of his glory and his triumphs."**

**Thus died one of the greatest men that the world ever saw—a true-hearted Englishman, the champion of civil and religious liberty, the noble Puritan. His name has indeed been covered with obloquy. Cringing courtiers and servile bishops, rosy doctors and hungry curates, with the whole race of male and female gentility who despise dissent as vulgar and hate liberty as encroaching on their privileges, have for these last two hundred years abhorred the name of Cromwell. But those to whom liberty is dear, and who abhor Popery and despotism, will revere his memory; and if, on calmly weighing the evidence laid before them, our spiritual readers can entertain a good hope of his having been a partaker of grace, this will give him an additional title to their affection and esteem.**

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**The Life and Times of Lady Huntingdon.—(April, 1853.)**

**Two marked features are stamped upon the internal history of the church of Christ since the memorable day of Pentecost. The one is, the outpouring upon her, from time to time, of the blessed Spirit, of which the Pentecostal effusion was the first fruits and pledge; the other is, her sensible decline and decay when these effusions of the Holy Spirit are suspended or withdrawn. Thus the history of the church of Christ, as viewed by a spiritual eye, is, for the most part, an alternate series of bloom and decay, fruitfulness and barrenness, youth and old age. As in the seasons, spring follows winter, and autumn summer; as in the tides, ebb succeeds to flow; as in the human frame, decline treads on the heels of vigour; as in the starry heavens, the waxing gives way to the waning moon; so in the visible church death follows life, feebleness strength, decline and decay activity and vigour.**

**We may perhaps assign the times of Oliver Cromwell as the period when vital godliness in this country rose to its highest point. We do not say that there was not, in those days, much mere profession, some fanaticism, and not a little hypocrisy. The same genial warmth which clothes the trees with leaves, flowers, and fruit hatches the maggots in the dunghill. Religion, like a hardy Alpine plant, thrives best in obscurity on the bleak mountain side. The flower which is cradled in the storm and slowly nurtured by the melting snow of the glacier, sickens and dies in the close warm atmosphere of the greenhouse. Thus the very outward prosperity which, under the Protector, accompanied a profession of religion was the cause of its decay. The sun of courtly favour, like the sun of last July, burnt and blighted instead of ripening the crop. When a profession of godliness was a passport to honour;\* when a Parliament was chosen for the supposed grace of the members; when praying soldiers carved, with their swords, the way to victory; when Scripture phrases were in every one's mouth, and to use Bunyan's expression, "religion walked abroad in her silver slippers;" vital godliness, it is evident, was in extreme peril of being suffocated in the crowd of its own followers. We do not blame Oliver Cromwell for putting down, by a strong hand, sin and ungodliness, and advancing saints to posts of honour and usefulness. Indeed, consistently with his exalted position and religious principles, he could do no otherwise. But sin, Satan, and the carnal heart were not to be baffled even by the piercing mind, iron will, and strong hand of the great Protector. Like the Diablonians in**

**Bunyan's "Holy War," they gained admission into the city under feigned names. There is no language which self-interest will not use, no mask which it will not wear, to gain its sordid ends. Ambition, like Milton's fiend,**

**"O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues its way.  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."**

**\* "Cromwell's court was free from vice," says Dr. Harris, "All there had an air of sobriety and decency; nothing of riot or debauch was seen or heard of. Whereas, formerly it was very difficult to live at court without a prejudice to religion, it was now impossible to be a courtier without it. Whosoever looks now to get preferment at court, religion must be brought with him, instead of money, for a place."—*D'Aubigne's "Protector."***

**We need not wonder, then, if in those days hypocrisy widely prevailed, and that by it many were deceived;**

**For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will through heaven and earth  
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems."**

**When therefore that wicked king, that profligate sensualist, that pensioner of France, that disguised Papist but real infidel, Charles II., was restored to the throne, wickedness, which the iron hand of Cromwell had repressed, burst forth as a mighty torrent and flooded the land with the most filthy streams of profligacy.**

**One of the most mysterious events of history, when first glanced at by a spiritual eye, is the Restoration of 1660. Why the Lord should have permitted so fair a scene to be so overclouded, and his name, cause, and truth to be so overwhelmed, is indeed to our feeble view, at first sight, utterly**

**incomprehensible. The pulpits during the Commonwealth were, for the most part, filled by men of truth, for Cromwell had sent commissioners through the land, called "Triers," who deposed from the ministry, not only all erroneous and ungodly ministers, but even all who could not give some account of a personal, individual work of grace on their own souls. The churches and chapels were crowded with hearers, and according to the united testimony of the gracious writers of that period, there was a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit and a large gathering in of living souls. But under all this goodly show there must have been concealed, as a few years made manifest, an amazing amount of secret ungodliness. The caged wolf does not lose his thirst for blood because shut up in the den of a menagerie. The sensual, depraved heart of man is not, cannot be regenerated by the outward restraints of morality or religion. When, therefore, the return of Charles II. unbarred the dens in which the firm hand of Cromwell had shut up the wolves and hyaenas, they rushed forth to fill the land with blood and rapine. The derisive shouts of the London mob round the corpse of Cromwell, as torn from the grave, it hanged on the gallows at Tyburn, loudly proclaimed the joy of the vile populace that sin was again broken loose. And many an echo did those inhuman shouts find in the breasts of the higher classes, both clergy and laity, who rejoiced from the very bottom of their hearts that the gloomy days, as they called them, of Puritanism were come to an end. Nor were they slow to take vengeance on those who had so long debarred them from so much profit and pleasure. The Parliament of 1662, led on by Clarendon, raged with all the fury of the Spanish Inquisition.\* The Puritan preachers were ejected from the pulpits, and if they attempted to gather a few people together to break to them the bread of life, they were committed to prison, transported as slaves to the American settlements, and for a third offence, or if they returned to their country, were sentenced to death as common felons. Meanwhile infidelity and profligacy were installed in high places and ran down the streets like water, at a time when Bunyan was in Bedford prison, Owen pursued by soldiers, hundreds dying of want and sickness in the gaols, and the poor children of God timidly meeting together by night in woods and caves.**

**\* Coleridge, after a long and laborious investigation of the persecutions of the Puritans in the time of Charles II., including, we presume, those of the Scotch Covenanters, expressed it as his decided opinion that they equalled, if not**

outdid, the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition.

Contrasting this wreck and ruin with that fair building which in Cromwell's time seemed to shine forth as a temple of religion, one is tempted to say, "What a triumph for Satan; what a blow for vital godliness!" If we admit it was a triumph for Satan, it does not thence follow that it was a fatal blow to the kingdom of Christ. Here, as in other instances, Satan's victories are Satan's defeats; the church's reverses her triumphs. Satan rises that he may fall; the church falls that she may rise. Outward prosperity is the church's worst atmosphere. It is like the malaria of the sunny Italian plains, which carries death in its train, though it comes as a soft balmy breeze. The smiles of Cromwell were more fatal to the health of godliness than the frowns of Charles. A sifting, winnowing time was needed, and it came. Thus, as we have pointed out in a former review, by the very persecutions which broke out at the restoration of Charles II. was the church purified, and the power of vital godliness preserved. This hot persecution was the sieve which riddled the chaff from the wheat, the furnace which separated the dross from the gold, the fire which tried every man's work of what sort it was. It is not the purpose of God, at least in this dispensation, that the saints should occupy high places, and obtain power and dominion. They are to be a suffering remnant, a despised outcast people, as their Lord and Master was before them. In the Commonwealth, therefore, the saints were in a false position; and if this palmy state of things had long continued, religion, shot up into unnatural growth, like an overtaill youth, would have died of a lingering consumption.\*

\* To guard against any misunderstanding of our language we would observe that we are not speaking here of religion as wrought by a divine power in the heart of an individual child of God, which cannot die of consumption or any disease, but of religion as prevailing generally in a nation, which is measured by the number of its real partakers, and by its power in the heart of individuals. In this sense religion may be said to ebb and flow, increase and decay.

We thus see that, in the mysterious providence of God, mercy and wisdom are secretly couched even in the darkest and most disgraceful period of the English history since the Reformation; and thus we become, in a measure, reconciled to the downfall of Puritanism, the persecution of the saints, the

temporary eclipse of liberty, and that gloomy period of cruelty and profligacy, sensuality and despotism, the bare recollection of which makes the blood of every true-hearted Englishman thrill in his veins. For the space of nearly twenty-eight years, viz., from 1660 to 1688, was Puritanism thus trodden under foot; but at length the crimes and follies of the second James, in his blind and bigoted attempts to reinstate Popery, so outraged the feelings of the whole nation, that it arose as one man, to hurl him from the throne. Then followed the peaceful Revolution of 1688, the grand epoch, when our civil and religious liberties, for which our Puritan ancestors had been struggling for more than a century, were first established on a firm base. It was then, under William III., who brought with him from Holland the principles of universal toleration, that dissent for the first time in this country obtained a legal footing, and persecution was finally put down.

But what followed when Israel, as of old, thus obtained rest? A gradual and general decline and decay of vital godliness. That the Establishment was sunk into the deepest darkness and death we need not wonder. She had cast out her salt on that memorable Bartholomew's day, when two thousand of her clergy were compelled, for conscience' sake, to forsake her walls. Having put out her right eye, she gradually sank into deeper and denser blindness. Infidelity so widely prevailed in her, both amongst clergy and laity, that some of the bishops in Queen Anne's time (Atterbury, for instance) were generally believed to be infidels in heart; and most of the works published on the subject of religion were, like Bishop Butler's celebrated "Analogy," directed to prove Christianity true. The very necessity for such works on the external evidences of Christianity as were then published by such men as Lord Lyttleton, Soame Jenyns, Gilbert West, Doddridge, &c., proves that infidelity was widely prevalent. And morality was no better. The periodicals of the day, such as the "Spectator" and "Tatler," evidence a state of such general laxity of principle and conduct among the educated classes as fills the mind with astonishment. To stem this tide of licentiousness, the preachers of that time had no better dam to throw up than dry, dead morality. Tillotson's Sermons and "The Whole Duty of Man" give a good idea of the approved divinity of that period—a mere dishing up of heathen morality. Christ's blood and righteousness were kept wholly out of sight, with all the other truths of the gospel; and a sincere, but imperfect obedience was pointed out as the only way to heaven. The operations of the blessed Spirit were ridiculed as enthusiasm,

and those who pleaded for them were counted as the worst of fanatics. Whilst the higher classes were thus sunk in carelessness and profanity, the lower were abandoned to the grossest ignorance. There were scarcely any schools, the Bible was little circulated (being at that time an expensive book), and less read, and education of the working classes generally frowned upon. There being at that time few manufactures, the population was scanty, and almost wholly rural, under the absolute control of the squire and the parson, who, with all their differences about the tithe, agreed in one thing, that religion consisted chiefly in coming to church, and not breaking down hedges or poaching for game; that if a man knew how to plough and sow, mow and reap, he knew enough for this life; and that if he did not drink or swear, and kept his church and sacrament, he was in a fair way to be happy in the next.

And where, all this time, were the children and successors of the noble army of martyrs, the Puritans, who in the days of Charles II. had suffered so much for truth and conscience? Sunk, sunk miserably low. The Dissenters in the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., and part of George II., were in a lower state than they are now, which is saying a great deal. Mr. Barker, morning preacher at Salter's Hall, and one of the best ministers among the dissenters, thus complains of the state of things in the dissenting churches: "Alas, the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel—Christ crucified the only ground for fallen man, salvation through his atoning blood, sanctification by his eternal Spirit, are old-fashioned things, now seldom heard in our churches! A cold, comfortless kind of preaching prevails almost everywhere, and reason, the great law of reason, the eternal law of reason, is idolized and deified." When "the great law of reason" enters a pulpit, the great law of revelation is sure to leave it; and thus we need not go far to inquire what the hearers were who could listen to and approve of such doctrine. When the law of reason had thus levelled the battlements of Scripture truth, Arianism and Socinianism entered in through the breach, and we may be sure that infidelity would not be slow to follow. Thus the crown of truth fell from the head of most of the dissenting churches, and a general sickness overcast the whole body. God has always indeed, had a people on earth, a seed to serve him, and doubtless he had his hidden ones in those days of general darkness, declension and decay; and, without doubt, he had also, as in the darkest days of Israel of old, his ministering prophets, his witnesses clothed in sackcloth, who preached the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. But these were few in

number and widely scattered, and have left few enduring traces of their memory or work. We feel, therefore, warranted in asserting that the face of religion never, in this country, since the days of the blessed Reformation, wore so gloomy and dark an aspect as in the first forty years of the last century.

Our object in this brief sketch has been to trace out the history of religion in this country from the days of Cromwell to about the middle of the reign of George II., when a remarkable revival took place, chiefly through the labours of the celebrated George Whitefield. The book before us, with an abundance of mere worldly gossip, contains many striking anecdotes of that remarkable period. We purpose therefore, in our following number, to give some little account of that signal awakening, which, mixed as it was with much human infirmity, yet was, we cannot doubt, accompanied by a large gathering in of ransomed souls.

*(Continued May, 1853.)*

The blessed Lord, before he ascended up on high, left with his disciples a declaration, a precept, and a promise, all of which three are intimately connected with each other. The *declaration*, which forms the firm basis both of precept and promise, runs thus: "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth." Then follows the *precept*: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." And then is added that most blessed and encouraging *promise*: "And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. 28:19, 20.)

However low, then, the church of Christ may seem to sink, these three things stand firm as the eternal throne of the Most High: 1. That Jesus lives at God's right hand, ruling and governing all things in heaven and earth. 2. That it is his revealed will that the gospel should be preached. (Compare Mark 16:15.) And, 3. That he has promised to accompany his disciples and servants with his Spirit, presence, and grace to the end of the world.

We showed in our last Number the fallen and sunk condition of the church of God in this country during the first forty years of the last century. But a

gleam of light is about to break forth, the dawning of a brighter day. And where of all places does this faint glimmer first appear? In the darkest of all corners, the firmest stronghold of prejudice and bigotry, the very seat of Satan as king over the children of pride—in the orthodox, High Church, Tory University of Oxford. About the year 1732 a few students became impressed with a concern for their souls, and formed a little association to meet together in order to pray, read the Scriptures, and converse about the solemn things of eternity. It was about this period that George Whitefield was entered at the University as servitor\* at Pembroke College, and, being already under serious impressions, was after some little time induced to join himself to their society. This was not indeed the first time that he manifested a concern for his soul. In the account which he has given of his own experience, he speaks of having had convictions even in childhood. "Such," he says, "was the free grace of God to me, that though corruption worked so strongly in my soul, and produced such early and bitter fruits, yet I can recollect very early movings of the blessed Spirit upon my heart. Once I remember, when some persons (as they frequently did) made it their business to tease me, I immediately retired to my room, and kneeling down, with many tears prayed over the 118th Psalm." Much of this religion, whether natural or spiritual, clung to him as he grew up, for he says of himself, that when still at school, for more than a twelvemonth he had gone through a round of duties, "receiving the sacrament monthly, fasting frequently, attending constantly at public worship, and praying often more than twice a day in private." Whether these convictions were the dawnings of divine life, or the mere workings of natural conscience, we will not attempt to decide; but one thing is abundantly evident, that neither during this period, nor when he first went to Oxford, did either he or his companions know anything of the gospel of the grace of God. Their favourite books were Scougal, Thomas á Kempis, and Law. Not knowing, therefore, the way of salvation by the blood and righteousness of the Son of God, and misled by these false guides, he sought it ignorantly by the works of the law, praying and fasting with such austerity for weeks together that at length he could not walk, from extreme weakness. But it is evident that the blessed Spirit was at work upon his conscience. He thus speaks of his experience at this period: "When I knelt down I felt great pressures both on soul and body, and have often prayed under the weight of them until the sweat came through me. God only knows how many nights I have lain upon my bed groaning under what I felt. Whole days and weeks have I spent in lying

prostrate on the ground in silent and vocal prayer." Here was the Lord training up a champion for the field of battle, teaching his hands to war and his fingers to fight, and instructing him from soul experience afterwards to batter down those strong towers of legality and self-righteousness in which his own soul had been imprisoned, and which filled the length and breadth of the land. His health sank under the load of soul-trouble and his severe fastings and austerities, springing from the persuasion that it was his duty to shut himself up in his study to fast and pray till he had entirely mortified his will, and had become perfectly holy in body and soul. His tutor, who was much attached to him, sent a physician to cure his body, but there was watching over his bed a far better Physician, the great Physician of souls. He thus describes his deliverance from the curse and bondage of the law:

"Notwithstanding my fit of sickness continued six or seven weeks, I trust I shall have reason to bless God for it, through eternity; for about the end of the seventh week, after having undergone innumerable buffetings of Satan, and many months' inexpressible trials by night and day, under the spirit of bondage, God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to lay hold on his dear Son by a living faith, and by giving me the Spirit of adoption to seal me, as I humbly hope, to the day of redemption. But O with what joy, joy unspeakable, even joy that was full of and big with glory, was my soul filled when the weight of sin went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God and a full assurance of faith broke in upon my disconsolate soul! Surely it was the day of my espousals, a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. At first my joys were like a spring tide, and, as it were, overflowed its banks. Go where I would, I could not avoid singing psalms aloud. Afterwards they became more settled, and, blessed be God, save a few casual intervals, have abided and increased in my soul ever since."

\* The servitors, of whom only a few now remain, were a poor class of students who had their commons gratis, and other advantages, whereby they passed through the University at a very small personal expense.

When his health was sufficiently established to bear removal, he left the University for his native place, Gloucester, where he gradually regained his former health and vigour. His load of sin was gone, the Sun of Righteousness shone upon his soul, and guided and taught by the Spirit of truth, he spent

most of his time in searching the Scriptures, secret prayer, meditation, and communion with the Lord.

From his earliest years the thoughts of the ministry had occupied his mind. Even when he was waiting with his apron and sleeves on at the Bell Inn, Gloucester, he wrote three sermons; but when his soul was blessed with a sense of pardoning mercy, he could not forbear speaking to others of the solemn things of eternity. Having at that time no other sphere, he visited the gaol every day, reading and praying with the prisoners, besides reading twice or thrice a week to some poor people in the city. In this way was the Lord secretly training him up for the work of the ministry, till his self-denying labours reaching the ears of Dr. Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, he sent for him; and though Whitefield at the time was but twenty-one years of age, he offered to ordain him whenever he wished it, and also to give him a cure. This offer Whitefield, after much serious consideration and earnest prayer, accepted, and was ordained deacon on Sunday, June 20th, 1736, in the Cathedral at Gloucester. He thus takes a review of the services of the day:

"I trust I answered every question from the bottom of my heart, and heartily prayed that God might say, Amen. And when the bishop laid his hands upon my head, if my vile heart do not deceive me, I offered up my whole spirit, soul, and body to the service of God's sanctuary. Let come what will, life or death, depth or height, I shall henceforward live like one who, this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the holy sacrament upon the profession of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon me that ministration in the church. I call heaven and earth to witness that, when the bishop laid his hands upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for him who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto him are all future events and contingencies; I have thrown myself blindfold, and I trust without reserve, into his almighty hands."

We shall not here enter on the question how far Whitefield was right in becoming a minister in the Church of England. No light had broken in upon his mind to show him her unscriptural position and errors; but his soul being all on fire to preach the gospel, and the door being thus opened in providence, he embraced it as of the Lord. He thus describes his first sermon:

**"Last Sunday, in the afternoon, I preached my first sermon in the church where I was baptized, and also first received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Curiosity drew a large congregation together. The sight, at first, a little awed me; but I was comforted with a heartfelt sense of the divine presence, and soon found the advantage of having been accustomed to public speaking when a boy at school, and of exhorting and teaching the prisoners, and the poor people at their private houses, whilst at the University. By these means I was kept from being daunted over much. As I proceeded, I perceived the fire kindled, till at last, though so young, and amidst a crowd of those who knew me in my childish days, I trust I was enabled to speak with some degree of gospel authority. Some few mocked; but most, for the present, seemed struck; and I have since heard that a complaint had been made to the bishop that I drove fifteen people mad the first sermon! The worthy prelate, as I am informed, wished that the madness might not be forgotten before the next Sunday."**

**We shall take this opportunity to describe a little of Whitefield's peculiar, almost unparalleled, gifts as a preacher—gifts so remarkable that we cannot doubt they were bestowed upon him for a peculiar purpose. His voice, which is affirmed to have been so clear and powerful as to be audible at the distance of a mile, appears, by general testimony, to have been in all other respects one of the most effective ever possessed by man, capable of taking every varied tone of emotion, and whether poured forth in thunder to rouse, or in softer music to melt, making its way to the heart with irresistible force and effect. Its tones, too, were singularly varied, and at the same time so truly natural, expressing every tender feeling of the heart with such touching pathos, that the dullest hearer was riveted as by an invincible charm as soon as he opened his lips. His action, too, was singularly expressive and becoming, being easy, natural, and unaffected, yet eminently striking, though sometimes bordering almost on violence. His language also was peculiarly simple and full of fire, broken frequently into short sentences, abounding in figures and illustrations, interspersed with the warmest, tenderest appeals to the conscience, mingled often with his own uncontrollable sobs and tears, and divested of all that heavy lumber which weighs down preacher and hearer. Matter and manner were alike new, and burst upon a sleepy generation as a brilliant meteor, which in the midnight darkness draws to its path every eye.**

Previous to his time sermons were for the most part longwinded, dull essays; and even when they were sound in doctrine, which was very rare, were, like the old Puritanical writings, more fitted for the closet than the pulpit, and divided and subdivided till "*nineteenthly*" weighed down eyes and ears into involuntary slumber. The holy fire which burned in Whitefield's soul burst its way through all these artificial coverings, and the glowing warmth which made his thoughts to breathe and his words to burn penetrated the hearts of his hearers. A minister once asked Garrick, the celebrated actor, why persons were so affected by a tragedy who fell asleep under a sermon? "The reason is," replied he, "that we speak falsehood as if it were truth, and you speak truth as if it were falsehood." Whitefield spoke truth as truth. The truth of God was in his heart, and a flame of love burnt there which lighted up his countenance with energy and his eyes with fire, poured itself forth in the most ardent and expressive words, quivered in every note of his melodious voice, and streamed forth in every wave of his hand. There is a peculiar charm in real eloquence, riveting the mind and swaying the feelings of the heart till it yields itself to the voice of the orator, as the strings of the harp to the fingers of the musician. The very sound of his voice can make the heart alternately burn with ardour and indignation, or melt it till the tears gush from the eyes. All this is distinct from grace; and hundreds and thousands who melted at the accents of Whitefield's voice lived and died in their sins. Like the prophet of old, he was unto them "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; but they heard his words and did them not." (Ezek. 33:32.) Yet be it borne in mind, that these very natural gifts were bestowed on Whitefield for a particular purpose. It was these which gave him such congregations, and made his preaching admired by such men as David Hume, the philosopher, Lord Chesterfield, the courtier, and Franklin, the worldly politician, as much as by the poor colliers at Kingswood, when the white gutters, made by their tears, streaked their black cheeks. Whitefield was no actor cultivating his voice or studying his gestures; but these gifts were naturally in him, and he used them as inartificially as a person possessed of an exquisite ear and a beautiful voice pours forth melodious tones as the free utterance of the music within.

But besides these natural gifts, there was a peculiar power—the power of God, resting on his ministry. That a most signal blessing accompanied his labours is beyond the shadow of a doubt. John Newton, who had frequently

heard him, in a funeral sermon preached at his death, from John 5:35, thus speaks of him from personal knowledge:

**"The Lord gave him a manner of preaching which was peculiarly his own. He copied from none, and I never met any who could imitate him with success. They who attempted generally made themselves disagreeable. His familiar address, the power of his action, his marvellous talent in fixing the attention even of the most careless, I need not describe to those who have heard him; and to those who have not, the attempt would be vain. Other ministers could preach the gospel as clearly, and in general say the same things; but I believe no man living could say them in his way. Here I always thought him unequalled, and I hardly expect to see his equal while I live. But that which finished his character as a shining light, and is now his crown of rejoicing, was the singular success which the Lord was pleased to give him in winning souls. What numbers entered the kingdom of glory before him! and what numbers are now lamenting his loss, who were awakened by his ministry! It seemed as if he never preached in vain. Perhaps there is hardly a place, in all the extensive compass of his labours, where some may not yet be found who thankfully acknowledge him for their spiritual father. Nor was he an awakening preacher only; wherever he came, if he preached but a single discourse, he usually brought a season of refreshment and revival with him to those who had already received the truth. Great as his immediate and personal usefulness was, his occasional usefulness, if I may so call it, was, perhaps, much greater. Many have cause to be thankful for him who never saw or heard him. He introduced a way of close and lively application to the conscience, for which, I believe, many of the most admired and eminent preachers now living will not be ashamed or unwilling to acknowledge themselves his debtors."**

**On this point we shall have another opportunity to enlarge; but we cannot omit here his devotedness to the work of the ministry. Seven times did he cross the Atlantic, at that time a long and perilous voyage. From the very first, too, he had a most singular power of winning the affections of his hearers. His sincerity, warmth, deep and genuine feeling, and, above all, the blessing of God resting on the word, riveted to him the hearts of hundreds. His second visit to Bristol is thus described:**

**"He was met, about a mile from the city, by multitudes on foot, and some in coaches; and the people saluted and blessed him as he passed along the streets. He preached, as usual, five times a week, attended by immense crowds of all ranks. Collections were made for poor prisoners; societies were formed; and great inducements were offered to persuade him to remain in his native land. The congregations were overpowering. Some, as he himself remarks, 'hung upon the rails, others climbed up the leads of the church; and altogether the church was so hot with their breath that the steam would fall from the pillars like drops of rain.' June 21st he preached his farewell sermon at Bristol, and toward the end of the discourse, when he came to tell them, 'it might be that they would see him no more,' the whole congregation was exceedingly affected; high and low, young and old, burst into a flood of tears; and at the close, multitudes followed him home weeping."**

**The same extraordinary popularity followed him to London, where he arrived about the end of August, 1737:**

**"He preached generally nine times a week, and yet so numerous were his assemblies, that thousands could not gain admittance to the largest churches of the city; and, to prevent accidents from the pressure of the crowd, constables were placed at the doors. The Lord's Supper was administered often on Sunday morning, when, long before day, in the winter months, the streets were seen filled with people carrying lights, and conversing on religion as they proceeded to church."**

**\* \* \* \* \***

**"As the time approached when he was to leave England, the people showed their esteem for him by many expressive tokens. They followed him so closely and in such numbers, for advice, that he could scarcely command a moment of retirement. They begged to receive from him religious books, and to have their names written with his own hands, as memorials of him. The final separation was to him almost unsupportable."**

**Making every allowance for his natural gifts, there must have been a peculiar power resting on his ministry, to produce these effects.**

**His first visit to America, which soon followed, was not accompanied with**

such a display of divine power as the succeeding, he being there but four months, and his labours being chiefly confined to Georgia, then a new and most unhealthy settlement. Being desirous of ordination as a priest, he embarked for England on Sept. 8th, and was nine weeks on the voyage, tossed about with bad weather, in a ship out of repair, and in want of provisions.

It was during his stay in England, before his second visit to America, that, the pulpits being closed against him, he first preached in the open air:

"'I thought,' says he, 'it might be doing the service of my Lord, who had a mountain for his pulpit and the heavens for his sounding-board; and who, when his gospel was refused by the Jews, sent his servants into the highways and hedges.' These motives impelled him to make the experiment, and feeling his duty to be no longer doubtful, he proceeded to Kingswood for that purpose. The colliers were without any church, and so notorious for their wicked and brutal manner that, when provoked, they were a terror to all the neighbourhood. On Saturday afternoon, the 17th of February, he preached at Rose Green, his first field pulpit, to as many as the novelty of the scene collected, which were about two hundred. Adverting to this, he exclaims, 'Blessed be God that the ice is now broken, and I have taken the field. Some may censure me; but is there not a cause; pulpits are denied, and the poor colliers ready to perish for lack of knowledge. Every time he went to Kingswood the number of his hearers increased. Thousands of all ranks flocked from Bristol and the neighbourhood; the congregation was sometimes computed at twenty thousand. With what gladness and eagerness many of these despised outcasts, who had never been in a church in their lives, received the word, is beyond description. 'Having,' as he writes, 'no righteousness of their own to renounce, they were glad to hear of a Jesus who was a Friend to publicans, and came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. The first discovery of their being affected was to see the white gutters made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their black cheeks, as they came out of the coal pits. Hundreds and hundreds of them were soon brought under deep convictions, which, as the event proved, happily ended in sound and thorough conversion. The change was visible to all, though numbers chose to impute it to anything rather than the finger of God. As the scene was quite new, and I had just begun to be an extempore preacher, it often occasioned many inward conflicts. Sometimes, when twenty thousand people were before me, I had not,

**in my own apprehension, a word to say either to God or them. But I was never totally deserted, and frequently (for to deny it would be lying against God) so assisted, that I know, by happy experience, what our Lord meant by saying, "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." The open firmament above me, the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some on the trees, and at times call affected and drenched in tears together, to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for and quite overcame me.'"**

**With this extract we must close, for the present, our review of the celebrated apostle of the last century, hoping to resume the subject in a future Number.**

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**The Experience of George Whitefield. Written by Himself.\*  
(Continued, July, 1853.)**

**\* We are sorry that this little work ("The Experience of George Whitefield") did not fall into our hand till after we had penned the account given in the May Number of Whitefield's experience, as we might have much enriched it. In the work from which we took our narrative, many of the most interesting details are suppressed.**

**There can be little doubt that there was in Whitefield's day more life and power in the church of God than we now witness, or perhaps have any distinct idea of. Such coldness and deadness have fallen upon the churches that it seems hard to realize the zeal, warmth, and earnestness which then prevailed. The simplest, perhaps, and easiest way to do this will be for each of our gracious readers to recall the days of his spiritual youth, "when the candle of the Lord shined upon his head, and by his light he walked through darkness; when the secret of God was upon his tabernacle; when he washed his steps with butter, and the rock poured him out rivers of oil." Let him recall his own earnestness in prayer at that memorable period, his tenderness of conscience, his zeal for the Lord, his deadness to the world, his love to God's people, his times of hearing when well nigh every sermon seemed blessed to his soul. The recollection of this never-to-be-forgotten season, the Spring of the soul, may**

serve to bring before his mind the days of Whitefield—that spring-tide of the church, when the flowers appeared on the earth, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land; when the leaf of profession was green and the blossom of promise fragrant; before the fruit had become, as now, wizened from declining sap, and the foliage sear and yellow from the autumnal frosts. One remarkable instance of the power of God attending Whitefield's ministry is recorded in his life—that after preaching, on one occasion, in Moorfields, he received, according to his own testimony, "at a moderate computation, a thousand notes from persons under conviction." Making every deduction for natural excitement, giving the fullest allowance for temporary convictions, it affords an unparalleled example of power attending one sermon. Where, at least in our day, is the minister whose labours are accompanied with such striking effects? We may have men clearer in doctrine, but where can we find that life and power, that ardent zeal, that burning eloquence, that devotedness to the work, those astonishing labours, that self-denying life, that singleness of eye to the glory of God, that unwearied perseverance, or that flame of holy love which seemed to consume the very lamp in which it shone with such surpassing brightness? And for this life and power in the soul of a minister, what can be the substitute? Shall it be *learning*? That, in comparison, is but a flickering flame, a mere phosphorus light composed out of dead men's brains, too faint to illuminate, too cold to kindle. Shall it be *sound views of doctrine*? Amidst the heaps of error which are spread on every side, and amidst hundreds of erroneous men who lie in wait to deceive, sound views of truth are most valuable, nay, indispensable. But there may be the soundest creed in the head with death in the heart and sin in the life. Sound views without divine life resemble a sound, well-tuned ring of bells, which charm the ear more than the jangling and the cracked, but are still mere tinkling metal. Shall it be *gifts*?—a flow of words as unceasing as a babbling brook, a voice as musical as the evening nightingale, action as elegant as ever graced the stage, pathos as touching as ever bedewed female cheeks with tears, animation as vehement as ever stirred the audiences of Peter the Hermit, and eloquence as ardent as ever led men on to mount the breach or charge a battalion? Alas! what are they all, destitute of life? United with life—a combination very rare, though perhaps to a great extent existing in Whitefield—they are indeed to the sword what the back is to the edge, giving it weight and strength; but without life they are a lump of iron, which never pierces to the "dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow," or is "a discerner of the thoughts

and intents of the heart."

"We take up our memoir of Whitefield with his departure for America a second time, on the 14th of August, 1739. He arrived at Philadelphia after a passage of nine weeks, and at once commenced those unwearied labours, the mere recital of which fills us with surprise and astonishment. In one week he preached sixteen times and rode one hundred and seventy miles. At Charleston he preached twice a day for a fortnight. His last sermon at Boston was preached to twenty thousand persons. And be it borne in mind, that *his* was preaching. It was no indolent lolling over the pulpit cushion, talking in a low voice to about fifty people in the cool of the evening, but animated bursts of eloquence to crowded congregations under the burning heat of an American summer—a period of the year when the thermometer is frequently above one hundred degrees, and persons drop down dead in the streets stricken by the beams of the sun:

"Sometimes he was almost ready to expire with heat and fatigue. Thrice a day he was lifted up upon his horse, unable to mount otherwise; then rode and preached, and came in and laid himself along upon two or three chairs. He did not doubt but such a course would soon take him to his desired rest. Yet he had many delightful hours with Messrs. Tennents, Blair, &c. 'Night,' says he, 'was, as it were, turned into day, when we rode singing through the woods.'"

His stay in America lasted about fifteen months, during which space of time he several times traversed the length of the United States, from Charleston in the South to Boston in the North, a distance of above a thousand miles, and through a country at that time thinly inhabited, through wild forests, wide and dismal swamps, and by roads impassable by wheel carriages.

The same power which accompanied his ministry in England followed him in America wheresoever he turned his steps. The slave States of the south and the free States of the North, the indolent planters of South Carolina, and the sturdy, iron sinewed Puritans of New England, alike hung upon the accents of his melodious voice, and alike confessed by their tears that it had power to move the hardest heart. But besides these usual effects of his surpassing eloquence, there is every reason to believe that the power of God accompanied the word effectually to the hearts of many, quickening them into spiritual life.

**The following testimonies from ministers and others who heard him preach abundantly confirm the belief that the Lord was with him, and that it was not alone his natural gifts which riveted to him so many ears and moved so many hearts:**

**"One minister writes, Oct. 1st, 1740: 'Your kind letter by Mr. Whitefield, and your other, are both now before me. You raised our expectations of him very much, as did his journals more, and Mr. P., of New York, concurred with them; but we own, now that we have seen and heard him, that our expectations are all answered and exceeded, not only in his zealous and fervent abounding labours, but in his command of the hearts and affections of his hearers. He has been received here as an angel of God and servant of Jesus Christ. I hope this visit to us will be of very great use and benefit to ministers and people.'"**

**"Another, in a letter, Oct. 22nd, 1740, expresses himself thus: 'Though it is always a singular pleasure to me to hear from you, yet your two letters by Mr. Whitefield had a new circumstance of pleasure from the dear hand that presented them. I perceive you were impatient to know what sort of entering in he had among us. We, ministers, rulers, and people generally, received him as an angel of God. We are abundantly convinced that you spoke the words of truth and soberness in your sermon relating to him. Such a power and presence of God with a preacher, and in religious assemblies, I never saw before; but I would not limit the Holy One of Israel. The prejudices of many are quite conquered, and the expectations of others vastly outdone, as they freely own. A considerable number are awakened, and many Christians seem to be greatly quickened.' The same gentleman writes, Dec. 2nd, 1740: 'The man greatly beloved, I suppose, may be with you before now. That his visit here will be esteemed a distinguishing mercy of heaven by many I am well satisfied. Every day gives me fresh proofs of Christ speaking in him. A small set of gentlemen amongst us, when we saw the affections of the people so moved under his preaching, would attribute it only to the force of sound and gestures; but the impressions on many are so lasting, and have been so transforming, as to carry plain signatures of a divine hand going along with him.'"**

**"Another observes: 'I coveted a great deal more private conversation with**

him than I had opportunity for, by reason of the throngs of people almost perpetually with him. But he appears to be full of the love of God, and fired with an extraordinary zeal for the cause of Christ, and applies himself with the most indefatigable diligence that ever was seen among us, in promoting the good of souls. His head, his heart, his hands seem to be full of his Master's business. His discourses, especially when he goes into the expository way, are very instructive; every eye is fixed upon him, and every ear chained to his lips; most are very much affected; many awakened and convinced; and a general seriousness excited. His address, more especially to the passions, is wonderful, and beyond what I have ever seen. I think I can truly say that his preaching has quickened me, and I believe it has many others besides, as well as the people. Several of my flock, especially the younger sort, have been brought under convictions by his preaching; and there is this remarkable amongst them, of the good effect of his preaching, that the word preached now by us seems more precious to them, and comes with more power upon them. My prayer for him is, that his precious life may be lengthened out, and that he may be an instrument of reviving dying religion in all places whithersoever he comes.'"

But all his success and all his popularity in America did not make him forget his own country. Tidings had probably reached his ears that his presence was needed in England, for a dark cloud had gathered over the fields in which he had sown the seed of life. On January 16th, 1741, he set his foot on the ship which was to bear him across the stormy Atlantic once more to his native shores, and on March 11th arrived at Falmouth. But in England a great disappointment awaited him, and the clouds wore a darker aspect than he had anticipated. Yet behind these clouds was the sun hidden, though it was needful for a storm to arise to purify the atmosphere, which had become loaded with the earthly vapours of free-will and human merit. He had perhaps been elated by his amazing popularity in America, and it was needful for him to be humbled. Wherever the Lord sows wheat, Satan sows tares, and this Whitefield found to his sorrow. But we shall leave him to tell his tale in his own words:

"In my zeal, during my journey through America, I had written two well-meant, though injudicious letters, against England's two great favourites, 'The Whole Duty of Man,' and Archbishop Tillotson, who, I said, knew no more of

religion than Mohammed. The Moravians had made inroads upon the societies. Mr. John Wesley, some way or other, had been prevailed upon to preach and print in favour of perfection, universal redemption, and very strongly against election; a doctrine which I thought, and do now believe, was taught me of God, therefore could not possibly recede from it. Thinking it my duty so to do, I had written an answer at the Orphan House, which, though revised and much approved of by some good and judicious divines, I think had some too strong expressions about absolute reprobation, which the apostle leaves rather to be inferred than expressed. The world was angry at me for the former, and numbers of my own spiritual children for the latter. One that got some hundreds of pounds by my sermons, being led away by the Moravians, refused to print for me any more; and others wrote to me that God would destroy me in a fortnight, and that my fall was as great as Peter's. Instead of having thousands to attend me, scarce one of my spiritual children came to see me from morning to night. Once, at Kennington Common, I had not above a hundred to hear me. At the same time I was much embarrassed in my outward circumstances. A thousand pounds I owed for the Orphan House; two hundred and fifty pound bills, drawn upon Mr. Seaward, now dead, were returned upon me. I was also threatened to be arrested for two hundred pounds more. My travelling expenses also to be defrayed. A family of a hundred to be daily maintained, four thousand miles off, in the dearest place in the king's dominions. Ten thousand times would I rather have died than part with my old friends. It would have melted any heart to have heard Mr. Charles Wesley and me weeping, after prayer, that, if possible, the breach might be prevented."

"Never had I preached in Moorfields on a week day. But, in the strength of God, I began on Good Friday, and continued twice a day, walking backward and forward from Leadenhall, for some time, preaching under one of the trees, and had the mortification of seeing numbers of my spiritual children who, but a twelvemonth ago, could have plucked out their eyes for me, running by me whilst preaching, disdainful so much as to look at me, and some of them putting their fingers in their ears, that they might not hear one word I said."

The tie was now dissolved between Whitefield and Wesley. Nothing but his exceeding humility could have kept them together before; but he had such low

thoughts of himself that Wesley's superior holiness, as he believed it to be, blinded his eyes to his errors. But they were now too flagrant to be covered up. When John Wesley began to call imputed righteousness "imputed nonsense," and to denounce election as a doctrine of devils, the soul of Whitefield burnt within him, and he could walk with the enemy of truth no more.

And such will ever be the case. The children of light for a time may walk with the children of darkness, as Hagar and Ishmael dwelt in the tent of Abraham; but sooner or later the execution of the sentence comes: "Cast out the bondwoman and her son; for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the free woman."

To enumerate all the labours of this distinguished apostle would far exceed our pages; we must therefore content ourselves with a selection. One of the most striking passages, perhaps, of his life was his preaching down the booths in Moorfields, then a wide open place, with trees and grass, a London park in miniature. It was a remarkable instance of boldness and zeal; for to those who have seen a London mob, we need hardly say he carried, as it were, his life in his hand. This singular circumstance is thus recorded in the history of his life:

"It had been the custom, for many years past, in the holiday seasons, to erect booths in Moorfields, for mountebanks, players, puppet-shows, &c., which were attended, from morning till night, by innumerable multitudes of the lower sort of people. He formed a resolution to preach the gospel among them, and executed it. On Whit-Monday, at 6 o'clock in the morning, attended by a large congregation of praying people, he began. Thousands who were waiting there, gaping for their usual diversions, all flocked round him. His text was, John 3:14. 'They gazed, they listened, they wept, and many seemed to be stung with deep conviction for their past sins.' All was hushed and solemn. 'Being thus encouraged, (says he,) I ventured out again at noon, when the fields were quite full, and could scarce help smiling, to see thousands, when a merry-Andrew was trumpeting to them, upon observing me mount a stand on the other side of the field, deserting him, till not so much as one was left behind, but all flocked to hear the gospel. But this, together with a complaint that they had taken near twenty or thirty pounds less that day than usual, so enraged the owners of the booths, that, when I came to preach a third time, in the

evening, in the midst of the sermon a merry-Andrew got up upon a man's shoulders, and, advancing near the pulpit, attempted to slash me with a long, heavy whip, several times. Soon afterwards they got a recruiting sergeant, with his drum, &c., to pass through the congregation. But I desired the people to make way for the king's officer, which was quietly done. Finding these efforts to fail, a large body, quite on the opposite side, assembled together, and having a great pole for their standard, advanced with sound of drum, in a very threatening manner, till they came near the skirts of the congregation. Uncommon courage was given both to preacher and hearers. I prayed for support and deliverance, and was heard; for just as they approached us, with looks full of resentment, I know not by what accident, they quarrelled among themselves, threw down their staff, and went their way, leaving, however, many of their company behind, who, before we had done, I trust, were brought over to join the besieged party. I think I continued praying, preaching, and singing, (for the noise was too great, at times, to preach,) about three hours. We then retired to the Tabernacle, where thousands flocked; we were determined to pray down the booths; but, blessed be God, more substantial work was done. At a moderate computation, I received, I believe, a thousand notes from persons under conviction; and soon after, upwards of three hundred were received into the society in one day. Some I married that had lived together without marriage; one man had exchanged his wife for another, and given fourteen shillings in exchange. Numbers that seemed, as it were, to have been bred up for Tyburn were, at that time, plucked as firebrands out of the burning.

"I cannot help adding that several little boys and girls, who were fond of sitting round me on the pulpit while I preached, and handing to me people's notes, though they were often pelted with eggs, dirt, &c., thrown at me, never once gave way; but, on the contrary, every time I was struck, turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me. God make them, in their growing years, great and living martyrs for Him, who, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, perfects praise!"

Wherever he went he was the same man, having but one object in view, and wholly devoted to it. This singleness of eye, oneness of purpose, and devotedness of heart won to him the admiration and esteem of many who gave little proof of a divine work in their souls. Before his third visit to America, as

the captain of one ship refused to take him, lest he should "spoil the sailors," he had to go as far as Plymouth to procure a passage. There he had to wait five weeks for the convoy, it being war time, and this interval he employed, as usual, in preaching the word. It was probably at this time that Tanner was called under his preaching; and there was a remarkable effect of his ministry recorded by himself. There was at that time a ferry from the town of Dock, now Devonport, to Plymouth, the two places being separated by an arm of the sea; and the ferrymen were by this time so attached to him that they would take nothing of the multitudes that crossed to hear him preach, saying, "God forbid we should sell the word of God." What a power and influence must have accompanied his preaching and shone forth in his life to produce such effects on poor ignorant ferrymen. It is from such circumstances that a man's real character and estimation is to be gathered. What mere ranting preacher, or what mere eloquent orator, could have induced these poor ferrymen to sacrifice their pence and not make a harvest of the opportunity? But no. As the Galilean fishermen received the Master when the scribes and Pharisees rejected him, so the poor Plymouth ferrymen received the servant when the bishops and clergy railed at and ridiculed him.

But our limits warn us not to linger upon every striking circumstance of this great and good man's life. We must, however, find space for his end. He died, we may say, in harness:

"On Saturday, September 29th, 1770, Mr. Whitefield rode from Portsmouth to Exeter (fifteen miles) in the morning, and preached there to a very great multitude in the fields. It is remarkable that, before he went out to preach that day, Mr. Clarkson, senior, observing him more uneasy than usual, said to him, 'Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach.' To which Mr. Whitefield answered, 'True, Sir;' but turning aside, he clasped his hands together, and looking up said: 'Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* thy work, but not *of* thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for thee once more in the fields, seal thy truth, and come home and die.' His last sermon was from 2 Cor. 13:5: 'Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?'"

"After a little conversation he went to rest, and slept till two in the morning,

when he awoke me, and asked for a little cider; he drank about a wineglass full. I asked him how he felt, for he seemed to pant for breath. He said to me, 'My asthma is coming on me again; I must have two or three days' rest. Two or three days' riding, without preaching, would set me up again.' Soon afterwards, he asked one to put the window up a little higher, (though it was half up all night,) 'for,' said he, 'I cannot breathe; but I hope I shall be better bye-and-bye. A good pulpit sweat today may give me relief; I shall be better after preaching.' I said to him, 'I wish you would not preach so often.' He replied, 'I had rather wear out than rust out.' I then told him, I was afraid he took cold in preaching yesterday. He said, he believed he had; and then sat up in bed, and prayed that God would be pleased to bless his preaching where he had been, and also to bless his preaching that day, that more souls might be brought to Christ."

"In a little time he brought up a considerable quantity of phlegm. I then began to have some small hopes. Mr. Parsons said he thought Mr. Whitefield breathed more freely than he did, and would recover. I said, 'No, Sir, he is certainly dying.' I was continually employed in taking the phlegm out of his mouth with a handkerchief, and bathing his temples with drops, rubbing his wrists, &c., to give him relief, if possible, but in vain; his hands and feet were as cold as clay. When the doctor came in, and saw him in the chair leaning upon my breast, he felt his pulse, and said, 'He is a dead man.' Mr. Parsons said, 'I do not believe it; you must do something, doctor!' He said, 'I cannot; he is now near his last breath.' And indeed so it was; for he fetched but one gasp, and stretched out his feet, and breathed no more. This was exactly at six o'clock."

He thus died, Sept. 30th, 1770, without saying anything remarkable. But of this there was no need: a dying testimony in his case was not required. Yet we have a striking account of his last sermon, which was indeed his dying testimony, for the arrows of death were then in him:

"It was usual for Mr. Whitefield to be attended by Mr. Smith, who preached when he was unable, on account of sudden attacks of asthma. At the time referred to, after Mr. Smith had delivered a short discourse, Mr. Whitefield seemed desirous of speaking, but, from the weak state in which he then was, it was thought almost impossible. He rose from the seat in the pulpit and stood

erect, and his appearance alone was a powerful sermon. The thinness of his visage, the paleness of his countenance, the evident struggling of the heavenly spark in a decayed body for utterance, were all deeply interesting: the spirit was willing, but the flesh was dying. In this situation he remained several minutes, unable to speak; he then said, 'I will wait for the gracious assistance of God, for he will, I am certain, assist me once more to speak in his name.' He then delivered, perhaps, one of his best sermons, for the light generally burns most splendidly when about to expire. The subject was a contrast of the present with the future. A part of this sermon I read to a popular and learned clergyman in New York, who could not refrain from weeping when I repeated the following: 'I go, I go to rest prepared; my sun has arisen, and, by aid from heaven, given light to many; it is now about to set for—no, it cannot be; 'tis to rise to the zenith of immortal glory. I have outlived many on earth, but they cannot outlive me in heaven; many shall live when this body is no more, but then—O thought divine!—I shall be in a world where time, age, pain, and sorrow are unknown. My body fails, my spirit expands. How willingly would I live for ever to preach Christ! but I die to be with him. How brief, comparatively brief, has been my life compared with the vast labours which I see before me yet to be accomplished! but if I leave now, while so few care about heavenly things, the God of peace will surely visit you.' These and many other things he said, which, though simple, were rendered important by circumstances; for death had let fly his arrow, and the shaft was deep enfixed when utterance was given to them; his countenance, his tremulous voice, his debilitated frame, all gave convincing evidence that the eye which saw him should shortly see him no more for ever. One day and a half after this he was numbered amongst the dead."

Thus lived and thus died England's great apostle, leaving a name venerated by thousands, and still held in affectionate remembrance.

To say that he was on all points sound, that there was no dross with his gold, no water mingled with his wine, would be indeed untrue. His ardour and zeal led him frequently to stretch the line beyond even his own views of divine truth. Thus his great theme was the Lord Jesus; but he preached him more as the Saviour of sinners generally than as the Head of the church, the Saviour of elect sinners. The new birth was also with him a darling theme: but he urged it upon the consciences of dead sinners almost as if they could do something

towards it. Thus he would invite, as it is called, sinners to Jesus, meaning by "sinners" not as Hart speaks,

"A sinner is a sacred thing,  
The Holy Ghost has made him so."

but sinners as such, whether sensible or insensible sinners, whether convinced of sin or still careless and carnal. There is a curious instance of this recorded in his address to a comic actor named Shuter, who at that time was playing the character of "Ramble" to crowded audiences. Poor Shuter some times went to hear him preach, and on one occasion, at Bath, when Whitefield was, as usual, inviting sinners to Christ, fixing his eyes upon Shuter, he thus addressed him, "And thou, poor Ramble, who hast so long rambled from Christ, when wilt thou finish thy ramblings, and ramble home to Jesus?"

In considering the general character of Whitefield's preaching, we must bear in mind that a ministry suitable for one period of the church may by no means be adapted for another. The work of Whitefield was that of an evangelist. He was no pastor of a church, and had no settled congregation, and scarcely a fixed residence; but, burning with an unquenchable zeal, travelled from place to place, addressing multitudes who were living without hope and without God in the world. To reach their consciences was his aim and object. To set before them their perishing state as sinners, to proclaim in their ears free grace through the blood and righteousness of Christ as revealed in the gospel, to insist upon the necessity and unfold the nature of the new birth, whereby they became partakers of this salvation—these were the leading features of his preaching; and as he himself had a deep and daily experience of sin and salvation, in urging these points he poured out his very soul, and with a power and eloquence almost without example. The best description that we know of the general drift of his preaching is the account which Tanner gives of the sermon that he preached at Plymouth, and which God owned and blessed to the quickening of his soul. When he had described, in the most touching manner, the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ, fixing his eyes suddenly on Tanner, he cried, "Sinner, thou art the man who crucified the Son of God!" With such power did these words come to his soul, and his sins were so set in array before him, that Tanner, all but dropped down on the spot. This is but a specimen of his peculiar manner; but such preaching would not suit our day,

as it did not suit the day which arose shortly after his death. Whitefield threshed the corn, but he left wheat and chaff on the barn floor, a mingled heap. He could wield the flail as few men ever handled it, but he could not, or did not, touch the sieve. To do this, God raised up Huntington, who by his preaching and more by his writings, winnowed the corn which Whitefield had threshed. What Whitefield was to the flail, Huntington was to the sieve. Between them, therefore, there is no comparison to be instituted. The flail might say to the sieve, as it hangs on the nail, "What a poor thing art thou! There is a sheaf for thee; come, try and get the corn out of it." But by-and-bye the flail is hung on the nail, and then the sieve might retort, "Mr. Flail, what a poor thing art thou! Thou canst not sift thine own corn. What good is all this heap here? I must come down to finish thy slovenly work." Well might the labourer say to both, "Come, let us have no quarrelling; you, Flail, can do your work, and no one better; and you, Sieve, can do your work, and no one better; but it is my hand which uses you both; and unless I take you down, you may hang on the nail till you, Flail, drop off by the dry rot, and you, Sieve, are eaten up by rust." What Whitefield was, he was by the grace of God; what Huntington was, he was by the grace of God. Whitefield had not the deep experience, clear, doctrinal views, knowledge of and insight into Scripture, keen discernment, and able pen of Huntington; nor had Huntington the shining eloquence, burning zeal, and popular gifts of Whitefield; yet each were servants of God, and blessed in their day and generation. But they had their separate work. How different was Paul from Elijah! How unlike are the address of Stephen to the Jewish Council and the First Epistle of John! These differences spring, however, from the blessed Spirit, and are but diversities of his sovereign gifts: "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." So with Whitefield and Huntington. Huntington could not have preached to the Bristol colliers, nor Whitefield to the congregations of Providence. We are not insensible to Whitefield's defects, even errors; but we view him as a man raised up to do a special work.

We could not consistently close our review of his life and ministry without adverting to his faults. But it is an invidious task to point out defects. There are spots in the sun, flaws in a diamond, and specks in a mirror; but the sun is still the glorious orb of day, the diamond is still the most brilliant of jewels, and the mirror of the astronomer's telescope still penetrates the depths of

ether and brings to light the wonders of the heavens. So is Whitefield still the prince of preachers, and his defects are lost in the brightness of his character as a Christian and as a minister.

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**How many Lies are there in the Church Catechism?**

**By a Seceder.—(*August, 1853.*)**

Religion, in some shape or other, is indispensable to the very existence of civilized society. Rude, wandering tribes, like the Australian negro or the North American Red Indian, may subsist without any public mode of worship or any outward acknowledgment of a Supreme Being, though even these poor outcasts have some dim notion of "The Great Spirit;" but man, in a state of society, can no more live without some recognized form of religion than he can exist without laws or government, property or marriage. Society has to be held together from within as well as from without. Law and government, the rights of property and the divine institution of marriage, as clamps and girders, bind together society from without; religion, as mortar, binds together society from within. When society is broken to pieces, it is either by atheism springing a mine from within, or by anarchy battering down the walls from without. The first French Revolution gave fearful proof of this. It commenced in atheism and ended in anarchy, till, after rivers of blood had been shed, tyranny stepped in to chain up the tigers and hyaenas which were ravaging the land; and one of its first acts was to restore the worship of a Supreme Being. So Socialism, that Satanic plot against God and man, loudly proclaims its abhorrence of property, of marriage, and of religion—the three grand elements of civilized society, without which our fair country would be a wide scene of robbery, carnage, lust, and blasphemy.

But let us not be misunderstood. When we speak of religion in this wide, general sense, we mean by the term not that true religion which is the special fruit of the Spirit. There is a natural religion as well as a spiritual religion. Natural conscience is the seat of the former; a spiritual conscience the seat of the latter. One is of the flesh, the other of the Spirit; one for time, the other for eternity; one for the world, the other for the elect; one to animate and bind men together as component members of society, the other to animate and bind

the children of God together as component members of the mystical body of Christ. *True* religion is what the world does not want, nor does true religion want the world. The two are as separate as Christ and Belial. But *some* religion the world must have; and as it will not have and cannot have the true, it will and must have the false. True religion is spiritual and experimental, heavenly and divine, the gift and work of God, the birthright and privilege of the election of grace, the peculiar possession of the heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ. This the world has not, for it is God's enemy not his friend, walking in the broad way which leads to perdition, not in the narrow way which leads to eternal life.

But a religion without God is a nonentity; and since Christ has come into the world, and Christianity, as it is termed, is generally established, a religion without Christ becomes a contradiction. As, too, the Scriptures have been translated into different languages and are widely spread and much read, a national creed must to a certain extent embrace what is taught in the Scriptures, or men will instinctively see that the religion professed is not that which the word of God has revealed and brought to light. But religion having thus become general cannot subsist without an order of men to teach it and practise its ceremonies. Hence come clergy, forming a recognized priestly caste; and as these must, to avoid confusion, be governed, all large corporate bodies requiring a controlling power, thence come bishops and archbishops, ecclesiastical courts, archdeacons, and the whole apparatus of clerical government. The ceremonies and ordinances cannot be carried on without buildings set apart for the purpose; thence churches and cathedrals. As prayer is a part of all religious worship, and carnal men cannot, for want of the Spirit, pray spiritually, they must have forms of devotion made ready to their hand thence come prayer-books and liturgies. As there must be mutual points of agreement to hold men together, there must be written formulas of doctrine; thence come articles, creeds, and confessions of faith. And finally, not to prolong to weariness this part of our subject, as there are children to be instructed, and this cannot be safely left to oral teaching, for fear of ignorance in some and error in others, the very form of instruction must be drawn up in so many words; thence come catechisms. Persons are puzzled sometimes to know why there is this and that thing in an established religion—why we have churches and clergy, tithes and prayer-books, Universities and catechisms, and the whole apparatus of an Establishment, from the Queen, the head,

down to the sexton, the tail. They do not see that all these things have sprung, as it were, out of a moral necessity, and are based upon the very constitution of man; that this great and widespread tree of a national religion has its deep roots in the natural conscience; and that all these branches necessarily and naturally grow out of the broad and lofty stem.

But admitting the necessity of some acknowledged form of Christianity, and allowing certain benefits to spring out of a National Establishment, the question arises, Whether we might not have the benefits without the evils, and whether the Church of England does not do us, as a nation, more harm than good. Religion, as a bond of society, would not perish were there no endowed Establishment to maintain it. Look, for instance, at the United States, where there is no established church. In no country is there more regard paid to the outward observances of religion; nay, so much so, that it is hard to tell which is more ardently worshipped—the dollar or the form of godliness.

Humanly speaking, one of the greatest barriers in this country to every improvement is the National Church. As regards, for instance, the great question of the present day—the education of the people, she thwarts in every possible manner a sound and general system of instruction by seeking to thrust upon every school her obnoxious Catechism; by demanding that every schoolmaster should be a *bona-fide* member of her pale; and by setting up a paramount claim to educate every child in her system and creed. She thus thwarts and defeats every attempt towards a better and more general scheme of education, and would sooner, like a Chinese mother, that her children should not walk at all, or be cripples for life, than that their infant feet should not be squeezed into her narrow shoes. Where able, too, she carries on a vast amount of persecution and of unfair influence. The poor, especially in country places, she sometimes buys over by presents of money, coal, and clothing, and sometimes persecutes by excluding them from a share in those favours which should be given indiscriminately. "To keep their church" is, in her eyes, the greatest virtue of the poor, and to attend the meeting the greatest crime. Nor are her power and influence limited to the poor. Those who are by their position independent of her favours, she awes by her lordly frowns; so that there are scarce any to be found above those engaged in trade and manufactures who dare to be anything but Churchmen, on account of the "vulgarity" of dissent in her aristocratical eyes. All this, we know, in the

wisdom of God, is for the good of the church of Christ, which is to be despised and persecuted, as was her divine Lord and Master; but this no more diminishes the sin and guilt of the proud aristocratical Establishment than, because Christ was to be rejected of the Jews, they committed less sin in rejecting him.

Such as have never been within her pale, or have not been trained up at the great public schools and Universities of the Church of England, have little or no idea of the deep-rooted, we may say, fanatical attachment which burns in the breast of her children—a love as blind, but as deep and ardent, as fired the breast of Paul for the traditions of the Pharisees when he sat at the feet of Gamaliel or held the clothes of the witnesses who stoned to death the martyr Stephen. Those who have been cradled in dissent, their eyes not being blinded by this idolatrous enthusiasm, see, and see truly, her errors and corruptions, her worldly character and domineering spirit. Calmly and coolly comparing her with the scriptural marks of the church of God, they perceive in her scarce one feature of the bride of Christ; and instead of her being a chaste virgin espoused to the Lord the Lamb, they behold her gathering lovers to her embrace as shamelessly and as indiscriminately as Aholab and Aholibah.

Were we to judge merely from what floats on the surface, we might think the National Church was tottering to its fall. The very world is now crying out against the sordid avarice and shameless rapacity of her bishops, and against the miserable evasions and subterfuges which they employ in order to appropriate to themselves large sums beyond their assigned incomes. Puseyism, that twin-sister to abhorred Popery, on one side is eating as a gangrene into the very vitals of Church of Englandism; and Infidelity, on the other, is rapidly infecting the literature of the country and fearfully spreading amongst the masses. But underneath this apparent weakness she conceals an amazing vitality and strength. Like some aged asthmatics, who seem always dying, but gasp and cough on till ninety, burying two or three crops of hale, hearty youths, the Church of England has been wheezing and panting and seemingly all but expiring again and again, and yet appears to be getting stronger and stronger every year. Churches are rising by hundreds in every district, and the Universities can hardly supply students fast enough to minister in them. Who can solve this enigma, that whilst, for many just reasons, the Church of England is daily falling into well-merited contempt,

her power is increasing? Without using harsh, unbecoming expressions, we think that the streets of our great towns will afford a solution. There is a miserable class of females who are justly contemned by the virtuous of both sexes, but whose numbers show that their nets are not spread in vain for the vicious. The Scripture compares a false church to a harlot. It is the easy virtue of the National Church which makes her so generally acceptable. So indulgent a mistress suits well the racing lord and fox-hunting squire; and her benignant smiles, if they do sometimes cost the farmer five shillings an acre, or his opulent landlord £50 for a new organ, yet they cheer them with hope of heaven when they die, if they are but constant in their attentions to her as long as they live.

The attachment, then, of worldly people to a worldly religion is no great mystery; it is no riddle for a Samson to put forth, or requiring a Solomon to solve. There is a greater mystery, a harder enigma than this—how gracious men, servants of the living God, believers in and followers of the Lord Jesus, can remain contentedly in her embrace. Toplady, Romaine, Berridge, Hawker—what burning and shining lights were these! Yet were they members and ministers of the National Church, and never seem to have been troubled with doubts or scruples as to her scriptural character and position. They lived and died honoured of God, and their names are embalmed in the hearts of his children. But they are gone, and have left neither son nor heir; for where is there a minister now in the Church of England who is worthy, we will not say to stand in their pulpits, but even to open for them the pulpit door? There are a few who preach the same doctrines; but where is the savour, and power, and, above all, the blessing of God which clothed the ministry of those eminent servants of the Most High? Nor indeed is it to be expected. God has worked, and still, in a spiritual sense, does work miracles; but it is not his ordinary course of action. A man may be found alive under a snow-wreath, or in a tomb; but we do not expect to find many there, or that those thus found should be very warm or very lively. Surrounded with ice and the cold damps of the sepulchre, we need hardly wonder that there are so few living ministers in the Church of England, and that those few manifest so little vitality or strength. The system is so deadening that, were it possible to extinguish the life of God, there could be no living men in her. Some, once known to ourselves, did appear at one time to possess life, but the event, we fear, has proved that it was not the life of God. Sin, we know, dulls and

deadens the conscience, and few sins do this more effectually than what we may call religious sins. Many men, it is to be apprehended, have gone into the ministry of the Establishment with tender consciences, doubting and fearing whether they were acting right in the step they were taking. When the occasional services have come before them for performance, their lips, perhaps, have faltered as they thanked God for regenerating the sprinkled infant, or taking to himself some miserable drunkard. But by degrees their conscience becomes less sensitive; the words are pronounced, more glibly and boldly; inward checks are less and less felt; and arguments arise, or are suggested by others, to keep quiet that intruding voice which speaks so very uncomfortably. The young curate is presented to a living; a wife is taken; and, in due time, olive branches of greater and less dimensions spread themselves round the vicarage table. Hedge after hedge, wall after wall are built round him as he advances onward into middle life. By degrees he drops his Calvinistic creed, and becomes a more acceptable preacher to the gentry and rich tradespeople. He imbibes a little Puseyism, and talks of "our venerable church" and its "admirable liturgy," is made a rural dean or an archdeacon, and settles down into a thoroughly worldly man, an enemy of God and godliness, a determined hater of all dissent, and, where he can, a persecutor of the saints.

But take another case. Let us reverse the process. In steel engraving, the iron plate is, at one stage of the process, hardened into steel, and at another the steel plate is softened into iron. We have seen how the iron is hardened into steel; let us now see how the steel is softened into iron. Take the case of a man who has entered the ministry of the Establishment, as most do, for a piece of bread, without any breath of divine life in his soul. Let the Lord, sooner or later, commence a work of grace in his heart, and lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet in his conscience. Let him be brought, through convictions of sin and distress of mind, to the Lord Jesus Christ, and have a manifestation of God's mercy and love to his soul. Let him now worship God in spirit and in truth, and walk before him in godly fear, will not, must not, his eyes be in a measure opened to see and his heart be made to feel what he is surrounded by? Lazarus dead in the sepulchre saw not its darkness, felt not its coldness, smelt not its odour; but Lazarus, living, came forth out of them all. But Lazarus was bound hand and foot with the grave-clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin, till the liberating word came, "Loose him,

and let him go." So we trust there are a few living men, whose hands and feet are bound round with the gown, and their faces swathed about with the surplice, but to whom, in the Lord's own time, the liberating word will come, "Loose him, and let him go."

A man in the Establishment with the grace and fear of God in his heart is in a very trying position. He may not have strength to come out, and yet has a burdened conscience while continuing in. We would desire to sympathize with such; and our desire is, that they would seek counsel of the Lord, and neither on the one hand harden their consciences by doing them continual violence, nor on the other take any step without beforehand well counting the cost. To give them right counsel is most difficult, and well-nigh impracticable. Suppose, for instance, we say, "Stay in," we should seem to counsel them to continue in wrong doing; and suppose we say, "Come out," unless we can give them grace and faith we might lead them to take a step in the flesh. The Lord alone, the wonderful Counsellor, can either show them how to act or enable them to do what his gracious Spirit prompts. Unless rightly brought out, they will have little comfort themselves, and be of little benefit to the Church of God.

Among the many objectionable things in the Prayer Book, there are few, if any, worse than what is called the Catechism. As a compilation of Christian doctrine, it is one of the poorest, most meagre skeletons that could well be put together, and, compared with the Articles, Burial Service, and some of the Collects, a disgrace to the Prayer Book. The author of "The Christian Year" speaks of the "soothing influence" of the Prayer Book. Most soothing indeed it is, and it has soothed tens of thousands into the sleep of death. The laudanum of the Catechism is dosed out drop by drop in every parish school; and most soothing it would be to the poor little things who are compelled to take it, were they able to swallow it; but its greatest advantage is, that they cannot understand it. It is with them a mere exercise of verbal memory, and they gabble over their abracadabra as school boys repeat by rote their Latin grammar, or the little cathedral choristers chant the Nicene Creed.

The author of the work before us has drawn his sword very valiantly against this misshapen idol; for, like most heathen idols, which seem worshipped with fervour proportionate to their ugliness, the Catechism is the great idol of the

patron and patronesses of parish schools. His language is perhaps a little too strong in places, but he no doubt felt that to root up and hack to pieces such an idol required some vigorous and repeated blows.

The following extracts will give some idea of the work:

"Q.—I ask, then, what is the seventeenth lie?

"A.—They 'promise and vow that I should believe all the articles of the Christian faith.'

"A.—Faith is the gift of God, Scripture abundantly and everywhere EXPRESSLY says. (Eph. 2:8; Pet. 1:1; Rom. 12:3; &c. &c. &c.)

"A.—Yes, and it had need be too; for faith saves: 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Works cannot, in whole or in part, save. The giving of faith, therefore, is the brightest diadem in Christ's kingly crown, as regards the salvation of any of the children of men. For these ignorant godfathers and godmothers, with a blind priest to huddle and muffle up thus so important, so very important a doctrine and feature of Christianity, I should wish to be put for a thousand lies. Truly 'the blind do lead the blind, and they both fall into the ditch.' To muffle, to put blinders on, to huddle up, and confusedly to muzzle and becloud faith which saves is thus worse than a thousand lies. It trifles with, it sells for lies; it beclouds the souls of men as to what faith is, where it comes from; who is the giver. It puts men and children into a fog and mist of error, and endeavours thus secretly to confirm them in it, as to what faith is. And, instead of pointing out faith as the Kingly Gift of Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords, it puts it thus on a parcel of ignorant pope-made godmothers and godfathers, ('woe worth them!') with a blind priest to teach them this erroneous Church Catechism; and then for a dead political Parliamentary prelate, 'dead in sins,' to confirm the people in such awful lies!

"I cannot but be warm on this point, for when I was enabled to see the grand error of the Church of England in this its Catechism and elsewhere, muffling, putting blinders on, and muzzling this capital doctrine of the Bible; had I ten thousand tongues, I would have cried out against the Church of England thus, elsewhere and in this wretched Catechism, committing thus the crime of high

treason against God as regards faith."

"Q.—Which is the twenty-ninth lie?

"A.—'And I heartily thank our heavenly Father that he hath called me to this state of salvation, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.'

Q.—There are eight or nine lies in that sentence, I think I can clearly see.

"A.—You must go through them.

Q.—1. Thanking God for lies is one. 2. Palming the lies on God the Father is the second. 3. Heartily thanking is the third for there is no heart in it; it is all a whim of the Pope. 4. Saying 'our' heavenly Father is the fourth; for if 'our' refers to any one rightly, it refers to Satan, the father of such lies and liars. 5. Saying 'he' (God) had called to this sad state is the fifth lie. 6. Calling it 'this state of salvation' is the sixth lie. 7. And saying it was 'through Jesus Christ' is the seventh lie. And 8. '*Our* Saviour,' alluding to such rebels, thus neck-deep in lies, is the eighth lie. That makes thirty-six lies.

"A.—Yes, thirty-six lies.

"Q.—Which is the thirty-seventh lie?

"A.—'And I pray unto God to give me his grace, that I may continue in the same unto my life's end.'

"Q.—I think there are six or seven lies again.

"1. To pray unto God amid such froth, lies, and stuff is an abomination, or lie. 2. To ask God to give his grace as a seal to such abominations is horrible, or a lie. 3. For the child to continue in the lies is a lie. 4. To ask God to cause the child to continue in the *identical*, or 'same' lies, is a fourth abomination, or lie; for, glaring lies need repentance, not stubbornness in them. 5. And 'to my life's end' is awful; for, if this is the case, the child must be in hell, as far as I can see."

**"Q.—Which is the forty-second lie?**

**"A.—'Rehearse the articles of thy belief.' (Here this misnamed Apostles' Creed is repeated.) 'What dost thou chiefly learn in these articles of thy belief?'**

**"Q.—Now comes again the grand error.**

**"A.—'First, I learn to believe.'**

**"Q.—Stop.**

**"A.—Well, this is clear enough.**

**"Q.—It is all of a piece.**

**"A.—Well, instead of saying that faith is a divine 'Gift,' 'wrought by the exceeding greatness of divine power,' as the Scriptures everywhere set faith forth, as being that which sensibly, through God's enabling, 'gives the soul access into grace,' wherein the redeemed and saved stand 'feelingly before God,' and thus 'rejoice in hope,' vitally, 'of the Glory of God.' The apostles thus properly prayed to the right quarter: 'Lord, increase our faith.' And in the Acts of the Apostles, setting forth thus faith as God's special gift, and as triumphantly saying: 'As many as were ordained to eternal life believed.'" It will be seen from the above extracts that the writer has used great plainness of speech; and that if not set off with much adornment of style or language, it has the advantage of being fully intelligible by the poor, to whom it is chiefly addressed.**

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**Epistles of Faith. By the late Mr. Huntington.—(September, 1853.)**

**It was the firm belief of Dr. Gill and Mr. Huntington that Popery would once more lift up its head and become the dominant religion in this country. Both of them were, we know, men of great mental capacity, deep insight into the Scriptures, of which they were most diligent and unwearied students, and endowed, Mr. Huntington in an extraordinary degree, with the gifts and**

graces of the Spirit of God.

**But though they both decidedly maintained that Popery would prevail, yet they as firmly believed its reign would be short. Considering that the witnesses (Rev. 11:7) would be slain at that period, and taking the "three days and a half" to signify, in prophetic language, so many years, they limited the dominion of Popery in this country to the space of three years and a half.**

**The concurrence of two such eminent servants of God on these points is the more remarkable when we take into consideration that in their day Popery was at the lowest ebb. In the time of Dr. Gill, Romanism seemed to be almost a breathless corpse; and Mr. Huntington lived in the days of the first French Revolution, when the Roman Catholic worship was proscribed in France, and afterwards when Rome was formally annexed to the French Empire and the Pope was a prisoner in the hands of Bonaparte. To judge according to appearances, there seemed at that time no prospect of Popery reviving from its prostrate, humiliated condition. The cloud which we have seen to gather was then but as a man's hand in the far horizon. Nor was the channel then apparent through which Popery was to enter. External violence, such as a French invasion, was expected to be the means of its conquest rather than internal treachery. But we have lived to see, what might after all have been justly anticipated, that the citadel which could not be taken by storm might be captured by treason. On one point we have long differed from Mr. Huntington. He viewed the Church of England as the great outward bulwark against Popery. We believe just the contrary—that it is its main fortress. John Knox, speaking of the old monasteries and cathedrals in Scotland, used to say, "Cut down the trees, and the rooks will fly away." In England the trees were left standing, or at least only a few outer branches were cut away; and what is the consequence? That the nests are all ready for the Popish rooks when they have driven out the Puseyistic jackdaws. What more can they want? There are the churches and cathedrals all ready for the mass when they have been duly sprinkled with holy water; there are palaces ready for the bishops and the parsonages for the priests, requiring no alteration beyond pulling down the nursery; there are the tithes to support them, the titles to honour them, the organs and choristers to chant to them, and the bells to ring to them. In fact, they will only come back to their own, for all these were their inventions.**

**There is such a just and deep-seated antipathy to Popery in this country, it is so opposed to all those principles of civil and religious liberty which beat in every truly English heart, that it was well nigh impossible for it to come in in its real shape. Popery, as it appears in really Popish lands, such as Spain, Portugal, or Italy, would not be tolerated in Protestant England, at least would not have been some years back. It could, therefore, only come in under a disguise. It could not enter through the front gate, therefore slipped in through the back one; crept down the area steps of the Church of England, and sneaked in through the kitchen door of Puseyism. This plan was tried two hundred years ago. King Charles I. and Archbishop Laud held what is now called Puseyism, and laboured hard to force it on the nation. But the stout hearts and stout hands of our Puritan ancestors, by the favour of God, overthrew their designs, and cut the sinews both of tyranny and Popery in the most decisive and effectual manner.**

**One remarkable characteristic, however, of Popery is its undying energy and tenacity of purpose. Penetrated to the very core with corruption both in doctrine and practice, it yet does not die of mortal disease. So far from being weakened by age, it gets stronger as it grows older, and is pushing its conquests in all directions. Sixty years ago, it was death throughout France to be a Roman Catholic priest. "Priests to the lamp-post"\* was the cry of the mob in Paris and all the great towns. The priests throughout that large empire control, if they do not constitute, the governing power. In the beginning of the present century Popery was scarcely heard of in England. There were a few old Roman Catholic families in whose private chapels mass was administered chiefly by priests educated abroad; and there were a few scores of French refugee priests who had fled to our hospitable shores from proscription and death. But this mere passive Popery, like a sleeping body, neither stirred nor spoke. It was as torpid as a snake in its hole, or a toad in a cucumber frame during the month of December.**

**\* At that period there were, properly speaking, no lamp posts in Paris, but the streets were lighted by a large lamp, or lantern, suspended across the centre of the street from a rope. The sanguinary mob of Paris found out that this mode of suspension formed a ready means of hanging on the spot, without judge or jury, a priest or an "aristocrat," or any one to whom the said sovereign mob had conceived a dislike. At the cry of "Pretres a la lanterne," ("priests to the**

lamp,") the wretched man was seized, the lamp lowered from one side of the street, a noose fastened round his neck, and the lamp drawn up again, by the side of which dangled, in dying agonies, the victim of mob law. On one occasion, as some priests were conveyed to prison in a coach, a man mounted on the steps with a knife in his hand, and stabbed every one either to the heart or wherever he could best reach, so that the blood flowed through the carriage into the street.

But what a change have we lived to see! The snake has crawled out and is laying its eggs in every corner. Popery has come forth disguised as Puseyism; and there are hundreds of parishes where the doctrine inculcated from the pulpits by young, active, energetic ministers is essentially and radically Popish. Mr. Huntington's view that the Church of England was the outer court which protected the inner was justified by the circumstances of his time. Fifty years ago the Church of England was mainly divided into two sections, one the old High Church "Orthodox" party, as they called themselves; the other, the Low Church or "Evangelical" party. These were quite opposed in doctrine, but were on one point fully agreed—opposition to Popery, though on different grounds, the Orthodox chiefly for political reasons, the Evangelical for religious. As types of the two parties we might take Lord Eldon and Mr. Wilberforce, the former the grand supporter of the Orthodox, the latter of the Evangelical party, and each their leader and mouthpiece. But both these parties are well nigh extinct. A new body has sprung up, said to number of positive adherents four thousand clergy, and probably including, besides the main army, an almost equal number of allies, who, though they may hover, as if undecided, on the outskirts of the camp, are really with them in heart.

People wonder sometimes at the progress of Puseyism. But when we look at it a little more closely, there is nothing extraordinary in its growth and progress, at least among the clergy. It is worth observation that it is chiefly the young clergy who are most deeply tainted with its principles, and that this circumstance is the main cause of its extension. There is thus a gradual introduction of it through the length and breadth of the land. The process is very gradual, and scarcely observable, but not less real. Here is a quiet country village, where the old rector dies—a harmless man, whom religion never troubled, and who never troubled himself about religion; or a new church is built in a populous district. Soon a young man makes his

appearance with a frock coat down to his heels and a waistcoat buttoned up to the chin, over which peeps a white stock. Who is this? The new rector or the young curate who is come to take possession of the church, and become the pastor of the parish flock. But why notice his dress? What is there in a man's clothes? A good deal, or we should not allude to it. This is the Puseyistic livery, an imitation of the dress of the Popish priest, accustoming the eye and gradually paving the way for the full-blown Popish canonicals. There is no noise nor commotion in the parish beyond a little staring at the new minister. Few care to inquire what doctrine he will preach. Now, if there were a Catholic chapel built and a regular priest sent from Stoneyhurst, the Protestant feeling would be roused, the whole parish thrown into alarm and up in arms; but the new rector comes in without any suspicion being created, and yet is at heart a rank Romanist. He has the ears of the whole place, and without suspicion can advance one Romish doctrine after another till he gradually leavens the parish. And even if the people begin to perceive what is going on, they have no remedy. Of what use is it to appeal to the bishop or the patron, who are both probably Puseyites too? There is indeed one remedy—to leave; but the author of the mischief is still there, who, fortified by the bishop's favour and the laws of the land, can almost preach what he pleases and do as he pleases. Were he a Calvinist, the bishop would try to turn him out; but he may go to the very verge of Romanism, and stand high in his diocesan's favour. Could Rome devise anything better than this to promote her ends? It is doing for her what she could not do herself; and, if Satan and the Pope could lay their heads together, each of them would say that this was the very best thing that could be done for their mutual interest.

But why should this youth be a Puseyite? A great deal, of course, is due to the example and influence of others, especially the air that he has been breathing lately at the University, which is as much loaded with Puseyism as Manchester is with smoke, or the Scotch mountains with mist. But this would not be of much avail were not the whole bent of the system to exalt the priest. *That* is the grand secret of its success among the young clergy. All men love power and influence. It feeds their pride and ambition. Now every Romish doctrine gives power to the priest. That he is a mediator between the sinful laity and God is the spirit of all their doctrines. To whom must sin be confessed? To the priest. Who gives absolution? The priest. Who offers sacrifice for the living and the dead? The priest. Who administers every ordinance? The priest. He

has the keys of hell and death, unlocks purgatory, and opens paradise. The Lord Jesus is virtually dethroned, and the priest put into his place. Now this is genuine Popery. How can we wonder, then, that a number of youths, as ignorant of vital godliness and spiritual religion as the wild Arab, should embrace a system which, with a magical touch of the bishop's hand, transforms nobodies into somebodies; which takes a raw lad, who in the army would be but a marching ensign, or in the law a briefless barrister, and transplants him into a parish as a privileged dispenser of the favours of heaven? The very man who a few months back hacked and hammered through a University examination, pale as a sheet and dripping to his very fingers' ends, now mounts the pulpit as the only teacher of religion to the people, the only channel of grace, to turn away from whom is to despise God, and in whose assembly not to worship is to commit the deadly sin of schism. Looking at the darkness of the mind of man, and at the bewitching influence of Satan, the great juggler, who does not see that a system which puts a man from the bottom to the top of the tree at one step must be acceptable to the natural heart? A man's good sense may revolt against such absurd intolerance; but every real Churchman is a Puseyite in heart.

Now this is the door through which Popery will come in, if it should ever prevail in this country. In fact, it is in already as much as a thief is in the house whose finger is lifting up the kitchen window. The first step is to preach under a disguise Popish doctrines, and then, when these are generally received, to introduce Popish practices.

The Romish system is a complete chain, the links of which are so connected that the introduction of the first necessitates the drawing on of the second. This is true as regards both her doctrines and her practices; and this makes us view with suspicion the least approximation to one or the other.

One of the worst, if not the worst of Popish practices is that of CONFESSON. This is indeed one of the depths of Satan. "Confess your faults one to another," says James. What faults? Why, where brethren have wronged or misunderstood each other, let them mutually acknowledge their error. On this text has Satan built up the doctrine and practice of confession to a priest of every sin that the penitent can remember. To assist his memory and drag sin to light, the priest is instructed to ask questions of the most searching, and in

many cases of the most revolting nature. In Popish countries it is the greatest crime, in some instances punishable with death, to take the sacrament without going first to confession and obtaining absolution from the priest. All young persons must "make," as the term is, "their first communion" when they are about fifteen or sixteen. The questions which the priests are not only authorized but directed to put to young females are so revolting, we may say hideous, that we dare not allude to them. Now think of our daughters, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, kneeling before a lecherous priest questioning them on topics which their mothers dare not hint at. Shall Protestant England ever submit to see her modest daughters thus profaned under the mockery of religion? But what if the penitent be ignorant of the priest's meaning. Why, he must make her understand him by using plainer language. Or what if, from modesty, she remain silent? She must answer ever question under penalty of mortal sin and being denied absolution and the Lord's supper—a prey to a guilty conscience and a disgrace to her friends. The confessional is Rome's chief instrument of power. Here family secrets are wormed out; here every circumstance is traced out which can affect the church. It is Rome's secret police, giving her access to every hearth, and, like a spider, weaving a web round every home. To turn and twist a text of Scripture like that of James into this mighty engine, to seek to destroy female modesty by confession of sin, and to hold in the hands of Rome the domestic secrets of every family, is double-distilled devilism. Now, there are hundreds of Puseyistic clergy in this country who, with the least encouragement from the public, would set up the confessional in their churches. With the setting up of the confessional would come all the intolerable evils which we have alluded to, for there can be no half confession of sin before a man authorized to search your conscience; and then where is domestic confidence or female purity, when English wives are questioned about their husband's affairs, and English daughters on subjects fit only for a brothel?

Mr. Huntington, in the work before us, has unmasked Popery with a masterly hand. We hope, in a following Number, to furnish a fuller account of the work before us, which is a cheap republication of his correspondence with Miss Morton, a Roman Catholic lady who was chiefly by his instrumentality converted from the errors of Popery; but the following extract will, to those who never read his admirable letters, give a good idea of his cogent and scriptural style:

**"The religion of Jesus Christ consists in being a partaker of that faith, which is of the operation of the Spirit of God, of evangelical repentance towards God, and of being born of God; this makes us new creatures in Christ. In Christ Jesus 'circumcision and uncircumcision availeth nothing, but a new creature; and faith which worketh by love.' (Gal. 6:15, and 5:6.)**

**"This religion is of Christ, and Christ is the substance of this religion; it came from Christ, and will lead to, and end in Christ; he will own it, and honour it, when all others will appear like 'a garment that is moth-eaten.' A religion of human contrivance is all outside; it stands in 'bodily exercise, which profiteth little;' (1 Tim. 4:8; ) in 'will worship;' (Col. 2:23;) in 'voluntary humility;' (Col. 2:18;) in 'divers washings,' (Heb. 9:10; ) in 'abstaining from meats;' (1 Tim. 4:3; ) in 'sham fasts;' (Isa. 58:5;) in 'making a fair show in the flesh;' (Gal. 6:12;) in bowing to idols, wafers, and relics, in 'worshipping angels;' (Col. 2:18;) saints and sinners. Their confidence stands in 'lying wonders;' (2 Thess. 2:9;) in 'devils' miracles;' (Rev. 16:14;) in 'dead men's bones;' (Matt. 23:27;) in 'old wives' fables;' (1 Tim. 4:7;) in 'observance of days;' (Gal. 4:10;) in 'priestcraft;' (Eph. 4:14;) and 'fleshly wisdom.' (2 Cor. 1:12.) And all this by 'philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.' (Col. 2:8.)**

**"Such devotees perform their devotions as punishments for their sins, which makes it eye-service, performed in the shackles of a slave, in servile fear, after the doctrines and commandments of men. Such devotion is perfect bondage; there can be no joy nor happiness till it be over, and the poor slave slips his feet out of the stocks. Groping in the tombs, bowing to skeletons, and cringing to bones, make professors look more like moles and bats than the 'wings of a dove, covered with silver and her feathers with gold.' (Ps. 68:13.)"**

**Our next extract is from a letter of Miss Morton to Mr. Huntington, in answer to some of his inquiries concerning confession and other Roman Catholic practices:**

**"My soul abhors the remembrance of 'auricular confession.' I am a living witness of this abomination. David 'confessed his transgressions to the Lord, and he forgave him the iniquity of his sin.' I really never felt, when a Catholic,**

**any satisfaction in confessing my sins to the priest, but I have found it in pouring out my broken petitions before God by myself in private. Surely this is a most vile and sinful practice.**

**"I shall open to you the whole mystery without reserve, as you have questioned me so close on the subject. 'Reward her,' says God, 'even as she rewarded you; and double unto her double according to her works.' (Rev. 18:6.) It is a shame for a woman to approach these confessionals; if they were never wise in the scenes of iniquity before, the priest will be sure to instruct them, by asking such filthy and indecent questions that a modest woman would blush to think of. I declare to you that I was confined three days to my bed from my first confession; and thought then I never could have gone to confession a second time, being so abashed and confounded by the abominations that he had put in my head. I was truly terrified at a sinful thought, more from the idea of telling it to the priest than a fear of offending the Almighty God. O what a penance was this! At the same time, when it was over, my cursed pride was nursed, and I was congratulated as being an angel, without a sin on my conscience.**

**\* \* \* \* \***

**"But if it is mental purity you mean, judge ye of their minds, who, contrary to all the laws of God, of modesty, and decency, are constantly exposed to the filthy and lewd interrogations of such carnal priests; notwithstanding God has fixed a bar of modesty on every female mind, this is perpetually broken through, by putting questions to them on such subjects as the Scriptures declare ought not so much as 'to be named amongst the Gentiles.' (1 Cor. 5:1.)"**

***(Continued October, 1853.)***

**Popery may well be called "the masterpiece of Satan." Its singular adaptation to man's fallen nature, its flexibility, its deceptiveness, its subjecting to its dominion and casting into its peculiar mould every mind which submits to its influence, its pride, prejudice, and bigotry, its persecuting, demoniacal enmity against the saints of the Most High, its perversion of the word of God, its lying**

miracles, its gaudy pomp and show, its hardening, searing effect on men's consciences, the license it gives to sin, and its undying hatred to the gospel—all these features stamp Popery as the masterpiece of that Enemy of God and man, who combines the subtlest intellect with the most infernal malice. As a divine influence accompanies the gospel when it is made "the power of God unto salvation," so a Satanic influence accompanies the doctrines and practices of Popery. Of this we see daily instances in those who are justly called perverts. Men of the highest, acutest, and most logical intellect, believe the living legends of Romish saints, invented in the dark ages, and put their pretended miracles on a par with those in the Scriptures.\* Men, who previously shrank from the least approach to falsehood, no sooner embrace Romanism, than they outvie even Papists themselves in Jesuitical equivocations; and those who once stood forth free men, no sooner crouch at the feet of a priest than they sink into the most abject bondage, not daring to read, or inquire, or examine on which side truth or error lies. All these circumstances show that a peculiar influence accompanies Romanism, which will account both for its daily spread and amazing power.

\* There is now a lying fable current in France, and accredited by the Pope, about the Virgin Mary appearing at Salette, near Grenoble, to two children, and giving them a certain message. The invention of this fable has been traced up to an innkeeper, who wanted to bring customers to his inn, and sell, as miraculous, bottles of water from the well near which the Virgin was said to appear. This lying tale has just been imported into this country, and indulgences have been issued by the Pope for the pardon of the sins of those who worship this divine "Virgin of Salette."

All error, like common slander, is either based on truth, is mixed with truth, or passes current for truth. It would not otherwise get into circulation. Who would take base coin unless it resembled the true? The way to get a lie believed is to mix a dash of truth with it. A naked lie soon dies of cold and starvation; but a lie clothed with the garment of truth finds many a house to take it in, and almost becomes one of the family before it is exposed and turned out of doors. So with the doctrines and practices of Popery. They are so based on truth, mingled with truth, or dressed up in the garb of truth, that their deceptiveness does not at first sight appear.

Take, for instance, the institution which is making great progress in this country—that of monasteries and convents. On what truth is this institution based? On separation from the world, its ensnaring pleasures and employments, and entire devotedness of body, soul, and spirit to God. What can seem better at the first glance? If the salvation of his soul is and ever must be to the awakened sinner the main concern of life; but if, from the weakness of the flesh, he is overcome by the temptations of the world; if prayer, meditation, searching the Scriptures, Christian conversation, nurture the life of God; if solitude, fasting, hard labour, seclusion, be means of subduing the rebellious lusts of the flesh—if these premises be true, who can well deny the conclusion, that a monastery is the very place where every grace and fruit of the Spirit may best flourish, and sin be most effectually repressed and subdued? It was on these principles, apparently so scriptural and true, yet really involving radical error, that monasteries and nunneries were founded. See how truth and error are mixed together in these principles. To be separate from the world is good; it is a divine precept and truly Christian practice. But to come out of the world in spirit and to come out of the world in person are two different things. The apostle has settled this point, 1 Cor. 5:10; "for then must ye needs go out of the world," which a Christian is not called on to do, but to continue in it in person and calling, though in heart and spirit separate from it. God looks to the heart. One man may go out of the world into a monastery and have his heart full of it, as indeed it must be without the grace of God; another may continue in the world and yet by grace be utterly, in heart and spirit, separate from it. But these blind guides know no other way of coming out of the world than shutting a man up in a monastery, like the prisoner in a penitentiary, and no other way of crucifying the flesh than spare diet and cat-o'-nine-tails.

It is foreign to our present purpose to trace out the rise and progress of monastic institutions. A few words, however, may not be amiss on this point.

It was some time in the middle of the third Century that, during the Decian persecution, (A.D. 252) men called Hermits\* arose in Egypt. These men, of whom one called Paul† was the most distinguished, fled from the persecution to the stony deserts of Upper Egypt, where they dwelt alone in caves, spending, or rather professing to spend, their time in prayer, meditation, maceration of the body, and what they called communion with God.

**\* The word is properly "Eremites," which means literally, "inhabitants of the desert."**

**† Paul the Hermit, a very different character from his namesake, Paul the Apostle, lived in a lonely cave in Upper Egypt, more like a wild beast than a man, for about ninety years, where, according to the lying legends of the day, he wrought miracles, defeated Satan, subdued every sin, and rose to a sort of semi-angelic state†the *ne plus ultra* of Roman Catholic sanctity.**

**As error, superstition, and self-righteousness gradually increased, so did the number of these hermits, or anchorites,\* as they were sometimes called, of both sexes, until a monk, named Antony, in the fourth Century persuaded some of them to form themselves into a community, and to live together under certain fixed rules. This was the origin of monasteries, which spread with amazing rapidity, first over the East by the disciples of Antony, into Italy by Athanasius, and into Gaul and the West of Europe by Martin, Bishop of Tours, towards the close of the fourth Century.**

**\* The word "anchorite," or more properly "anchorete," signifies one who withdraws himself, that is, into the desert, out of the world.**

**We should not waste words upon this subject were not England threatened with an inundation of monks and nuns.**

**"Eremites and friars,  
White, and black, and grey, with all their trumpery."**

**These lazy drones were well broomed out at the time of the Reformation, and their hives overthrown. Such an exposure was then made of their flagitious practices and crimes that they were driven away amidst the hisses of the nation. But of late years their number has fearfully increased, especially nunneries, and there is every symptom of their rapid and continual multiplication. Almost all our Catholic aristocracy educate their daughters at these nunneries, and a practice is prevailing of immuring the younger sisters whom it is inconvenient to portion in marriage in these wretched institutions, where they, for the most part, drag out a miserable existence.**

**The monastic orders have always been the strongholds of Popery; and just now, when Rome is pushing her forces in all directions, she establishes, wherever she can, monasteries and convents, as so many advanced posts and fortresses in which to concentrate her strength. Humanly speaking, nothing can or will stop Rome in her projects to re-conquer these isles but the force of public opinion. Laws and enactments cannot do it, nor can Government or the Houses of Parliament. Rome can easily elude or baffle all their opposition. But enlightened public opinion, which now really governs this country, and, to a certain extent, influences the whole of the continent, Rome cannot withstand. This public opinion can, however, only be formed and extended by means of the press. Hence the value of all those publications which unmask and expose Popery. It was Luther's writings which, under the blessing of God, gave it such a deadly wound in Germany and brought on the Reformation. His powerful preaching was heard by comparatively few, but his pungent writings, full of the keenest wit and simple manly eloquence, penetrated the length and breadth of the land.**

**We want this bold, energetic, and enlightened spirit now. As a nation we seem half drugged from the wine cup of the Babylonish harlot. The most glaring instances of bigotry, tyranny, and superstition, which in any other sect would rouse the whole nation from one end of the land to the other, are passed by almost unregarded. Were any other denomination to immure young women in convents, detain them there, willingly or unwillingly, prisoners for life, deny all access to them from relatives and friends, except in the presence of a spy of their own party, appropriate all their property, confine them in close dungeons if disobedient to certain arbitrary rules, and throw a veil of impenetrable darkness over all their proceedings,—were any other religious body to do all this, what an outcry would fill the length and breadth of the land. The police would break in the doors, the mob would be ready to tear down the walls, the magistrates would meet, the Houses of Parliament would interfere, and such a storm of public indignation would rise that all would be swept before it. But Rome, trusting to her ancient name, and relying on her thousands of zealous and steadfast adherents here and abroad, may dare anything and do anything,—insult the Queen, laugh at Parliament, entrap heiresses into convents,\* besiege dying beds to sweep into her coffers the only support of the widow and fatherless, burn Bibles, and persecute, where she**

can, those who read them; and when she has done the most infernal deeds, neither repent nor confess them, but glory in them, as done for the honour and interest of the only true Catholic and Apostolic Church.

\* The Hon. Mrs. Petre has just sold property to the amount of £250,000. As she is a nun in an English nunnery, the whole of this immense sum falls to the convent. It is in this way that funds are obtained to spread Popery in this country.

But look at the basis on which all monastic institutions rest. It is avowedly to devote body and soul to the service of God. But how can this be done without grace? What blindness and folly to think that going into a convent can win the favour of God, procure the pardon of sin, cast out Satan, overcome the world, or subdue the evils of the heart.\* Let them fast, watch, mumble prayers, macerate their bodies, wear hair shirts, scourge their backs, keep their midnight vigils, their early matins, and their late vespers; let them wear their miserable apparel till filth and vermin rot it off their flesh; let them kneel and confess and receive absolution again and again; and let them wear out a miserable life in their gloomy cell,—will all this servile drudgery bring them to heaven? Can all these human contrivances mortify or subdue one sin? The rage and power of indwelling lust will break through all these self-devised inventions, as the foot of the traveller breaks through the gossamer threads of the autumn meadow. Where in all this wretched monkery is grace, the blood of the Lamb, faith, hope, or love, and the teachings of the Holy Ghost? If this be the way of getting to heaven, Christ has died in vain, and works of human merit are the ladder of salvation. The whole principle is wrong, root and branch, taken under its most favourable aspect, and assuming that in this country the convents are free from immorality. But knowing what human nature is, and what man can and will do when temptation and opportunity combine, and a shroud of darkness covers all deeds, we need not wonder that a convent now may become what they undoubtedly were at the time of the Reformation—little better than a brothel.

\* That part of the experience of Joseph Perry in our present Number, to which we have called our readers' attention, is very much to the point on this subject.

**Public opinion should, therefore, be enlisted against the existence and increase of nunneries in this country; and this is the main reason why we have travelled out of our usual domain to dwell on the subject, and why we recommend the work at the head of the present article.**

**Miss Morton was a young woman whose father attended the ministry of Mr. Romaine, and she was therefore, of course, brought up a Protestant; but being a governess, and finding her deficiency in the French language, she went to Boulogne to attain it, and boarded there in a convent. It was there she was converted, or rather perverted to Popery; but returning to England, she was induced chiefly by curiosity to hear Mr. Huntington, whose ministry fell with great weight on her mind. She therefore wrote to him a long letter, which he answered in an epistle of equal or greater length. A further correspondence ensued, which was eventually published in the "Epistles of Faith." The edition which we have thought desirable to notice is a cheap reprint, and will amply repay reading. Mr. Huntington's letters are weighty and his arguments clear and powerful. He seems to have had a clear and remarkable insight into the nature and spirit of Popery, and has attacked it with scriptural weapons, mingling the whole with that peculiar vein of wit and humour which makes his writings so pungent and lively. The letters of Miss Morton are, of course, inferior to his; but there is in them a good deal of curious and authentic information about nunneries as they existed at that period, and they are probably little altered now. The following extract will give a good idea of Mr. Huntington's keen and powerful pen:—**

**"As for the 'holy Catholic Church,' I read of no such church in the Bible, nor you either; it is a name that the disciples of Christ have nothing to do with. The grace of faith, the word of faith, and Christ the object of faith, must all be in a man's heart, if ever he be saved. The word 'Catholic' is stuffed into the Common Prayer Book, but what have the saints of God to do with that?"**

**"God never tells me to approach him with any creeds, nor with any forms of prayer of human composition. A man must 'know his own sore, and his own grief,' (2 Chron. 6:29.) and pray by the 'Spirit, if he prevails with God.' The holy Catholic Church that you contend for is national, which the church of God is not, nor ever was; for though Israel were all called God's people, yet the promises were applied to none but the remnant of his heritage. All the**

**world, if they choose, may belong to your church. Christ's kingdom is not of this world; he takes them out of it, as he did the elect Jews, one of a city, and two of a tribe.**

**"The whole world is said to wander after the beast, but not the elect of God, for they are not of it, but are chosen out of it; as it is written, 'My kingdom is not of this world; I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me out of it;' but your Catholic Church consists of whole nations; thieves, robbers, murderers, persecutors, haters of God, whoremongers, mockers of God, burners of the Bible, and makers of idols,—all are members of the Catholic Church. Pray what became of the church of God for 4,000 years before the dragon gave the Pope his power, and his seat, and great authority?' (Rev. 13:2.)**

**"Is charging the word of God with errors, a sign of a holy church, when Christ says his word 'is all right to him that understandeth, and shall never fail or pass away?' Is blotting out the second commandment and many other parts of the Scriptures, and introducing their own fables instead thereof, a sign of the true church, when God threatens that man with all the curses in his book that does it, and with no part in it that takes a word from it? (Rev. 22:18, 19; Deut. 4:2; 12:32.) If he be threatened that adds a word, or diminishes a word, what damnation shall they be thought worthy of that burn the whole? Were not the King of Judah, his servants, and all Israel sent into captivity for burning Jeremiah's roll? Are not these the men that 'take away the key of knowledge?' that enter not into heaven themselves, and hinder others? Is it not 'life eternal to know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent?' And can we know him without the Bible? Does not 'faith come by hearing, and hearing by the word of God?' Are burning the saints, hanging of them, drawing them to pieces with horses, devouring them with wild beasts, blowing them up with gunpowder, and cursing them with bell, book, and candle, any characteristics of the church of Christ? Are a bloody inquisition, racking upon the wheel, persecuting with fire and sword, extorting confessions that no understanding can comprehend, and which they themselves can never explain,—I say, are these the weapons that Christ furnished his disciples with, to convert souls to the faith of the gospel?**

**"If the whole word of God declares that there is but one Mediator, one**

**Advocate, one Intercessor, and that God sent Corah, Dathan, and Abiram, and all their company into the pit alive for wanting to multiply mediators, and rebukes Aaron, and smites Miriam with leprosy for interfering with the one Mediator; what shall we say of them who have brought in saints of God's making, and saints of their own canonising, angels, men, and women, as intercessors, mediators, and advocates? God has set up his son Jesus Christ upon his holy hill of Zion; but who set up all these?**

**"When Christ says, 'Except ye eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man, ye have no life in you,' (John 6:53,) does it imply that the Son of God is to be turned into a wafer? And when Christ says, 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life,' (John 6:63,) does the Saviour mean that the mumbling over a few words by a blind priest shall turn or transubstantiate a wafer into what Christ calls 'Spirit and life?' It is the Holy Ghost that quickeneth: 'The words that I speak, they are *spirit*, and they are *life*.' Shall a juggling priest turn a wafer into immortality and eternal life? If Christ's expressions of 'eating his flesh and drinking his blood' are spirit and life, does he mean that so gross a substance should be turned into divinity? If the Saviour's meat and drink be an entertainment for the bowels, instead of the mind and conscience, a body thus fed should never die. 'This is the bread that came down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die.' (John 6:50.) But by eating his flesh and drinking his blood, pardon, peace, and eternal life are meant, which are procured by his death, and conveyed to the soul by his Spirit; and that is the entertainment that you want at this time; and the soul that is thus blessed and fed shall never die the second death; nor shall a final separation ever take place between God and such a happy soul.**

**"Are such relics as the tail of an ass, the splinters of a cross, the milk of a woman, a bit of a stick at the bosom, the bones of dead saints, and the tricks of living ones,—I say, are these the ornaments of Christ's church? Does not God command us not to 'seek the living among the dead?' Did not our Saviour cast the legion of devils out of the crazy Gadarene, that he should grope among the tombs no more? and did he ever do it till the devil was in him? Did not the angels rebuke the pious women for peeping into the Saviour's tomb, telling them that he was risen, that they might be 'begotten again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Christ from the dead,' and not settle their hopes in a**

grave?"

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**Spiritual Pride; its Deceitful Nature and Evil Fruits. By President Edwards.—  
(November, 1853.)**

**Persecution has, in all ages, been a fruitful instrument in promoting the spread of the gospel. The forcible and often quoted expression of Tertullian, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," has been verified again and again, from the times of Nero, when Christians, wrapped up in pitched garments, were burnt alive to illuminate the Emperor's gardens at Rome, to the bonfires of Smithfield, kindled by bloody Mary. Never was Satan more thoroughly outshot by his own bow than when he egged on his children to drown the church in her own blood; for the very means adopted, at his instigation, by ungodly kings and rulers to crush the kingdom of God have ever contributed most powerfully to its extension. It was so in the days of the apostles: "And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, except the apostles." "Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word." (Acts 8:1, 4.) The blind Pharisees thought if they could extinguish the church at Jerusalem, they would effectually nip in the bud this new-fangled doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth. But they acted like a man trying to beat down with his stick a ripe thistle; their blows at the stem dispersed the seed all over the fields. From the ashes of Stephen there sprang a Paul. The kings of the earth might set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against his Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. But he that sitteth in the heavens laughed; the Lord had them in derision; for he had fixed, and would declare the firm decree, I have set my King, King Jesus, upon his holy hill of Zion.**

**What laid the foundation of that mighty Republic whose territory now stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and whose flag waves in every sea of both hemispheres? *Persecution*: and shame be it for us to confess, English persecution; nay, what is worse, Protestant persecution. It was the**

**cruel, unintermitting, and ungodly persecutions of the Puritans by the rulers of the Church of England, spread over well-nigh a century of priestly dominion, which drove to the wild shores of the Western Continent the "Pilgrim Fathers," whose memory will remain embosomed in the hearts of our American brethren whilst the earth endures.**

**As it was from these self-exiled Puritans that Jonathan Edwards, the celebrated author of the work before us, derived his birth, and as it is a portion of modern history probably little known to our readers, it may not be wholly out of place, by way of introduction to the treatise at the head of this article, to give a faint sketch of the rise of that colony which, under the name of New England, has become so widely and justly celebrated.**

**We have already hinted that it was persecution which peopled the North American wilds; and we have now to add, that it was the prison and the halter in the hands of English bishops and archbishops which drove out of England those true-hearted believers who preferred to worship God in Spirit and in truth in the gloomy forests of New England, rather than belie their consciences in their native homes. Of these ruthless episcopal persecutors, the foremost in virulence was Archbishop Whitgift, who was raised to the see of Canterbury by Queen Elizabeth, A.D. 1583, for the express purpose of crushing what her imperious Majesty abhorred more than Popery itself— Nonconformity in all points to the Church of England. Obedient to the commands of his royal mistress, who, though she was wont to call him "her little black husband," was so far from being an obedient wife that she declared she could make or mar, frock or unfrock\* him and his brother prelates at her pleasure, the Calvinistic archbishop, with the same pen which had drawn up the famous Lambeth definitions of election and reprobation† published three new articles, which all the clergy were called upon to subscribe. Our space will only permit us to give part of the second, which was the one mainly objected to by the Puritan clergy: "II. That the Book of Common Prayer and of Ordering Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, containeth nothing contrary to the word of God." More than 200 of the clergy refused to subscribe to this article, in consequence of which they were summarily deprived of their livings. Burghley, the Queen's Prime Minister, though on political grounds hostile enough to the Puritans, the Lords of the Privy Council, (somewhat similar in position to the modern Cabinet Ministers,) and**

**the House of Commons, were all against the arbitrary measures of the archbishop; but, undeterred by their opposition, and well knowing the despotic character of the Queen, he fell on his knees before her, begging her "to support the sinking church." Fired at the attempt to encroach, as she considered, on her prerogative as the Head of the Church, the Queen reprimanded the House of Commons for their audacity, and bade them "meddle no further in these matters." The House of Commons, timid in those days as a flock of sheep, crouched at the feet of their Royal mistress, and abandoned the Puritans to their persecutors. Then commenced that long series of suspensions, deprivations, banishments, imprisonments, and judicial murders, whereby our Puritan forefathers were persecuted and harassed for well-nigh a hundred years.**

**\* Her well-known letter to the Bishop of Ely, shows how this imperious dame, true daughter of Henry VIII., could write as Head of the Church to her servile bishops:**

**"Proud Prelate,†I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you know, that I who made you what you are can unmake you, and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagements I will unfrock you.**

**Yours as you demean yourself,           "ELIZABETH."**

**† The celebrated Lambeth articles are nine in number. The following are among them:**

- 1. "God hath, from eternity, predestinated certain persons to life; and hath reprobated certain persons unto death."**
- 2. "The moving, or efficient cause of predestination unto life, is not the foresight of faith or of perseverance, or of good works, or of anything that is in the persons predestinated; but the alone will of God's good pleasure."**
- 5. "The true lively and justifying faith, and the Spirit of God justifying, is not extinguished, does not utterly fail, doth not vanish away, in the elect either finally or totally."**
- 8. "No man is able to come to Christ unless it be given him, and unless the Father draw him; and all men are not drawn by the Father, that they may come to his love."**
- 9. "It is not in the will or power of every man to be saved."**

**But the chief weight of the storm fell on that section of the Puritans who, from their first founder, were called Brownists. A few words will explain why the main fury of the tempest fell on them. Robert Brown was a Church of England clergyman, who, separating from the Establishment, first preached the doctrine of the independence of gospel churches, meaning by that tenet that every church, based upon gospel principles, was in its constitution, government, pastor, deacons, and ordinances, wholly independent of all other churches. He therefore denied that the Church of England was a true church, and would not allow that her ministers were regularly ordained. Her discipline he viewed as Popish and antichristian, and her sacraments and ordinances null and invalid. Nor would he allow his people to join with her in prayer, hearing, or any part of public worship.**

**He thus, both in principle and practice, struck at the root of all existing churches at home and abroad, and as much condemned the Lutheran Church in Germany, the Reformed in Switzerland, and the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, as the National Establishment of England. But as these views were more particularly levelled at the Church of England, they drew forth the peculiar and unbounded wrath of its heads. Brown himself, though nearly related to Lord Treasurer Burghley, was so persecuted that he was at different times shut up in 32 prisons, in some of which, according to his own statement, he could not see his hand at noonday.\* But the iron mace of persecution fell heavily also on the heads of his followers. In the year 1592, 56 of the Brownists were seized on a Lord's Day in London at their place of worship, and cast two by two into the several City prisons.† Of these, some died of sickness, the prisons in those days being horrid dens of filth and disease, others were banished, and three or four hanged.‡ Two men were hanged at Bury St. Edmunds, June, 1593, for dispersing Brownist publications. In 1593, Mr. John Penry, a minister, was hanged for a so-called seditious paper, found in his closet in an unfinished state; and in the same year Henry Barrow, and John Greenwood, a minister, were hanged at Tyburn, and William Dennis at Thetford, Norfolk, for the crime of being Brownists.**

**\* Archbishop Whitgift and Robert Brown, persecutor and persecuted, are alike melancholy instances of the utter worthlessness of knowledge without**

grace. The author of the Lambeth articles was a persecutor of the saints; and Brown, who had suffered so much for his principles, at last recanted them all. He deserted his congregation which he had formed at Middleburg, in Holland, returned to England, was reconciled to the Establishment, was preferred to a living in Northamptonshire, which he held for 40 years, hardly ever preaching all the while, though living on the tithes which he had so strongly condemned, and at last died in his 81st year in Northampton jail, whither he had been committed by a magistrate for striking a constable with whom he had quarrelled about the payment of a rate.

† The following petition, drawn up by one of these sufferers, gives a touching as well as striking account of the cruelties practised upon them:

"These bloody men will allow us neither meat, drink, fire, nor lodging, nor suffer any whose hearts the Lord would stir up for our relief to have any access to them, purposing belike to imprison them to death, as they have done 17 or 18 others in the same noisome jails, within these six years. Some of this company had not one penny about them when they were sent into close prison, nor anything, being abroad, (which is the case of most of them, if not of all,) to procure themselves and their poor families any maintenance, save only by their handy labours and trades. Whereby it is come to pass, that these enemies of God do not only starve and undo a number of men in the prisons, but even a lamentable company of poor orphans and servants abroad. Their unbridled slanders, their lawless privy searches, their violent breaking open and rifling our houses, their lamentable and barbarous usage of women and young children in these hostile assaults, their uncontrolled thievery, robbing, and taking away whatsoever they think meet from us in this case, their unappeased and merciless pursuit of us from our houses, trades, wives, children, especially from the holy society of the saints, and the church of God, we are enforced to omit, lest we should be over-tedious. We crave for all of us but the liberty either to die openly, or to live openly in the land of our nativity. If we deserve death, it beseemeth the majesty of justice not to see us closely murdered, yea, starved to death with hunger and cold, and stifled in loathsome dungeons; if we be guiltless, we crave but the benefit of our innocence, (viz.) that we may have peace to serve our God and our prince in the place of the sepulchres of our fathers."

‡ We cry out, and that justly, against the imprisonment by the Grand Duke of Tuscany of the Madiai, for reading the Scriptures, and more recently of Miss Cunninghame for giving a Bible, and a copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress" to an Italian peasant; but is he worse than the Calvinistic bishops and archbishops of the Protestant Church of England, from the days of Queen Elizabeth down to the Revolution of 1688?

Worn out by these cruel and unceasing persecutions, many of the Brownists determined to quit their native land, and retire to some foreign shore, where they might worship God in peace and quietness according to their own views of divine truth and the dictates of their own conscience, without being thrust into noisome dungeons or dying as malefactors on the gallows at the nod of an archbishop. Holland was at that time the only country in Europe where toleration was established by the laws of the land. Thither, therefore, a company, under the pastoral care of Mr. John Smith, some time in the year 1603, fled across the sea, and settled in Amsterdam. In the spring of 1608, a second congregation went over to Holland, under the pastoral care of Mr. John Robinson, of whose church Mr. Brewster was the elder. This little body eventually settled at Leyden; but after a lapse of about 12 years, they began to be weary of living in a foreign land, where they must gradually lose their English character, and be absorbed into the Dutch people. This made them cast their eyes across the Atlantic Ocean, that they might have a home for themselves in these new settlements which were gradually springing up in North America. A portion of that northern continent had been previously separated from Virginia, under the name of New England, and to that the Brownists in Leyden turned their eyes, that they might build themselves there a lodge in the wilderness. After considerable difficulty and opposition from the bigoted James I., they succeeded in obtaining a patent for the foundation of a new colony. Two ships were hired, the "Speedwell" and the ever-memorable "Mayflower," to take the pilgrim band across the Atlantic waves. A solemn day of fasting and prayer was kept at Leyden; and thence they all went to Delft, where the little band was to embark. Mr. Robinson, their pastor, was to join them subsequently with the bulk of the congregation; and having continued together with them all night, and kneeling down on the sands, he committed them, in fervent prayer, to the blessing of God. Mr. Brewster, their elder was now their spiritual head; and embarking with them on board the "Speedwell," the Pilgrim Fathers were borne across the Channel

to Southampton, whence on the 5th of August, A.D., 1620, the two ships sailed. The master of the "Speedwell," through treachery or cowardice, before they reached the Land's End twice put back, and the "Mayflower" was compelled to do the same; the issue being that the "Speedwell" was entirely laid aside, and the little band of 101 pilgrims sailed out of Plymouth Sound in the solitary "Mayflower,"\* Sept. 6, at the very worst time of the year, when they would on their voyage meet all the fury of the equinoctial gales, and encounter at their landing all the rigours of an American winter. Two months were they on their perilous voyage, and on Nov. 9 sighted land at Cape Cod, a considerable distance† to the north of their intended settlement. But even here the providence of God watched over them, for had they landed lower down, they would probably have been cut off by the wild Indians, who were very numerous further south, but a plague had recently swept them almost wholly away from the locality where they first pitched their tents. Upon their sufferings and hardships from the rigour of the winter and want of houses and necessaries, which, engendering disease, cut off half their number in four or five months, we shall not dwell. Suffice it to say, they maintained their ground, and were in due time joined by band after band of brothers in persecution, whom the rigorous measures of Archbishop Laud and the High Commission Court drove out of England. But this proud prelate was as uneasy at their flight as at their stay; and therefore, when eight ships in the Thames were about to sail for New England, an Order in Council was obtained to prohibit their departure. And who were on board these vessels? Unhappily for the archbishop's own head and his Royal master's, Sir Arthur Hazelrig, John Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell. During the Commonwealth there were few accessions to their numbers; but with the return of Charles II. and the infamous Bartholomew Act, whereby 2,000 clergy were compelled for conscience' sake to leave the Establishment in one day, the tide of emigration again swelled and bore on its bosom to the American shore many hundreds, and indeed thousands of persecuted Puritans, who ventured every hardship to be allowed the privilege of worshipping God in peace and quietness.

\* The "Mayflower" was a ship of about 180 tons, not much larger than one of the collier brigs which bring coals from Newcastle to London.

† Their patent allowed them to settle between the 40th and 48th degrees of latitude; but Cape Cod is in latitude 42, and therefore two degrees, or about

**140 miles north of their highest northern limit. This was owing to the treachery of their pilot, bribed by the Dutch, who had an eye to the southern coast, and had just founded a settlement on the spot subsequently called New York.**

**Thus were the broad foundations of New England laid, not by the scum of society, by felons and convicts, nor by greedy goldseekers, but by godly men and women, deeply imbued with those principles of civil and religious liberty which have made New England the very backbone of American freedom, and influenced her laws and institutions to their inmost depth. Everything that is truly valuable in that great republic she owes to New England. Sadly indeed have the northern states degenerated from those times when the strictest, most rigid morality, the complete, almost judaical, sanctification of the Lord's Day,\* the universal attendance on public worship, the bringing up of children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, the thorough cutting of all worldly pleasures and amusements, the unintermitting supervision of the young, and the strictest control over everything vicious and ungodly, was the universal practice and glory of New England. But the principles of civil and religious liberty, first carried across the Atlantic Ocean by the Puritan refugees from English persecution, have so deeply leavened the American mind and institutions that she owes to them well-nigh all she possesses worthy of admiration.**

**\* In New England all work was suspended on Saturday evening at sunset. Every knife and shoe was cleaned, and every coat brushed, and all the children called in from their play before the sun went down. At sunset the next evening their Sabbath similarly terminated.**

**At Windsor, in the present state of Vermont, in the year 1703, and surrounded by the immediate descendants of the first colonists, was that great and good man, Jonathan Edwards, born. His parents were godly persons, his father being a minister and a man of considerable learning and education. He seems to have been called while young in life, and, perhaps in part for that reason, his conversion was not so striking and clear as is often the case where spiritual religion has not been inculcated from childhood as the one thing needful, and where all immorality has not been restrained. But we believe no person, of any spiritual judgment, can read the following extract of his**

**experience without believing and acknowledging the grace of God in him:**

**"I have sometimes had a sense of the excellent fulness of Christ and his meetness and suitableness as a Saviour, whereby he has appeared to me far above all, the chief of ten thousands. His blood and atonement have appeared sweet, and his righteousness sweet; which was always accompanied with ardency of spirit, and inward strugglings and breathings, and groanings that cannot be uttered, to be emptied of myself, and swallowed up in Christ.**

**"Once, as I rode out into the woods for my health, in 1737, having alighted from my horse in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been, to walk for divine contemplation and prayer, I had a view that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as Mediator between God and man, and his wonderful, great, full, pure, and sweet grace and love, and meek and gentle condescension. This grace, that appeared so calm and sweet, appeared also great above the heavens. The person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent, with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception, which continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour, which kept me, the greater part of the time, in a flood of tears and weeping aloud. I felt an ardency of soul to be, what I know not otherwise how to express, emptied and annihilated; to lie in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone; to love him with a holy and pure love; to trust in him, to live upon him, to serve and follow him, and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure with a divine and heavenly purity. I have, several other times, had views very much of the same nature, and which have had the same effects.**

**"I have, many times, had a sense of the glory of the Third Person in the Trinity, in his office of Sanctifier; in his holy operations, communicating divine light and life to the soul. God, in the communications of his Holy Spirit, has appeared as an infinite Fountain of divine glory and sweetness, being full and sufficient to fill and satisfy the soul, pouring forth itself in sweet communications, like the sun in its glory, sweetly and pleasantly diffusing light and life. And I have sometimes had an affecting sense of the excellency of the word of God as a word of life; as the light of life; a sweet, excellent, life-giving word, accompanied with a thirsting after that word, that it might dwell richly in my heart.**

**"Often since I lived in this town I have had very affecting views of my own sinfulness and vileness; very frequently to such a degree as to hold me in a kind of loud weeping, sometimes for a considerable time together; so that I have often been forced to shut myself up. I have had a vastly greater sense of my own wickedness, and the badness of my heart, than ever I had before my conversion. It has often appeared to me, that if God should mark iniquity against me, I should appear the very worst of all mankind, of all that have been, since the beginning of the world to this time, and that I should have by far the lowest place in hell. When others that have come to talk with me about their soul-concerns have expressed the sense they have had of their own wickedness, by saying that it seemed to them that they were as bad as the devil himself, I thought their expressions seemed exceeding faint and feeble, to represent my wickedness.**

**"My wickedness, as I am in myself, has long appeared to me perfectly ineffable, and swallowing up all thought and imagination, like an infinite deluge or mountains over my head. I know not how to express better what my sins appear to me to be, than by heaping infinite upon infinite, and multiplying infinite by infinite. Very often, for these many years, these expressions are in my mind and in my mouth, 'Infinite upon infinite—infinite upon infinite!' When I look into my heart and take a view of my wickedness, it looks like an abyss, infinitely deeper than hell. And it appears to me that, were it not for free grace, exalted and raised up to the infinite height of all the fulness and glory of the great Jehovah, and the arm of his power, and grace stretched forth in all the majesty of his power, and in all the glory of his sovereignty, I should appear sunk down in my sins below hell itself; far beyond the sight of everything but the eye of sovereign grace, that can pierce even down to such a depth. And yet it seems to me that my conviction of sin is exceedingly small and faint; it is enough to amaze me that I have no more sense of my sin. I know, certainly, that I have very little sense of my sinfulness. When I have had turns of weeping and crying for my sins, I thought I knew at the time that my repentance was nothing to my sin."**

**It was a practice in the church over which Jonathan Edwards was pastor, to admit unregenerate persons, with certain limitations, to the Lord's Supper. This practice he resisted as unscriptural, which gave such offence to the congregation that, in the issue, he was not only compelled to resign his**

pastoral charge, but to leave the town, Northampton, where he had many years lived.

The little work at the head of this article, on "Spiritual Pride," he was well adapted to write. Profession being almost universal in New England, he was, as it were, in the very hotbed of spiritual pride; and, possessing a deep knowledge of his own heart, a mind of singular logical acuteness and depth, and a clear, expressive style, he was enabled, not only to dissect to the very heart's core this deep-seated malady of the professing Church, but also to lay it bare to the observation of others.

We shall attempt, if the Lord will, in our next number, to enter on this subject, and to lay before our readers some specimens of his masterly dissection of that prevailing sin, which has fixed its seat in many a bosom that is little conscious of harbouring a foe so hateful to God, so destructive to the peace of the church, and so impoverishing to the soul.

*(Concluded December, 1853.)*

Of all sins *pride* seems most deeply imbedded in the very heart of man. Unbelief, sensuality, covetousness, rebellion, presumption, contempt of God's holy will and word, hatred and enmity against the saints of the Most High, deceit and falsehood, cruelty and wrath, violence and murder, these, and a forest of other sins have indeed struck deep roots into the black and rank soil of our fallen nature; and, interlacing their lofty stems and gigantic arms, have wholly shut out the light of heaven from man's benighted soul; but these and their associate evils do not seem so thoroughly interwoven into the very constitution of the human heart, nor so to be its very life blood as pride. The lust of the flesh is strong, but there are respites from its workings; unbelief is powerful, but there are times when it seems to lie dormant; covetousness is ensnaring, but there is not always a bargain to be made, or an advantage to be clutched. These sins differ also in strength in different individuals. Some seem not much tempted with the grosser passions of our fallen nature; others are naturally liberal and benevolent, and whatever other idol they may serve, they bend not their knee to the golden calf. Strong natural conscientiousness preserves many from those debasing sins which draw down general

reprehension; and a quiet, gentle, peaceable disposition renders others strangers not only to the violent outbreaks, but even to the inward gusts of temper and anger. But where lust may have no power, covetousness no dominion, and anger no sway, there, down, down in the inmost depths, heaving and boiling like the lava in the crater of a volcano, works that master sin, that sin of sins—pride. As Rome calls herself the Mother and Mistress of all the churches, so is Pride the Mother and Mistress of all the sins; for where she does not conceive them in her ever-teeming womb, she instigates their movements, and compels them to pay tribute to her glory.

The origin of evil is hidden from our eyes. Whence it sprang, and why God suffered it to arise in his fair creation, are mysteries which we cannot fathom; but thus much is revealed, that of this mighty fire which has filled hell with sulphurous flame, and will one day involve earth and its inhabitants in the general conflagration, the first spark was pride.

It is therefore emphatically the devil's own sin; we will not say his darling sin, for it is his torment, the serpent which is always biting, the fire which is ever consuming him; but it is the sin which hurled him from heaven and transformed him from a bright and holy seraph into a foul and hideous demon. How subtle, then, and potent must that poison be, which could in a moment change an angel into a devil! How black in nature, how concentrated in virulence that venom, one drop of which could utterly deface the image of God in myriads of bright spirits before the throne, and degrade them into monsters of uncleanness and malignity!

Be it, then, borne in mind that the same identical sin which wrought such fearful effects in the courts of heaven was introduced by the Tempter into Paradise. "Ye shall be as gods," was the lying declaration of the father of lies. When that declaration was believed, and an entrance thus made into Eve's heart, through that gap rushed in pride, lust, and ambition. The fruit of the forbidden tree was "pleasant to the eyes;" there was food for lust. It was a tree "to be desired to make them wise;" there was a bait for pride. "They would be as gods;" there was a temptation to ambition. The woman tempted the man, as the serpent had tempted the woman; and thus, "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." (Rom. 5:12.)

**There are sins which men commit that devils cannot. Unbelief, infidelity, and atheism, are not sins of devils; for they believe and tremble, and feel too much of the wrath of God to doubt his threatenings or deny his existence. The love of money is a sin from which they are exempt, for gold and silver are confined to earth, and the men who live on it. The lusts of the flesh in all their bearings, whether gluttony, drunkenness, or sensuality, belong only to those who inhabit tabernacles of clay. But pride, malignity, falsehood, enmity, murder, deceitfulness, and all those sins of which spirits are capable, in these crimes, devils as much exceed men as an angelic nature exceeds in depth, power, and capacity a human one.**

**The eye of man sees, for the most part, only the grosser offences against morality; it takes little or no cognisance of internal sins. Thus a man may be admired as a pattern of consistency, because free from the outbreaks of fleshly and more human sins, whilst his heart, as open to God's heart-searching eye, may be full of pride, malignity, enmity, and murder, the sins of devils. Such were the scribes and pharisees of old; models of correctness outwardly, but fiends of malice inwardly. So fearful were these holy beings of outward defilement, that they would not enter into Pilate's judgment-hall, when at the same moment their hearts were plotting the greatest crime that earth ever witnessed—the crucifixion of the Son of God.**

**All sin must, from its very nature, be unspeakably hateful to the Holy One of Israel. It not only affronts his divine Majesty and is high treason against His authority and glory, but it is abhorrent to His intrinsic purity and holiness. It is, indeed, most difficult for us to gain a spiritual conception of the foul nature of sin as viewed by a Holy Jehovah; but there are, perhaps, times and seasons when, to a certain extent, we may realize a faint idea of it. It is when we are favoured with the presence of God, see light in his light, and have the mind of Christ. Then how do we feel towards our base backslidings and filthy lusts? With what eyes does the new man of grace then view his sinful yoke-fellow, that base old man, that body of sin and death, that carnal mind in which dwelleth no good thing, that heaving reeking mass of all pollution and abomination, which he is compelled to carry about with him whilst life lasts? He views it, how can he but view it, except with loathing and abhorrence. But what is this, for the most part, short and transient, and, in its very nature,**

**weak abhorrence of evil, compared with the enduring and infinite hatred of God against sin, though it may aid us in obtaining a dim and faint conception of it?**

**But amongst all the evils which lie naked and open before the eyes of Him with whom we have to do, pride seems especially to incur His holy abhorrence; and the outward manifestations of it have perhaps drawn down as much as, or more than, any other sin his marked thunderbolts. His unalterable determination against it, and his fixed resolve to bring down to the dust every manifestation of it, is no where so pointedly or so fully declared as in that striking portion of Holy Writ which forms the second chapter of the Prophecies of Isaiah. And this is the burden of the whole, "And the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day." (Isaiah 2:17.) But, besides these general declarations, the sacred record teems with individual instances of God's anger against this prevailing sin. Pride cost Sennacherib his army and Herod his life; pride opened the earth to Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and hung up Absalom in the boughs of an oak; pride filled the breast of Saul with murderous hatred against David, and tore ten tribes at one stroke from the hand of Rehoboam. Pride drove Nebuchadnezzar from the society of his fellow-men, and made him eat grass as oxen, and his body to be wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown as eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws. And as it has cut off the wicked from the earth, and left them neither son nor nephew, root nor branch, so it has made sad havoc even among the family of God. Pride shut Aaron out of the promised land; and made Miriam a leper white as snow; pride, working in the heart of David, brought a pestilence which cut off seventy thousand men; pride carried captive to Babylon Hezekiah's treasure and descendants, and cast Jonah into the whale's belly, and, in his feelings, into the very belly of hell. It is the only source of contention; (Prov. 13:10;) the certain forerunner of a fall; (Prov. 16:18;) the instigator of persecution; (Psalm 10:2; ) a gin for the feet; (Psalm 59:12;) a chain to compass the whole body; (Psalm 73:6;) the main element of deceitfulness; (Jer. 49:16;) and the grave of all uprightness. (Hab. 2:4.) It is a sin which God especially abhors, (Prov. 8:13, 16:5,) and one of the seven things which he abominates; (Prov. 6:17;) a sin against which he has pronounced a special woe, (Isaiah 28:1) and has determined to stain it, (Isaiah 23:9) to abase it, (Dan. 4:37,) to mar it, (Jer. 13:9) to cut it off, (Zech. 9:6,) to**

bring it down, (Isaiah 25:11,) and lay it low (Prov. 29:23.) It was one of the crying sins of Sodom, (Ezek. 16:49), desolated Moab (Isaiah 16:6, 14,) and turned Edom, with Petra, its metropolis, into a land where no man should dwell, and which no man should pass through. (Obadiah 3, 4, 9, 10; Jerem. 49:16-18.)

But pride is not content with her dominion over the children of this world (Job 41:34), her native born subjects and willing slaves, among whom she rules with lordly sway, at once their tormenting mistress and adored sovereign. Not only does she set up her worship in every family of the land, and reigns and rules as much among the low as the high, swelling the bosom of the blind beggar who holds his hat for a half-penny as much as of that high-born dame who, riding by in her carriage, will not venture to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness. Not only does she subject to her universal influence the world of which Satan is god and prince, but she must needs intrude herself into the Church of Christ, and exalt her throne among the stars of God. She comes indeed here in borrowed garb, has put off her glittering ornaments and brave attire, in which she swells and ruffles amongst the gay flutterers of rank and fashion; and with looks demure, and voice toned down to the right religious key, and a dialect modelled after the language of Canaan, takes her seat among the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, much as Satan stood up among the sons of God. (Job. 1:6.) And as she has put off her apparel, so has she changed her title, assuming that which shall give her the readiest and most unquestioned passport. "Humility" is the name with which she has new christened herself; and, slipping into the camp by the most lowly portal, she moves onward, aiming at no lower seat than the throne, and no less weapon than the sceptre. Some, however, of Zion's watchmen, and no one more than the writer of the work before us, have lifted up her veil, found out her real character, and, having first branded her on the forehead, "Spiritual Pride," have laboured hard, though hitherto ineffectually, to cast her out of the congregation of the saints. But as all their labours have hitherto been ineffectual, and she still dwells in our midst, it may be as well to put her once more into the "Hue and Cry," and describe some of her features, referring to the work before us for a fuller and clearer description of this dangerous intruder.

1. *Ignorance*, and that worst species of it—ignorance of one's own ignorance—

is evidently a main feature in her face. In this point she wonderfully resembles that stolid brother of hers who is so much in every company—worldly pride. We are all ignorant, sadly ignorant of every thing that belongs to our peace; but the first step out of ignorance is to be conscious of it. No persons are so thoroughly impracticable, so headstrong, so awkward to deal with, so deaf to all reason, so bent on their own will and way, so self-conceited, and so hopelessly disagreeable, as those unhappy persons, whether in the world or in the church, who are ignorant of their own ignorance. Touchy, sensitive, quarrelsome, always grumbling and complaining, unable to lead and yet unwilling to follow, finding fault with everything and everybody, tyrannical where possessed of power, though abject enough where any advantage is to be gained, bungling everything they do and yet never learning to do any better, making up in a good opinion of themselves for the general ill opinion of them by others—such persons are the plague of families, workshops, churches, and congregations. When persons of this stamp become, as it is called, religious, being all the time really destitute of grace, their pride runs in a new channel, and with a strength in proportion to the narrowness of the banks. In them we see the disease at its height; but there are many of the Lord's people who exhibit strong symptoms of the same complaint. Yet what can be more opposed to grace or to the spirit and example of Him who said, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart?" Where the true light shines into the soul there is a discovery of the greatness and majesty of God, of his holiness, purity, power, and glory; and with this there is a corresponding discovery of our own nothingness, insignificance, sinfulness, and utter worthlessness. This divine light being accompanied by spiritual life, there is raised up a tender conscience as well as an enlightened understanding. Thus is produced self-abasement, which every fresh discovery of the holiness of God and of our own vileness deepens and strengthens. This lays the foundation for true humility; and when God's mercy meets man's misery, and Christ is revealed to the soul, it cannot too much abase itself before his blessed Majesty, nor lie low enough in the dust of self-loathing and self-abhorrence. Humility is the daughter of grace, as pride is the child of ignorance.

2. Another marked feature in this impostress is, her *self-deceptiveness*. She may not succeed in deceiving others, but she rarely fails in deceiving herself. Thus she usually hides her real character most from those who are under her special influence. Patterns of humility externally to others, they are patterns

internally of humility to themselves. Sweet is the incense which regales their nostrils from the admiration of others; but sweeter far is the odour of their own admiration of themselves. Other sins are not so self-deceptive, so self-blinding, so self-bewitching. Sensual thoughts, blasphemous or rebellious imaginations, anger, carnality, prayerlessness, deadness, coldness, unbelief—these and similar sins wound conscience, and are, therefore, at once detected as essentially evil. But the swellings of spiritual pride, though not hidden from a discerning eye and a tender conscience, are much concealed from those very religious people whose amazing humility and undeviating obedience are ever sending forth a sweet savour to delight their approving nostrils.

3. *The grossness and universality of her appetite* is a no less prominent feature. Other sins feed only on a limited and appropriate diet. Covetousness is confined to the love of money; sensuality, drunkenness, gluttony, to their peculiar gratifications. But pride is omnivorous. To her greedy maw no food comes amiss. Like the eagle, she can strike down a living prey; or, like the vulture, banquet on putrid carrion. Some are proud of their knowledge, others of their ignorance; some of their consistency, others of their freedom from all tight restraints; some of their gifts, others of their very graces; some of their ready speech, others of their prudent silence; some of their long profession, others of their deep experience; some of their Pharisaic righteousness, others of their Antinomian security. The minister is proud of his able sermons; the deacon of his wise and prudent government; the church member of his privileges above the rest of the congregation. Some are proud because they attend to the ordinances, others because they are not tied up in the yoke of church discipline; some are proud of the world's contempt, and others of the world's approbation; some are proud of their gentility, and others of their vulgarity; some of their learning, and not a few of their want of it; some of their boldness to reprove, and others of their readiness to forgive; some of their amiability, and others of their austerity; some because others think well of them, and others because nobody thinks well of them but themselves. Thus, as some weeds flourish in every soil, and some animals feed on every food, so does pride flourish in every heart, and pasture on every article of diet. When an apostle was caught up into the third heaven, pride assailed him as soon as he came back to earth, so that it was needful for a thorn to be given him to rankle in his flesh for the remainder of his life, in order to let out its venom. Pride would have been too much even for Paul's

grace, but for this messenger of Satan daily to buffet him. Pride set the twelve disciples by the ears who should be the greatest; and pride widened, if it did not originate, the breach between Paul and Barnabas. It was the pest of the primitive churches as well as of our own. The pride of gifts was the besetting sin of the Corinthian church; the pride of legal observances the sin of the Galatian church, the pride of vain philosophy of the Colossian church. Timothy was not to allow novices to preach, for pride was their besetment; and he is especially cautioned against those who will not consent to wholesome words as being "proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness." (1 Tim. 6:4, 5.) None are exempt from her baneful influence. She works in the highest Calvinist as well as in the lowest Arminian; swells the bosom of the poorest, most illiterate dissenting minister, as well as puffs up the lawn sleeves of the most lordly bishop. And, what is far worse, even in those who know, love, and preach the truth, spiritual pride often sets brother against brother, friend against friend, minister against minister. She is full of cruel jealousy and murderous envy, greedily listens to the slanderous tales of whisperers and backbiters, drinks down flattery with insatiable thirst, measures men's grace by the amount of their approbation, and would trample in the mire the most honoured of God's servants, that by standing upon them she might raise herself a few inches higher. The very opposite to charity, she suffereth not long, and is never kind; she envieth always, and ever vaunteth herself; is continually puffed up, always behaveth herself unseemly, ever seeketh her own, is easily provoked, perpetually thinketh evil, rejoiceth in iniquity, but rejoiceth not in the truth; beareth nothing, believeth nothing (good in a brother), hopeth nothing, endureth nothing. Ever restless and ever miserable, tormenting herself and tormenting others, the bane of churches, the fomenter of strife, and the extinguisher of love—may it be our wisdom to see, our grace to abhor, and our victory to overcome her; and may the experience of that verse in Hart's hymn be ours:

"The garden is the place  
Where pride cannot intrude,  
For should it dare to enter there,  
'Twould soon be drown'd in blood."

**Jonathan Edwards was singularly qualified to probe the depths of this peculiar disease. He enjoyed great natural gifts. Few men have ever possessed a mind of equal reasoning powers, and gifted with such a depth of penetration into the very heart of the most difficult and abstruse subjects. He was accustomed daily to search into and analyse his own mind to its inmost depths, and grace had taught him to bring to the test of God's word and to the light of his countenance, all the secret workings of his heart, whether natural or spiritual. He lived, too, at a time, and in a country, such as we can form little idea of. Besides the general tone and spirit of religious feeling which pervaded the whole of New England, there had been a most remarkable revival in his own town and congregation. This circumstance is thus recorded in his life:**

**" The year 1735 opened on Northampton in a most auspicious manner. A deep and solemn interest in the great truths of religion had become universal in all parts of the town, and among all classes of people. This was the only subject of conversation in every company; and almost the only business of the people appeared to be to secure their salvation. So extensive was the influence of the Spirit of God, that there was scarcely an individual in the town, either old or young, who was left unconcerned about the great things of the eternal world. This was true of the gayest, of the most licentious, and of the most hostile to religion. And in the midst of this universal attention, the work of conversion was carried on in the most astonishing manner. Every day witnessed its triumphs; and so great was the alteration in the appearance of the town, that, in the spring and summer following, it appeared to be full of the presence of God. There was scarcely a house which did not furnish the tokens of his presence, and scarcely a family which did not present the trophies of his grace. "The town," says Mr. Edwards, "was never so full of love, nor so full of joy, nor yet so full of distress, as it was then." Whenever he met the people in the sanctuary, he not only saw the place crowded, but every hearer earnest to receive the truth of God, and often the whole assembly dissolved in tears; some weeping for sorrow, others for joy, and others from compassion. In the months of March and April, when the work of God was carried on with the greatest power, he supposes the number, apparently of genuine conversions, to have been at least four a day, or nearly thirty a week, take one week with another, for five or six weeks together.**

**"Upwards of fifty persons above forty years of age, and ten above ninety, nearly thirty between ten and fourteen, and one of four, became, in the view of Mr. Edwards, the subjects of the renewing grace of God. More than three hundred persons appeared to become Christians in half a year, about as many of them males as females. Previous to one sacrament, about one hundred were received to the communion, and nearly sixty previous to another; and the whole number of communicants, at one time, was about six hundred and twenty, including almost all the adult population of the town."**

**Now, assuming even that there was much natural excitement in all this, it only opened a wider field of discovery for his acute and penetrating eye. What a crop of spiritual pride must have sprung up on this fertile soil, and of the 620 communicants how many subjects for his close and acute analysis! But, besides this, as it was essentially a religious colony, all shades and grades of opinion were there prevalent. What was called by him "Antinomianism" was very prevalent, and it is probable that in the ranks of those so denominated there were some really deserving the title. There was also a great deal of wild fanaticism, as is evident from many circumstances mentioned in his work on the "Religious Affections." This would be one extreme; and the rigid rules of Puritanism, we may be sure, would have a tendency to generate the other extreme—Pharisaic self-righteousness. Here then was an ample field of observation for one possessed of such acute mental powers as Jonathan Edwards, and gifted also as he was with peculiar grace to sit in judgment over his own motives and heart.**

**It is, then, a masterpiece of spiritual analysis, laying bare the very heart's-core of spiritual pride. Drawing his materials, as he did, from living, walking men and women, it is a complete gallery of portraits, the likenesses of which may be found in Old England as well as in New England, and in 1853 as well as in 1753. It is, indeed, a mirror in which Spiritual Pride may be clearly seen through all her disguises; and if those most under its influence do not see their own features reflected in it, there is this advantage, that others can see it for them. By the aid of this little manual of detective police, many a person of great supposed religious attainments may be discovered to possess much less grace than he gives himself credit for. Weighed here in the balance of the sanctuary, much of his humility is found out to be pride, his faithfulness and boldness to be leavened with self-conceit, and his austerity and rigidity to flow**

more from self-righteousness than grace.

But our pen has already much outrun its usual limits, and we have left ourselves too little space for extracts. Take, however, as a specimen of the work, the following description of spiritual pride, as traced by this skilful hand:

"2. Spiritual pride is more hidden, and with much more difficulty discerned than any other corruption, for this reason—that it does very much consist in a person's having *too high a thought of himself*, and thinks he has just grounds for such an opinion; if not, he would cease to have it. This evil consists in a high conceit of those two things—viz., their *light* and their *humility*, both which are a strong prejudice against the discovery of their pride; for being proud of their light makes them not jealous of themselves; as he that thinks a clear light shines around him is not suspicious of an enemy lurking near him unseen; and their being proud of their humility, makes them, least of all, jealous of themselves in that particular, viz., as being under the prevalence of pride. 'Who can understand his error? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.' (Ps. 19:12.)

"3. In nothing in this world is the heart of man so deceitful and unsearchable as in this matter of spiritual pride, and not one of which they are so hardly convinced. The very nature of it is to work *self-confidence*, and drive away self-diffidence. It appears in many unsuspected shapes, even as an angel of light; it takes occasion to arise from everything; it perverts and abuses everything, and exerts itself even in the exercises of real grace and real humility. This sin has, as it were, many lives. If you think you kill it, it lives still; if you mortify and suppress it in one shape, it rises in another; there are so many kinds of it, and in different forms, one under the other, that they encompass the heart like the coats of an onion.

"4. Spiritual pride is, in its own nature, so secret, that it is not so well discerned by immediate intuition of the thing itself, as by the *effects and fruits of it*, some of which I would here mention, together with the contrary fruits of pure Christian humility. Spiritual pride is very apt to *suspect others*; whereas, a humble saint is most jealous of himself, and is so suspicious of nothing in the world as he is of his own heart. The spiritually-proud person is apt to find

fault with other saints, that they are low in grace; and to be much in observing how cold and dead they be, and crying out at them for it; and is quick in discerning and taking notice of their deficiencies; but the eminently humble Christian has so much to do at home, sees so much evil in his own heart, and is so concerned about it, that he is not apt to be busy with others' hearts; he complains most of himself, and cries out from a sense of *his own* coldness and lowness in grace; consequently he esteems others better than himself, and is ready to hope there is no one but has more love and thankfulness to God than he, and cannot bear to think that others should bring forth more fruit to God's honour than himself. Some that have spiritual pride mixed with high discoveries and joys, are prone to call on other Christians about them, and sharply reprove them for being so cold and lifeless! while others, very differently, in their raptures, are overwhelmed with a sense of their own vileness; and, when they have great discoveries of God's glory, are all taken up with their own sinfulness; and though they also may be disposed to speak much, yet it is in crying out of themselves, and exhorting their fellow-Christians, but this in a charitable and humble manner. Pure Christian humility disposes its possessor to take notice of everything that is in any respect good in others, to make the most of that, and strive to diminish their failings, but to have his eye chiefly on those things that are bad in himself, and to notice and guard against what aggravates them."

Now examine the following portrait, and see whether it is overdrawn. Scrutinise well its features. May be it represents thine own:

"5. The manner of some persons has been to speak of almost everything that they see amiss in others in the *most harsh, severe, and terrible language*—of their opinions, conduct, or advice—of their coldness, silence, caution, moderation, prudence, and many things that appear in them—that these are from the devil, or from hell—that such a thing is devilish or cursed, that such are serving the devil, or that they are soul-murderers, and the like. And such language they will commonly use, not only towards wicked men, but to them also *that they themselves allow to be the true children of God, and also towards ministers of the gospel, and others that are very much their superiors*; and such behaviour they regard as a virtue and high attainment. '*Oh,*' say they, '*we must be plain-hearted and bold for Christ—we must declare war against sin wherever we see it—we must not mince the matter in the cause of God and when*

*speaking for Christ.*' And to make any distinction in persons, or to speak the more tenderly because the wrong is seen in a superior, they consider very mean for a follower of Christ when speaking in his Master's cause. Oh! what a strange device of Satan is this, to overthrow all Christian meekness and gentleness, to defile the mouths of the children of God, and to introduce the language of common sailors among them, under a cloak of high sanctity, and zeal, and boldness for Christ! It is a remarkable instance of the weakness of the human mind; and how much too cunning the devil is for us!

"6. The grand defence of this way of speaking is, that they *say no more than what is true*—that they only speak the truth, without mincing the matter—and that real Christians that see the evil of sin, and know their hearts, will own it to be true, and not be offended at such harsh expressions concerning them and their sins. 'It is only,' say they, 'hypocrites, or cold and dead Christians, that are provoked, and feel their enmity rise on such occasions.' But it is a grand mistake to think that we may commonly use, concerning one another, such language as represents the worst of each other, *although according to strict truth*. Every degree and kind of sin is from the devil, and is accursed; and if persons had a full sight of their hearts, they would think no terms too bad; they would appear as beasts, serpents, and even devils to themselves, and would be at a loss for expression to describe what they saw; the worst would seem too faint to represent it. But shall a child use such language towards a holy father or mother, that they have devilish and cursed dispositions, &c., &c.? And shall the meanest of the people be justified in using such words concerning excellent magistrates or their most eminent ministers? To proceed on such principles, what a face will be given to the church of Christ—the little beloved flock of that gentle Shepherd, the Lamb of God. What sounds will be brought into the house of God, and into the family of his dear little children! How far off shall we soon banish that lovely humility, sweetness, gentleness, mutual honour, benevolence, complacency, and the esteem of others above themselves, which ought to clothe the children of God all over! Christians should certainly watch over one another, and reprove faithfully and plainly, and be much in it; but it does not thence follow that dear brethren in the Lord's family should, in rebuke, employ worse language than Michael, the archangel, durst use, when contending with the devil himself. Christians, that are but fellow-worms, ought at least to treat each other with as much humility and gentleness as Jesus, who is infinitely above them, treats them. When his

soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, and he, in a dismal agony, was crying and sweating blood for them, how did he treat his disciples, who were so cold towards him—so regardless of his sufferings that they would not watch with him, not even be with him one hour in his great distress, though he once and again desired it of them?"

Extracts, however, give an imperfect idea of the work itself. It should be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested.

Besides its intrinsic value, we may add that it possesses two other recommendations. First, It is cheap. Being a reprint, it is published for sixpence. Secondly, The profits are to go to the aid of that excellent institution, "The Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society."

With these recommendations in its favour, we think we may safely leave it in the hands of our readers. Being written nearly a hundred years ago, it may reprove without personality, and rebuke without giving offence; and as it points to the remedy as well as discovers the malady, it may, with the Lord's blessing, be a means of edifying and instructing those who are willing to listen to its words of grace and truth.

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Letters of Samuel Rutherford, Late Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews.—  
(*February, 1854.*)

We are often much perplexed what books to review. This does not arise from any deficiency of works sent to us for the purpose; for well-nigh every month brings with it books and pamphlets for the exercise of our critical pen; but the difficulty is in their not possessing sufficient value or interest to furnish matter for profitable review. A few words may more fully explain our meaning and set our views upon this point in a clearer light.

Something from the pen of the Editor is generally expected in periodical publications. Without some such original matter it is exceedingly difficult to keep up the tone and character of the work, and, we may add, even its circulation. It is therefore, from no desire to appear in print that we write

Reviews, for we would gladly never put pen to paper again; but we do so almost as a matter of necessity. It is true that we might adopt another form of editorial communication, and write pieces on scriptural and experimental subjects, and a thought of attempting this has sometimes crossed our mind; but having for so long a period taken our present mode of laying our views and feelings before our readers, we feel a difficulty in departing from it. But it can hardly have escaped their observation, that our Reviews are not so much of books as of things, and that our chief object in reviewing a work is not so much to blame or praise an author as to bring forward a subject that may be interesting, instructive, or profitable. Could we find modern works really edifying, and written, according to the best of our judgment, under heavenly teaching, we should feel a pleasure in recommending them to our readers; but such is the present dearth of spiritual and experimental writings that, as we are unwilling unnecessarily to wound the feelings of authors, and there is little profit in pointing out defects for the mere sake of fault-finding, we deem it best to pass over in silence much that comes before our eye. This, therefore, much diminishes our range of review, and will explain why we are driven back upon works of former days, and upon writers such as Bunyan, Edwards, &c., whose praise is in all the churches, from the sheer want of edifying and profitable writers of the present day.

But the review of a book can hardly be made interesting or instructive, and we seem, in this department of our periodical, rarely able to rise much higher than these two features, unless the *subject* be of some weight and importance as well as profitable generally to the Church of God. And as subjects really edifying are necessarily limited, and many of them well-nigh worn threadbare by frequent discussion, we are almost as much pent up on this side as we are on the preceding. Will our uneducated readers bear with us if we mention another circumstance which much cramps our reviewing pen? It so happened, in the providence of God, that before eternal realities were laid with weight and power on our heart and conscience, we received what is called a good education; and being from early childhood a great reader of all kinds of books, and having had the run of excellent libraries at home, at school, and at college, managed somehow or other to pick up a certain amount of information, though somewhat loose and scattered, on a variety of subjects. Now this, to a certain extent, disqualifies us from dealing with uneducated minds, as well as cramps our pen. Ideas, words, allusions, expressions,

historical facts, quotations from authors, and a variety of similar things, almost as familiar to our own mind as the air we breathe or the bread we eat, and which would flow from our pen almost as freely as the ink which writes them, are now to us, as it were, a forbidden language, because to most of our numerous readers they would be nearly as unintelligible as one of Irving's "unknown tongues." It is true that education and a wide course of reading do to a certain extent give a writer a greater command of language, and so put into his hand more numerous and varied tools to work with, for words are but saws and chisels, to turn mental planks into chairs and tables, and therefore the more tools in the basket the neater and nicer should be the work. But rosewood tables are not suitable to cottages; and therefore many tools in our basket are as unsuitable to use in turning out a Review to be read by our uneducated friends as a fine veneering saw to make a deal table with. Besides which, though vital religion is a personal, experimental matter, and as such requires no other knowledge than that which the Blessed Spirit imparts, yet there are things connected with religion which take a wider scope. More than 1800 years have passed by since Jesus died and the apostles preached Christ and him crucified, and side by side with the streamlet of the church has run the deep, broad, and rapid river of the world. Now, the two streams have so mutually and so powerfully influenced each other, that it is difficult to trace the course of the one without some knowledge of the course of the other. To drop our figure, many deeply interesting facts connected with the church of God cannot be understood without some acquaintance with history. Many, to us interesting, subjects connected with the kingdom of Christ pre-suppose a certain amount of historical information. How can we, for instance, speak of what Popery was in the dark ages, unless we have some knowledge of the historical circumstances of that period? And yet the present spirit and character of Popery can no more be understood without some knowledge of the Middle Ages than the present British constitution can be properly known without some acquaintance with the past history of England. So how could we write a Review of D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland," a most interesting work, unless we assumed in our readers a knowledge of the reigns of Charles V. and Philip I.? In the same way the Reformation in England, the struggles of our Puritan fathers, and the settlement of our present religious liberties, cannot be properly understood without some acquaintance with the history of our own country. These and similar subjects, we know, are not edifying and profitable to the soul in the

same way as more direct spiritual and experimental topics are; and yet there might be found in them much that is truly interesting and instructive to Christian readers who desire to see the finger of God in providence and grace beyond the immediate circle of their own sorrows and joys, hopes and fears, trials and deliverances. But we are precluded from handling many of these subjects by feeling that they require a certain amount of previous information which the great proportion of the Lord's family do not possess. We do not mention this circumstance as any disparagement of our uneducated friends, for a grain of grace is as far beyond any amount of earthly knowledge as heaven is before hell, but merely to explain some of our own difficulties in carrying on the Reviewing part of our periodical.

We have embraced the opportunity of the opening year thus to lay before our readers some of the perplexities of our editorial path, and to crave their kind forbearance if our Reviews sometimes dissatisfy them, as we can honestly assure them we are often much dissatisfied with them ourselves.

This month we seem to have been more than usually at a loss what subject to review; but whilst thus perplexed, we took up, as it is called accidentally, Rutherford's letters, and the thought almost immediately struck us: "Here is the subject for a review. How little is the life and death of that great and good man known. And yet in both there is much that is truly edifying and profitable. His letters indeed are well known; the life and power, zeal, feeling, and warmth that are in them carry with them their own evidence, and have secured for them an undying remembrance; but of the man who wrote them few possess any clear definite knowledge."

This defect we shall now, therefore, attempt to supply, so far as our materials, which are very scanty, may serve.

The exact date of Rutherford's birth is, we believe, not recorded, but it was probably about 1600, or a few years later. He was well born, and liberally educated, and in due time went to the University of Edinburgh, where he so distinguished himself that, when very young, he was made Professor of Philosophy. When he was called by grace is not known, but it must have been in early youth, for in a letter written to Lady Kenmure, dated 1636, he thus speaks: "That honor that I have prayed for these 16 years with submission to

**my Lord's will my kind Lord has now bestowed upon me, even to suffer for the Lord Jesus, and for the freedom of that kingdom which his Father hath given him." Assuming, therefore, that he was born about 1600, the date of the above letter would show he was called by grace before he was 20 years of age. In the year 1628 he left the University for the ministerial charge at Anwoth, in the ancient district of Galloway, and present county of Kirkcudbright.**

**Several of his letters to Lady Kenmure are dated soon after he retired to Anwoth, and they are evidently written by one who had been some years in the strait and narrow way. We may well believe that university pursuits and studies became very irksome to him as the life and love of God were deepened in his soul. To drill boys into the dry maxims of ancient philosophy, and spend precious, invaluable time, not in preaching Christ and his gospel, but in hammering Plato and Aristotle into a class of yawning pupils, was employment little suitable to a heart like his, burning with love to the Saviour. He fled, therefore, from the din and clang of the university hammer, from the narrow, pent-up streets and, close wynds and courts of "auld Reekie" to quiet, peaceable Anwoth, a village about a mile or two from the sea, which flows up the romantic coast of Wigton Bay. To Anwoth he gave the strength of his youth, laying down on the altar of sacrifice health, recreation, worldly cares and employments, prospects in life, and counting all things dung and dross for the love of Christ and the good of his people. His labors there were such as we can scarce understand, and such as only a most vigorous constitution could endure. He rose usually about 3 o'clock in the morning, and spent the whole of the day till bedtime in prayer, reading, writing, visiting his flock, catechising the young, and other employments of the ministry. In Scotland there were at that time many of the nobility and gentry who favored the cause of godliness. Among them was Viscount Kenmure, who presented him to the living of Anwoth, and whose country seat seems to have been there or in its vicinity. Lady Kenmure appears to have been a choice Christian, and a firm and faithful friend to her pastor, Rutherford. He had been scarcely two years at Anwoth before a heavy stroke fell upon him in the loss of his beloved wife, after 13 months' lingering illness. This blow he most deeply felt, for he speaks of it some years afterwards as "a wound not yet fully healed and cured;" and during this affliction he received much sympathy and comfort from Lady Kenmure. This kindness, however, he was able too soon to repay in kind, for in 1634 Lord Kenmure died, leaving her a desolate widow, previously**

bereaved of many children, and herself suffering with ill health. Rutherford appears to have had a hope of Lord Kenmure, for, writing to his wife about a year before his death, he thus speaks:

"Madam,—It is a part of the truth of your profession to drop words in the ears of your husband continually of death, judgment, eternity, hell, heaven. He must reckon with God. Forgetting of accounts payeth not debts; nay, the interest of a forgotten bond runneth up with God to interest upon interest. I know he looketh homeward, and loveth the truth; but I pity him with my soul, because of his many temptations. Satan layeth upon men a burden of cares, above a load, when they are wholly set upon this world."

To the afflicted widow he thus writes:

"My very noble and worthy Lady,—So oft as I call to mind the comforts that I myself, a poor friendless stranger, received from you here, in a strange part of the country, when my Lord took from me the delight of mine eyes, (which wound is not yet fully healed and cured,) I trust your Lord shall remember that, and give you comfort now at such a time as this, wherein your dearest Lord hath made you a widow, that you may be 'a free woman for Christ;' and seeing among all the crosses spoken of in our Lord's word, this giveth you a particular right to make God your husband, (which was not so yours while your husband was alive,) read God's mercy out of this visitation. And albeit I must out of some experience say, the mourning for the husband of your youth be, by God's own mouth, the heaviest worldly sorrow; and though this be the heaviest burden that ever lay upon you, yet you know, if she shall wait upon him who hideth his face for a little, that it lieth upon God's truth to be a husband to the widow. Therefore, I entreat you, Madam, in the bowels of Christ Jesus, and by the comforts of his Spirit, and your appearance before him, let God, and men, and angels now see what is in you. The Lord hath pierced the vessel; it will be known whether wine or water be in it."

Rutherford had not been above two years at Anwoth when persecution broke out against him. To understand the quarter whence this persecution arose, we must understand a little of the state of Scotland at that period.

It was what we may almost call a transition state as far as regarded the Kirk

of Scotland, of which Rutherford was a minister. The reformation, under John Knox, had penetrated the length and breadth of the land. Popery had been put down and driven out with a high hand; and the great mass of the people had eagerly embraced the doctrines and principles of the Reformers. In Scotland the reformation, as is well known, was much more full, complete, and thoroughgoing than in England. The views and principles held by John Knox and his associate ministers were Calvinistic in doctrine and Presbyterian in discipline; and these views were eagerly embraced by the great mass of the Scottish people. But the Court, first under Mary Queen of Scots, a bigoted Papist, and afterwards under her son, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, a pedantic, unprincipled Arminian, and under his son, Charles I., was most violently opposed to the Scotch Reformation, both on the ground of doctrine and discipline. In these violent courses the Court was supported by a few of the higher nobility, and by all the bishops, who at that time possessed great political power in Scotland. To strengthen their hands, James I., some years after he had mounted the English throne, set up in Scotland a High Court of Commission, in imitation of a similar court in England. This was an arbitrary court of justice, which decided without judge or jury, passed sentences from which there was no appeal, and was as capable as willing to inflict the severest punishments on offenders. In the year 1630, Rutherford published a work in Latin, the title of which was "Exercitationes de Gratia," that is, "Dissertations upon Grace," in which, of course, he held firmly and boldly, with all the strength and vigour of his pen, the doctrine of sovereign, distinguishing, superabounding grace. This book appears to have made much noise, and sadly to have galled and annoyed the Arminian bishops. The High Commission Court, therefore, summoned him before them in June, 1630; but the Lord disappointed, for that time, their malicious views, by sending a severe tempest, which prevented the Archbishop of St. Andrews attending the Court; and one of the lay judges, a Mr. Colvill, speaking a word in his favour, the persecution was for a time dropped. The Lord thus "stayed his rough wind in the day of his east wind," for about that very time his first wife died of a sore sickness of 13 months, and he himself was so ill of a fever for 13 weeks that he could not preach on the Lord's Day without great difficulty. For four years he was now permitted to labour at his beloved Anwoth. How incessant, unwearied, and self-denying those labours were we have already seen; and, judging from the number of his correspondents, it would appear that the Lord much blessed his ministry in that place. There is

something singularly interesting and touching in his intercourse with Lady Kenmure. The ministers of the Scotch Kirk, even in the present day, are much more widely separated from the landed aristocracy than the English clergy: and two centuries ago the different classes of society were far wider apart than they are now. But grace, which ennobles the mind wherever it comes, (for the royal family of heaven alone possess true nobility) raised up Rutherford as it humbled Lady Kenmure; and the daughter of the Earl of Argyle and sister of Lord Lorn, the most powerful man in Scotland, sat at the feet of a poor Presbyterian minister with all the humility of Jane Brown or Marion M'Naught, his poorer hearers and friends. But an end was arriving to his beloved labors. The Bishop of Galloway could not bear so zealous and faithful a minister in his diocese, and therefore took effectual measures to remove him from Anwoth. The memoir before us gives the following account of these harsh proceedings:

"In April, 1634, he was again threatened with another prosecution, at the instance of the Bishop of Galloway, before the High Commission Court. Accordingly, he was again summoned before the High Commission Court for his Nonconformity, his preaching against the five articles of Perth,\* and the fore-mentioned book, 'Exercitationes Apologetice pro Divina Gratia;' which book, they alleged, reflected upon the Church of Scotland. But the truth was, says a late historian, the argument of that book cut the sinews of Arminianism, and galled the Episcopal clergy to the very quick; and therefore Bishop Sydreserf could endure him no longer. When he came before the Commission Court, he altogether declined them as a lawful judicatory, and would not give the chancellor (being a clergyman) and the bishops their titles, by lording of them. Yet some had the courage to befriend him, particularly Lord Lorn, afterwards the famous Marquis of Argyle,† who did as much for him as was in his power to do; but the Bishop of Galloway threatening, that if he got not his will of him he would write to the king, it was carried against him; and upon the 27th of July, 1636, he was discharged from exercising any part of his ministry within the kingdom of Scotland, under pain of rebellion; and ordered within six months to confine himself within the city of Aberdeen, during the king's pleasure; which sentence he obeyed, and forthwith went to the place of his confinement."

\* "The Five Articles of Perth" were the five following Articles, which were

thrust upon the Kirk of Scotland by James I. and ratified at Perth by the Scottish Parliament: 1. Kneeling at the sacrament; 2. Private communion; 3. Private baptism; 4. Confirmation of children by the bishop; and 5. The observance of Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, and Whitsuntide as holidays. The publication of these Articles aroused an intense feeling of horror among the Presbyterians in Scotland; and the day on which they were finally ratified by Parliament, August 4th, 1621, one of the darkest and stormiest ever known in Scotland, was long spoken of as "the black Saturday."

† He was Lady Kenmure's brother.

It would appear, from a comparison of dates, that for more than two years the sword of the law was suspended over his head, for it was in April, 1634, that he was first summoned before the High Commission Court, but sentence was not pronounced against him till July, 1636. The cause, humanly speaking, of this long delay was probably the influence of Lady Kenmure, through her brother. The Earl of Argyle, her father, had conformed to the Church of Rome, and, in consequence, all the estates and power of the family devolved on his heir, Lord Lorn, who was in favour of the Kirk against the Court, and was a man of such boldness and decision of character, and possessed such power, from the largeness of his estates and the number of his vassals, that the king himself trembled at the sound of his voice. In a letter to Lady Kenmure, dated "Anwoth, Dec. 5th, 1634," Rutherford says, "Know it hath pleased the Lord to let me see, to all appearance, my labors here in God's house at an end; and I must now learn to suffer, in the which I am a dull scholar. I make no question of your ladyship's love and care to do what you can for my help, and am persuaded that in my adversities your ladyship wishes me well." But in this, as in every other matter, we must look higher than second causes. We may well believe that to be thus in suspense for two years whether any one day might not terminate his labors at Anwoth, must have been a continual spur to one who, like Rutherford, felt his heart and soul bound up in the work of the ministry. How earnestly would he pray, how powerfully would he preach, how unweariedly would he warn, how assiduously would he visit, how tenderly would he encourage the doubting and the fearing, how boldly would he testify against errors in doctrine and evils in life, when he felt uncertain whether each Sabbath might not be his last. Every sermon would be as if a farewell discourse, and every visit a final leave-taking.

The work for which he was brought before the High Court of Commission had, it appears, by a singular providence, fallen into the hands of King Charles I., who probably transmitted it to the High Court of Commission, with directions to punish the author. Some misapprehension had arisen in the mind of many of Rutherford's readers, from expressions casually dropped in his letters from Aberdeen. He felt so acutely his suspension from the ministry, and his exile to Aberdeen, that he sometimes speaks of it as if he were actually shut up in prison. This was not the case, for his sentence was not to be shut up in the walls of a gaol, literally, but to confine himself to the city of his banishment. The comparative leniency of this sentence was probably due to the influence of Lord Lorn, for some other ministers for similar offences had been banished and imprisoned. How deeply and acutely he felt his suspension from the beloved work of the ministry, his letters from Aberdeen abundantly testify. They are, perhaps, the richest and deepest in the whole collection. To be laid aside from the work of the ministry was to him a peculiar cross, the weight and edge of which were almost wholly inward. In his letters he opens to us his very heart on this point. This bitter draught was made up of various ingredients. First, it seemed to his tender and bleeding conscience as if the Lord had thereby a controversy with him. "Surely," he says in one place, "my guiltiness hath been remembered before him, and he was seeking to take down my sails and to let my vessel lie on the coast, like an old broken ship that is no more for the sea." These deep and poignant feelings made him, however, examine his ministry to the very foundation, to see what in it had provoked the Lord to lay him aside; and though his conscience could not but bear record that he had labored zealously and faithfully in the vineyard, yet its very tenderness made him feel the more deeply his deficiencies and infirmities. "All would be well," he writes to an intimate friend, "were I free of old challenges for guiltiness and for neglect in my calling, and for speaking too little for my well-beloved's crown, honor, and kingdom. If my Lord now quarrel with me also, I die—I cannot endure it; but I look for peace from him." "My fainting," he says, "cometh before I eat, and my faith hath bowed under this almost insupportable weight. O that it break now! I dare not say that the Lord hath put out my candle and broken the stakes of my tabernacle; but I have tasted bitterness, and eaten gall and wormwood since that day my Master laid bonds upon me to speak no more." This part of the trial lay more heavy on him at the first. "At my first entry," he says, "into this trial, (being

cast down and troubled with jealousies of his love whose name and testimony I now bear in my bonds,) I feared that I was but a dry tree cast out of the vineyard." "At first," he writes to another friend, "the remembrance of the many fair feast days with my Lord Jesus in public, which are now changed into silent Sabbaths, raised a great tempest in my soul; and the devil entered in and tempted me to quarrel with Christ, and to lay the blame on him as a hard Master." But this bitter ingredient in his cup was quickly removed. "I thank God," he says to his friend Earlstoun the younger, "the cloud has passed away. I am ashamed now of my unjust doubts of Christ my Lord. Verily, he is God, and I am dust and ashes. When he hid his face from me, I thought it was in wrath; but I have seen the other side of his cross now." Another bitter ingredient in his cup was, that he was laid aside from his beloved work,—the work of the ministry, preaching the gospel to poor perishing sinners. "That day," he says, "that my mouth was closed, the bloom fell off my branches, and my joy did cast the flower." "I am a short-sighted creature," he writes in the same letter, "and my candle casteth not light afar off; he knoweth all that is done unto me; how that when I had but one joy and no more, and one green flower that I esteemed to be my garland, he came in one hour, and dried up my flower at the root, and took away mine only crown and garland."

A third edge to this painful cross was his love to his people at Anwoth, and his fears and jealousies about their spiritual welfare. Writing to Lady Kenmure, he says, "I am for the present thinking the sparrows and swallows that build their nests at Anwoth, blessed birds. The Lord hath made all my congregation desolate. Alas! I am oft at this, 'Show me wherefore thou contendest with me.'" In a letter to a brother minister, he thus speaks of his jealousy over his little flock from which he had been severed by the hand of tyranny; "Dear brother, I cannot tell what has become of my labors among my people, or if all that the Lord built by me be cast down, and none stand by Christ, whose love I once preached as clearly and plainly as I could, though far below its excellency and worth. If I see my hopes die in the bud, ere they have bloomed a little, and come to no fruit, I die with grief." It cut him to the heart to think that any of whom he hoped well should turn back to the world and disappoint all his expectations.

But our limits warn us to conclude for the present. If spared, we hope, with

**the Lord's help and blessing, to proceed with the subject in our following number.**

*(Continued March, 1854.)*

**The ways of God and his dealings with his people in providence and in grace are usually in the outset shrouded in mystery, and yet in the end shine resplendently forth as stamped with the most perfect wisdom, mercy, and grace. When Luther, on his return from the Diet of Worms, was seized by armed men in masks, and carried off to the lonely castle of Wartburg, it seemed as if his life and work were both about to be suddenly extinguished. The consternation of his friends was almost unparalleled. "A cry of grief," says D'Aubigne, "resounded through Germany. Luther has fallen into the hands of his enemies." But in that quiet retreat, hidden alike from friend and foe, he had time and opportunity to translate the Scriptures into his native language, and thus deal Rome a far heavier blow, and advance the cause of God a thousand times more than if he had been permitted again without molestation to occupy his pulpit at Wittenberg.**

**When Bunyan was haled to prison, and his labors in the gospel were thus suddenly and violently brought to a close, this heavy stroke would doubtless appear, both to himself and his attached people, an utter extinguishment of his light and usefulness. But should we have had his "Grace Abounding," or his "Pilgrim's Progress," if it had not been for his gloomy cell in Bedford Gaol? Has not the church of God the greatest reason to bless the wisdom of the Most High in permitting ungodly men to triumph for a season? For though they might stop his tongue which could not reach hundreds, they set loose a pen which has been blessed to thousands. When Rutherford was torn from his beloved Anwoth, and ordered to confine himself to Aberdeen; when his tongue was thus forcibly silenced, and he forbidden to speak in the name of his dearest Lord, what a gloom it cast over his soul, what a dark cloud gathered over his fondest hopes. He had, he says, "but one joy," that of preaching the gospel, and that gone, all seemed gone.**

**But where would have been the richest portion of his letters but for his imprisonment? His ministry at Anwoth, however powerful in itself or at the**

time abundantly blessed, was restricted to a small village and to a scanty district; and, however it might be subsequently enlarged by his visiting other places, was necessarily confined to that day and generation. So fully, also, was he there occupied, as we have already seen, with the labors of his ministry, that the use of his pen in private correspondence must have been greatly limited. But at Aberdeen not only had he abundant leisure to write to his numerous friends, but his very trials there and deliverances, his exercises and blessings, furnished his heart with matter suitable and edifying to the people of God in all generations; and his pen was thus made the pen of a ready writer, not only for the narrow circle of a few Scottish friends, but for numbers then unborn. The light placed on this candlestick could not be hid. Its rays have shone far and wide beyond the Scottish border; and for the last 200 years have these powerful letters been as goads to stir up living souls to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Nay, even as regards that very flock which then lay so near to his heart—his church and congregation at Anwoth—we may well believe that the life and power with which his letters to them were impregnated, and to which his forced absence doubtless instrumentally much contributed, might, and probably were, more blessed to them than his preached discourses. The love and affection felt towards him, enhanced by his persecutions and exile for their sake, would make his letters eagerly read by those to whom they were addressed; from their real worth and intrinsic excellence they would be passed from hand to hand and religiously preserved, as their being at this day extant abundantly shows; their heavenly warmth might kindle a flame in many a cold heart, and their force and energy stir up many a sluggish bosom, which had remained dull and unmoved under the sound of his voice; and thus his letters might be more blessed even at Anwoth than his sermons, and his absence be more valuable than his presence. All this we can now clearly see and can admire it in the wisdom of God; but the cloud which we view gilded with the rays of the Sun of righteousness hung dark and lowering before the eyes of Rutherford amid the highland mists of Aberdeen.

There was evidently a reason for selecting that northern city for the place of his banishment, besides its distance, not less than 250 miles from Anwoth. Aberdeen was at that period the citadel and head-quarters of the High Church party, who were then making every effort to force upon the Scottish Kirk the Anglican Prayer-book, with government by bishops, &c., and to

assimilate it in all its rites and ceremonies, as much as possible, to the English establishment. A mighty struggle was then going on in the south of Scotland, chiefly at Edinburgh, to which we shall presently advert, and of which we may be sure Rutherford would be no indifferent spectator. It was probably to remove from the south so able and energetic a minister that Aberdeen was selected as the place of his banishment. "The indwellers of this town," writes Rutherford, "are dry and cold, and it is counted no wisdom here to countenance a confined and silenced minister." In those days there was little communication between distant places, and there appears to have been some additional hindrance placed in the way, in the case of Rutherford. Writing to Lady Kenmure, he says, "Since my coming here, (Aberdeen,) I received not a line from Galloway, except what my brother Earlstoun and his son did write. I cannot get my papers transported." But the learned divines at Aberdeen had small reason to congratulate themselves on his being removed from his pulpit in the south, and prevented joining in the struggle then going on for the liberties, indeed for the very existence of the Scottish Kirk; for Rutherford, who could argue with doctors as well as preach to peasants, so belabored them with weapons from the Scriptures in proof that the Puritan ministers were servants of God, that his enemies were silenced, if not convinced. At Aberdeen he remained a year and a half; but an event was at hand which will be remembered in Scotland as long as a Scottish foot treads the heather on the Grampians, or a Scottish ear listens to the babbling waters of the rushing Tay.

On March 1st, 1635, a storm broke forth which not only convulsed Scotland to the very centre, but shook the broad foundations of the English throne, and in its issue mightily concurred to bring the head of the King of England to the block. This was the proclamation, by the heads of the Presbyterian party, of the "Solemn League and Covenant," whereby they bound themselves, at the risk of their property and life, to uphold the principles on which the Kirk was founded.

A few details of this great religious movement may, perhaps, not be out of place. Charles the First, with all that blind folly and obstinate bigotry which has made the race of the Stuarts as much hated and despised in the British Isles as that of the Bourbons on the continent, in spite of all warnings from those who knew the temper of the nation, would persevere in attempting to force the Prayer-book on the Scottish people. Sunday, July 23rd, 1637, was

the day appointed for the introduction of the new service-book into the churches of Edinburgh; and a great concourse of people, besides the Lords of the Privy Council, and all the grandees in Church and State, assembled in the High Church of St. Giles. Amongst the audience there sat in the aisle an old woman, named Jeannie Geddes, who viewed with equal amazement and horror the Dean of Edinburgh, in his surplice, bowing and gesticulating, and reading prayers out of a book, until, just as he announced the collect for the day, old Jeannie, who could stifle her wrath no longer, with an exclamation which we shall not repeat, shouted out, in broad Scotch, "Thou false thief! Dost thou say the mass at my lug (ear)?" and immediately, suiting the action to the word, took up the little stool on which she sat and hurled it at the dean's head. In an instant all was uproar; the women of the congregation rushed to the desk, and the dean, to avoid being torn to pieces, pulled off his surplice and fled. Thus terminated, at least for a time, the attempt to force the Prayer-book on the sturdy Scots. This unseemly riot was soon followed up by the event before alluded to, the formation of the Solemn League and Covenant, one of the most remarkable events of Scottish history.\*

\* We are not fond of recommending any not strictly religious books; but should any of our readers desire a fuller acquaintance with the struggles and sufferings of the Scottish Covenanters from 1605 to 1688, they will find a very interesting account in Vol. XII., No. 109 of "Chambers's Miscellany." The Number may, perhaps, be obtained separately for 2d. or 1-1/2d.

It was, then, on March 1st, 1638, that a vast multitude of persons, with many nobles at their head, assembled themselves in the Grayfriars Church, Edinburgh, and there signed the National Covenant, some with pens dipped in their own blood. No language can adequately describe the zeal, the enthusiasm, the tears of joy with which this Solemn League and Covenant was signed by hundreds of thousands, through the whole length and breadth of the land. The abhorrence of the Scottish people against Popery and Prelacy burst forth in a flame which spread over Scotland as a sheet of fire. One place of note alone, Aberdeen, the spot of Rutherford's confinement, refused to sign the Covenant. But the flame, if it did not melt the cold hearts of the men of Aberdeen, burnt off the bands which held fast the prisoner of the Lord, and Rutherford was allowed to return to his beloved Anwoth. Alarmed at the aspect of public affairs in Scotland, the King agreed to abolish the High

Commission Court, by the sentence of which Rutherford had been banished; and with the fall of this engine of tyranny its sentences tacitly if not actually expired. He ventured, therefore, to return to his own people, where he laid himself out, if possible, more earnestly and laboriously than before, in the work of the ministry. The times were peculiar. There was great zeal and excitement, especially in the south and west of Scotland; and if many, like Jeannie Geddes, savoured more of the flesh than of the Spirit, and thought that deans and surplices were best put down by three-legged stools, there were others, doubtless, differently minded, who sought the Lord's face by prayer and supplication.

At this critical juncture, then, Rutherford returned to Anwoth, and stood up once more in his own pulpit. From all quarters, far and near, people flocked to hear him preach. Though we have none of his sermons preserved, yet we may well gather from his letters what they most probably were. The force and originality of his ideas, the pithy homeliness of his expressions—a point in which the Lowland Scotch far exceeds the more tame and polished English, and in which he peculiarly excelled—the solemn views of eternity which weighed with such pressure on his own soul, the earnestness which fired his eye, animated every feature of his face, and broke forth from his tongue, and above all, the flame of holy love which burned in his heart towards the blessed Jesus,—all this, which we see in his letters, we may well conceive was stamped upon his ministry in the pulpit. He had not been to Aberdeen for nought. How feelingly and experimentally could he now speak of the consolations with which the Lord had bedewed his soul, of the hard thoughts which he had once entertained of him, and how they had been all dispersed by his sweet presence, of the promises applied, of the views he had had of the boundless future of Jesus! How he would extol him as "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely!" We may picture to ourselves how he would be heard. Look at those upturned faces, those streaming eyes, that hushed attention, that drinking in every word of the preacher as it fell from his lips. How his "honoured and dear brother" Earlstoun the younger, and the old laird of Cardoness, with his wife and son, and good old John Bell, his ruling elder, and youthful Ninian Mure, and his attached friend Robert Gordon, and poor Lady Kenmure, in her widow's weeds, and many other gracious hearers, his joy and crown—whose names are written in heaven, but of whom time has preserved no note—would hail the reappearance of their beloved pastor. Without

trespassing too far into the regions of imagination, we may picture to ourselves the affectionate greetings on both sides when pastor and people were thus once more brought together, and the warm burst of feeling which thrilled in their bosoms, restrained only by godly jealousy lest nature should usurp the place of grace, and exalt the man rather than his Master. "Ah! but this is only a picture of your own imagination," some cold-hearted reader may exclaim. Granted; but a picture, probably, not far from the reality, and one that may at any rate serve to transport our thoughts to those good old times when there was in religion a reality and vitality, and amongst the people of God a union with each other, and an earnestness and devotedness to their common Lord, of which, in these cold, heartless days, we seem to know but little.

But he who fixes the bounds of our habitations had determined another place of abode for his servant Rutherford than his beloved Anwoth. In November, 1638, the Covenanters held a General Assembly of the Church at Glasgow, which was attended beyond all precedent, not only by its members, lay and clerical, but by all the nobility and gentry of any family or interest in Scotland, and a vast concourse of the people. Disregarding the protest of the bishops and the threats of the King's commissioner, the Marquis of Hamilton, who in his Majesty's name dissolved the Assembly, they declared all the acts establishing Episcopacy in Scotland null and void, abjured and abolished Prelacy, condemned the Liturgy and the Book of Common Prayer, restored Presbyterianism in its former purity, and pronounced sentence of excommunication against eight of the fourteen Scottish bishops for actual crimes. Before this august assembly Rutherford appeared, and related to it all the proceedings of his banishment to Aberdeen. We need hardly say how this account was received by it, for we may be sure that the deepest sympathy with the sufferer and the highest indignation against his oppressors would pervade every man in that assembly. But as a mark of their esteem for his character, the Assembly appointed him Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews, and colleague in the ministry with Robert Blair, with whom he had been previously acquainted, and to whom he seems to have been much attached. With this appointment, as recognising in it the voice of God, Rutherford at once complied. St. Andrews had been the seat of the deposed archbishop, Rutherford's former enemy and persecutor, and, to use the words of the Memoir before us, "by that means the seat of all superstition, error, and profaneness;" for such throughout Scotland was the universal detestation of

bishops, that scarce any could be found to accept the office but men of doubtful character. It was therefore the object of the General Assembly to transfer to that University a man not only of Rutherford's great abilities to fill the chair of divinity for the instruction of the students, but a man of God, full of zeal, and warmth, and love, to occupy the pulpit.

A learned ministry was viewed with much favor by the Puritans, especially in Scotland, and in their case, perhaps, with some reason, not only because they were so much engaged in controversy with Popery, but from the very character of the Scottish people, who, naturally keen-witted and disposed to argument, and extremely well educated in the village schools, were at that time, at least, great students of the Scripture. Learning and godliness were in those days combined as never seen before or since. Some of the most godly men of whom there is any record then taught at the Universities. Luther at Wittenberg, Calvin at Geneva, a few years later Dr. Owen and Goodwin at Oxford, gave lectures in divinity, and devoted all their time and abilities to the service of the sanctuary. We cannot, therefore, wonder that the General Assembly at Glasgow chose Rutherford as the standard bearer at St. Andrews. Though this step necessarily broke asunder his tie to Anwoth, yet we find, in his letters from St. Andrews, no mourning over it, no soul yearning towards the scenes of his early ministry, as is expressed in his letters from Aberdeen. The reason of this it is not difficult to discover. What Rutherford panted after was to be employed in the service of his Lord and Master, and whether that was the exercise of his ministry at quiet Anwoth, or occupying a more public situation at St. Andrews, he was content. The effects of his labors there were soon seen. In the scanty Memoir before us it is thus recorded:

"And here God did again so second this eminent and faithful servant, that by his indefatigable pains, both in teaching in the schools and preaching in the congregation, St. Andrews, the seat of the archbishop, and by that means the nursery of all superstition, error, and profaneness, soon became a Lebanon, out of which were taken cedars for building the house of the Lord, almost throughout the whole land; many of whom he guided to heaven before himself, who received spiritual life by his ministry, and many others walked in that light after him."

Here then for the present we leave this blessed and highly favored man of

**God. We have yet in store his death-bed, of which we have a pretty full account; and we should be doing injustice to him, as well as to our readers, were we not to give them the benefit of that striking and edifying scene.**

*(Concluded April, 1854.)*

**We left the highly-favored man of God, whose life we are reviewing, settled at St. Andrews, and there occupying the distinct yet united offices of professor of divinity and minister of the gospel. Here, with one memorable exception, to which we shall presently advert, he remained to his death, a period of about 21 years. As he was one who much watched the hand of the Lord, and could not live without the enjoyment of his presence and the manifestations of his love, we may be well satisfied by the length of his residence there, that he believed he was where God would have him to be, and was spending his strength in his service and for his honor. And of this he must be allowed to have been a better judge than we can possibly be, both because, at the best, we must be most imperfectly acquainted with the peculiar circumstances of the period in which he lived, and because we cannot look into his bosom to see the springs of divine leading which actuated his movements in this matter. It argues, in our judgment, a great narrowness of mind, as well as extreme ignorance of the diversified dealings of God in providence and grace, to chalk out a certain rigid line for his saints and servants to walk in—a line, that is, more narrow and precise than the Scriptures warrant—and then condemn or cut them off because their every step does not move in exact accordance with it. Clever top-sawyers must we be to cut up the saints of God and their services into narrow planks by our chalk line, and determine the exact scantling of the boards for the use of the tabernacle. Let them hold the saw, and let us be the timber, and they might saw us up at a sharper rate, and prove us after all to be of less serviceable stuff. To prepare students for the ministry is, we candidly acknowledge, an employment that would not fall in with our own views and feelings of the spiritual service of the sanctuary; but are we therefore warranted to condemn so eminent a servant of God as Rutherford for being engaged in this work, when we most fully believe he undertook and performed the office with a single eye to the glory of God and was blessed by him in its execution?**

**His letters from St. Andrews have not been so numerously preserved as those from Aberdeen, nor do they seem to breathe so sweet a savour of personal experience. Two circumstances may account for this. First, he was not in the same furnace, and therefore had not the same warmth of heavenly feeling. His affections did not so much abound, and therefore he had not the same abundance of consolations. And, secondly, he was more fully occupied, and therefore did not possess the same amount of leisure. That he devoted body and soul to the work which lay before him, and laboured most incessantly and unweariedly in his new sphere of action, we may readily believe from his amazing energy of spirit, as well as from that singleness of eye to the glory of God which so peculiarly distinguished him. In our last number we gave an extract from the scanty memoir before us to show his unwearied industry, and we now add another of a similar nature:**

**"Such was his unwearied assiduity and diligence, that he seemed to pray constantly, to catechise constantly, and to visit the sick, exhorting from house to house; to teach as much in the schools, and spend as much time with the students and young men in fitting them for the ministry, as if he had been sequestered from all the world besides, and yet withal to write as much as if he had been constantly shut up in his study."**

**Scattered hints of his assiduous labours appear in his letters, as for instance in the following, addressed to a friend, and dated, St. Andrews, 1640, which thus abruptly closes:**

**"I am called from writing by my great employments in this town; and have said nothing. But what can I say of Him? Let us go and see."**

**Mark those last words. He is writing to a friend about Christ. A summons calls him away, most probably to address the University students. Shall we now lay Christ aside, and hammer over a Greek declension, like an Eton school-master, or nicely discuss to a yawning class the precise date and value of the Alexandrian manuscript, like a German professor? No; he leaves his study, where he had just been thus putting his heart on paper:**

**"What am I to answer you? Alas! my books are all bare, and show me little of God. I would fain go beyond books into his house of love, to himself. Dear brother, neither you nor I are parties worthy of his love or knowledge. Ah!**

**how hath sin bemisted and blinded us, that we cannot see him. But for my poor self, I am pained and like to burst, because he will not take down the wall, and fetch his uncreated beauty, and bring his matchless white and ruddy face out of heaven, that I may have heaven meeting me ere I go to it, in such a wonderful sight."**

**Now, can we for a moment think, that a man who could feel and write thus, his soul, as it were, on the very borders of heaven, would go into his lecture-room as a merchant into his counting-house or a tradesman into his shop, to handle the consciences of the students as if they were samples of cotton or pounds of tea? Could we follow him at St. Andrews as we followed him in imagination at Anwoth, we should see him warning, reproofing, instructing, encouraging the students with the same holy zeal and tender affection as there animated him. The divinity students, we must bear in mind, were only admitted into the class as they gave some evidences of a work of grace, which we may well believe were scanned and scrutinised by a jealous and discerning eye; and they, therefore, as widely differed from the academic youths who in our day, weary of the counter, are learning to spout in a pulpit, as Rutherford differs from a modern divinity professor. Modern dissenting academies\* have been such seed-beds of hypocrisy and enmity against the truth that they have cast a suspicion on all such systems of education; but we can no more compare Bradford or Cheshunt with St. Andrews in the days of Rutherford or Halyburton than we can compare Christ Church, Oxford, now, with its proud aristocratic students, with the same college when Dr. Owen was its dean, in the days of Oliver Cromwell. Times are changed; and unless we can transport ourselves back to that remarkable era, which we can only do, and then most imperfectly, by a minute acquaintance with the circumstances of the period, we are most imperfect judges of the motives of such a servant of the Lord as Rutherford in so earnestly devoting himself to the students at St. Andrews.**

**\* We were struck with the following testimony by a clergyman which we met with the other day: "Of late, Dissenters seem to have come down just to our own folly, of supposing that man can make a minister. Hence their colleges and schools, in which much literary poison, more injurious far, because more congenial to the taste, than the classical abominations of our own school, is copiously imbibed; and vice, though more specious, is as surely practised."—*Chapters on Prisons and Prisoners, by J. Kingsmill, Chaplain of Pentonville***

*Prison.*

We have been constrained to offer these remarks, to vindicate, on the one hand, this highly-favored man of God, and on the other, to guard ourselves from being considered advocates of a training for the ministry.

But a more important post than even that at St. Andrews was soon assigned to Rutherford, which removed him for more than three years from that quiet seaport to the English metropolis, and hurried him into the vortex of public life. On July 1st, 1643, there met in King Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster, an assembly which, for godliness and learning combined, has never been surpassed, if indeed equalled. This is generally called "The Westminster Assembly of Divines;" and the object of this meeting numbering 121 ministers, chosen from the different counties, besides 30 lay assessors, was to examine the state of religion, to remove everything contrary to the word of God, and bring the doctrine and discipline of the church into conformity with the Scriptures. As the authority of the king was at this time nearly gone, this Assembly was called by the authority of the Parliament; and as the Scotch and English Puritans were now closely drawn together, seven Commissioners from Scotland were appointed to attend it, in the name and by the authority of the Scottish Kirk. Of these Scotch ministers the most distinguished were Alexander Henderson and Samuel Rutherford. The very circumstance that the leaders of the Scottish Kirk selected Rutherford for this important post plainly shows their high estimation of his character and abilities. Many of his letters are dated from London, and breathe the same spirit of separation from the world, though then in the midst of it, as characterised him at St. Andrews or Aberdeen. He continued in London for more than three years, attending the Assembly and writing various works, chiefly controversial. The brief memoir before us thus sums up the part which he took in the Assembly:

"He was also one of the Scots Commissioners, appointed Anno 1643, to the Westminster Assembly, and was very much beloved there for his unparalleled faithfulness and zeal in going about his Master's business. It was during this time that he published 'Lex Rex,' and several other learned pieces against the Erastians, Independents, and other sectaries that began to prevail and increase at that time, and none ever had the courage to take up the gauntlet of defiance thrown down by this champion."\*

**\* It is reported that when King Charles saw "Lex Rex," he said it would scarcely ever get an answer; nor did it ever get any, except what the Parliament in 1661 gave it, when they caused it to be burned at the cross of Edinburgh, by the hands of the hangman.**

**For godliness of heart, lip, and life, the Puritans deserve the esteem and love of every true Christian. But they—or to speak more correctly, the Presbyterian portion of them—professed and practised one principle, which with them was a fundamental one, and which we believe to have been a serious mistake, and to have been the main cause of their downfall. Taking the Old Testament as their guide more than the New, and accommodating to modern times and to a different dispensation the principles of the Levitical covenant, they sought to impose the same yoke on the nation generally which was put upon ancient Israel. Such godly kings as Hezekiah and Josiah, and such rulers as Ezra and Nehemiah they viewed as patterns for Christian governors. Now, this serious mistake, as we view it, leavened the principles and practice of the Westminster Assembly, and the carrying of them out involved not only tyranny, but the worst of all tyrannies, a clerical despotism. Thus the Assembly drew up a "Solemn League and Covenant," containing six articles, which they sought to impose on all ranks and orders, regenerate or unregenerate. With all their sound and clear views of election and sovereign grace, they did not seem to see that men cannot be made religious by Act of Parliament; and in attempting to force restraints on the carnal mind which it would not and could not bear, they gradually proceeded to acts of tyranny and oppression which so exasperated the ungodly part of the nation that at Cromwell's death they welcomed back with shouts of exultation a profligate king. The Scotch ministers,\* and we must add Rutherford among them, were more deeply imbued with these ideas than the English; and the main cause was John Knox's original position, that the Scottish Kirk was the church of Christ, identifying, as the result proved, a national establishment with the Lamb's wife, and thus throwing together into one confused heap wheat and chaff, and penning in the same fold sheep and goats.**

**\* When Charles II. was in Scotland, on one fast day, they made him listen to six sermons, each following the other without intermission, and probably each not less than an hour long; and before they would crown him, made him**

**swear observance to the Solemn League and Covenant, which he did three times, with this, as Neal justly calls it, "tremendous oath;" "By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I will observe and keep all that is contained therein."**

**That churches are not national establishments, but distinct assemblies of the manifested elect, gathered out of the world, ruled from within, and not from without, enjoying ordinances peculiar to themselves, was a truth much hidden from the eyes of men so clear-sighted in the things of God as Rutherford and Knox. The consequence was a confusion in their ministry, which will account for much of that free-will strain of invitation and exhortation which characterises their writing, and a confusion in their ministerial practice, which eventually sharpened against them the sword of persecution and well-nigh drowned the kirk in her own blood.**

**But we are not disposed to dwell on the faults and blemishes of men so eminent in vital and practical godliness. We therefore leave the Westminster Assembly, which, with all its faults, will ever remain an unrivalled monument of sanctified learning and godly zeal;\* an assembly of ministers which, were we to search England from end to side, we could no more gather together now than we could collect a House of Commons equal to the Long Parliament.†**

**\* We cannot well forbear appending in a note the conclusion of the Solemn League and Covenant, drawn up by the Westminster Assembly:**

**"And because these kingdoms are guilty of many sins and provocations against God, and his son Jesus Christ, as is too manifest by our present distresses and dangers, the fruits thereof, we profess and declare before God and the world, our unfeigned desire to be humbled for our own sins, and for the sins of these kingdoms; especially that we have not, as we ought, valued the inestimable benefit of the gospel; that we have not labored for the purity and power thereof; and that we have not endeavoured to receive Christ in our hearts, not to walk worthy of him in our lives, which are the cause of other sins and transgressions so much abounding amongst us; and our true and unfeigned purpose, desire, and endeavour for ourselves, and all others under our charge, both in public and private, in all our duties we owe to God and man, to amend our lives, and each one to go before another in the example of**

**a real reformation, that the Lord may turn away his wrath and heavy indignation, and establish these churches and kingdoms in truth and peace. And this covenant we make in the presence of Almighty God, the Searcher of all hearts, with a true intention to perform the same, as we shall answer at that great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed; most humbly beseeching the Lord to strengthen us by his Holy Spirit for this end, and to bless our desires and proceedings with such success, as may be a deliverance and safety to his people, and encouragement to the Christian churches groaning under, or in danger of the yoke of antichristian tyranny, to join with the same or like attestation and covenant, to the glory of God, the enlargement of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and the peace and tranquillity of Christian kingdoms and commonwealths."**

**What call be more sound than many expressions in this extract? But what an absurdity, if not profanation of holy things, to force such declarations indiscriminately on all persons and actually urge the king to exclude from court all who would not subscribe it.**

**† The fullest and best account we have seen of the proceedings of the Westminster Assembly is in "Neal's History of the Puritans," Vol. II.**

**It is much more easy to censure them where they were wrong than imitate them where they were right. If in our day we have more light, we certainly have much less life; and were they able to look forward and review us as we can look backward and review them, they would read us a lecture on our coldness and lukewarmness which might be more profitable than palatable.**

**We journey, then, back with Rutherford to St. Andrews, which he reached in the autumn of 1647. Here he remained until his death. We are not writing a history of the times, or we might mention many afflicting circumstances connected with the Kirk of Scotland during those 14 years which must have deeply grieved and distressed his soul, more especially as he sided with that party which Oliver Cromwell broke to pieces at the battle of Dunbar. In the year 1651 he had an opportunity to escape from these afflicting scenes, by receiving from the magistrates of Utrecht, a town in Holland, an invitation to occupy the divinity chair in its celebrated University. But he could not persuade himself to leave his native land. The same reasons, doubtless,**

**weighed with him which he urges on a friend who was about to leave Scotland:**

**"Let me entreat you to be far from the thoughts of leaving this land; I see it and find it, that the Lord hath covered the whole land with a cloud in his anger; but though I have been tempted to the like, I had rather be in Scotland beside angry Jesus Christ, knowing he mindeth no evil to us, than in any Eden or garden on the earth."**

**During the next ten years, Rutherford was no indifferent spectator of the state of affairs in Scotland—a state most afflicting to his mind, as intimating the Lord's displeasure against the pride and ambition of his fellow-ministers, who, as Cromwell bluntly told them, "pretending to a glorious Reformation, laid the foundations thereof in getting to themselves worldly power."**

**On May 29th, 1660, Charles II. entered London amidst the acclamations of the populace; and in less than a year from that date Rutherford entered into the enjoyment of his eternal inheritance. But he lived long enough to see the dark cloud that was gathering over his beloved Kirk and country; and the first flashes, as he lay on his death-bed, played round his pillow. His book, entitled "Lex Rex," (literally, "Law King," probably meaning that the Law of Jesus was the supreme Sovereign,) was publicly burned at the cross of Edinburgh, and at the gates of the New College of St. Andrews. This was a sufficient intimation of the treatment in store for him; and soon after an indictment was laid against him before the Parliament for the crime of high treason. "The dark places of the earth," says the Psalmist, "are full of the habitations of cruelty." None are so cruel as those who call darkness light. Such were Rutherford's persecutors; for when everybody knew that he was dying, they summoned him to appear before them at Edinburgh.\* "But," to use the words of the Memoir, "he had a higher tribunal to appear before, where his Judge was his friend, and was dead before that time came, being taken away from the evil to come."**

**\* "It is commonly said, that when the summons came, he spoke out of his bed and said, 'Tell them I have got a summons already before a superior Judge and judicatory, and I behove to answer my first summons; and ere your day come, I will be where few kings and great folks come.' When they returned**

and told he was dying, the Parliament put to a vote, Whether or not to let him die in the college? It was carried, 'Put him out,' only a few dissenting. My Lord Burleigh said, 'Ye have voted that honest man out of the college, but ye cannot vote him out of heaven.' Some said, 'He would never win (get) there; hell was too good for him.' Burleigh said, 'I wish I were as sure of heaven as he is; I would think myself happy to get a grip of his sleeve to haul me in.'"

The following account of his death-bed is given in the Memoir before us:

"Some days before his death, he said, 'I shall shine, I shall see him as he is; I shall see him reign, and all his fair company with him; and I shall have my large share; my eyes shall see my Redeemer, these very eyes of mine, and no other for me. This may seem a strong word, but it is no fancy or delusion; it is true, it is true; let my Lord's name be exalted; and if he will, let my name be ground to pieces, that he may be all in all. If he should slay me, ten thousand times ten thousand times, I'll trust.' He often repeated, 'Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart.' Exhorting one to be diligent in seeking God, he said, 'It is no easy thing to be a Christian; but for me, I have gotten the victory, and Christ is holding out both his arms to embrace me.' At another time, to some friends about him, he said, 'At the beginning of my sufferings, I had mine own fears, like another sinful man, lest I should faint, and not be carried creditably through; and I laid this before the Lord; and as sure as he ever spake to me in his word, as sure his Spirit witnessed to my heart he had accepted my sufferings, he said to me, 'Fear not; the issue shall not be simply matter of praise.' I said to the Lord, if he should slay me five thousand times five thousand times, I would trust in him; and I spake it with much trembling, fearing I should not make my attempt good. But as really as ever he spake to me by his Spirit, he witnessed to my heart that his grace should be sufficient.'

"The last Tuesday night before his death, being much weighed down with the state of the public, he had that expression, 'Terror hath taken hold on me, because of his dispensations.' And after adverting to his own condition, he said, 'I disclaim all that ever he made me will and do, and look on it as defiled and imperfect, as coming from me; and I take me to Christ for sanctification as well as justification;' and repeating these words, 'He is made of God to me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;' he added, 'I close with

it, let him be so; he is my All in all this.'

"On March the 17th, three gentlewomen coming to see him, after exhorting them to read the word, and be frequent in prayer, and much in communion with God, he said, 'My honorable Master and lovely Lord, my great and royal king, hath not a match in heaven or in earth; I have my own guiltiness, like another sinful man, but he hath pardoned, loved, and washed me, and given me "joy unspeakable and full of glory." I repent not that ever I owned his cause.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"The next morning, as he recovered out of fainting, in which they who looked on expected his dissolution, he said, 'I feel, I feel, I believe, in joy, and rejoice; I feed on manna.'

"As Mr. Rutherford took a little wine in a spoon, to refresh himself, being very weak, Mr. Blair said to him, 'You feed on dainties in heaven, and think nothing of our cordials on earth;' he answered, 'They are all but dross, yet they are Christ's creatures, and out of obedience to his command, I take them;' adding, 'Mine eyes shall see my Redeemer; I know he shall stand the last day upon the earth, and I shall be caught up in the clouds to meet him in the air, and I shall be ever with him; and what would you have more? there is an end;' and stretching out his hand, he again replied, 'There is an end.' A little after, he said, 'I have been a wretched, sinful man, but I stand at the best pass that ever a man did; Christ is mine, and I am his;' and spake much of the white stone, and the new name. Mr. Blair, who loved to hear Christ commended with all his heart, said to him again, 'What think you now of Christ?' to which he replied, 'I shall live and adore him; glory, glory, to my Creator, and to my Redeemer for ever; glory shines in Emmanuel's land!'

"In the afternoon of that day, he said, 'O that all my brethren in the public may know what a Master I have served, and what peace I have this day! I shall sleep in Christ, and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with his likeness.' And he said, 'This night shall close the door, and put my anchor within the veil, and I shall go away in a sleep by five of the clock in the morning;' which exactly fell out according as he had told that night. Though he was very weak, he had often this expression, 'O for arms to embrace him! O for a well-tuned

**harp!'**

**"Afterwards, when some spoke to Mr. Rutherford of his former painfulness and faithfulness in the work of God, he said, 'I disclaim all that; the port I would be at is redemption and forgiveness through his blood; 'Thou shalt show me the path of life; in thy sight is fulness of joy.' There is nothing now between me and the resurrection, but 'To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.' Mr. Blair saying, 'Shall I praise the Lord for all the mercies he has done for you, and is to do?' He answered, 'O for a well-tuned harp!' To his child he said, 'I have again left you upon the Lord; it may be you will tell this to others, that the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places, I have a goodly heritage. I bless the Lord that gave me counsel.'"**

**We fear that after this glorious display of the power of God, any remarks of ours may weaken the impression that so blessed a scene is calculated to make. And yet we can hardly forbear dropping a few words on what may truly be called his living remains, his dead remains having long passed into dust and waiting the awakening summons of the resurrection morn. By his living remains, we mean his Letters, most of his other works being now buried in oblivion. The leading features of these Letters may be considered worth briefly pointing out:**

**1. *The amazing warmth and energy* which seem to flash through them as an electric flame must strike every gracious reader. His heart and soul were all on fire, and his pen was as if the electric conductor to transmit the sparks to paper and thence to the heart of his correspondent. It was not with him as sometimes with us, "What shall I say next?" or, "What have I to write about?" but, "How shall I soonest pour my soul into the soul of my friend?"**

**2. *The views and feelings which he had of time and eternity* are expressed in them with amazing force. What weight and energy, for instance, are there in the following lines:—**

**"O thrice-blinded souls, whose hearts are charmed and bewitched with dreams, shadows, night vanities, and night fancies, of a miserable life of sin! Poor fools! who are beguiled with painted things, and this world's fair weather, and smooth promises, and rotten hopes. May not the devil laugh, to**

see us give away our souls for the corrupt and counterfeit pleasures of sin? O for a sight of eternity's glory, and a little tasting of the Lamb's marriage supper! How far are we bereft of wit, to chase, and hunt, and run, till our souls be out of breath, after a condemned happiness of our own making! O that we were out of ourselves, and dead to this world, and this world dead and crucified to us!

3. *His love to the Lord Jesus*, and the breathings and longings of his soul after his manifested presence, shine forth very conspicuously in his Letters. He had such transporting views of his Person, blood, righteousness, grace, and glory, that to those who never had any powerful manifestation of the Lord Jesus, some of his expressions may seem strained. Thus he wishes that the ocean were a sea of ink, and the expanded sky a scroll on which he could write the praises of Jesus. These may seem exaggerated expressions; but if millions of saints will find eternity too short to see his beauty, behold his glory, and sing his praise, why should a redeemed sinner on earth be grudged anticipating a foretaste of heaven? What is a sea of ink to eternity, or the blue firmament to the realms of endless day?

4. *The godly, practical, and yet thoroughly experimental admonitions* that dropped from his pen, stamp Rutherford's Letters with singular power and force. They carry a sharp edge, and yet are so blended with tenderness and affection that the wound and the balm come together. He is like one who sees a friend lying asleep on the edge of a precipice. He roughly awakens him, and yet at the same moment catches him in his arms, and bears him away from the danger with the affectionate chiding, "Dear friend, how could you go to sleep on the top of the cliff?"

5. *The pith and originality of expression* in these Letters are a marked feature in them, and have embalmed them from decay. No writer will survive his own generation whose thoughts and expressions are not stamped with that force and originality which mark them as peculiarly his own. It is a man's own mint which stamps his coins and gives them currency. Here Rutherford peculiarly shines; and by engrafting on his own stock of original thoughts the forcible though homely Scotticisms to which we have before alluded, he has, without intending it, become one of the most forcible and original writers that has ever edified the church of God.

**Here, then, we pause; not because our subject is exhausted, but because we desire to trespass neither on our prescribed limits nor on the patience of our readers. But we feel we shall not have written in vain if we have drawn the attention of our readers to a book the words of which may, with God's blessing, be "as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one Shepherd."**

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**An Exposition of the Old and New Testaments By John Gill, D.D.—(*May, 1854.*)**

**We have so fully on a former occasion\* given our views upon Commentaries in general, and upon Dr. Gill's Commentary in particular, that we need not here repeat them. But as the Editor of the present edition has, in the face of most arduous and numerous difficulties, been favoured with health, strength, and perseverance to surmount them all, and to bring his laborious undertaking to a successful termination, a few words from us by way of supplement to the remarks which then dropped from our pen may perhaps not be deemed out of place.**

**\* See the "Gospel Standard" for February and March, 1852, pp. 65 and 96.**

**For a sound, consistent, scriptural exposition of the word of God, no commentary, we believe, in any language can be compared with Dr. Gill's. There may be commentaries on individual books of Scripture, such as Vitringa on Isaiah, Venema on the Psalms, Alting on Jeremiah, Caryll on Job, Lampe on John, Luther on the Galatians, Owen on the Hebrews, Mede on the Revelation, which may surpass Dr. Gill's in depth of research and fulness of exposition: and the great work from which Poole compiled his Synopsis may be more suitable to scholars and divines, as bringing together into one focus all the learning of those eminent men who in the 16th century devoted days and nights to the study and interpretation of the word of God. But for English readers there is no commentary equal to Dr. Gill's. His alone of all we have seen is based upon consistent, harmonious views of divine truth, without turning aside to the right hand or the left. It is said of the late Mr. Simeon, of**

Cambridge, that his plan of preaching was, if he had what is called an Arminian text, to preach from it Arminianism, and if he took a Calvinistic text, to preach from it Calvinism. Not so Dr. Gill. He knew nothing about Arminian texts, or Arminian interpretations. He believed that the Scripture, as an inspired revelation from God, must be harmonious and consistent with itself, and that no two passages could so contradict each other as the doctrines of free will contradict the doctrines of grace. The exhortation of the apostle is, "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith." (Rom. 12:6.) This apostolic rule was closely followed by Dr. Gill. "The proportion," or as the word literally means, "analogy of faith," was his rule and guide in interpreting the Scripture; and, therefore, as all his explanations were modelled according to the beautiful proportions of divine truth as received by faith, so every view disproportionate to the same harmonious plan was rejected by him as God-dishonoring, inconsistent, and contradictory. It is this sound, consistent, harmonious interpretation of divine truth which has stamped a peculiar weight and value on Dr. Gill's Commentary, such as no other exposition of the whole Scripture possesses.

But besides this indispensable qualification, it has other excellent qualities. 1. An interpreter of the word of God should have a deep and well-grounded *knowledge* of the languages in which the Scriptures were originally written. This Dr. Gill undoubtedly possessed. His knowledge of Hebrew, in particular, was deep and accurate, and his acquaintance with the Rabbinical writers, that is, the Jewish expositors of the Old Testament, was nearly unparalleled. Indeed, he has almost overlaid his Commentary too much with his vast and almost cumbrous Rabbinical learning, and seems to have given it more place and attached to it more value than it really deserves.

2. Another striking and admirable feature of this Commentary is, *the condensation of thought and expression* throughout. Dr. Gill possessed a rare and valuable gift,—that of *packing*. He will sometimes give four or five explanations of a difficult passage; but his words are so few and well chosen, and the meaning so condensed, that he will pack in three or four lines what most writers would swell to half a page, and then not be half so full, clear, or determinate. His Commentary has thus become full of ideas and germs of thought, which, by-the-bye, has made it such a storehouse for parsonic

thieves; for the Doctor has in half a dozen lines furnished many a sermon with all the ideas it ever had worth a straw, and has given the two or three grains of gold which, under the pulpit hammer, have been beaten out to last an hour.

3. Another striking feature, in our judgment, of this admirable Commentary is the *sound sense and great fairness of interpretation* which pervade it. Dr. Gill possessed that priceless gift, a sound, sober mind. His judgment in divine things was not only clear and decisive, but eminently characterised by solidity and sobriety. This preserved him from all wild enthusiastic flights of imagination, as well as from that strong temptation of experimental writers and preachers,—fanciful interpretation. He never runs a figure out of breath, nor hunts a type to death; nor does he find deep mysteries in "nine and twenty knives," or Satan bestriding the old man of sin in Balaam and his ass.

4. The *fulness* of the Commentary is another noticeable feature in Dr. Gill's Exposition. Most commentators skip over all the difficult passages. They bring you very nicely and comfortably over all the smooth ground; but just as you come to the marsh and the bog, where a few stepping stones and a friendly hand to help you over them would be acceptable, where is your companion? Gone. Lost himself, perhaps, in the bog; at any rate, not at hand to render any help. And where are the stepping stones he promised to put down? There is hardly one to be seen; or, if there be an attempt at any, they are too small, few, or wide apart to be of the least service. To one who has any insight into the word of truth, how empty, meagre, and unsatisfactory are nearly all commentaries. The really difficult passages are skipped over, or by confused attempts at explanation made more difficult than before. Their views of doctrine are confused or contradictory. The sweet vein of experience in the word is never touched upon or brought to light; and even the letter of truth is garbled and mangled, or watered and diluted, till it is made to mean just nothing at all, or the very opposite of the sacred writer's meaning. As dry as a chip, and as hard, stale, and tasteless as a forgotten crust in a corner, these miserable and abortive attempts at opening up the sacred word of God, instead of feeding you with honey out of the rock, will drain away every drop of life and feeling out of your soul, and leave you as barren and empty as if you had been attending a banter's camp meeting, or hearing a trial sermon of a Cheshunt student as fresh from his theological tutor's hand as his new gown. With all their learning, and with all their labour, they are as destitute of dew

as the mountains of Gilboa; of life, as the Dead Sea; of unction and savour, as the shoes of the Gibeonites; and of power and profit as the rocks of Sinai.

5. There is at times a *savor and sweetness* in the Commentary of Dr. Gill which forms a striking contrast to these heaps of dead leaves. And this gives the crowning value to his exposition of the Scriptures.

The edition before us does Mr. Doudney much credit. It is a monument of energy and industry overcoming almost insuperable obstacles.\* It would be absurd to compare its execution, as some have done, to a work brought out with all the beauty of a London house. Neither in paper, type, ink, or general finish, can it compete with the exquisite productions of the London press. But then there would have been London price,—probably double the cost of Mr. Doudney's edition. Great pains have evidently been taken with the proof sheets to ensure accuracy, and with corresponding success. To say we have detected no mistakes would be untrue; but they are chiefly such as Hebrew and Greek letters of almost similar form interchanged, which, especially in composers' type, are most liable to deceive any but a well-practised eye, or a Latin word misspelt,—matters of no consequence to the great bulk of readers. The English part is remarkably accurate, and more free from errata than many more expensive works and of greater finish and execution. Mr. Doudney had, we know, skilful London compositors and pressmen; but much of the work was done by Irish boys† whose fingers were more used to pick up potatoes than types, and carry turf than a forme. It is most pleasing to think that whilst these boys were instrumentally aiding in the good work, they were learning a remunerative occupation, and passing from the miserable condition of the down-trodden Irish peasant into that of a skilled workman, able to carry his accomplishment, learnt in the Industrial School at Bonmahon, into a London establishment, or to the ends of the earth in gold-bearing Australia.

\* Without knowing Ireland, it is impossible to enter into these difficulties. The poverty of the country, the lazy, shiftless, procrastinating, do-nothing character of the people, the bitter opposition of the priests, the hatred of England and Englishmen pervading the peasantry, the power and influence of Ribandism, striking terror and dismay into every cabin, and assassinating the victims of its secret decrees without pity or help, are things unknown in England, but frightful realities across the Channel. The word of God is the

special abhorrence of the priesthood; and therefore it required great courage in Mr. Doudney to begin, carry on, and finish a commentary upon it in the face of opposition enough to dismay any but those who make God their strength.

† The quickness and dexterity of the Irish boys are very great, and far surpass that of England's clodhopping ploughboys. At the time of the great trigonometrical survey of Ireland, the officers were able to get the triangles calculated, a task requiring great knowledge of figures and perfect accuracy of calculation, in the Irish schools, at the cost of a halfpenny a triangle. The sums were, of course, properly set and stated, but their working out required great labour and many rows of figures, the slightest error in any one of which would not only vitiate the single sum, but might affect the whole result to such a degree as to render the rest of the work worthless, and the expense, amounting to hundreds of thousands, utterly wasted.

Upon these grounds, then, spiritual and temporal, we congratulate Mr. Doudney on the completion of the work; and, knowing the amazing amount of labour, anxiety, and expense it must have cost him, sincerely wish not only that he may see the blessing of God resting on the work of his hands, but be delivered also from any pecuniary loss attending so great an undertaking.

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Apocalyptic Sketches. By Dr. Cumming.

Signs of the Times. The Moslem and his End; the Christian and his Hope. By Dr. Cumming.

The Coming Struggle among the Nations of the Earth.

(*May, 1854.*)

That we are on the eve of an eventful crisis in the history of the world, if not already entered upon it, and that there looms in the distant horizon a dark cloud which threatens to burst upon and perhaps deluge the whole of civilised Europe, appears to be an almost universal impression. A peace of 39 years' duration, which many fondly hoped would be handed down as a heritage to our children's children, has almost abruptly come to a close, and we, as a nation, are now standing face to face with grim-visaged war, that fearful fruit

of the fall, that insatiable monster of destruction, at whose gory shrine millions have been immolated, and who, before the autumn leaves fall, will probably have drunk large draughts of the life-blood of our gallant countrymen. Politics are not admissible into our pages, and we shall therefore not dwell upon this feature of the subject; but it is next to impossible to remain insensible to those passing events which now stir well-nigh every heart, and which sound in our ears as the first roll of thunder in the distant cloud, the first large drops of the impending storm.

It has almost passed into a proverb that coming events cast their shadows before them; and changes of great magnitude have rarely occurred in the church or in the world without premonitory symptoms so plain and evident that he who runs may read them. If we may so speak without irreverence, God does nothing in a hurry. His plans and purposes are indeed all laid down in his own eternal mind with infinite wisdom; but they are for the most part slowly and gradually evolved in a series of events which, however seemingly disjointed and unconnected, are still linked together in a chain of predestinated order. These links, like those of a chain cable when the anchor is heaved from its sandy bed, emerge from time to time out of the deep sea of God's providence, and glisten before our eyes, obscured perhaps for a moment by the spray still dashing over them, but gleaming as they rise in the rays of the sun which breaks forth upon them. Some such links are appearing now on the shores of the Black Sea and by the waters of the Danube, announcing, as they successively rise, that the great chain is in movement, that the anchor will soon be at the bow, and the ship under weigh. Thus we may be pretty well certain that the general persuasion, both in the church and in the world, that events of surpassing importance are at hand, is in itself an evidence of an impending crisis.

It is this impression which has directed the thoughts of many to the prophetic portions of the Scripture, to see if haply they may find in that inspired chart any indications of the present and future position of the church. As the Lords of the Admiralty have provided our fleets in the Baltic and Black Sea with charts to direct their course, marking out the navigable channel, pointing out the rocks and shoals, and giving the bearings and general features of every headland, defining thereby the position of every ship, so has the Lord given to the ship of the church the chart of prophecy, that she may

from time to time know her position on the storm-tossed sea of time. Over this chart many eyes are at present bending, to see how far advanced the church now is on her destined course, and whether the harbour is in sight.

There is, we know, in the mind of many experimental preachers and writers a prejudice against the whole subject of unfulfilled prophecy. The cause of this is not difficult to ascertain. They have seen how many notional professors have made a little smattering of unfulfilled prophecy and a letter faith in the latter-day glory a substitute for the teachings of the Blessed Spirit in the soul. They have also seen how ministers who once promised well have been drawn aside by the study of prophecy from the line of vital experience into dead and dry speculations, and instead of feeding the church of God with what they themselves have felt, tasted, and handled of the word of life, set before them the fruit only of their studious brain, which indeed may inform the judgment but only starves the soul. They feel also that the choice of the flock, the most tried and tempted, as well as the most blessed and favored of the living family, especially the poor in this world's goods, are willingly strangers to this speculative knowledge, and have proved and are daily proving that there is nothing in it to bless their souls, comfort their hearts, subdue their sins, deliver them out of temptation, break to pieces their snares, or make Christ precious. All this we see and feel, and have seen and felt for years, and can sincerely and honestly say that the study of unfulfilled prophecy in the bare letter, as distinct from the sweet vein of spiritual experience hidden in it,—which, by the by, these professors never see,—has never communicated a grain of divine comfort to our heart, and has never been made the least blessing to our soul in a way of sensible communication.

We do not say that it has not been blessed to others. There are those whom we believe to be children of God who have told us that they have found the subject truly profitable to them, and have felt their hearts stirred up, and their affections sensibly loosened from the things of time and sense, by anticipating the near approach of Christ's Second Coming. Thus, others may have found a blessing in it which we may not. But we must acknowledge that we have taken and still do take much interest in it; and this may be the case with others of our readers. It must be acknowledged that there are many subjects of interest to the church of God apart from personal experience. That is indeed the grand point, the indispensable thing, without which all

knowledge is speculative, barren, and worthless; but we may be allowed sometimes to look out of our own immediate circle of individual experience and cast a glance at the hopes and expectations of the church. These things do not clash. In the same way as members of a gospel church, besides their own personal sorrows and joys, are called upon and sometimes are enabled to "weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that do rejoice," who are bound up in the bond of Christian fellowship with themselves, so may the members of Christ's mystical body sorrow and rejoice with the sufferings and hopes of the church at large.

It has therefore struck our mind that, under present circumstances, a few thoughts on the subject may not be unacceptable nor unprofitable. In so doing, however, it is our desire and intention not to enter into points of controversy, nor lay down any dogmatic opinions on a subject so open to dispute, but simply sketch out such general features as may seem most accordant with the grand outline of revealed truth.

Geography and chronology have been called the two eyes of history, meaning evidently thereby that, unless we are accurately informed of the place where and the time when an historical event took place, both narrative and reader are left in equal blindness as to the circumstances narrated. Thus in prophecy—which is history anticipated,\* a narrative of events before they take place—we want these two eyes, the where and the when, the place and the date of the predicted transactions. These two beaming eyes, lighting up the face of prophecy and giving it form and feature, God has mercifully granted us. In the book of Daniel and in the Revelation of John, we have clearly marked out the geography and the chronology, the places where and the times when the events predicted shall be accomplished.

\* The prophecies of Daniel are so clear and exact that ancient and modern infidels have asserted they were written after the events foretold. But as the ancient father (Jerome) observes, who has recorded the objection, "this method of opposing the prophecies is the strongest testimony of their truth. For they were fulfilled with such exactness that to infidels the prophets seemed not to have foretold things future, but to have related things past."

In the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, as interpreted by Daniel, we have the first prophetic chart traced out by the finger of God; and this, though for the most

part in broad and dim outline, maps out not only the scene of the predicted events, which we may briefly call the whole geographical extent of the ancient Roman Empire, but the chronology also, by giving us a series of four successive empires, and thus embracing a period from the days of Nebuchadnezzar, who lived about 600 years before Christ, down to the close of the present dispensation. Upon the main features of the great Image which troubled the dreams of the mighty King of Babylon we need not dwell, more particularly as the sermon of Mr. Huntington in our last No. entered sufficiently into it. Be it enough to say that the Image is now standing upon its feet, part of iron and part of clay, awaiting the stroke of the Stone cut out without hands, which is to fall upon the ten toes, break them to pieces, and make the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors. The ten toes are evidently the ten kingdoms into which the old Roman Empire, symbolised by the legs of iron, was divided. It may be difficult exactly to define these ten kingdoms and point out their present position. The author of "The Coming Struggle" has labored, though we think with very indifferent success, to show that England is not one of the ten kingdoms; and Dr. Cumming seems to think that Great Britain is spoken of as having fallen away from the Apocalyptic Beast when it separated from Rome at the Reformation, and therefore, we presume, believes it will be exempt from her plagues. But it is most evident that Britain was a part of the Roman Empire, and that the ten kingdoms are to be in existence when the stone descends upon them. How, then, England can be exempt from the blow of the stone we cannot see. The writer of "The Coming Struggle" talks, indeed, in great swelling words of "its not being possible to reconcile the past history of Anglo-Saxon progression, of which England has been the mover and sustainer, with sudden and complete destruction; and that the very thought is a libel on the eternal law of development and the wisdom of the moral government." But what has Anglo-Saxon progress to do with the kingdom of Christ? All the skill and energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, with all the boasted progress of improvement in money getting and money spending, is but a part of that wisdom of the world which is foolishness with God. Plate-glass shop-fronts and electric telegraphs, screw ships of war and Minie rifles, excursion trains and remodelled universities and corporations, with a free press, a constitutional government, and a universal education to boot, are only at the best the product of the carnal mind, which is enmity against God. And how these mere earthly inventions and institutions can stave off the wrath of

the Lamb against a hypocritical nation, and prepare the way for his second advent is, indeed, a mystery which may well puzzle the wisest head that ever grew on Anglo-Saxon shoulders to reconcile with the word of truth. The whole idea is of American origin, and is one of those miserable importations from the other side of the Atlantic which are fast corrupting our religious literature.

But to return to our subject. The vision of the four beasts (Dan. 7) takes up and expands the same outline of prophetic narrative as the great Image in the dream of Nebuchadnezzar. The "beast like a lion, with eagles' wings," corresponds to the golden head of the Image, and represents the Babylonian kingdom which was destroyed under Belshazzar, 536 before Christ. The beast like to a bear corresponds to the silver arms and breast of the Image, and symbolises the empire of the Medes and Persians, which lasted about 200 years, and was dissolved by Alexander the Great, about 331 B.C. The third beast "like a leopard, with four heads and four wings," corresponds to the brazen belly and thighs of the Image, and symbolises the Macedonian or Grecian empire, commencing with Alexander the Great and embracing his successors until destroyed by the Romans about 168 B.C. The fourth and last beast, "dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly, with great iron teeth," corresponds to the iron legs and feet of the Image, and symbolises the Roman Empire. This beast had ten horns, which correspond to the ten toes of the Image, and are usually considered to represent the ten kingdoms into which the Roman empire was divided when broken up by the northern nations.

It is this last phase of prophetic revelation which possesses most interest for us, and to that, therefore, we must confine ourselves.

Two questions seem to arise, and to concentrate in themselves our present hopes and fears. *First*, where are we *now* on the chart of prophecy? *Secondly*, what are we to *expect* as shortly to come to pass?

In answering these questions, we shall not speak positively or authoritatively, but merely declare our opinion, as gathered from the Scriptures of truth.

I. First, then, where are we at this present crisis? What is the latitude and longitude of the ship of the church? It would take us too much out of our way

to analyse the streams of prophetic history, as flowing downward to our times, in the Book of Daniel and of the Revelation. We will therefore confine ourselves to that portion of it which seems to have a special bearing upon the present crisis. In Rev. 16, we have an account of seven angels being commissioned to pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth. The first six of these vials, according to the opinion of the best writers on the subject, have been already poured out. There may be some doubt as to the precise periods of the pouring out of the five first vials,\* but of the sixth there can be none. It is therefore to this vial and the succeeding one, the seventh, that we desire to draw our readers' attention. "And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared." There are three circumstances attending the pouring out of this vial which demand particular notice, as bearing upon present events:

\* According to Dr. Cumming, the first vial was poured out at the French Revolution, in 1789; the second, in 1793; the third, about 1800; the fourth, about 1806; and the fifth, from 1793 down to 1815.

1. The place where the vial is poured.
2. The effect produced.
3. The way thereby made.

1. The place where this vial is poured is the great river Euphrates. If we refer to Rev. 9, we shall see that this river symbolises the Turkish empire: "And the sixth angel sounded, and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before God, saying to the sixth angel, which had the trumpet, Loose the four angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates. And the four angels were loosed, which were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year, for to slay the third part of men." (Rev. 9:13-15.) There can hardly be a doubt that the sixth trumpet prophesies the irruption of the Turks from across the river Euphrates. Dr. Gill, Bishop Newton, Dr. Cumming, and we believe nearly every commentator on the Revelation agree on this point; and, indeed, the description is too plain and clear to admit of doubt. Thus the river Euphrates is the symbol of the Turkish empire. Now upon this river the sixth vial is poured, most evidently pointing out the seat of God's judgments. This vial was poured out about 1820, when Ali Pacha lifted up the standard of revolt against the Sultan, and has been going on ever since,

and will go on till the Turkish empire, at least in Europe, dies of decay and exhaustion. The author of "The Coming Struggle" has thus summed up the effects of the sixth vial:

"It will suffice if we make the reader understand where we are at present. We are, then, under the sixth vial. The gold, silver, and brass of Nebuchadnezzar's image have passed away; three of Daniel's beasts have departed; and John's seals have been opened, his trumpets have been sounded, and five of his vials have been poured. By turning to the 12th verse of the 16th chapter of Revelation, the reader will find a description of the present, or sixth vial. It was to be poured out on the Euphrates, or the Turkish Empire, and began in 1820, when the Greeks rebelled against the Sultan, and established a new kingdom. From that time Turkey has been subjected to incessant warfare with neighbouring powers, distraction and strife from civil rebellions, and ravaging pestilences from the hand of God. Six years after the successful revolt of the Greeks, the Janissaries attempted to follow their example; but their insurrection was repressed, and by the despot's command thousands of them were butchered. The next year she lost 110 ships in the battle of Navarino; and in the following season had to sustain a double conflict, in a Russian war and an Albanian insurrection. Then followed a ten years' war with France respecting Algeria, which resulted in the loss of that province and its annexation to the latter kingdom. In 1839, Egypt and Syria were taken by Mehemet Ali; and this led to sanguinary and bloody strife in that direction. Besides these reverses at the hand of man, the country was scourged with cholera and plague for eleven years; and thus wasted and weakened, she is in daily fear of being totally overthrown by a foreign power."

2. The effect of the pouring out of the sixth vial is as remarkable as its seat: "The water of the river was dried up." No symbol of the decay of a mighty empire could be more accurate than the drying up of a vast river. The process especially marks what has befallen the Turkish empire. It was once a mighty river, and by successive overflows inundated the fairest portions of the earth. A glance at the map will show us the former extent of this empire, and what a vast region it embraced, comprising all the ancient seats of civilisation and power, which it has reduced to desolation and barbarism. But this mighty river is fast drying up. The emblem is most expressive of what is passing under our eyes. The drying up of a river under the scorching rays of the sun is

slow, gradual, and progressive. The stream is not suddenly cut off and turned into another channel, but, losing its waters, ceases to inundate the neighbouring lands, and diminishes to a sluggish current, hardly able to struggle onwards or overcome the least obstacle that obstructs its course.

By the Kings of the East the Author of "The Coming Struggle" understands the English power in India, but it seems more agreeable to the tenor of God's word to refer it to the Jews and their return to their own land. Events seem tending that way. It is said that the Sultan has put Palestine into the hands of Rothschild, the great Jew banker, as a security for a loan advanced by him. If this be true, it is the most remarkable circumstance as affecting the Jewish return to their own land which has occurred for centuries. The hope of this return beats in the heart of every Jew, and the prospect of it has tended more than anything else to maintain them a separate nation. The Jew has been dispersed all over the earth, persecuted, imprisoned, plundered, burnt; but he has never lost his nationality. He has become sunk and degraded to the lowest depth of infamy and shame, so that his name has been for ages a by-word among the nations. He is a blasphemer of Christ, a hater of the light, and lives without God or hope in the world. But he is a Jew still, and though utterly destitute of living faith, believes that God spake by the prophets, and that the prophecies of his restoration to the Holy Land will be literally fulfilled.

The restoration of the Jews to their own land seems to us as clearly revealed at their dispersion. To quote the passages which promise this restoration would fill pages. We will therefore content ourselves with one: "And it shall come to pass, when all these things are come upon thee, the blessing and the curse, which I have set before thee, and thou shalt call them to mind among the nations, whither the Lord thy God hath driven thee, and shalt return unto the Lord thy God, and shalt obey his voice according to all that I command thee this day, thou and thy children, with all thine heart, and with all thy soul; that then the Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compassion upon thee, and will return and gather thee from all the nations, whither the Lord thy God hath scattered thee. If any of thine be driven out unto the outmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee; and the Lord thy God will bring thee into the land which thy fathers possessed, and thou shalt possess it; and he will do thee good, and multiply thee above thy fathers." (Deut. 30:1-5.)

**It seems evident from the words, "that the way of the kings of the east may be prepared," that there will be a gradual preparation for their return, and that it will come to pass not as a sudden miracle or unexpected event, but will take place as a matter long anticipated.**

**At this point we pause, hoping to resume the thread of our subject in a future number; merely adding, that those who expect to reap any instruction from "The Coming Struggle" will be disappointed, as, in spite of its taking title, amazing circulation, (the edition before us is the hundredth thousand,) and bold assertions, it is without exception the wildest, most visionary, absurd, and extravagant work on the subject that has ever come under our eye.**

*(Continued, June, 1854.)*

**No book in the whole compass of the sacred volume is confessedly so difficult of interpretation as the Revelation of John. This difficulty arises not only from the very nature of the subject, unfulfilled prophecy being necessarily obscure till its accomplishment, but from the symbolical form under which the predictions in it are couched. In these symbols there is this striking peculiarity, that whilst viewed spiritually they are most simple and expressive, they are, viewed literally, (that is, with respect to their historical fulfilment,) most difficult and obscure. Take, for instance, the pouring out of the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth. (Rev. 16.) What more simple or expressive figure could there be of the righteous anger of Jehovah, treasured up, as it were, until the iniquities of the world called it down? But when we come to adapt these distinct vials to historical events, and attempt to determine at what period they were successively poured out, and what is their strict, literal accomplishment, then the difficulty commences, and what, experimentally viewed, is most plain and instructive, prophetically viewed is most obscure and uncertain.**

**The objection, then, immediately arises, "Why attempt an explanation of what, according to your own admission, is so obscure? Would it not be better wholly to abstain from examining so perplexing and uncertain a subject? As the spiritual meaning is so simple and plain, so filled with holy wisdom, so**

edifying and instructive, so pregnant with encouragement and consolation, blended at the same time with such solemn warning and admonition, would it not be far better to confine yourself to what is so experimental and profitable, and not puzzle and perplex yourself and us with what is so dark and difficult?" We admit the force of the argument, as is evident from the way in which we have stated it; but may we not have *both*? Preserving to its fullest degree the spiritual, may we not also give a glance at the literal interpretation? Is this forbidden by the blessed Spirit? Does he forewarn us against approaching this holy ground, if at least, like Moses, we put off the shoes of carnal reason from off our feet? How does the sacred record open? "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass; and he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein; for the time is at hand." If God gave the revelation to Jesus Christ, "to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass," why should not his servants attempt to understand the things shown to them? And if there be a blessing promised on those who read and hear the words of the prophecy, why should we not seek to obtain a manifested interest in such a promise? Besides the spiritual meaning, there is evidently a prophetic one; and it is equally evident that this prophetic meaning was given for the church to read, study, and profit by. If, then, we keep this literal meaning in its proper place, subsidiary and subordinate to the experimental interpretation, there seems to be no scriptural reason against examining it. But, if it be again objected, that the difficulty of the interpretation must always form an insuperable barrier, may we not reply, that the same ever-blessed Jesus who gave it to John for the express benefit of his church and people can unfold its meaning to our understanding, as well as apply its promises with power to our hearts? But while we speak thus, we at the same time feel so much both the difficulty of the subject and our own incapacity properly to handle it, that it has all but deterred us even from making the attempt; and we therefore trust our readers will bear with us if we come short in laying it open to their satisfaction.

The inherent difficulty of the book has almost necessarily produced a proportionate variety of interpretation. Two striking instances may be adduced to show this. There are interpreters who assert that the whole of the

Revelation has been already fulfilled, and that the first three or four centuries of the Christian church witnessed its entire accomplishment;\* and there are those who say that no part has been yet accomplished beyond the first three chapters, and that the whole still remains in the dim and distant future.† We cannot subscribe to either of these views, and hardly know which is the more inconsistent or untenable. If the first opinion were true, it would be the strongest argument which an infidel could urge against the inspiration of the book; for the grand evidence of a prophecy being inspired is its undeniable accomplishment. And if the second view were well founded, not only would the church of God have been left uncared for and unnoticed in the sacred chart of prophecy for above 1,700 years, but it would falsify the positive declaration, which we have already quoted, as standing on the very threshold of the book, that the things predicted were "*shortly* to come to pass." In opposition to these strained and inconsistent opinions, we believe, in common with most interpreters, that much, if not by far the greater part, has been already fulfilled, that an important part is now being accomplished under our eyes, and that the day is fast approaching when there will sound the "great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done!"

\* This is the opinion of the late Professor Lee, of Cambridge, and of Moses Stewart, a celebrated American divine.

† This is the opinion of Burgh, Todd, and Maitland, and especially of the Puseyite interpreters, who, seeing that if Papal Rome be the Babylon and the Scarlet Whore of the Revelation, their dear sister, "the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church," is thereby denounced and condemned, endeavour, as far as they can, to stave off her sentence and doom.

The point at which we arrived in our last No. was the pouring out of the sixth vial, which we believe is now going on, and its effects day by day becoming more apparent. The leading feature of the sixth vial, it will be recollected, is, that it was poured out on the great river Euphrates. This we interpreted in our last No. as symbolical of the drying up of the Turkish Empire. There is a peculiar fitness and propriety in this symbol. The Euphrates is pre-eminently and peculiarly an Asiatic river. It was from the countries watered by its streams that the Turks originally came, and these lands are still the nursery and stronghold of their race. Asia, from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulph

into which the Euphrates falls, is the real home and cradle of the Turk. Though he has overrun the finest parts of Europe, and has for the space of 400 years made Constantinople, a European city his fortress and metropolis, yet his manners and morals, language and dress, arms and habits, are as much Asiatic as on the day when he burst forth on the affrighted Greek, with the Koran in one hand and the scimitar in the other. In Europe he has been but encamped, and is waiting, with true Turkish resignation, the predestinated hour when the crescent on the mosque of St. Sophia shall be replaced by the cross, and the shrill tone of the muezzin shall no longer call to prayer from the lofty minaret. The Western Powers may keep Russia from its long coveted prize, but they cannot pour the Thames or the Seine into the Euphrates, and replenish the waters now fast drying up under the burning drops of the sixth vial. All accounts concur in declaring the exhaustion of the Turkish empire. Money and credit she has none; for she is now reaping what she has sowed, her desolated provinces having no revenue to give, and her population fast dwindling away; so that whether she come out of the present struggle vanquished or victorious, it will matter little to her eventual success, for she may die as much of exhaustion in the arms of victory as if the conqueror thrust his sword through her throat.

We have dwelt on this point rather fully, as affording us a standing ground from which to survey more clearly the other features of the prospect opened before us in the sixth and seventh vials.

We intimated in our last No. our opinion that, by "the kings of the east" the Jews were pointed out, and that the decay of the Turkish empire was preparing the way for their restoration to Palestine. Our translation here hardly does justice to the original. It is literally, "That the way of the kings which are from the rising of the sun might be prepared."\* By "the kings of the east" we understand not with Dr. Gill the kings and princes of the east literally, who, he supposes, will be converted to the faith and profession of the gospel; nor do we understand the Jews in the usual sense of the word, that is, the descendants of Judah, who were dispersed at the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. These are in the west, scattered indeed over Europe, but chiefly seated in Poland and the adjoining countries. The kings of the east are not those who rule *over*, but those who are to come *from* the east: and who can these be but the ten tribes who were carried captive by Shalmaneser, who are

still in the east, that is, of Palestine? (2 Kings 17:3-23.) Most clear and distinct are the promises that the ten tribes thus carried into captivity, called in the word of God from their leading tribe, "Ephraim," and sometimes termed "Israel," as distinct from the tribe called "Judah," will be restored to their own land. We will not multiply quotations. It will be sufficient to refer our readers to the following passages: Isa. 11:11-14; Ezek. 37:19-28; and to one which, from its distinct mention of "the house of Joseph," that is, the ten tribes, (Joseph being the father of Ephraim), we can hardly forbear quoting: "And I will strengthen the house of Judah, and I will save the house of Joseph, and I will bring them again to place them: for I have mercy upon them; and they shall be as though I had not cast them off; for I am the Lord their God, and will hear them." "I will bring them again also out of the land of Egypt, and gather them out of Assyria; and I will bring them into the land of Gilead and Lebanon; and place shall not be found for them." (Zech. 10:6, 10.)

\* Luther thus translates it, "In order that the way of the kings from the rising of the sun might be prepared;" Diodati, "To the intent that the way of the kings who come from the rising sun might be made ready;" and the Dutch translation, "That the way of the kings should be ready who are to come from the rising of the sun." All these independent and excellent translations substantially agree, and are nearer the original than our own.

That the Turkish Empire is an obstacle to the restoration of both the eastern and western dispersion is abundantly evident. Palestine is a Turkish province, and therefore must fall out of the hands of the Turks before the Jews can return to it as their own possession. A glance, too, at the map will show that the Turkish Empire intervenes between the countries of the east and the Holy Land. Thus, till this barrier be removed their restoration seems almost impossible. Their return may not be immediate. The drying up of the river merely *prepares* the way for the return; but years may intervene before the event is accomplished, and there appears every reason to believe that Babylon will be destroyed before it takes place. (See Isa. 14.)

The next prominent feature of the sixth vial is the going forth of the three unclean spirits: "And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which

**go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." (Rev. 16:13, 14.) There are few passages, perhaps, more differently interpreted than the above quotation. This circumstance may not only show us the extreme difficulty and uncertainty of every interpretation of it, but may well teach us great caution, in pronouncing any decided opinion upon it.**

**But let us, with all care and caution, examine the passage. We have to consider mainly three things in these frog-like spirits: I. Their intrinsic nature and character. II. Their origin. III. Their effect and influence.**

**I. What, then, is the nature and character of these three spirits? Three features mark their character. They are diabolical, unclean, and frog-like. As "diabolical," or "spirits of devils," they have all the craft, power, and malice of hell. As "unclean," they operate on the filthy lusts and passions of man's fallen nature; and as "frog-like" they crawl in the dark, croak, spawn, and spit in the pools and ponds, the marshes and lower grounds of human baseness, villainy, and depravity.**

**II. Whence do they issue? They come out of the mouth of the Dragon, of the Beast, and of the False Prophet. By the Dragon we understand Satan; by the Beast, Rome civil and political;\* and by the False Prophet, the Carnal Priesthood. By the three frog-like Spirits we understand Infidelity, Republicanism, and Popery.**

**\* A distinction must be drawn, which is generally overlooked, between the Beast and the Woman sitting on the beast. These are no more the same than a horse is one with his rider. In Rev. 17 a woman is seen sitting upon a scarlet coloured beast, having seven heads and ten horns. This woman represents the church of Rome; but the beast represents the city of Rome, as is plain from verse 9: "And here is the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth." The beast is Rome political; the woman Rome ecclesiastical. The ten-horned beast was seen by Daniel as the symbol of the civil Roman empire, and it continues after its ten horns have burnt the Whore with fire.**

**III. What is their effect and influence? Let us open our views on this point**

somewhat more fully. It is evident to all who are acquainted with the state of the continent, that these three elements, like the hidden fires of a volcano, are fermenting in her bosom.

1. Let us give a glance at the first frog, which, we believe, represents *Infidelity*. Satan is no infidel himself, for he believes and trembles, but he pours out of his mouth blasphemy and infidelity into the heart of man. How widely spread is this foul spirit! France, Germany, and Italy are full of infidelity. In France the writings and influence of Voltaire, Rousseau, &c., have tainted society to the very core; in Germany the professors at the Universities have brought all their learning and research to bear against the Scriptures being a revelation from God. In Italy the tyrannical rule of the Romish church and the lives of the priests have made Christianity, which they consider identical with Popery, disbelieved and abhorred. In our own more favored country infidelity has obtained a firm foothold, and is secretly or openly entertained by thousands. Nothing more clearly shows this than the influence of writers like Carlyle on the periodical literature written for the higher and middle classes, and the spread of hundreds of thousands of the infidel unstamped press, addressed to and circulated among the lower ranks of society. Here, then, is one of the frogs crawling in the dark, croaking and muttering, spitting and spawning in well-nigh every house, like the similar plague in Egypt. This infidel frog comes out of the mouth of the Dragon.

2. *Republicanism*, Socialism, Chartism,—call it what you will, we believe to be the second frog. This frog comes out of the mouth of the Beast, that is, we believe, Rome political, Rome as the centre of the republican movement. From want of seeing what the Beast represents, most interpreters seem to us altogether to have missed the meaning of the second frog. Dr. Cumming makes the Beast to be Popery, following, with his usual docility, the mass of commentators, and chiefly Mr. Elliott. But this seems to us quite foreign to the meaning of the symbol. What did the Beasts in Daniel, from which the symbol was taken, represent? Not *religious* but *civil* powers. So the seven-headed, ten-horned Beast does not represent Rome ecclesiastical, Rome as the see of the Pope, Rome as the centre of the Catholic religion, but Rome as a civil, political power, Rome as the centre of national Italy, Rome as at the head of some great political movement, embracing the whole of the Peninsula. Rome, as an Italian city, once the proud mistress of the world, is sick to death of the Pope.

Rome civil and political, as distinct from Rome priestly, monkish, and ecclesiastical, and by Rome we understand the whole of Italy, of which it is the true metropolitan centre, hates and abhors the sight of a priest. Their craft and cant, their hypocrisy and licentiousness, their feeble, effeminate government, their worming out all family secrets through the confessional, their cruelty and despotism, their sacrificing every consideration to the interests and authority of the church,—all conspire to make the priesthood an object of contempt and abhorrence to every educated Italian. For this they see but one cure,—a free republic. Monarchy with them is identified with tyranny, spies, police, chains, and dungeons. What is the present aspiration of Italy? A federal republic, with Rome as the centre and point of unity. This is Mazzini's plan—his regenerated Italy; and there is scarce an Italian youth who does not burn night and day to cast off the hated yoke of priest and foreigner, and be the free citizen of a free republic. The same republican spirit is at work in Germany and France, and is only kept from openly bursting forth by the iron hand of enrolled armies. It was put down, we know, in France, in 1848, only after torrents of blood had been shed in the streets of Paris; and but for the Austrian and Prussian armies, a republic would have been set up in Germany. Has the voice of this frog never been heard in England? Who does not remember that memorable day, April 10th, 1848, when London, commercial, political, and aristocratical, trembled to its very centre at the Chartist procession; when the Bank of England was armed and garrisoned like a fortress, and the greatest general of the age had made his military plans, by disposing artillery and soldiers at various points, to drown the threatened insurrection in torrents of human blood? Through the rich mercy of God the thunder-cloud was dispersed without bursting into a storm, but the unclean spirit was then abroad: and if the frog is now slunk back into the marsh, its dismal croakings were then heard loudly enough in London streets to strike fear into many a heart.

3. *Popery* is, we believe, the third frog which came out of the mouth of the False Prophet. This point deserves a little examination. As there must ever be a resemblance between sire and son, root and stem, fountain and stream, there must be a similarity between the mouth and the spirit which comes out of the mouth. Thus, by determining what is intended by the False Prophet, we make a considerable advance towards determining what is symbolised by the frog which issues out of his mouth.

Interpreters differ in their opinion concerning the power symbolised by "the False Prophet." He is evidently the same as the lamb-like Beast described Rev. 13:11-13: "And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth: and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon. And he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth the earth and them which dwell therein to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed. And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men." By this lamb-like Beast we understand Carnal Priesthood, or, to speak more correctly, *Priestly Power*, chiefly as developed in, but not confined to, Rome ecclesiastical. That it is a power intimately connected with Rome is evident from its exercising all the power of the first Beast, that is, employing secular and worldly power to execute its designs, which is the exact character of the church of Rome, and has been for centuries. But that the False Prophet is not, as Dr. Gill and most interpreters suppose, the Pope, with his clergy, cardinals, bishops, priests, etc., is evident from this, that he exists *after* the destruction of the Scarlet Woman, and the fall of Babylon, for he is cast into the lake of fire at the same time with the Beast. (Rev. 19:20.) Now, what power can we find bearing these three marks: 1. Intimately allied with Rome as a civil, political power, its servant and its lord; sometimes using it as a tool, and sometimes sheltering under its authority; 2. Dwelling in and influencing the church of Rome, and yet possessing a life distinct from it; and, therefore, 3. Subsisting after the fabric of the Romish Church is destroyed, the animating spirit of the temple, and therefore living when the temple is in ruins? These three marks meet in the lamb-like Beast, the False Prophet; and, in our judgment, there is but one mighty power which unites in itself these three characteristics, and that is, *Carnal Priesthood*. But besides these three leading characteristics of the lamb-like Beast, the other marks given exactly coincide with the pretensions and actions of the priestly power in general, and the Romish priesthood in particular. Look at these marks. The coming up out of the earth represents its carnal, earthly origin; the lamb-like face, its fawning meekness; the two horns, the division into secular and regular clergy; the doing great wonders, its lying miracles; the making fire come down from heaven, its curses against heretics; the exercising the power of the first Beast, its employing the civil power, as in the case of the Inquisition, to carry out its persecutions; the giving life to the image of the Beast, the vitality it has given to Rome as a civil

political power.

But besides these marks, which apply more particularly to the Romish priesthood, look at three other features, which are stamped upon carnal priesthood in general. 1. It is a "*prophet*;" in other words, claims to speak with authority from God, as his mouth-piece and interpreter. 2. It "*deceiveth* them that dwell upon the earth;" and what more deceptive than priestly pretensions! And, 3. It breathes *persecution* and cruelty, killing all opposers of its arrogant claims, stamping rich and poor with its mark, as its slaves and property, and allowing none to buy or sell who do not yield it obeisance. Search Europe through, from the Shetland Isles to the Greek Archipelago, and examine history, from the days of Constantine to the present hour, and you will find but one mighty power which unites in itself all the marks of the False Prophet, and that is, *Priestly Dominion*,—tyranny exercised over the souls and bodies of men, of all tyrannies the worst, not only as prostrating before it men's consciences, but as juggling with their souls, and deceiving them into hell.

Nothing is more evident than that the seven-headed, ten-horned Beast represents Rome.\* And as this beast exists *after* the destruction of the woman,—and, indeed, is the main instrument of her extinction by fire,—it is evident that this beast cannot represent Popery. And as the two-horned, lamb-like Beast is in the closest union and connection with the seven-headed Beast, and yet exists after the destruction of the Woman, (Rev. 19:20) it must be some power in closest union with Rome and yet outliving Popery. Now of what is this true but of *priestly power*—that is, the assumption of a divine claim over men's consciences, purses, and persons, as invested from above with prescriptive sacerdotal authority? Puseyism is with us this claim in its most prominent form; but it is neither confined to Popery or Puseyism. We see it in Methodism, in the claims of Conference; among the general Dissenters, in their academies, clerical titles, and vestments; and even among many Particular Baptists, in their associations, ordinations, and other modes of stamping a priestly mark on their ministers, whereby, as by a religious freemasonry, a clerical brotherhood is entered into and recognised. Popery is but the full carrying out of this priestly power, which existed before it and will subsist after it. Popery is the bull-frog, croaking and spitting in the Roman marshes; the Puseyite priest, and the Methodist minister, and the great

**Independent D.D. are but tadpoles, which would grow into frogs did the English climate permit. But the chilling breeze of popular opinion keeps them at present wriggling each in their little pools, without power to crawl to land and swell out into a frog.**

**\* Much confusion, it appears to us, has arisen from the great bulk of interpreters applying three distinct symbols to one and the same thing. Ask them the meaning of the seven-headed, ten-horned Beast. What is their reply? "Popery!" What is the meaning of the lamb-like, two-horned Beast? They again answer, "Popery." What is the meaning of the Scarlet Woman who sitteth on the Beast? They still reply, "Popery." Now, it is not likely that these three distinct symbols should all mean the same thing. According to our view, they represent three different things, closely indeed allied, but so far separate and distinct as to require and warrant three separate symbols. The seven-headed, ten-horned Beast represents Rome political and civil. The lamb-like, two-horned Beast represents Carnal Priesthood, more particularly as developed in the Romish priests. The Woman riding upon the Beast represents the Romish Church. The last has pretty well played out her part, and under the seventh vial will be burned with fire. The Beast and the False Prophet will then come more fully upon the scene, and play out their parts in a new antichristian form until both are cast alive into the lake of fire.**

**Here, then, are the three unclean spirits, creeping and crawling all over Europe. Let us for a moment confine our attention to England. Look at the masses in this country, and see how heaving and fermenting they are. Go into our factories, workshops, clubs, and associations. The course that trade and commerce have taken is to throw masses of individuals together. Infidelity is thus propagated from man to man. Argument, ridicule, and example are all the more telling from the sympathy of assembled numbers. A man who would not listen to an infidel argument, or would resist an infidel sneer at his own fireside from one sceptic, is beaten down amid the general applause or the loud laugh of a thronged club-room. So Chartism, Socialism, Republicanism, call itself what it may,—in other words, the rising up against law and authority, and wild visionary dreams of the rights of man, that is, the right of every man without a shilling to go up to a man with one, and say, "I want my sixpence, which you have got in your pocket;" all this Jacobin, Tom Paine, revolutionary spirit, is secretly at work amidst our masses. This frog is**

**crawling about our factories and workshops; and should there come any sudden and sharp reverse to our present prosperity in trade, reducing the laboring millions to want, the spawn already shed would be heard in croakings fearful even to contemplate.**

**Popery, too, is making superhuman efforts, both here and on the Continent, to regain her lost sway. The Emperor of the French sits on his throne mainly through the influence of the priests in the rural districts. It was their votes that made him Emperor; and, without doubt, he is now the great arbiter of Europe. He is sure, therefore, as far as he can, to play into the hands of the priests; and thus Popery has not been so strong in France for more than a century as she is at this present moment.**

**But we must abruptly break off, not because our subject is exhausted, but through fear of drawing too largely on the patience of our readers, as well as of engrossing to ourselves too Benjamin-like a portion of our limited provisions, and thus excluding from the table more savoury and nourishing dishes.**

*(Continued, July, 1854.)*

**There are certain truths of divine revelation which to an enlightened understanding are beyond all dispute or controversy; and on these points, as they are usually of vital, fundamental importance, a preacher or a writer who seeks to edify the church of God cannot express himself too clearly or insist too strongly. But there are other truths which, either because less plainly revealed, or because the time for their being fully understood is not yet come, are proportionally obscure and uncertain; and therefore preachers and writers who would reverently treat the oracles of God must either abstain from them altogether, or if they approach them, must handle them with caution and with the utter absence of positiveness and dogmatism. The truths themselves may be as certain, the obscurity not being in them nor in the mode of their revelation, but in our mind, which for various reasons,—as natural darkness, want of divine teaching, unbelief, force of prejudice, cleaving to traditional interpretation, rigid discipleship to some master in Israel,—is unable to grasp or enter into them. This is particularly the case with the**

prophetical Scriptures—which, besides the difficulty which arises out of their symbolical language, must almost necessarily be obscure till their fulfilment throws upon them its clear and unerring light. When that time arises, their meaning will be so clear that the wonder will be they were not before understood.

To make our meaning more clear, let us for a moment suppose a saint of God under the Old Testament endeavouring to penetrate into the meaning of Isaiah 53. To us who can read it in the light of Messiah's humiliation, sufferings, and death, the meaning is plain and clear, and we see the Man of sorrows portrayed in every line. But that before the coming of Christ its meaning was most obscure to the Old Testament saints is evident from the ignorance of the eunuch who was reading this chapter, and his inquiry of Philip, "I pray thee, of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?"

Now, in the same way as the prophecies which spoke of Christ's first coming were obscure till the Redeemer came as a suffering Jesus, so must the prophecies which treat of his second coming be obscure till he comes as a triumphant Jesus. But, as the prophets and saints of old "searched what or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow," so surely it may be allowable for us in these last times to search the sacred Scriptures, to see what is revealed in them of the second coming of the triumphant Messiah.

In our last number we closed somewhat abruptly, after having attempted to unfold the main features of the Sixth Vial. As we were then unable to finish the subject, we shall detain our readers a little longer on what remains of the Sixth, before we proceed to examine the Seventh Vial.

It is well worthy of remark in connection with the subject of our Review, that it is under the Sixth Vial, immediately after the appearance of the three unclean frog-like spirits, that the Lord announces his second coming. "Behold," he says, "I come as a thief;" that is, just as a thief comes at night when least expected, at a time when the inmates of the house are fast locked in sleep, in the dearest, darkest, midnight hour, so will I come as unexpectedly in

**the darkest hour of the church's slumber.**

**It is likewise remarkable that the second coming of Christ is interposed, and, as it were, interjected between the description of the frog-like spirits and their predicted end. We do not understand by this that Christ will come under the Sixth Vial. There is much work on the wheels, much to be suffered and done before Christ appears "the second time without sin unto salvation." But we view these words of the Lord Jesus as wearing a three-fold aspect: 1. As a warning note; 2. As a descriptive word; 3. As a consoling voice. As a warning note, sounding, as it were, from far, it reminds his people that his coming draweth nigh; and whilst it pronounces a blessing on him "that watcheth and keepeth his garments," it admonishes them against carelessness and sleepiness, lest they walk naked and men see their shame.\* As a descriptive word, it points at the general insensibility and deep slumber which have fallen on the churches, the night being the sleepy season when the thief comes. And as a comforting voice, it sounds before the great battle to which the frog-like spirits are gathering the kings of the earth, assuring the church of deliverance and victory from her coming Lord.**

**\* There is probably some allusion here to a custom mentioned by the Rabbinical writers, of the governor of the temple going his rounds every night, with burning torches; and if he found any Levite asleep, he struck him with his staff, and set fire to his clothes.**

**Whatever difficulty there may be in affixing a determinate interpretation to such prophetic expressions as "the battle of the great day of God Almighty," and "the place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon," two things are sufficiently evident: 1. That there will be a tremendous struggle on the side of Antichrist,—and by Antichrist we understand every power hostile to Christ,—to obtain the victory: and 2. That his destruction will be sudden, decisive, and overwhelming. It is under the Sixth Vial that Antichrist is secretly preparing his forces; but it is not under that vial that his destruction will be accomplished. It is under the Seventh and last Vial that the enemies of God finally perish.**

**We now proceed to sketch the leading features of the Seventh Vial, the first sprinklings of which seem already poured out; but as the main incidents are**

almost wholly future, we must here tread our way with much caution. A passing glimpse, however, at the predicted events may not be without interest. A few months, or at most a few years, will decide how far our attempted interpretation of them is correct. We may divide the incidents of the Seventh Vial into two branches:

I. Its first sprinklings.

II. Its full effects.

I. Its *first sprinklings* contain, 1. Its *seat*: 2. The *voice* that sounds as it is poured forth.

1. The *seat* of the Seventh Vial first demands notice. This is "*the air.*" "And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air." This may imply its universal diffusion and widespread influence, as well as intimate, as we shall presently show, a more positive and literal effect. The seat of the Sixth Vial was especially local—the great river Euphrates; but this is general, being poured out into the air, which is everywhere present, and whereby it is at once carried, widely and rapidly, to every spot, crossing seas and continents without let or hindrance, and traversing countries far and near, with the swiftness of the wind. In respect of this wide diffusion and influence, the close of the Sixth Vial melts into the beginning of the Seventh, for in that the spirits of devils (and what is spirit, but air?) go forth unto the kings of the earth and the whole world. But as in the one Vial God's judgments crawl, in the other they fly, borne on the wings of the wind.

But besides this leading idea of the wide and general diffusion of the contents of the Seventh Vial, there seems some intimation, as we have above hinted, of a more direct and positive influence. It cannot be denied, that of late the very air, if not itself tainted, bears in it seeds of disease and death. That mysterious disease, cholera, seems almost wholly propagated by the air, traversing Asia and Europe in a certain sweep, as if borne on the breeze. It reaches Hamburgh. In a few days it breaks out at Sunderland or Newcastle, as if borne by the breeze across the German Ocean. The fell destroyer then sweeps on to Ireland; and having sated its appetite in its filthy cabins, speeds over the wide Atlantic to Canada and the United States. Does not this appear much like the drops of the Seventh Vial in the air? Nor is this destructive influence

confined to the human body. The disease of the vine, called *oidium*, which in this last year or two, has so infected, and, indeed, destroyed the grapes in the islands of the Mediterranean, Spain, Portugal, France, etc., ruining thousands, appears, if not primarily caused, to be mainly propagated by the air. Look again at the potato disease. On one night, in the month of August, 1846, a fatal blast traversed the length and breadth of Ireland, the effect of which was that the growing potatoes which, to use the language of an eye-witness, the day before "stood up like gooseberry trees," next morning drooped and flagged, and in a few days filled the air with the stench of putrefaction. Men of science bring their microscopes, and talk very learnedly of fungus, and worn-out stock, and improper soil, and over-rich manures; but the leaf blotched in a single night tells its own tale, and proclaims the air as the bringer of the corrupting taint. The vial of wrath thus poured into the air, swept off in a single night the food of a nation, and in spite of the noble assistance, publicly and privately, of maligned and ill-requited England, herself suffering under a similar infliction, sent at least a million of Irishmen to the grave, either by positive famine or by its invariable and more fatal accompaniment, fever. Whence, too, if the air be not either itself tainted, or the bearer of taint, has arisen the general and widespread cry for what are called sanitary measures? Why are they now everywhere shutting up graveyards, constructing sewers, draining towns, procuring good water, &c.? There is evidently a cause for this general cry. All these evils of foul sewers and bad drainage existed before, without the same sacrifice of life. The reason evidently is that the air carries in its bosom disease and death as it never did before; and however science may seek to explain it from natural causes, the fact remains the same, that the atmosphere has become of late a marked agent of destruction.

2. Immediately on the pouring out of the Seventh Vial into the air, "there came a great *voice* out of the temple of heaven, saying, It is done;" as though heaven itself ratified the deed, and hailed the act as the closing scene of fast-coming judgment. Light on the meaning of these words may be obtained from Rev. 10:5-7: "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer; but in the days of the voice of the seventh

angel, when he shall begin to sound, *the mystery of God should be finished*, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets."

The Seventh Trumpet includes and contains the Seven Vials; and just as when the first note of that trumpet begins to sound, it proclaims that the "mystery of God should be finished," so when the first drops of the Seventh Vial are poured out, the voice sounds, "It is done!" "The mystery of God" is, that wickedness should reign, the saints suffer, and the ungodly triumph. This is that mystery which made the souls of them that were slain cry from under the altar, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth!"

It is indeed a mystery which from the days of Job and Asaph has perplexed and troubled the saints of God. "Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?" has been the agonising cry of thousands. God gives the answer to that wail, when the voice comes out of the temple of heaven, "It is done." Before that vial comes to a close, the Lord "will destroy them that destroy the earth," and will then usher in the reign of righteousness and peace.

The effects of the vial are, prophetically viewed, so certain that the end is considered as accomplished immediately it commences to be poured out. "It is done," therefore sounds at the beginning, though, strictly speaking, it is the ending cry.

II. But we now come to the *full effects* of the Seventh Vial. These embrace several distinct and marked incidents.

1. The first is, "There were voices, and thunders, and lightnings." These are, of course, figurative and symbolical expressions of earthly incidents, which have in them a parallel and a resemblance. Shall we be thought fanciful or overstrained if we apply these symbols to passing events? They seem to point to storms and commotions in the political atmosphere. Angry voices and clamorous cries are to be heard; the artillery of war is to thunder and lighten; symptoms of a coming storm are to be seen and heard in the sky. Are not these things at our doors and under our eyes? What now agitates all Europe but the approaching storm in the Baltic and Black Seas? The hurrahs of

**England's soldiers and sailors have not been heard for near 40 years; and what those voices mean no one is ignorant. Fearfully too has the power of destruction increased since the last war; and what terrific thunders and lightnings Napier carries with him it is fearful to contemplate.**

**We will not insist on this view being the correct interpretation, but it strikes us as carrying with it much probability.**

**2. The next incident seems mainly future, though, perhaps, its first tremblings were felt in February, 1848. It is "a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great."**

**By an earthquake we do not understand a literal commotion of the earth, but a moral convulsion, similar in its nature and effects to that natural phenomenon. In other words, we understand by that most expressive symbol a political revolution. This is the term applied by historical writers, as Alison, to the first great French Revolution, which broke out towards the close of the last century; and, indeed, no more significant figure could be employed to paint in one word its wide-spread commotion and devastating effects. How fearfully was the whole surface of France then agitated and convulsed, from the English Channel to the Mediterranean. How the throne of its kings, which had stood for a thousand years, fell with a crash that was felt all over Europe; how the ancient Gallican church, in a single night, was stripped of all its lands, tithes, and possessions; and how the ancient nobility, the first in Europe, were bereft of their honours and titles, and were either forced into exile or perished miserably in prisons and on the scaffold! A literal earthquake, as at Lisbon and Aleppo, will in a few minutes hurl a city into ruins and crush thousands beneath their noblest edifices; but what natural commotion of the ground on which we tread ever wrought desolation to be compared to the first French Revolution? If, then, this be the prophetic symbol of revolution, there may be expected under the Seventh Vial a political convulsion of a more wide and fearful character than even that which France witnessed at the close of the last century. What produces the natural earthquake? Hidden fires pent up in its bosom seeking vent. And is not this the present character of the European continent? Italy, we well know, is heaving to and fro, filled with the volcanic fires of hatred to Austria and aspirations after liberty and independence. Germany, ground down with armies, and split up into rival kingdoms,**

crouching to Russia, sighs after a strong and united fatherland. Hungary and Poland are only kept from rising by the iron heel of despotism; and France, the great manufactory of revolutions, would almost necessarily burst forth into a flame were the present emperor removed from the throne by death, assassination, or exile. If, then, we read aright the indications of the Seventh Vial, a fearful revolution may be expected, most probably produced by two of the three unclean spirits explained in our last number, if not by the combined action of all. Infidelity and Republicanism were the main causes and agents of the first French Revolution, their very character and constitution being revolt,—infidelity against the authority of God, and republicanism against the authority of man; and, as they may be expected to act in a similar way again, so even Popery would not scruple to lend them her aid, if she had any hope of advancing her interests thereby.

As the remaining incidents of this Vial demand a more attentive and longer consideration than we can give them in our limited space, we must reserve their examination to a future number.

*(Continued, August, 1854.)*

The number *seven*, throughout Scripture, is a mystical, we may almost say, a sacred number. So many instances of this will occur to the minds of our readers that we need not occupy space by proving what is so abundantly clear. But besides its mystical character, the main feature, the distinguishing mark of this number is, that it denotes *completeness*. A few instances will show this beyond all doubt or controversy. In six days God made the heavens and the earth; on the seventh he rested; his work was complete. Six days did the seven priests with the seven trumpets go round the city of Jericho: the walls stood; the work was not done; but on the seventh day they compassed it about seven times, and at the seventh time, with the seventh blast, the walls fell. The work was then complete. Six times did Naaman dip in Jordan: the leprosy remained; he dipped the seventh time, and his flesh came again like a little child's, and he was clean. The cure was complete. Thus mystically there are in the Revelation seven trumpets, seven thunders, seven seals, and seven vials, all denoting completeness of purpose and act. The Seventh Trumpet, as we have before intimated, includes the seven vials, they being, so to speak, the seven notes of the last trumpet, so that the Seventh Vial is the last blast of the

**Seventh Trumpet. The seven vials, therefore, are the seven last judgments of God, which, filling up the measure of his wrath, are to destroy them who destroy the earth; as we read, "And I saw another sign in heaven, great and marvellous, seven angels, having the seven last plagues; *for in them is filled up the wrath of God.*" (Rev. 15:1.)**

**We resume our subject by endeavouring to gather up the meaning of the remaining leading incidents of the Seventh Vial.**

**It will be remembered that we divided the contents of the Seventh Vial into two branches: 1. Its first sprinklings; 2. Its full effects. The full effects we consider mainly future, and therefore offer our interpretation of them with some degree of hesitation. If our forebodings contain in them matter of alarm, let it be remembered that the judgments of the Seventh Vial are likely to exceed those of all the preceding, as completing the measure of God's indignation; and that the wrath to be poured out as in some degree proportionate to the crimes to be punished and to the total destruction to be accomplished. The view we take, is, we believe, consistent with itself, with Scripture, and the signs of the times, three important considerations, and is so far harmonious; but we bear in mind, and we wish our readers to do the same, that great uncertainty must of necessity rest on every interpretation of events so obscurely indicated, and as yet buried in the dark, unknown future.**

**We have already considered the two first marked incidents of the full effects of the Seventh Vial. The "*Great Earthquake*" was the point at which we abruptly stopped. As this is in itself and in its effects the most important incident of the Seventh Vial, the others mainly depending on or flowing out of it, we shall take up our thread with it, and dwell upon it a little more fully.**

**2. An earthquake is, as we have already intimated, the prophetic symbol of *revolution*. Thus the apostle explains "the shaking of the earth," as signifying "the removing of those things that are shaken;" (Heb. 12:27;) in other words, as a shaking down and removing out of the way everything which cannot stand the shock. This is exactly what a revolution does, and in this destructive feature its similarity to an earthquake chiefly consists. It shakes to pieces the very fabric of society, and under its convulsive movements and heaving throes the most time-honoured institutions topple and fall. But if this be true of ordinary revolutions, what may not be expected of the one which is to come,**

and perhaps is at our very doors? For the revolution predicted under the Seventh Vial is to be the greatest that earth has ever known. "And there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great." (Rev. 16:18.) Be it observed, then, that this last convulsion in society is to exceed in violence, duration, and effects every revolution that has yet taken place since men were upon the earth. Europe has witnessed two great revolutions, attended with mountains of crime and seas of blood; one, the irruption of the northern nations, more than a thousand years ago, which broke up the fabric of the old Roman empire, and the other the first French Revolution, at the close of the last century. Historians have labored to describe the horrors of these two mighty revolutions, but language has failed in the attempt to depict them. But, if we believe the words of prophecy, the revolution under the Seventh Vial will far exceed these as they did all minor revolutions. It will, as we shall presently show, spread all over Europe, affecting every part of the ancient Roman empire. We have not elements clearly to calculate the length of its duration, but in magnitude, extent, and effects, it must be terrific, for it is to be the greatest since men were upon earth.

Apart from the voice of prophecy, the signs of the times, to which we cannot shut our eyes, point to precisely the same convulsion. Into this branch of the question, though throwing the clearest light on the inspired threatenings, we cannot enter, for two reasons: 1. Because political discussions are unfit for our pages; and 2. From the vastness of the subject. Yet a few passing words we may be indulged with, though it would take pages to show how all things are paving the way towards this fearful breaking up of the very fabric of society all over Europe. The increase of population, the poverty and misery everywhere abounding, the oppression of armed governments, the spies and the police of the continental states, the almost instantaneous diffusion of intelligence, the rapid modes of travel and communication, and the general energy and activity everywhere prevalent, are all not only laying the train, but heaping the gunpowder. The leading tendency of the times is to blend together the great European communities, so as to give them a unity of thought, feeling, and action. According to the dreams of worldly politicians, ignorant of the depravity of human nature and of the power and craft of Satan, a thorough union and fusion into one mass of the separate nationalities would almost introduce a millennium of prosperity and happiness. Politically viewed,

**we admit that could peace and harmony be secured thereby, such an event would be most desirable; but with human nature what it is, and with such elements of jealousy and discord everywhere prevalent, the nearer the nations come together, the worse it may be for all. Union only gives strength to wickedness. Grains of gunpowder are not improved in safety by close approximation. Quarrelsome people do not best preserve their temper by living as next door neighbours. The nearer the stacks of corn, the greater the fire. The closer the bonds and the greater the intercommunication of the European nations, the more sympathetic and the more diffused must every convulsion be. Scattered limbs may suffer individually; but limbs united in a body suffer from head to foot, and the pain and disease of one member are felt through the whole system. For these reasons we view the present tendency of closer union among the nations with a suspicious eye, and augur from it the worst of evils. As war uses the inventions of peace to make its weapons more deadly, so revolution can employ the means of concord among nations as elements of discord. The devil is never more thoroughly a devil than when, Iscariot-like, he comes with the kiss of peace.**

**Looking, therefore, at the signs of the times in connection with the events of the Seventh Vial, the very peculiar character of this revolution will, to our view, make it the most fearful ever known. If of all wars civil wars are the most fearful, of civil wars the most terrible must be the war of classes, for that reaches well-nigh every hearth. Here we see the force and meaning of the prophetic symbol. As the literal earthquake heaves up the lowest strata, tumbling and dislocating them in wild confusion, and often bursts forth in the flames and lava of the volcano, so will it be in the impending revolution. In our view, it will be the uprising of the masses—of the laboring classes, aided by the populace of large cities, against the middle and higher classes. The people have never yet known their strength, but they are daily learning it. A gulf every day wider and deeper is separating the working classes from the rest of society. The rich are getting richer, and the poor becoming poorer. There are tremendous faults on both sides, employers and employed. Pride and oppression mark the former; jealousy and ill-will the latter. But it will be a terrible day for society at large when the masses combine, and by combination use their strength. Before an angry multitude, an infuriated mob, all must go to wreck. Let trade and commerce be paralysed; let thousands be steeped up to the lips in poverty and distress, with food at famine prices; let a**

revolutionary mania seize the people; let them be headed by bold and unscrupulous leaders; let arms be in their hands; and let the soldiers sympathise with the class from which they spring,—all which are not improbable events,—and we may well contemplate the result with horror. What this revolution will be, if, as we believe it will be, the uprising of the working classes, has been already faintly imaged. Those who read history will see it shadowed out in the rebellions of Jack Cade and Wat Tyler in England, in the Jacquerie of France, and in the rising of German peasants in the days of Luther; and others may call to mind the Lord George Gordon riots of 1780, the Bristol burnings of 1831, and the agricultural machine-breakings of 1830. The Reign of Terror in the first French Revolution was something similar to what this will be; but this reign of terror will spread all over Europe and sweep away every throne and every institution.

3. The next incident of the Seventh Vial will be the consequence of this fearful and widespread revolution: *"And the great city was divided into three parts."* By "the great city" is meant not the literal city, Rome, but the ecclesiastical Roman empire. "The great city" is Babylon, as the angel told John. "And the woman which thou sawest is that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth." (Rev. 17:18.) The chief force of the earthquake will, we believe, affect Papal Europe; that is, those continental states which profess the Roman Catholic Religion. In the literal earthquake there is the central shock and the distant heavings. In the year 1755 Lisbon was overthrown by an earthquake. *There* was the central shock. But the whole of the Peninsula, and even the distant shores of France and Italy, felt its heavings. So we believe the Roman Catholic States of Europe will be the central seat of the shock; but the heavings will affect every nation and country of the Roman earth.

As it cannot be said that Rome ecclesiastical now "reigneth over" Great Britain, we may hope for our country an exemption from the full shock, though by no means, as we shall presently show, from its destructive heavings. After the shock of the earthquake has passed away, as men cannot live without government, and mobs always fall under the yoke of their leaders, there will emerge out of the general ruin three leading powers; for the great city, or ecclesiastical Roman empire, is to be "divided into three parts." We almost hesitate to pronounce any opinion on what these three powers will be, for as the earthquake will change the whole face of Europe, we cannot gather

from the present state of things the probable aspect of the future; but looking to two things which the revolution cannot change, 1. Language and race, and 2. Natural geographical boundaries, we are inclined to think they will be France, Germany, and Italy; and most probably as powerful republics; for if the revolution be brought about by the masses, no other mode of government could be established or succeed. We should be glad to think with Dr. Cumming, that old England will be one of these three powers, but though there are passages which seem to intimate that she will still be a great naval power, (Isa. 60:9; Dan. 11:30,) yet an incident of the Seventh Vial, which we shall soon refer to, seems unfavourable to that conclusion.

4. The next incident, springing also immediately out of the earthquake, *is the fall of the cities: "The cities of the nations fell."* This denotes the fall of all religious establishments. A city is an apt symbol of an establishment. Its very existence indicates a settled fixed habitation, and therefore well denotes an institution which is established, localised, and possessing internal government. The fall, therefore, of the cities of the nations, denotes the fall of all established churches throughout Europe. There is an evident distinction between "the great city" and "the cities of the nations." "The great city" seems to denote that part of the Roman empire where Popery now especially prevails; the expression, "cities of the nations," takes a wider sweep, and indicates those parts of the ancient Roman empire which have withdrawn themselves from the Papal yoke. This, therefore, includes England, Holland, Prussia, the Protestant cantons of Switzerland,—in a word, all the nations of the ancient Roman Western Empire. The churches of England, Ireland, and Scotland we may expect to fall in this great earthquake; and if the word cities include civil establishments, the throne and the peerage may fall with the shock.

It may well be asked by those who love their country, "Where will England be, and what is England's destiny during this mighty convulsion?" It is indeed hard to answer such a question. Prophecy does not specify minute particulars and individual countries. It deals with broad outlines and general results; but though we have already intimated our hope that she will be spared the full shock of the earthquake, yet we cannot forbear adding that one expression seems to us very significant as the result of this fearful and wide-spread commotion as affecting our beloved country.

5. As it is also the fifth incident of the Seventh Vial, it demands a few moments' consideration: "*Every island fled away, and the mountains were not found.*" This, is, of course, not to be understood literally. The face of nature will not be changed. England, the island, will not flee away into the depths of the Atlantic Ocean, nor will the Alps and Pyrenees sink into the level plains; but England as an insular power may cease to be what she now is, an independent nation. She may be so united with the continent, either by alliances or by being connected federally with it as a branch of a great republic, as to lose her present isolated position as the Queen of the Seas in her ocean-girt isle. Steam and electricity, and her present alliances, have already linked her on to the continent, and if the whole of Europe become republican, she may so fraternise with the three great powers as hardly to maintain an independent position. The very expression shows also her connection with the great earthquake, the submerging of islands and the levelling of mountains being frequent results of that natural convulsion. We gather, then, from the expression that there will be a change in England's position as great as if she ceased to be an island altogether. So "the mountains" which now separate the European nations, that is, those barriers which isolate nation from nation, "will no more be found." When Louis XIV. placed his grandson on the throne of Spain, he said, "The Pyrenees no longer exist," meaning, of course, not that the mountains which separate France and Spain were actually levelled, but that the barriers were removed which kept the two nations separate. What a commentary on the words, "the mountains were not found!" These barriers are, for the most part, maintained by the jealousies of the great ruling houses,—the kings and emperors, whose very thrones, and almost existence, are bound up in hedging themselves around with nationalities. But this tremendous earthquake, in sweeping away all the thrones, with their mutual jealousies, will remove the present barriers which divide nation from nation.

Our interpretation of this and other points may seem arbitrary or uncertain. But what other view seems consistent with itself or the context? The symbol cannot be explained literally, for its literal meaning has no significance or result. The drowning of an island, or the subsidence of a mountain, taken literally, has no meaning in it. And as no one supposes that there is a literal vial, so that the angel actually holds in his hand a golden goblet filled with burning acid, so we cannot suppose that actual islands and literal mountains

are meant here. No. They are prophetic symbols, requiring a moral and figurative interpretation. The one we have given, if it has its difficulties, seems to us the most consistent and harmonious.

6. The next great event is *the plague of hail*: "And there fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent; and men blasphemed God because of the plague of the hail; for the plague thereof was exceeding great." (Rev. 16:21.) We must still bear in mind that the language here is strictly symbolical. A literal hail-storm, of which every stone should weigh a talent, or not less than half a hundred-weight, is quite out of the question. And if such an event literally took place, what moral result would there be from it? It would cause much literal havoc and destruction where it fell, but when passed away, there would be no lasting consequence from it, affecting the state of nations. What, then, do we understand by it? Of what is it the probable symbol? Whence does hail come? From the cold icy regions of the north. We view it, then, as a symbol of an invasion from the north; and what more likely than a Russian invasion of Europe? This has always been the dominant Russian aspiration, from the Emperor to the lowest serf.

The conquest of Europe has ever been the ultimate aim of Russia. This was left as a legacy to his successors by Peter the Great; and whether the will published as his is spurious or not, one thing is abundantly clear, that the means he has pointed out of conquering Europe have been strictly acted upon. But, after all, it is not this or that Czar, but the very geographical position of the Russian empire, amidst the frozen scenes of the barren north, which makes her long after the warm, fertile plains of the sunny south. Many throw the whole blame of the present war on the reigning Czar. But this is so far a mistake that he is but the instrument, and in the present instance a foolish and premature one, of attempting to carry out a national instinct. If the Czar is Russia, Russia is the Czar. Nicholas is not only carrying out the design of his own personal ambition, but acting as the representative of Russia. Were he strangled to-morrow, as his father, Paul, was, it would no more eventually arrest the movement of Russia upon Europe than the chipping off of a bit of the ice would hinder the progress of a glacier, or taking a cup full of water out of Lake Erie would stop the Falls of Niagara. The power of the Czar is, that it is the power of Russia embodied in one man, as the voice of the Czar is but the embodied voice of the whole nation. A glance at the map will show that Russia

is suffocated for want of outlets to her fleets and commerce. These she pants after, as a man in a fit of asthma pants for air. All her encroachments in the Black and Baltic Seas are towards this end. For this she has fortified Cronstadt, Sveaborg, and Sebastopol, and made them nearly impregnable to attack. There, behind her granite fortresses, her fleets lie in safety. Her armies are all organised for the same end; and whilst the rest of Europe has for near forty years been cultivating peace, Russia has spent the interval in preparing for war. It is true she is just now put back, and we believe she will be for some time. Her being put back exactly harmonises with our idea of the subject, for the hail-storm does not come till *after* the earthquake. The present attempts of Russia are premature. "The sick man," as the Emperor called Turkey, so far from dying of fright at the first booming of the Russian cannon, has, single-handed, beaten back the Czar's armies, and defended his possessions with all the valour and success of those days when the very name of "the Great Turk" made Europe tremble; and the present strength and mutual alliance of the two great Western powers, England and France, render the present success of Russia, humanly speaking, impossible. But when the earthquake has come, and broken up the present face of Europe, dissolved all present alliances, and filled the Roman earth with blood and confusion, then comes the plague of hail. Russia may well bide her time. Her policy is to move slowly, and to lose nothing by premature haste. The Seventh Vial may spread over many years. But when the mighty revolution of which we have spoken has swept over Europe, removed all the present barriers, shaken England, convulsed France, desolated Germany, and destroyed all present alliances, what a field then for the sovereign Czar to step upon the scene, take advantage of the general prostration of the nations, and, marching forward, as the nominal upholder of monarchy and order, but the real grasper of all power, domineer without restraint over the whole continent. Was not this precisely the case in the Hungarian Revolution of 1848 and 1849? Beaten by the Hungarian armies, Austria called Russia in to her aid. Russia obeyed the call. From any love to Austria? Not a whit. But to open a way to rule over Germany. How she succeeded let the present state of Germany tell, which ever since has lain prostrate and paralysed at the Czar's feet. The present war may terminate to all appearance favourably, and men may exult in Russia's defeat. But will this dismember her empire or really diminish her power? Look at her amazing extent, great re-sources, and inexhaustible powers of defence. The present generation may not feel the plague of hail, but if our interpretation be correct,

there is every reason to believe that among the plagues of the Seventh Vial will be the invasion of Europe by the desolating hordes of the frozen north. This plague will be "exceeding great, and men will blaspheme God because of the hail;" for as the literal hail-stones spare neither man nor beast, field nor vineyard, so will this northern hail spare neither rank, age, nor sex. The wild Cossack will toss on his spear mother and child, and the same harsh imperious Czar, who sacrifices the lives of his soldiers as if men were ants or beetles, will not be likely to spare the hostile nations. He may not perpetuate his empire. We do not contemplate a permanent settlement of the Slavonic nations in Western Europe—the most afflictive event which could befall the human race. The very nature of a hail-storm is to pass away after it has fallen. So this northern invasion may merely sweep over Europe and not last any length of time. If we read the prophetic scroll aright, the fall of Russia is destined to another spot than Europe. The mountains of Palestine will witness the fall of the king of the north; for there he will come to his end, and none shall help him.

It was our wish and intention to close the subject of the Seventh Vial, and with it for the present our prophetic inquiries, with this month's Number. But there remains one more incident which, were we to do so, we must either wholly pass over, or treat in the most cursory manner, viz., the fall of Babylon. Trusting, therefore, to the indulgence of our readers, we shall, the Lord enabling, trespass a little longer on their attention; but we hope not to protract the subject beyond the limits of the succeeding Number.

*(Continued, October, 1854.)*

The Fall of Babylon is, as regards the Church, undoubtedly the most important incident of the Seventh Vial. By the most important we do not mean the most terrific; but that which is pregnant with the most eventful consequences. The incidents that we have already considered, though in themselves most terrible and severe, affect the Church mainly from her position in, and connection with the world. The vial of wrath is not poured out upon her, but its sprinklings reach her much in the same way as the famine prophesied by Agabus reached the brethren which dwelt in Judea. (Acts 11:28-30.) On the other hand, the fall of Babylon is the deliverance of the

**Church; and the same hand which sweeps into destruction that tricked out harlot who has usurped her place and called herself the spouse of the Lamb, raises up from the dust prostrate and desolate Zion. For this reason, as well as from the great importance of the event, though an incident of the Seventh Vial, it is made the subject of a distinct and isolated narrative.**

**On a subject so difficult, and, as being unfulfilled, at present necessarily so obscure, we offer our thoughts with considerable hesitation; and, at the utmost, can only give a faint and feeble sketch of the more marked and determinate features of the character and end of that wonderful "mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth."**

**Our first point must be to settle who or what is designated by the prophetic pen which in Rev. 17 and 18 has drawn her character with such force and decision. Until that question be determined with some degree of probability, we cannot advance one step in opening up her history and end. To this point, therefore, we shall first call the attention of our readers; and as the Scripture here is particularly full and precise, we request them carefully to compare our views with the word of God, that they may be satisfied for themselves whether our statements accord with it or not.**

**The soundest and best interpreters have all concurred in declaring their opinion that by Babylon is meant the Church of Rome. Our readers, therefore, will be surprised to learn that there is a modern school of prophecy, chiefly among the Plymouth Brethren, which denies the truth of this interpretation, and refers the predictions concerning Babylon in the Old Testament and the New to a city which they believe is to be literally built on the banks of the Euphrates, on the very site of ancient Babylon. We shall, therefore, devote a larger space than we should otherwise have deemed necessary, to show how completely the description of Babylon in the Revelation coincides with the character of the Romish Apostasy.**

**Three things seem to form main elements whereby to decide this point,—her *name*, her *character*, her *seat*. Her name is "Babylon;" her character, "the great Whore; her seat, "a scarlet-colored Beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns."**

**1. First, then, as to the meaning of her *name*, which we may be sure is highly**

significant. Her name is "Babylon." This is merely the Greek form of the word Babel, that being the Hebrew expression all through the Old Testament where our translators, following the Septuagint, have adopted the word Babylon. The meaning and origin of the name are both given us in the inspired word of truth. The founding of that great monarchy which fixed its metropolis on the river Euphrates, is the first great recorded event after the flood—the first daring act of rebellion of Nimrod, the mighty hunter; for "the beginning of his kingdom was Babel;" (Gen. 10:10;) and it was probably at his instigation that the tower of Babel was built.\* Whatever name he gave to his slime-built city, it matters not; God himself gave it a name which reaches from the flood to the day of judgment; for by confounding their language and scattering them abroad, he for ever stamped upon the rising city its mystical name as emblematic of that which his soul abhorreth. When the Lord would mark a heinous crime, he calls it "confusion;" (Lev. 20:12;) and this is the name with which he has branded literal and mystical Babylon, for the word literally means "confusion," according to the Lord's own testimony: "Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth; and from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth." (Gen. 11:9.)

\* Such is the testimony of Josephus:

"It was Nimrod who excited them to such an affront and contempt of God (in building the tower). He was the grandson of Ham, the son of Noah, a bold man, and of great strength of hand. He persuaded them not to ascribe it to God, as if it were through his means they were happy, but to believe that it was their own courage which procured that happiness. He also gradually changed the government into tyranny, seeing no other way of turning men from the fear of God but to bring them into constant dependence upon his power. Now, the multitude was very ready to follow the determination of Nimrod, and to esteem it a piece of cowardice to submit to God; and they built a tower."

Into the history of that mighty city on the banks of the Euphrates, which was thence called Babylon, we need not enter. Suffice it to say, that it is used in the Revelation as a typical name, and as embodying the characteristics of a particular corruption and of a system of confusion which, in proportion to its

power and prevalence, has disordered kingdoms, churches, and families for ages and generations.

2. The next thing to be determined is *her character*. This is most descriptive, and, to our mind, stamps certainty on her person. She is called "the great whore that sitteth upon many waters"—a shameless, abandoned, dissolute harlot, "with whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication." (Rev. 17:2.)

The symbols of Scripture, it should be borne in mind, are for most part precise and determinate. "The church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven," being the bride of Christ, a church in the Scripture, whether true or false, is represented under the symbol of a woman. The Song of Solomon, Ps. 45, Isa. 54, Ephes. 5:25-32, Rev. 12, 19, and, indeed, innumerable passages, prove this true of the real Church. An adulterous wife, and especially one who abandons her husband for a variety of lovers, is, therefore, the scriptural symbol for a false or degenerate church. We need not multiply quotations to prove this. There are two chapters in Ezekiel (16 and 23.) which have drawn out the symbol in language most emphatic and determinate. There can, therefore, be no doubt that the harlot described in Rev. 17 represents a false and apostate church. So far our way is clear.

Her *dress* is also described in unison with this character: "And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication." (Rev. 17:4.) The gaudy dress, and especially "the purple and scarlet," the favorite color, made from the Tyrian dye, of the Roman ladies in ancient times, marks her degraded profession; and "the golden cup" probably represents those philtres and drinks with which abandoned women in those days beguiled their lovers.

But besides her dissolute, abandoned profligacy, another mark is stamped upon her: "And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus; and when I saw her, I wondered with great admiration." (Rev. 17:6.) Lost herself to all restraint or shame, she is maddened with enmity against those who fear God and abhor her deeds of

wickedness; and nothing will satisfy her murderous heart but draughts of their blood, which she drinks till her brain is fired and her limbs stagger.

Let no false delicacy prevent us dwelling on these features. Language less emphatic would be too weak to express God's abhorrence of the crimes of the mystic Babylon. Is there any sight in nature more disgusting to a mind possessed even of ordinary right feelings than a drunken harlot, swearing, brawling, and staggering in the public street? But suppose you were to see that abandoned wretch attack a child of God, say, some quiet, delicate female, strike a dagger into her heart, and with mad joy, like the French women in the first revolution, drink a cup full of her warm life-blood, trampling her corpse meanwhile in the gutter, what bounds could there be to your grief and horror? Yet this is God's figure to describe the woman in the Revelation.

Before we advance further, let us pause to examine these marks. They will help us to tread all the more firmly in the path of interpretation. Looking up the stream of history, especially the history of the Christian Church, what prominent object meets our eye which at all tallies with this description? What but the Church of Rome agrees with the characters given even to the minutest particular? What a volume of history is contained in her very name! Her system is a system of confusion from whatever side we view it. As a religious system, if it is not prostituting the word to apply such a term to it, all is a confused heap. True doctrines and false doctrines, the word of God and the traditions of men, the merits of Christ and the mediation of the Virgin Mary, texts of Scripture and decrees of Popes and councils, flaming zeal for piety and religion, and absolving murderers at the foot of the gallows, the name of the spouse of Jesus and the reality of a filthy harlot—what confusion is here! Who has ever read a Papal Bull, or a Pastoral Letter from the Irish Catholic bishops, without being alternately amused and disgusted with the frothy bombast, the pompous, inflated language, full of sound and fury meaning nothing, the misapplied texts of Scripture, the pious lamentations over the increase of heresy, and the denunciations of all who do not burn incense to the immaculate spouse of Christ. Here we have Rome's ancient thunders which shook monarchs, but—minus the lightning which struck them from their thrones; the howling of the caged tiger who would wade in blood, as on the day of St. Bartholomew, but cannot get through the bars. No wonder that her notes are a little confused behind her barriers. How, too, she has

confounded all laws, human and divine, setting up her decrees above the word of God and the institutions of man; and what confusion she has ever worked, and is still working, wherever she exists. Is there a government in Europe free from her intrigues and machinations? What confusion she introduced into this country about four years ago, cutting up England into bishoprics as coolly as if we had besought absolution on our bended knees for our long-standing heresy! Look again at Ireland—what she is now, and has been for centuries. Who understands the Irish character? It seems as if a drop, and a large drop too, of perverseness ran in the Irish blood. This cannot be, as some have thought, the effect of blood and race, the Celtic element in the Irish constitution; but the product of Popery at work upon him for ages, and thus engrained into his very nature. Get him away from his priest, as in the United States, and the Irishman is a different being, or, at least, his children are. But Popery, acting through the priest, has so confused his judgment, perverted his moral sense, and distorted his natural views of right and wrong, that to beat to death a Protestant farmer or shoot down an English landlord is in his eyes no crime. And even in cultivated minds, as has been remarked of the late perverts to Popery, men of education and high moral feeling no sooner drink of her cup than they become debased and degraded, losing all their perceptions of truth and honor,\* and sinking into vulgar, abusive brawlers. Given up to judicial blindness, they receive with doting credulity the lying miracles which sober-minded Catholics smile at; and forgetting all the claims which their native country has upon their allegiance, would sell her into Popish slavery, and as long as she were Catholic, would not care that she ceased to be free.

\* How striking is the testimony to this point of the present Bishop of Oxford, a man who knows, or ought to know them well, his own brothers, if not himself, being pretty deeply tainted with the same disease. "Who needs to be told that Romanism is a system which so saps honesty in men's minds that there is nothing dishonest which is not thought holy?"

But we must not dwell too long upon her name, and all that her name imports. Her *character* is drawn in the Revelation as with a ray of light. As the price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies, so the opposite is the object of universal detestation and contempt. And this is that with which God has branded the mystic Babylon. A harlot is, as we have shown before, the scriptural symbol of a false or degenerate church. Thus, in Ezek. 23, the false church of Samaria,

under the name of Aholah, and the degenerate church of Jerusalem, under the name of Aholibah, are both depicted under that character. Into the fitness and propriety of the figure we need not enter. The main features are drawn out in the most emphatic language in Ezek. 16, Hosea 2, and elsewhere, and they embody the leading idea of the spouse of God departing from him, and forming a promiscuous, adulterous intercourse with the world for the sake of her own interest. Now this is an exact description of the Romish Church. Both Scripture and history concur in representing "the faith" of the primitive Roman Church as "spoken of throughout the whole world." First in position, as the great metropolis of the Roman empire; first in persecution and suffering, as under the immediate eye of Nero and his successors; first in influence, as the leading church of the Christian assemblies; and first in faith, as needing, from being the foremost in the fight, the largest share of that heavenly grace; the church at Rome seemed, in primitive times, to occupy the nearest position to Christ in outward manifestation. But this position, which drew to her the hearts and obedience of her sister-churches, as time sped on and gave her worldly power and dignity, she awfully abused, and turned her spiritual influence into an engine of worldly exaltation. Thus it is said of her, that "the kings of the earth committed fornication with her"—meaning thereby, that a worldly connection was formed between her and them, they availing themselves of her religious influence to secure their dignities and thrones, and she lending them her moral support in exchange for their carnal protection. It is not said that she committed fornication with "the inhabitants of the earth." No; she reserved her favours for the high and mighty; but she made the rest "drunk with the wine of her fornication." By this we understand her doctrines, and chiefly her idolatrous practices in the worship of the mass, of the Virgin Mary, and images of the saints. All her leading doctrines, and all her ceremonies, if carefully examined and analysed, would be found intended and calculated to drug the conscience, intoxicate the mind, and entangle the affections. Confession, absolution, the merits and miracles of the saints, the virtue of celibacy, and the efficacy of the hair shirt and the scourge all stupefy the conscience if ever alarmed and distressed; her gaudy ceremonial, with the soft strains of music floating in the air, the subdued light through the painted windows, and the smell of incense stealing over the brain, addressing themselves to every sense, lull them into that trance-like state of dreamy nothingness, a larger measure of which is the opium eater's elysium; and the continued administration of these philtres and love-potions gradually

beguiles the affections till husband, wife, children, relations, property, with the nearest and dearest ties of life, all seem insufficient to yield up as offerings to this insatiate idol of the heart. But besides this more refined species of drunken fanaticism, she sanctions the actual worship of images. Than this nothing is more intoxicating. Idolatry has on the human mind an influence of a peculiar nature; perhaps the words "drunken lust" convey the idea most accurately. This is most emphatically seen in the mad revels of Juggernaut; but Popish countries exhibit scenes almost as characteristic of this wild, ungovernable enthusiasm. The doctrine intoxicates the mind and the image engages the carnal affections. Thus the belief in the mediation of the Virgin Mary, intoxicating the judgment, confuses all views of Christ as the only Mediator, and the visible representation of her form draws out the idolatrous love of the heart toward her as an object of sensuous worship.

Her *dress* is as characteristic as her name and conduct: "And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication." (Rev. 17:4.) Who is ignorant of the gorgeous dresses, and especially the purple and scarlet, in which the Popish ecclesiastics are decked out at their grand theatrical shows? It would seem as if, stricken by a judicial blindness, those proud prelates did not see themselves thus marked out by the hand of God for destruction. "Gold, and precious stones, and pearls—these and kindred ornaments which dazzle the eye, feed the senses, and allure the carnal mind, thus drawing away the heart from everything gracious and spiritual to enamor it of glitter and show, are the especial arts of this apostate church. Man having lost all knowledge of God, and being sunk in carnality and death, can never worship Him in spirit and truth till regenerated by a divine power. He, therefore, doats on a religion that charms and feeds the senses. All these baits the Romish Church has pressed into her service. Music, painting, architecture,—and who can sing like Italian musicians, who paint like Raphael and Correggio, who build like Catholic architects?—are all used to seduce the mind into something rapturous and ecstatic, or solemn and soothing; all which feelings, as being distinct from and elevated above our usual common-place thoughts and sensations, wear the air of devotion and religion. This is "the golden cup full of abominations" whereby the natural mind is drugged into a misty, dreamy fanaticism, and, intoxicated with new and pleasing sensations, fancies itself on the very borders

of heaven when it is wandering confused amidst the mists of hell.\* Here lies the main strength of Popery,—that it is adapted not only to the lowest, but the highest tastes of our carnal mind. It suits poor Pat in his cabin, who in the priest sees his mediator, and in the mass his god; it suits the refined man of taste, whose eyes and ears it charms with its pictures, buildings, and requiems; it suits the common mass, who love a religion which does not require anything spiritual, but to have their senses fed by outward show; and it suits the religiously disposed, by giving them plenty of fasts and feasts, almsdeeds and prayers, absolving their consciences when uneasy, and elevating them sometimes into a dreamland of devotion, where they fancy themselves the greatest saints on earth.

\* This Milton represents as the effect upon our first parents of eating the forbidden fruit:

    "For Eve,  
Intent now wholly on her task, nought else  
Regarded; such delight till then, as seemed,  
In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fancied so, through expectation high  
Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.

\*\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

    That now  
As with new wine intoxicated both  
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
Divinity within them breeding wings,  
Wherewith to scorn the earth."—"Paradise Lost."

But her character would not be complete without one additional feature that stamps her, if possible, with deeper dye: "And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus; and when I saw her I wondered with great admiration." (Rev. 17:6.) Well might holy John wonder with great astonishment, as the word literally means, to see this base wretch drunken with the blood of saints and martyrs. How true, how forcible the expression, "drunken with blood!" History teems with instances of the maddening effect of blood on the human mind, especially when shed by the hand of fanatic persecutors. Alike unfathomable and unspeakable are the depths of cruelty and ferocity in the heart of man; and when these depths are

stirred up by the innate enmity of the carnal mind against the saints of God, a frenzy bursts forth which, but for the restraining providence of the Most High, would not leave Christ one member on earth. This persecuting spirit is in the heart of every man; but Rome alone has reduced it into a system. Witness her crusades against the Waldenses and Albigenses, the dungeons of the Inquisition, with their infernal apparatus of racks and tortures, the Spanish auto-da-fes, the fires of Smithfield, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Irish rebellions, and at the present day the ferocity of the Popish mobs against any who desert or oppose their creed. What torrents of blood has this drunken harlot shed without scruple, remorse, or shame! When did she ever drop one tear over her victims, or what one word of repentance has she ever uttered for their blood, poured forth by her hands like water?

3. We have now to fix her *seat*. Two leading points determine this with the greatest precision:

(1.) "She sitteth upon many waters." This is interpreted by the angel thus: "And he saith unto me, The waters which thou sawest, where the whore sitteth, are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues." (Rev. 17:15.) What is the title which the Romish Church has so proudly arrogated to herself? Catholic. And what does Catholic mean? Universal; that is, a church not limited to one nation or country, but as wide as Christianity itself, embracing all nations as her rightful inheritance. What other church ever embraced so many peoples and countries, nations, and tongues? Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, great parts of Germany and Switzerland, Ireland at the present moment are, and in former times England and Scotland, and in fact the whole of Europe, were subject to the see of Rome. Well might that false apostate church say, with the proud King of Assyria, "And my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people; and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth; and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped."

(2.) The next mark of her seat is still more determinate,—The woman sits on a beast having seven heads and ten horns. What is represented by the seven heads is thus explained by the angel: "And here is the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth." (Rev. 17:9.) That the city of Rome was situated on seven hills is known to

every schoolboy. Poets and historians have alike sung and celebrated these seven hills, familiar as household words to the Roman people, and as well known to every citizen of ancient Rome as Holborn or the Strand to the inhabitant of London. And that even there might be something more determinate still,—a finishing stroke to decide the matter beyond all dispute or controversy, the angel adds, "And the woman which thou sawest is that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth." (Rev. 17:18.) Observe the present tense, "which reigneth," now reigneth, at the very time when the angel speaks. What great city reigned over the kings of the earth when the Revelation was given (say A.D. 96) but Rome? The "kings of the earth," that is, those princes who were allowed to retain their crowns, were all subject to Rome, from the river Euphrates to the Grampian hills. They received her proconsuls, fed her armies, embraced her institutions, obeyed her laws, spoke her language, and paid her tribute.

We have dwelt long on this point because a new school of interpretation, as we have before hinted, has arisen which totally denies the applicability of Babylon to the Romish Church, and refers the fulfilment of this prophecy to a future Babylon, at present non-existent, but to be built literally on the river Euphrates.

That there are difficulties attending the predicted fall of the Apocalyptic Babylon—a point at which we have not yet arrived—we fully admit; but that the characters we have traced out are most fully applicable to the Romish Church seems to us beyond the reach of controversy. To ignore the whole book of Revelation for near two thousand years, and seal it up to a distant day, when the Lord expressly gave it "to shew unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass," seems to us arbitrary and forced indeed. Is it consistent with the character of God and the usual strain of the prophetic word, to leave his church and people wholly in the dark as to the existence and nature of a system like that of Rome? The book of Revelation was the grand armoury from which Luther and the Reformers drew their weapons. There Luther learnt that Rome was Babylon and the Pope Antichrist; and when this flashed on his mind it cleared his conscience of a thousand scruples, nerved his arm to strike home, and in fact decided the Reformation.\* However the views of Luther and John Knox may be disregarded and set aside, it is most plain, from their writings and protests, that they interpreted the great Whore

to signify the Papal Church, and it is equally evident that, but for this conviction, their right hands would have been paralysed. Knowing, as we now know from the history of the period, how slowly and hesitatingly the Reformers, and Luther in particular, advanced to the grand determining point, that the Romish Church was corrupt and apostate, they would never have ventured so far as to denounce it and separate from it, had they not had the light of the Revelation to guide them.

\* "A Roman theologian, called Ambrose Catharin, had written against him. 'I will stir the bile of this Italian beast,' said Luther, and he kept his word. In his reply he proved, by the revelations made to Daniel and St. John, by St. Paul's Epistles, and those of St. Peter and St. Jude, that the kingdom of Antichrist, foretold and described in the Bible, was the Popedom. 'I know for certain,' says he, in conclusion, 'that our Lord Jesus Christ lives and reigns. In the strength of this faith I should not fear many thousand popes. May God visit us at last according to his infinite power, and make to shine forth the day of his Son's glorious coming, in which he will destroy that wicked one. And let all the people say, Amen.'"

"And all the people did say, Amen. Men's souls were seized with a holy dread. They saw nothing less than Antichrist seated on the pontifical throne. This new idea, an idea that derived intense interest and power from the descriptions of the prophets, thus launched by Luther into the midst of the men of his age, inflicted the most terrible blow upon Rome. Faith in the word superseded that which the Church had till then engrossed; and the Pope's authority, after having so long been an object of popular adoration now became an object of hatred and terror."—D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation."

The fall of Babylon is so intimately and closely connected with the history of the Beast on which she sits, that the one cannot be considered without the other. As our views of the Beast are somewhat different from those generally entertained, we feel that we should not do justice to them unless drawn out at greater length than our present limits will admit. This, therefore, will, God willing, form the subject of our next, and we hope concluding number on this subject. We cannot, however, forbear adding our persuasion that little fear need be entertained of the revival and reign of Popery. Her days of power and supremacy, we believe, are gone by, never to return. Before she expires she

may manifest convulsive movements, which, like those of a dying enemy, may alarm the timid, as if indicative of returning strength. But the Popery of the Middle Ages, the day when Rome's proud prelates trode on the necks of emperors and made kings hold their stirrups, is gone, never to return; and we believe that we shall no more see Pope or prelate at the head of English councils than we shall see nail-clad knights leading armies in the field, or Kentish yeomanry deciding battles with bows and arrows, as at Cressy and Agincourt. A few hungry curates or pompous archdeacons may button up their waistcoats and lengthen their coat tails, may teach the parish children to chant the responses, and may date their letters from the feast of St. Swithin, or the vigil of St. Barnabas; but the sound sense of the country laughs at them, and men in our day who have any force of mind so as to influence public opinion, which, in fact, governs the country, will never put their necks under the foot of a shaven priest, whether at Rome or Westminster. In our view, the doom of Rome is as much written as the doom of Babylon on the walls at Belshazzar's palace. It is written in the word of God, in the signs of the times, and in the opinion of all reflecting men; and that doom never can be reversed. But though we have no fear of Popery ever regaining her ancient seat, at least under its ancient or even present form, we confess we have our apprehensions from another quarter, for we see, if we misinterpret not the prophetic scroll, looming in the dim and distant horizon, a power more fearful than Popery ever was, or from its nature ever could be. Popery suited the Middle Ages. Superstition then held sway over the minds of men, locked up in darkness and ignorance. But the printing press has dispelled superstition and brought in—what? A monster as much more formidable than Popery as knowledge is stronger than ignorance. That monster is INFIDELITY, and what we have to fear is not the Popish, but the INFIDEL ANTICHRIST.

But our views upon this point we must defer to a following number.

*(Concluded, November, 1854.)*

In our examination of the deep and mysterious subject to which we have in our late Reviews called the attention of our readers, we have been desirous to avoid two things,—*first*, slavishly treading in the footsteps of commentators and interpreters; and, *secondly*, falling into novelty and fancifulness of

**interpretation. We have examined the subject for ourselves, as far as our time and ability have permitted, and therefore ask our readers to do the same. If our views, either materially, or even partially, differ from what they have been accustomed to entertain,—formed, perhaps, not from independent examination and reflection, but from a servile adherence to some favourite author,—let them not thence hastily conclude that we are totally wrong, and reject our conclusions with angry contempt, but let them calmly and carefully weigh our words with the Scripture, and see how far our explanation accords with that inspired and infallible record.**

**In our last number we pointed out a distinction between the Woman and the Beast on which she sat. This distinction we consider of very great importance, and the main clue to the right interpretation of the whole. To this point, therefore, we shall first draw the attention of our readers; and this the more readily, as affording us an opportunity of dropping a few remarks on the symbolic language of Scripture.**

**It has pleased God in his holy word to make much use of symbols. By the word *symbols* (we write here for the benefit of our less educated readers) we mean certain well-marked, determinate figures, employed by the Holy Spirit as emblems or types to convey a definite meaning. Thus, the Bow in the Cloud was a symbol to Noah, the heavenly Ladder to Jacob, the Kine and the Ears of Corn to Pharaoh, and through him to Joseph, the Burning Bush to Moses, and the Great Image to Nebuchadnezzar. But especially to the prophets were these symbols shown as emblematic of coming events; as, for instance, the Almond Tree and the Seething Pot to Jeremiah, the Living Creatures and the Roll to Ezekiel, and the Beasts to Daniel. These symbols, it is especially to be observed, have for the most part a uniform and determinate meaning. This is not only consistent with the authoritative character of God's teaching in his word of truth, but arises from the very necessity of the case; for were these figures indeterminate in meaning, or susceptible of various applications, they would, like ambiguous words, leave us in continual doubt as to their intended signification.**

**These remarks may prepare us to enter more clearly into the two symbols which are set before us in Rev. 17, and with the further consideration of which we resume our subject.**

**In the opening of that chapter, a Woman is brought before our eyes as sitting upon a Beast. Observe first, the distinction of these two symbols, and keep them in your mind as separate as you can,—as fully and widely distinct as a man on horseback from the animal which he bestrides. This distinctness of view will much help you to travel on with us through this difficult subject. And observe next, that neither of these symbols is a new one, employed for the first time in the Revelation, but that both of them are figures previously employed in the Scriptures, and each with its distinct, determinate signification; the meaning of each having been previously so clearly fixed that it cannot admit of a shadow of a doubt. The Woman, as we have already shown, represents a degenerate, backsliding, or apostate church. Of this there can be no question, as there is no scriptural symbol more determinate, the degenerate church in Jerusalem and the apostate church in Samaria being both represented by the figure of a harlot, in Jeremiah, (3,) Ezekiel, (23,) and Hosea, (1, 2).**

**The Beast, then, on which the Woman sits must be as distinct a symbol as the Woman herself, and the two figures must be kept perfectly separate, or confusion must be the necessary result.**

**Now, where must we look for the key to the symbol of the Beast? Evidently to the book of Daniel, to whom the four Beasts were first shown in vision. And when we consider that the fourth Beast which Daniel saw had ten horns, and that these ten horns were explained by the angel to signify ten kings, (Dan. 7:24,) in both which points it exactly tallies with the Beast before us, (Rev. 17:3-12,) we have the strongest grounds for believing not only that the symbol means the same thing, but that the two beasts themselves are identical.**

**To this point we now, then, address ourselves; and, treading on this firm scriptural ground, shall endeavour to show what is represented by the seven-headed, ten-horned Beast on which the Woman sits, and which, if for a time her prop, eventually becomes her downfall.**

**By referring to Daniel's vision of the four great Beasts, (Dan. 7,) we obtain this fundamental position, that a Beast symbolically represents a Civil power; for the four great Powers which in succession ruled the world, the Assyrian,**

Persian, Greek, and Roman empires, are symbolised by these four Beasts. As founding their empires in cruelty and violence, destroying myriads of human beings with the same insatiate thirst for carnage as a lion or a tiger falls on its prey, a ravenous Beast aptly represents one of those ancient conquerors whose delight and glory were to pour forth human blood like water.\* Of these four Beasts the last is that with which our business lies; and this beyond all doubt and controversy symbolises the Roman empire. Now it is most plain from Dan. 7:9-14 and 23-27 that this Beast was to continue in existence till "the judgment is set and the books opened;" in other words, till the second coming of the Lord Jesus. The Beast is therefore *now* in existence. And where are we to look for it but to the Roman civil empire?

\* The sculptures lately brought from Nineveh, which represent little else but war and conquest as carried on by the kings of Assyria in the most destructive form, are remarkable monuments to confirm the meaning of this scriptural symbol.

Thus far have we trodden on safe and firm ground, and having obtained this clear footing, must keep on this highway and not be drawn from it by any dancing will-o'-the-wisp of fancy, lest we fall into the bog of error. We are now prepared for a closer examination of the apocalyptic Beast on which the Woman sits. His marked features are, that he has "seven heads and ten horns." We are left in no uncertainty as to the meaning of either of these marks, the angel having explained them both.

The signification of the seven heads is thus given: "And here is the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth. And there are seven kings; five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come: and when he cometh, he must continue a short space. And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition." (Rev. 17:9-11.)

It will be observed, that the seven heads are here explained as symbolical of two distinct things: 1. The *local seat* of the empire: 2. The different *phases* through which that empire passes. A few words on each of these points may be desirable to make the mind and meaning of the Holy Spirit plain and clear.

1. The *locality* is most determinate; nor could it be more plainly or more accurately fixed had the angel pronounced and the beloved disciple written the word ROME. "The seven heads are the seven mountains on which the woman sits." London is not more clearly fixed as sitting on the Thames, or Paris on the Seine, than Rome as sitting on the seven hills. This is so precise, that we are absolutely tied down by the symbol to that interpretation; for the ancient Babylon, so far from having seven hills, had not even one; the whole country round about being one vast alluvial plain. This is the testimony not only of historians and travellers\*, but of Holy Scripture: "And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a *plain* in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there." (Gen. 11:2.) "Nebuchadnezzar the king made an image of gold, whose height was threescore cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits; he set it up *in the plain of Dura*, in the province of Babylon." (Dan. 3:1.) The city of Rome, then, as the seat and metropolis of the Roman empire, must be one meaning of the seven heads of the Beast.

\* Herodotus, the ancient Greek historian, who had personally visited it, thus describes it: "The city, situated in a quiet plain, was of a square form," &c.

2. But the angel gives another meaning of the same symbol: "And there are seven kings; five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a short space." (Rev. 17:10.) These words plainly indicate the different *phases* or forms of government in the headship of the Roman empire in a chronological series.

But here, we wish to observe, is a degree of difficulty and obscurity which may render our explanation less clear than we could wish. On this point, therefore, we offer our interpretation less decisively; but our readers shall have our thoughts upon it as far as we have examined and weighed the subject: "And there are seven kings; five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a short space. And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition. (Rev. 17:10, 11.) The seven kings represent, not seven kingly individuals, seven distinct monarchs in succession, but seven different phases of government, yet all administering, though at different periods, one and the same empire. To bring this clearly before your mind, carefully examine the symbol; and in so doing figure to yourself a wild beast having seven heads

growing out of its body. Now, of these heads one might droop, or sleep, or fall to the ground, or even "be wounded to death;" (Rev. 13:3;) one head after another might thus cease to act or live; and yet whilst one head remained, not only would the beast live, but *that* head would rule and guide the whole body. This last point demands especial attention, for it is the grand key to the right interpretation of the Beast. If we bear this, then, steadily in mind, we need not much trouble ourselves about the five fallen forms of government, for they have all completely passed away. We shall therefore merely observe that they seem best explained by kings, consuls, decemvirs, military tribunes, and triumvirs, all of whom were successively at the head of the Roman government before the time of John. "And one is," that is, the form subsisting at the time of John, viz., the imperial government, which lasted, at least in the Western empire, nominally till the deposition of Augustulus, A.D. 476, though it actually ceased 20 years before. "And the other is not yet come."

Fixing our eye, then, still on the same point, that the Beast represents the whole Roman empire, and the heads distinct and successive rulers, what power, may we ask, succeeded the Roman emperors so as to exercise an acknowledged authority? On no point do interpreters more widely differ than in their explanation of the seventh head. Dr. Cumming, following Mr. Elliot, who he believes "was guided by the Spirit of God" in proposing the interpretation, explains it as referring to the Roman Emperors' adopting the diadem instead of the laurel crown,—a distinction about as great as that, in the old epigram, between tweedle dum and tweedle dee. Bishop Newton inclines to the idea that it represents the Exarch of Ravenna; and Mr. Faber interprets it of the Empire of Napoleon Bonaparte. Our own view is that it represents the Papal government as exercising temporal sovereignty, which nominally rose about A.D. 800, but did not actually exist in any plenitude of power till 1278.

As we wish to deal fairly with the subject, we admit one difficulty in the way of this interpretation. "And when he cometh, he must continue a short space." This seems hardly applicable to the Papal civil government, which continued many years, and to a certain extent exists even still. But we must carefully bear in mind the distinction already drawn between the civil and ecclesiastical Papal government. The civil power, except over a small part of Italy, did not last long, and was never very quietly submitted to, and as an earthly monarch

acting with weight in the affairs of Europe, the Pope has never had any influence since Charles V., more than 300 years ago, marched an army into Italy, which took Rome by storm and shut up the Pope prisoner in his own castle of St. Angelo. This head, then, though still worn by the Beast, may be considered as asleep or drooping; and viewed as thus paralysed for several hundred years, the seventh head may be regarded as having continued in its vigor as a head but "for a little space." It is, we may observe by the way, only because the seventh head hangs thus drooping on the ground, that the Beast allows the Woman to ride upon it. The Beast, therefore, is now asleep; but when the seventh head drops off, and the eighth starts up in its place, the Woman will at once be shaken off and the Beast rise up in dreadful power and fury.

But besides this view of the subject we may add, that in the eyes of the Lord, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, the longest time of Rome's existence, even were we to extend the date of her temporal dominion, is but "a little space;" and we have an almost parallel expression (Rev. 6:11) where, in answer to the cry of the souls under the altar, it was said, "They should rest yet *for a little season*, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." But that "little season" has stretched from that time to this, and will stretch on till the last saint shall yield up his breath to the persecuting stroke.

But we now come to a further, and, as we understand it, a future phase of the government of the Beast: "And the Beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition." (Rev. 17:11.) The word to be supplied after "eighth," as required by the laws of the Greek language, is "king;" we therefore read it thus in full, "And the beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth king." Now, if our view of the seventh head be correct, and that it signifies the civil Papal power, then the eighth head as king has not yet appeared, for the Pope still exists, at least in name, as a civil prince.

To this point, then, let us now bend our attention, for with the rise of this eighth head the fall of Babylon is connected. A part of the description of the Beast, for we do not wish to blink any difficulty, is confessedly obscure. It consists in his being described as the beast "that was, and is not, and yet is;"

and again as the beast "that was, and is not." To us the words seem mainly to imply the changing, versatile character of the Beast as a whole, for it is of the Beast as a whole that the words are spoken. It is almost as if we should say of a fickle, changeable man, "We hardly know what he is, for he is not to-day what he was yesterday, and yet with all that he is not another, but the same individual." So the Beast, viewed under all its phases, changes, and revolutions of government, as a whole, is not what it was, and yet is. It was first Pagan, then nominally Christian, and yet really Pagan; for the Romish Church not only borrowed Pagan rites, but the Italian peasantry to this day are but Pagans in sentiment and worship. Or, adopting our view that the eighth head represents the Infidel Antichrist, "it was" professedly infidel in its original state, "is not" infidel nominally in its present state, "and yet is" so in its actual state. If, then, our view be correct, the eighth head or king still to come, will be the Infidel Antichrist to whom allusion was made in our last Number.

We are thus brought to a closer and fuller examination of the last head of the Beast. The other seven have dropped off or fallen to the ground, and therefore, as inert or useless, are prophetically viewed as non-existent. The whole intellect and strength of the Beast are now, therefore, concentrated in the eighth head, which grows out from, and takes the place of the fallen seven; and on this head stand ten crowned horns, representing ten kings, which are the weapons of the Beast. Now let us fairly ask the question, Has this eighth head yet appeared? If so, where, and who or what is he? Can he be the Pope, poor old Pius IX., who four or five years ago had to run away from Rome in the disguise of a livery servant? A fox or a jackal would be a better symbol for Pio Nono slipping out of Rome by night than a terrific beast with ten horns on his head. It is, then, to our mind perfectly absurd to make the temporal power of the Pope represented by the eighth head, when he never possessed more than a few square miles of territory, and is now but the shadow of a name. And now we see the necessity and advantage of keeping the two symbols perfectly distinct; for by confounding them together, as most interpreters have done, and as necessarily must be done if we view the eighth head of the Beast, and consequently the Beast itself, as representing the civil power of the Pope, and the Woman as symbolising his ecclesiastical power, we make nothing but confusion.

Consider also another point, which, we think, will strongly show the absurdity of representing the eighth head as the temporal power of the Pope, which is Dr. Gill's view, and, we believe, the usually received interpretation. The eighth head evidently uses the ten kings to destroy the great Whore. The Woman, beyond all controversy, represents Popery. Now look at the absurdity involved in making the eighth head to represent the Pope's temporal power; for as the eighth head destroys the Woman, it makes the Pope in his temporal capacity destroy the Pope in his ecclesiastical capacity; that is, in other words, it makes the Pope burn the Pope,—a rather improbable, not to say impossible catastrophe! And after the Pope has burnt the Pope, and thus destroyed all his power, he has strength enough, as the head of Europe, to make war with the Lamb! For the Beast is to continue, it must be observed, in full power till the coming of Christ, and is bold enough to make war against him until he is defeated in the great battle of Armageddon, where he is taken and cast alive into a fire burning with brimstone. (Rev. 19.) Will the poor old Pope, just strong enough to mumble his Ave Marias, have spirit and courage to do this, when, as a temporal prince, he is now only held on his throne by French bayonets? Why, long before this, the ten kings will have burnt the great Whore, and made a clean sweep of the Pope and all his crew.

If, then, our interpretation be correct, this last head is still to appear, and will come under a form precisely suited to the spirit of the age and the character of the times. As Popery is the product of an age of superstition and ignorance, so Infidelity is the fruit of an age of science and intellect. To bring the discoveries of science to bear upon the Bible, and by that means overthrow a belief in revelation, is Satan's last masterpiece; and as the Pope has done his work, and is now worn out, and the age requires a head to lead it on in another direction more suitable to its spirit and aspirations, the devil will very quietly drop the Pope to employ a completely different instrument; for it is "the dragon," we read, who gives "the beast his power, and his seat, and his great authority."

Whether this be an individual or a power we will not attempt to decide. The analogy of the other heads, which were not individuals, but forms of government, would lead us to infer that the eighth head would be also a system rather than a person; but the short time during which it would appear that he will exist, and various passages of Scripture which seem to invest him with marks peculiarly characteristic of an individual, incline us to favour the

**view that he will be a king, who will put himself or be put at the head of the infidel opposition to Christ.**

**Men are trembling at Popery, and anticipating with sinking hearts the near approach of that day when it will ascend the throne and rule supreme in the senate. Satan is thus, we fear, putting the church on a false scent and diverting her from the real source of danger. For what is Popery? A decayed, worn-out system, which, with its monkish ideas, priestly assumptions, and infallible dogmas, is utterly opposed to the spirit of the age. A few intriguing politicians or restless priests may make a bluster about the claims of the Catholic Church; a new chapel or cathedral may start up here and there, and timid people, from these and similar symptoms, may fancy Popery is coming in like the Holmfirth flood, to drown us all in a night. But we may apply to these loud brawlers Burke's striking figure of the restless Jacobins in his day: "Because a few noisy grasshoppers make the air ring with their importunate chink, whilst a thousand noble oxen chew the cud in silence in the shade, are the grasshoppers the only tenants of the field?"\* We do not say that Popery may not again rise to some height, though our belief is that it will not; but this we do say, that it cannot become a persecuting power, unless there be a complete revolution in public feeling, and the present tone of thought and tendency of things be completely changed. What men are now everywhere crying out for is light, progress, advance in every branch of human intellect and investigation. Science, mathematical and mechanical, is everywhere making the most rapid strides, and revolutionising not only the material interests of the world, such as trade and commerce, but stirring to the lowest depths the very minds and opinions of men. New ideas shoot through Europe with the velocity of the electric telegraph, and become through the press part and parcel of the minds of thousands. Now is it likely that an antiquated system like Popery, which from its very nature is necessarily opposed to all progress of intellectual thought, and whose grand aim still is, as it ever has been, to chain the human mind to the Pope's footstool, can again be the dominant power in England? Because a few monks creep about Birmingham, or we see sometimes a priest at a railway station, are we to be frightened to death at "the alarming increase of Popery?" What influence has it on the public mind, without which, in this country, a great movement is impossible? What large public meetings has it had to speed its progress? How many thousand petitions in its favour have been carried up to the throne? What multitudes are anxiously watching its**

daily advance to posts of honour and influence? No great revolution ever took place in this country without these accompanying symptoms; and not one of these proclaims the accession of Popery to power.

\* As we quote from memory only a passage not seen for years, we may be incorrect in a few words, but we are pretty certain of the general language.

But take a few tests to show whether Popery has any place in the heart of the people of England. The Pope is assembling a council of bishops at Rome to settle the point of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary; that is, to decide authoritatively and infallibly whether the Virgin was conceived without sin or not. As the increasing tendency of the Papal Church is to exalt more and more the Virgin Mary to a level with the Son of God, no doubt it will be decided she was, like him, conceived without sin; and there will come out a Papal bull, declaring her equality in this respect with the Lord Jesus Christ, and damning to hell all the heretics who deny it. But what in the world do the millions of England care about the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary? A line from the Crimea stirs the hearts of myriads. Will a line from Rome announcing the decision by infallible authority of the immaculate conception make men's hearts beat like a telegraphic despatch from Sebastopol? Take another test whether Popery is increasing in numbers or interest. Go into a large assemblage of workmen, say, a factory in the manufacturing districts, and endeavour to ascertain how many Roman Catholics there are in it. Except a few poor ignorant Irishmen whom we may count as mere ciphers, how many intelligent mechanics will you find professing Popery from an earnest, deliberate conviction of its truth? And of these how many are recent converts? Will you find one in twenty, we might say, one in a hundred, who, according to the standard of their own books, is a zealous, earnest, devoted Catholic? Next, try how many infidels and Socialists there are? Will not these outnumber the Catholics—may we not add, professing Christians?—in an alarming proportion? Or take another test. Look at Ireland, the great stronghold of Popery in these islands. Is Popery increasing there? Why, it is gradually dying out from the flight to America of thousands of the most bigoted part of the Catholic population, and the growth of Protestantism in the west, so that it is said the priests in some parts are reduced to nearly half in number and all but starved for want of support.

**But our arguments will perhaps fail to convince many of our readers, and it will be replied, "Dr. Gill and Mr. Huntington both believed that Popery would be again in the ascendant and slay the Witnesses; and it is very presumptuous in you to set up your judgment against these great and good men." It would be so, we allow, in most points of doctrine, experience, or practice, nor is it likely we should do so, as for the most part we see eye to eye with them; but the interpretation of prophecy is quite another matter, on which Christians may differ without prejudice to their faith in fundamental points. These great men had but the word of God to guide them as well as ourselves, and unless especially inspired, which we have no reason to believe they were, could only obtain the mind of the Spirit by comparing scripture with scripture. There certainly are passages which speak of a great persecution of the saints previous to the grand winding up of all things; and as these good men, in common with most interpreters, applied what is said of the Beast to Popery, it followed, according to their views, that it must arise to some dominant height to enable it to do so. They were well persuaded that the witnesses were not yet slain; and as the only persecuting power they knew of was Popery, they of course concluded that by the same blood-stained hands which had kindled the fires of Smithfield would the Witnesses fall. But might not these great and good men have been mistaken on this point, and referred to Popery what really belongs to Infidelity? We agree with them that the Witnesses are not yet slain; but we do not believe that Pope or prelate will slay them, but a more cruel and inveterate adversary.**

**But as this is an important matter, and we wish to make our views as clear as we can, let us bring forward one or two more arguments in their favor. We wish no one to adopt our views who is not convinced by our arguments, for assertions without arguments are worthless; and if our reasoning be sound and scriptural, it will carry weight with it to all unprejudiced minds, whether our conclusion be fully received or not. Mr. Huntington fixed the year 1866 as the date of the destruction of Popery. It might perhaps, he thought, be earlier, but it would not outrun that time. Now, no one has a higher opinion of Mr. Huntington than ourselves, and on points of personal experience he was indeed a master of Israel. But he acknowledges in his "Bank of Faith" that he had "bookish fits," and we are inclined to think that in the matter of prophecy he studied books too much and got misled by them. It was from his books he learnt that Phocas gave the Pope the title of Universal Bishop, about 606, and**

he therefore fixed that as the date of the rise of the Papal power. As, then, it was to last but 1260 years, it followed as a matter of course that it will come to an end in 1866. But fixing dates is dangerous work for an interpreter of prophecy. Mede, the great commentator on the Revelation, fixed on the year 456 as the commencement of the 1260 years, and therefore 1716 as the date of their end; and Mr. Huntington may be as much out in his calculations as he. According to Mr. Huntington's view, then, there are but twelve years to run before the date thus fixed is out; and as the time of persecution is to last three years and a half,—that being the period of the civil death of the Witnesses,—according to this view, Popery will in eight years and a half be the dominant religion in this country, and not only dominant, but invested with such unprecedented power of public authority, as to kill by a civil, if not a literal death, all the witnesses for God and truth in the land. But unless there be a thorough revolution in the very framework of society, this it cannot do unless the Queen, both Houses of Parliament, the public press, the aristocracy of the land, and the middle and working classes all become Roman Catholic. Now, looking back to the last nine years, we may well ask those who cling to this view, what progress has Popery made to warrant the belief that in nine years more it will close all the churches and chapels of the land and rule with triumphant sway from John-o'-Groats to the Land's-end? Common sense, which we must not wholly discard in these matters, tells us the thing is impossible, unless a change take place in the public mind of which there is at present not the slightest symptom.

But it will be replied, for some are very slow to give way when the views of a favourite author are disputed, "Had not Dr. Gill and Mr. Huntington some strong scriptural grounds for their belief; and do you not know that the Scriptures cannot be broken? What, then, are your suppositions and reasonings worth when the Scriptures contradict them?" Ah! that is the question. *Our* views do not contradict the Scriptures, for upon them they are based. They may, perhaps, contradict your views of the subject, or your interpretation of the Scriptures; but have you ever closely and deeply examined the word of God on this point, or are you merely adopting the opinions of others without investigating their truth? Never mind mere assertions, ours or anybody else's; but examine our arguments, and if they are sound and scriptural, be honest enough to lay your mind open to them. But just indulge us with another supposition. Suppose that the Scriptures which

**speak of the persecution of the saints, the slaying of the Witnesses, and the dominion of some great antichristian power, do not refer to Popery at all, but to a power which will itself destroy Popery; and suppose that the eighth head of the Beast represents this infidel power, which will be Satan's last attempt against the saints of the Most High. This is not setting up our reasoning against the Scriptures, but believing them as fully as Mr. Huntington did, only not interpreting them exactly in the same way.**

**But as among those who came to the help of David there were "men who had understanding of the times," (1 Chron. 12:32.) let us be allowed once more to draw attention to them. Popery is worn out; but is Infidelity dead and buried? Look at the increase of infidel publications, and if not the infidel profession, the infidel lives of millions. What are the multitudes in France, Germany, and even in our more favored land? Is not their character "without God in the world?" Now, we can easily understand how these multitudes may, as by one impulse, cast off the very name and profession of Christianity. In the first French Revolution this was done by the whole nation, and we have therefore an instance to the point. And this is certainly much more intelligible and probable, not to say agreeable to the prophetic Scriptures, than that these multitudes should all become in a few years devout and devoted Catholics, and put their necks under the feet of monks and priests.**

**Thus the spirit of the age and the aspect of the times concur with Scripture, or at least with our view of it, in proclaiming the rise of an antichristian power under an infidel form. Do we not often hear of "the coming man," of "the good times that are coming," and similar expressions, as if the world stood on tiptoe, expecting the advent of some individual or power to embody the aspirations of the masses to realise some change from the present system? And can we not easily conceive how some individual of eminent abilities and lofty rank might seduce the masses to rally under his banner as their deliverer from the galling chains under which they groan? Are any of these aspirations directed for the return of Popery and to have a government of monks and friars? What the masses want is not religion under any form, but the largest share they can possibly get of earthly pleasure and happiness. "Away with all religion," is rather their cry, than, "Come, Priest, and reign over us."\***

**\* We should much like, if space admitted, to show how the infidel part of the Romish priesthood, shadowed forth by the lamb-like Beast, (Rev. 13:11,) and**

called "the false prophet," (Rev. 16:13, 19:20,) will help forward this infidel movement, and as now they lend all their power to the Pope, will lend all their power to the Beast. But we must content ourselves with merely throwing out the hint.

How closely, too, is all this connected with the earthquake of the Seventh Seal; and how we seem to see emerging out of this troubled sea some mighty conqueror who, like Bonaparte, will proclaim himself not the child and the champion of the Revolution, but the child and champion of Infidelity. The mine is dug, the train is laid, and the match ready for the explosion. France, Germany, Italy, are all ready to rise at the wild shout of liberty; and can we not well believe that after the earthquake under the Seventh Vial, when all Europe will be convulsed to its very foundations, and when the threatened Northern invasion shall have swept away the three temporary kingdoms into which it will at first be divided, there will be room for an infidel power to assume the headship and have his ten satellite kings, as Napoleon was attended by his at the Congress of Erfurt? Will men then want to put themselves under an old withered priest, and to kiss the Pope's toe as the viceregent of God on earth? No; the wild multitudes will want neither monk to confess them nor Pope to absolve them, but a bold leader, ready to sweep away all restraints that keep them from their lusts.

This eighth head,—and bear in mind that this head as concentrating in itself all the intellect and force of the Beast, is in fact the Beast itself,—will rule with absolute sway the whole Roman Empire, and with it, we fear, our own beloved country. His seat and metropolis, though we speak here with some hesitation, we are inclined to think will be Rome, that being almost fixed by the terms of the prophecy. To him will be given universal, perhaps idolatrous, worship, by all but the people of God: "And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." (Rev. 13:8.) Dreadful will be his reign though short, and universal will be his sway, for "power is given him over all kindred, and tongues, and nations." The saints he will cruelly persecute, and kill by civil or literal death all that will not worship his image. But before this he will, by means of his satellite kings, have put an end to the great Whore; for to him will the ten kings give their power and their strength, for they have one mind: "For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and give their

kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled." (Rev. 17:17.)

How Mr. Huntington could bring himself to believe that these ten kings would be converted characters, does indeed astonish us: for the whole drift of the prophecy, we have not the slightest hesitation in saying, is opposed point blank to such a conclusion. If any of our readers are staggered by our words, we simply say to them, Do not be blinded by human authority, but read the passage and judge of it for yourselves "These have one mind, and shall give their power and strength unto the beast. These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them." Now, is not the Beast an enemy of God and his Christ? And can those be converted characters, children of God, and partakers of his grace, who give their power and strength to the deadly foe of the Lamb, and who, in firm alliance with the Beast, make war upon Christ, saying, in the language of Ps. 2:3: "Let us break his bands asunder, and cast away his cords from us?" So far from being on the side of Jesus, which they would be if vessels of mercy and called by grace, they make desperate war with the Lamb, in firm alliance with the Beast, whose willing instruments they are. Look, too, at the symbol, which is completely destroyed by adopting the view that the ten kings are gracious characters. The horns of an animal are constituent parts of his body, the weapons which it employs to toss and gore the objects of its fury. What the Beast, then, is, so are they; and, in our view, we might as well make out the Beast to be a child of God as the ten horns on his head to be followers of the Lamb. See, again, in what different language and with what distinct contrast the angel speaks of Christ's followers: "They that are *with* him," as opposed to those that are *against* him, "are called," which the kings are not, "and chosen," which the kings are not, "and faithful," which the kings are not.

The passage which most probably inclined Mr. Huntington to make them out to be gracious characters is where it is said that "God hath put it in their hearts to fulfil his will."\* But this language is sometimes used in Scripture to express how men, as instruments in God's hand, fulfil his secret will without any desire to obey his revealed will. Thus we read, "He turned the heart of the Egyptians to hate his people, and to deal subtilly with his servants." (Ps. 105:25.) The Holy Spirit does not by that mean that God actually infused hatred and deceit into their hearts, but that he left them to their own

inclinations, by doing which they performed his secret will, the issue of the whole being that his people came up out of Egypt. So as it is God's will that the great Whore should be burnt with fire, and that these ten kings should all join in making a bonfire and tying her to the stake, it is said that he has put it into their hearts to fulfil his will, that is, his secret mind and fixed purpose and decree.

\* We do not wish to bore our readers with learned criticism, yet we can hardly help remarking that there are three distinct words rendered "will" in the New Testament. One means the *wish* of God, that is, what God wishes or desires to be done; the second, the *counsel* of God, that is, what God has deliberated upon in his own eternal mind as fit to be done; and the third, the *purpose* of God, that is, what God has decreed to be done. The first is used most frequently, as Matt. 6:10, 18:14, John 6:34, etc.; the second occurs Acts 13:36, Rom. 9:19, but is generally translated "counsel," or "purpose," (Luke 7:39, Acts 2:23; and the third is rendered "will" in the passage before us, being elsewhere always translated "mind," "judgment," or "purpose." (Acts 20:3, 1 Cor. 1:10, Philem. 14.) A literal rendering of the passage, therefore may not be amiss here; as we think the authorised translation is not as happy as usual: "For God hath given into their hearts to do his purpose and to do one purpose." The word here rendered the will of God means rather "the *mind*" or "*purpose*" of God; and is generally so rendered in our translation.

There cannot, then, be any doubt, at least there is none in our own mind, that the ten horns or kings are strict and firm allies of the Beast, and as such are involved in his rebellion and his ruin. Assuming that they represent the ten leading powers of the Roman empire in its renewed form, under the headship of the Beast, it is an idle dream to fancy they will be savingly converted to God, and is opposed not only to the Scripture, but to all precedent and all probability. When were ten kings ten gracious characters? Such a sight never was seen in the world's history. God indeed uses them as his agents and instruments to burn the great Whore; but so he did the Assyrian and Roman armies to destroy Jerusalem. The Assyrian was "the rod of God's anger and his indignation was the staff in his hand;" but when the Lord had by him "performed his whole work upon Mount Zion and on Jerusalem, he punished the fruit of the stout heart of the king of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks." (Isa. 10:5-12.) So it will be with these ten kings. They will do God's will

**in following their own. His will is to destroy the great Whore; and they will execute this will, not moved to it by grace, but by their own indignation against her. This, however, will not save them from rebellion and destruction, for as "the beast and *the kings of the earth* (that is, the ten kings) are gathered together to make war against the Lamb," ruin falls upon both, with this difference, that the Beast "is cast alive into the lake of fire" and the kings perish with the sword. (Rev. 19:19.)**

**But we have wandered from our point, which was to show the fall of Babylon, and how it is connected with the reign of the Beast.**

**As far as we can gather up the meaning of the prophecy, it will be thus; and here we have the history of the past to guide us. Popery will oppose the schemes of the Infidel Antichrist to exalt himself to great power and authority; for to consent to them would be to sign her own death warrant. Her opposition provokes the European powers who are in strict alliance with the Beast, and who participate in his schemes as hoping to participate in his glory, and they hating, as upon infidel principles they must needs do, her hypocritical pretensions to be the spouse of Christ, while they see how she prostitutes everything that is holy to obtain earthly power, fall upon her, strip her of all her possessions, and burn her flesh with fire; in other words, put a thorough end to her. And thus Babylon falls to rise no more. This is the FALL OF BABYLON, and will probably take place soon after the rise of the Beast and the consolidation of his power, through the accession of the ten kings. The very heaven, with the holy apostles and prophets, will then rejoice over her, for God hath avenged them on her.**

**Here, then, we lay down our pen, and close our prophetic inquiries; for, though there are still several points of much interest to elucidate, such as the probable series of these events, their connexion with other prophecies in the sacred Volume, the final ruin of the Beast, &c., yet as the discussion of these points might draw us on controversial and debateable ground, we think it best here to bring the subject to a close.**

**None but those who have carefully examined the subject know its inherent difficulties, and how obscure many points necessarily must be till the whole mystic tissue is unravelled. We cannot close, however, without remarking that**

**Dr. Cumming's works on the subject are, in our judgment, very superficial; that there are in them few or no traces of original and independent reflection; that he is, for the most part, a servile follower of Mr. Elliot, and has sought to popularise the subject by the charms of a tawdry eloquence, without any real weight, depth, or solidity.**

**We owe a great debt to our readers in having trespassed so much on their time and attention, but hope we may not have written utterly in vain, and think we may almost promise them not so offend again.**

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**The Little Gleaner; a Monthly Magazine for Children.—(*September, 1854.*)**

**A Magazine for children on free-grace principles has long been much needed. Many godly parents would gladly hail a work free, on the one hand, from the errors of Arminianism, and filled, on the other, with matter useful, instructive, and, to a certain extent, entertaining.**

**Much is said about the proper education of children, and various systems have each their fervent advocates; but how few persons seem aware of the fact that children are their own best educators. Take a child but four years old. What an amazing amount of knowledge that child has already acquired, and that almost wholly by his own exertions. Not to speak of the thousands of surrounding objects which it has become acquainted with and can recognise at a glance, it has learnt a language. Consider that wonderful feat. Take a man of five and twenty, of cultivated mind and intellect, land him in a boat on the Feejee Islands, or drop him out of a balloon in the middle of Turkey: will that man at the end of four years speak Feejee or Turkish as well as yon little fellow who four years ago gladdened his mother's heart with his first cry, now speaks English? The Basque, a language spoken in the north of Spain, is considered so difficult that it is commonly said there never was an instance of a foreigner's having learnt it. But a Basque child learns it in four years—a feat you could not perform in a lifetime. And all this, besides a thousand other things, the child has learnt when seemingly doing nothing but play and amuse itself.**

**But, of course, as children grow they need what is called education, that is, instruction in the more orderly and mechanical way. Were it possible to go on with nature's plan, the best mode of education would be still the instructor's lips; but as all human knowledge is accumulated in books, to books recourse must be had to give the child the benefit of this heap.**

**But besides the dull, dry spelling-book, which by learning to read, throws back the gates of the temple of human knowledge, as the difficulties of reading are gradually overcome, and the minds of children open—we speak here, of course, of intelligent children, a very decided minority—books of another class and description than the formal school book begin to attract their attention. No one can watch their engaging ways, or listen to their interesting talk, without perceiving how alive they are to novelty, how peculiarly impressible their minds are, and eager for information, as their constant questioning shows. To feed this mental appetite,—we speak here, perhaps, from personal recollection,—they pounce upon a fresh book as a thrush upon a worm. See how a child hangs over its new picture-book; how it creeps into the corner—not then the dreaded place of punishment—sits on its little stool, and devours with its eyes the rude and gaudy colored pictures. What efforts it makes to spell out the wondrous adventures of giants and dwarfs, and what implicit confidence it places in those marvellous legends which, as nursery tales, have come down from our Scandinavian sires, and date from periods of unknown antiquity. Talk of the dulness and inattention of children! See their glistening eyes at the tale of "The Children in the Wood"! How they hate the cruel uncle, and how they love the little robins who covered their bodies with leaves. Or see them listening to the history of little Moses, or of Joseph cast into the pit, and sold by his cruel brethren. How they remember every incident, and what a deep impression these beautiful narratives make on their minds. What a memory, too, they have! So that if you tell them a little tale of the poor lamb that lost its way, and what piteous adventures it met with till restored to its bleating mother, unless you next day repeat the exact incidents in exact order, the monitor on your lap will soon join in chorus with the breathless auditors round your knee in reminding you where your narrative is faulty. How susceptible, again, they are to little pieces of poetry. Not to mention the absurd nursery rhymes, which, absurd as they are, so hit the taste and capacity of children, that they are sung alike to little fur-clad Lord John in the duke's carriage, and to little barefooted Joe in the laborer's chimney**

corner—not to dwell on such nursery rhymes, how comes it to pass that such infantile poems as

"How doth the little busy bee,"  
and  
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,"

have such universal currency? There must be something peculiarly adapted to the mind of children in these and similar pieces, to make them so widely known and so universally popular.

It is evident, then, that there is a style of writing adapted to the capacity and taste of children, and it is equally evident that unless the secret of this style is got at and got into, you may write till the world is in a blaze, but you will never get children to read, understand, or care one rush for your books. Many can write for men, but there is not one in a thousand, nor perhaps in a hundred thousand, who can write for children. It is not merely the language which must be adapted to their comprehension, and this must be good old Saxon English, such as the translators of the Bible and Bunyan used; nor is it merely the absence of all abstract terms and arguments, and of everything dull and prosing, but there must be the presence of that lively, engaging, and interesting manner and matter which at once arrests the attention, and whilst it interests, informs the mind. Grace, we know, is supernatural, the special gift of God, and therefore is so far out of the question; but the minds of children are, for the most part, exceedingly plastic and open to impression. How well we remember the events and circumstances of childhood. Our native place, the house we were born and bred in, the fields in which we sported, the hedges where we gathered primroses and violets, the school we went to, with the schoolmaster and schoolboys—why are all these well-known scenes so deeply graven in our memory? why do they revisit us in our dreams and can never be forgotten whilst life remains? Does not all this prove the plastic nature of childhood—that as the Egyptian or Assyrian bricks, after three or four thousand years, still bear the impression of the moulder's fingers, so our memory still, for the same reason, shows the prints of our childish feet, simply because the clay was then soft and wet? Should not occasion, then, be taken to imprint on this soft, plastic clay, life-lessons? Religion, in the high, the only true sense of the word, we cannot teach children. To worship God in spirit

**and in truth must be the alone work of the Spirit; and as without faith it is impossible to please God, and faith is his special gift, the manmade prayers of unbelieving children cannot be pleasing in his sight. But why should not the nicest principles of honor, truthfulness, generosity, kindness, industry, and the strictest morality be inculcated? And without ever leading them to hypocrisy or false profession, why should not such fundamental truths as the holiness and justice of God, the strictness and curse of the law, salvation by grace, pardon and acceptance only through the blood of Christ, the necessity and nature of the new birth be laid before them? Though it was not so with us, yet, from the testimony of others, we believe there are many instances where the Lord begins to work on the conscience in childhood, or at least early youth. Is it wise, nay, more, is it merciful or consistent with godliness, rudely and roughly to crush all tender buddings of what may prove real grace for fear of hypocrisy? Holding with the firmest hand and feeling ourselves most deeply the thorough fall of man and the helplessness of the creature, need we be ever dinning in their ears, "Ah! you can do nothing"? Are we so afraid of making them Pharisees, that we would sooner see them Antinomians? They will learn soon enough they can do nothing. The fear is, lest like thousands they learn too soon to abuse the doctrine of human helplessness to sin the more eagerly.**

**It has often been remarked, and few things have brought greater reproach on the truth, that the children of professing parents often exceed all others in wickedness. In some cases this will happen whatever amount of the tenderest care has been shown, but it is often the result of the parents' own carelessness and neglect, if not worse. Retribution forms a part of God's moral government; and as parents sow they will often reap.**

**We are perhaps wandering from our subject; but our purpose is to show that there is abundant room for a periodical for children, and our hints may serve to point out what, in our opinion, a child's Magazine should be. Children are very fond of having a little book which they may call their own. And if they pay for it themselves, it is all the more prized. How disappointed they are if their little Magazine does not come on the first of the month. And what journeys they will take to the bookseller's to inquire if it is arrived. All this shows that children will read periodicals adapted to their capacity and taste. There are several children's Magazines which embrace a fair amount of useful and entertaining instruction; but the dead fly of Arminianism sadly taints**

their ointment. Could we, then, have a periodical filled with all their good matter and free from their bad, it would indeed be an acquisition. The want of it is certainly felt in the churches. "The Little Gleaner" has come forward to supply this want. Our kind and friendly feeling to the editor would lead us to look on it with indulgent eyes, and wish him every success in this work of his hands; but we are afraid that at present it is not fully up to the mark, at least, as high as we have pitched it. A few inadvertencies\*, too, have escaped the eye of the editor, which we do not wish unkindly to notice, but against which he will do well to be for the future on his guard. Viewing all these circumstances, we think it deserves a fair trial. Unless supported, it cannot go on; and as there is no other publication of the kind on free-grace principles, and all parents that know and love the truth and have children of an age to which such a Magazine is suitable, must feel an interest in its success, we ask them to give it a trial for a few months, to see how far it is really worthy of their support. The following extract gives a fair idea of the work:

"The sweet month of July has come, with its lovely roses, its bright sunshine, and ripening crops, and the Little Gleaner has come again, to ask his young friends to enjoy with him the contents of his monthly bundle. I hope you have thoroughly examined our June bundle, and have found some interesting handfals. I want to pick up such things for you as shall *amuse* you; but far more than this, I want to pick up things that shall *profit* you. I want my handfals should benefit you for this world—that is, that they should be a means of making you wiser, and assisting to fit you for your future position in life. Boys, you will not always play at marbles, spin tops, trundle hoops, and run races. Girls, you will not spend all your days dressing and nursing dolls, playing at keeping shop, bandying the shuttlecock backwards and forwards, hopping and jumping over a skipping rope, or tossing a ball up in the air, to feel the pleasure of catching it. No; you will soon, if you live, be men and women; you will soon enter upon the engrossing pursuits of this busy life; you will soon, perhaps, have to teach little boys and girls. Now I want you to become *wise children*, and then there will be reason to hope you will be *wise men and women*. May the 'Little Gleaner' be one means of your instruction. Read it as bees alight upon flowers, to gather the honey of wisdom therefrom, and attend to all your studies with a desire to have your minds wisely formed for the duties, cares, and pleasures of 'grown up' life. Get, too, all the boys and girls you can to take in the 'Little Gleaner;' this will make me afford to glean

up a bigger bundle every month.

"I must add, that above all things I want my handfuls should benefit you for another life. You may never be men and women; you may die in childhood or youth:

'Life's uncertain; death is sure.'

If, however, you should live to be 70 years old, your life will be but 'a vapour, that appeareth for a short time, and then vanisheth away.' (James 4:14.) I want you to be prepared to live to God's glory, and to die in God's peace. This you can never do until you are 'born again.' (John 3:3.) May the Lord apply to your heart what 'The Gleaner' says to you about your never-dying soul, and may this be made your hearty prayer—

"Prepare me, gracious God,  
To stand before thy face;  
Thy Spirit must the work perform, F  
or it is all of grace.  
In Christ's obedience clothe,  
And wash me in his blood;  
So shall I lift my head with joy,  
Among the sons of God."

\* Thus in page 13, June Number, Adam and Eve are represented as becoming unhappy immediately they had sinned, and feeling pain of mind. But of this there is, in our judgment, no scriptural evidence. On the contrary, the Scripture describes them as so hardened by their sin and so dead by the fall as to make no confession at all of their crime, which they would have done had they really felt unhappy on account of it; but they rather justified and excused themselves by throwing the blame, the man on the woman, and by implication upon God himself, and the woman upon the serpent. Nor is it a fact that sin generally makes natural persons, whether children or men, unhappy. In our carnal days the worst sins never caused a moment's unhappiness or dread of future punishment.

Another slip of the pen occurs in the July Number, page 38, "And, after all, I

had a burdened conscience, and *a wicked heart*, and ten thousand guilty fears; but all are lost, completely lost, and like a millstone cast into the deepest sea." Now as the sentence stands (the italics are ours) "the wicked heart" is lost, completely lost, and cast into the sea. Where, then, is it now? Why surely not in the believer's bosom to plague and distress him.

The first slip of the pen we observed ourselves; the last was pointed out by a friend; and we have mentioned them not in an unkind or criticising spirit, but in a friendly way of caution. We know too well the difficulty of avoiding casual slips to be hard on a brother editor.

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An Exposition of the Book of Solomon's Songs, Commonly called Canticles.  
By John Gill, D.D.—(*February, 1855.*)

As an expositor of Scripture, Dr. Gill shines with peculiar and unrivalled lustre. Viewed as a single work, Dr. Owen's Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews is, perhaps, the deepest and greatest exposition ever given to the church: but it is too massive and learned, as well as too minute and prolix, except for such hard, indefatigable students as are now rarely seen or heard of. Owen is not on some points so clear as Gill, yet had perhaps a deeper and more experimental insight into the glorious person of the Son of God and the mystery of his atoning blood, with all that appertains to his office as the great High Priest over the house of God. Those deep and divine mysteries, in their various bearings, as reflecting, on the one hand, the glory of God, and meeting, on the other, all the wants and woes of saved sinners, Owen sets forth in the most masterly and experimental manner in the Commentary to which we have alluded. But it requires more spirituality of mind, closer attention, and we must add, greater patience of thought, than most in this day are blessed with, to derive all that benefit from Dr. Owen's writings in general, and his commentary on the Hebrews in particular, which they are capable of affording. Dr. Gill is more readable, more concise and pregnant, more lively and animated than Owen. If he do not dig so deeply into the mines of heavenly truth, nor turn up such massive ore—yet is there "dust of gold" in all that he lays bare and brings to the light of day. Both were masters in Israel; both eminent for natural abilities and acquired learning; both good and great men,

whose works praise them in the gates, and whom successive generations rise up and called blessed.

The work before us is a reprint of a scarce and valuable book, and is sent forth from the same press which has already given us Dr. Gill's Commentary. Having collected and arranged his staff—his raw Irish lads having now grown up into quick-sighted, nimble-fingered compositors, able to handle their p's and q's without making them into pie\*—Mr. Doudney feels desirous to find work for them to do. To close his industrial school and turn his intelligent youths adrift just as many of them are in that critical transition state—too advanced to relapse into the peasant, not sufficiently masters of their craft to obtain permanent wages as journeymen—would indeed be a most painful step, as well as afford a seeming triumph to the enemies of all good by whom he is surrounded. He is therefore, with praiseworthy activity and energy, providing employment for them by republishing standard works of sound gospel truth. We cannot but warmly approve of his energetic attempts to ameliorate the condition of the people amongst whom his lot is now cast.

\* When the compositor has filled his composing stick with type, amounting perhaps to some hundreds of separate pieces, he has to lift the whole number with his two hands into the galley, as if they formed a solid mass. To do this requires great skill and practice; as, at the least awkward movement, down fall the types into a mingled mass of confusion, called, in the language of the printing office, "pie."

Let us not, however, in these remarks, be misunderstood. Mr. Doudney's position as a clergyman in the Irish Establishment is one thing; his position as an active, energetic laborer to ameliorate the social and religious condition of his parish is another. With the first we cannot feel much union or sympathy; with the second we feel both in a strong degree. And yet, strange as it may seem, it is most certainly true that, however separated in our mind, they cannot be separated actually; for, as we may presently show, were he not a minister in the Establishment, he could do nothing that he is now doing.

Nor, again, let it be supposed that, in approving of all that he is doing to advance the interests of his people, we are confounding spiritual religion, the gift and work of God, with schools of any kind or under any name. No man

can have clearer or more decisive views than Mr. Doudney himself on that point, and most distinctly does he proclaim the sovereignty and divine nature of saving grace.

But, apart from these peculiar circumstances, as friends to education, to social progress, to the cultivation and enlargement of the human mind, to the relief of that misery and poverty which everywhere abounds, and to the gradual lifting up of the down-trodden masses, we hail with pleasure any and every attempt to improve the condition of the poor. To *them* the dear Redeemer preached the gospel, to feed *them* the loaves multiplied under his all-creating hand, and from *them*, for the most part, he chose his own immediate disciples. To have, then, no sympathy with the poor is to manifest little of the mind of Christ.

But, besides our general interest in all well-directed attempts to benefit the poor, we feel almost a personal sympathy with those efforts as extended to our sister island. Circumstances have given us, perhaps, a warmer interest in Irish affairs than can be the case with most of our readers; and this, we hope, may plead our excuse if, deferring to a future No. our remarks on the work before us, we devote our remaining space to considering the mode under which it comes forth.

We resided in Ireland for eighteen months at one period of our life—a time never to be forgotten by us whilst life endures, though more than twenty-seven years have rolled away since that warm summer eve, fresh to our memory as yesterday, when we left its green shores, and the beautiful Wicklow mountains faded on our sight. We have taught, in the Sunday School, a class of barefooted, ragged little fellows, whose habiliments smelling of turf, the least unpleasant of their odours, were sufficiently repulsive to the young collegian fresh from the elegances of Oxford; and remember, almost with a smile, to this day the careful way in which we had to put down our foot, lest it should inadvertently tread on some of the many naked surrounding toes. We have seen and talked with the poor peasants in their smoky, miserable cabins, and been almost horrified by the spectacle of Irish misery. And we may add, that we have every reason to love Ireland, for there, in the early spring of 1827, the first beams of light and life visited our previously dead and benighted soul, and Irish valleys and mountains witnessed the first tears and prayers that

went up out of the heart to the throne of grace. We can therefore sympathise with Mr. Doudney, or any other Englishman used to the comforts and cleanliness of favored England, and transplanted to that land of misery, poverty, and dirt, and with his attempts to benefit the people. Unless a person has lived in Ireland he can form no conception of what an Irish village is, and what amount of good may be done by a person of influence, such as the clergyman generally is, who throws himself heart and soul into the work. A really zealous man in Ireland has no paradise of ease. A mass of misery meets his eyes in every direction enough to make his very heart sink within him.\* In this turf-walled cabin lies a stout, gaunt man, prostrate with fever; in that, a miserable old crone of a woman, shivering in rags, is warming her fingers over a few turf ashes: in a third is a ragged, slatternly mother with a host of half-naked children; in a fourth, pig or cow are sharing the floor with the human—to English eyes scarcely human—inhabitants. But this is not the worst feature of that wretched land. A pall of the densest darkness and ignorance rests upon the people. Popery has had for centuries such dominant sway that it has filled the land with the most abject superstitions, and Protestants have so lived side by side with Papists that they have become insensibly inoculated with Popish views and feelings. The ignorance of the Irish Protestant peasant is not simple ignorance—what we may call common English ignorance. Like Irish dirt, it is engrained into the very substance of the people—the ignorance of centuries of Popish error, as Irish filth is the filth of a whole life. To carry the gospel into an Irish village without knowing whether there be an elect soul in the whole place: to have no saints of God to enjoy sweet communion with, no friend or brother minister near at hand to consult or converse with; to be without the many comforts and conveniences of an English house; to be almost daily exposed to the infection of that low typhoid fever† which, the result of starvation, is never absent from an Irish village, and in some parts to the bullet of the nightly assassin,‡ the blind hired agent of that secret society which palsies every Irish hand and blanches every Irish cheek; to lie under the maledictions of the priests—in the eyes of the peasant a sacred being—whose curse is the curse of God himself; we are sure that a man need see his way very clearly, and almost have a special commission from God, before he can throw himself into such a path or expect support under it.

\* We were much pleased to be able, in the fearful famine of 1847, to send

more than £500, which was contributed chiefly by the churches and friends interested in the "Gospel Standard," to that country, to which we owe so much.

† When we knew Ireland, fever had not reached that fearful type which has since so desolated the land. It was of a low chronic character, which was rarely fatal to the poor, though a terrible scourge from its great prevalence. It was, however, very infectious, and when it attacked the higher classes was very frequently fatal. Many an Irish clergyman's widow has reason to remember her husband's visit to the cabin the sick tenant, of which struggled through the fever which gave death to the visitor.

‡ We saw and conversed with a gentleman in Ireland whose life was preserved in a most miraculous way. Though a man of family and property, he was in the habit of reading and explaining the Scriptures in the cabins of his tenants and labourers, undeterred by several Rockite notices—in Ireland not mere scraps of paper, but certain missives of death. One evening, however, whilst riding up his avenue with his servant, shots were fired from behind a wall. The servant man fell dead on the spot; he was himself wounded in one of his limbs, but the slugs aimed at his heart were intercepted by a Bible which he carried as usual in the breast pocket of his coat. In the midst of the leaves of God's word were the flattened slugs found.

‡‡ Mr. Doudney has been cursed from the altar, but the following bold and spirited extract from a printed circular to the inhabitants of his parish will show how little he heeds it.

"You are taught from time to time to believe that you are to merit heaven by your good works; but I never see those who set themselves up for teachers, and who ought to be (as the Apostle Peter says, R. Catholic Bible, 1 Pet. 5:3) 'a pattern to the flock from the heart,' 'careful to excel in good works.' (R. Catholic Bible. Titus 3:8.) Do they feed the hungry? do they clothe the naked? do they instruct the ignorant? Go to them, ye poor, ye starving ones, and what is your answer? 'To the poorhouse—to the poor-house!' and what awaits you there? Separation from those you love; the husband from the wife and the child from the parent, and very often disease or a lingering death to each. A sorry prospect this! And yet if a man attempts to save you from this calamity,

**and to find you employment, he is denounced from what is called God's altar, and branded with the foulest of names. But, friends, so little do I care for altar-threats or priestly curses or denunciations; so certain am I, that that God in whom I trust will preserve me until my work on earth is done; and so greatly withal do I feel for the welfare of your never-dying souls, that even though death stared me in the face, and the next moment I must yield up my life into the hands of him who gave it, I would with my dying breath shout in the language of your own Bible, 'Go out from her, my people; that you be not partakers of her sins, and that you receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and the Lord hath remembered her iniquities. Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine, and she shall be burnt with fire, because God is strong who shall judge her.'** (Roman Catholic Bible, Apocalypse, 18th Chapter, 5th and 8th verses.)

**"I am, my friends and neighbours, your faithful friend and well-wisher,  
"June 17th, 1853.           David Alfred Doudney."**

**Dissent is at so low an ebb in Ireland, at least in the middle and south, that no one but a minister in the Establishment could do anything at all there. Among its other effects, Popery has infused into the Irish mind a strange, one may say a superstitious, reverence for church and priesthood. Whatever is not of the church, whatever is not from the priest, is to an Irishman damnable heresy, the very invention of the arch-fiend himself. By a natural process of thought, this superstitious reverence is, though in a modified degree, transferred by the Irish Protestant to the Protestant church and the Protestant clergyman; so that absolutely, unless a person be a landed proprietor, and so have temporal influence, or a minister in the Establishment, and so have religious influence, he has no more weight or power in an Irish village than a cork in the sea. The Establishment being a recognised fact, a thing which stands before the rudest mind in the palpable, visible form of a church, affords a fulcrum on which the lever may rest.**

**As our views on this point, though formed from considerable observation and reflection, may not meet those of many of our readers, we wish to explain our meaning a little more fully. It is well known to most of them, that we were compelled from conscientious feelings and motives to secede from the**

**Establishment. Our views on this point have not undergone the slightest change, but have rather deepened and strengthened. We view her now much as we viewed her then, and feel that we could not, with a good conscience, minister at her altar. But we never were among those whose cry is, "Rase her, rase her, even to the foundations thereof." On the contrary, though we cannot recognise her as a church of Christ, we believe that she has been productive of incalculable good to the temporal, and in a degree, from the good men who have ministered within her walls, to the eternal interests of men. Thus, could we by lifting up our little finger shut up every church in the land, we could not, durst not do so. For the question would at once arise, "What can we substitute in her place?" The void must be filled up; for men will have some kind of religion, and the villages at least, if not the larger towns, would either sink into gross heathenism, or Popery, Mormonism, or some wild fanaticism would rush in and supply the vacuum. Her separation from the State, with the abolition of church-rate and tithe, could it be peaceably effected, we would gladly see; but as we cannot give men spiritual religion, and Methodism or general Dissent presents greater opposition to truth, we feel a preference, as a system of natural religion, for that quiet, respectable, jog-trot Church-of-Englandism which, at least in the southern portion of this country,—the part we are chiefly acquainted with,—seems best suited to the staid, sober-minded Englishman.**

**But if in this country the subject lies open to discussion, and a friendly difference of opinion may be entertained, what system of natural religion is best adapted for those who have no spiritual religion—the question after all being pretty much whether the dead shall be buried in flannel or silk, in an elm coffin or a leaden one, the case is very different in Ireland. There the question lies in a much smaller compass. In the middle and south (the north being chiefly Presbyterian) the question is not whether there shall be a neat chapel rearing its modest front, and a church formed on strict Baptist principles assembling within its walls, with a gracious, well-taught, experimental servant of God in the pulpit, but whether Popery shall universally brood over the land like an incubus, without opposition. Without attempting to justify the many monstrous things in the Irish Establishment, yet let it be weighed in an even balance, and many benefits will be seen to flow out of it. It spreads the Bible, sends out Scripture readers, and maintains a certain portion of divine truth in its articles. Many of its ministers are, or at**

least were in our day, before Puseyism had entered into its pale, zealous, self-denying, simple-hearted men, holding a measure of truth,—how far experimentally we cannot say, but certainly laboring in the most unwearied manner for the bodies and souls of their parishioners.

The Irish country clergyman is not that stiff, starched, well-dressed sprig of aristocracy recognisable at a glance in an English county town; or that ridiculous Popish ape, the close-buttoned Puseyite; but a plainly-dressed man, who, in his rough frieze top-coat, can push his shaggy pony through the intricate paths of the bog without much minding a few brown stains on his hat or splashes on his boots. His parish lying wide and the cabins being scattered in the most out-of-the-way places, his pony is in daily use. The first thing in the morning, after breakfast, is to visit the school. This may well demand his first visit in the day, as well as his last thought at night, for next to his own house, and, if a single man, often before it, it stands the centre of all his hopes. Amidst the collection of scattered cabins, sometimes on the very edge of the bog whence the peasant cuts his winter fuel, rises a whitewashed building, forming, from its neatness, a contrast with the surrounding tumble-down huts. This is the school. This is the active Irish clergyman's workshop. Here he teaches or superintends the children; here he lectures on the week evening: here he distributes Bibles, tracts, soup, and blankets; here, as in his cabinet, he administers his little realm.

Several circumstances give the Irish school much greater prominence and weight in a parish than the English school possesses with us. The numerous little dame schools, which here educate the younger branches, have there no place. The people are too poor to support them, and the class of respectable females who here undertake the office of training the infant mind, at their own houses, does not there exist. Amidst, too, all the difference between Protestant and Papist, a love for education widely prevails. The Irish mind usually possesses little depth or solidity, but the Irish child has an innate aptitude for such learning as the school affords. The Irish people, too, have a singular veneration for "book-learning," and will make almost any sacrifice that their children may acquire this highly-prized treasure. It is this feeling, connected probably with obscure traditions of the learning of St. Patrick and the Culdees, in those remote times when Ireland was not only the "Isle of Saints," but the centre of learned light, and not any love to Protestant

**doctrine, that makes the Romanist peasant persist in sending his child to the Church of England school in spite of the opposition of the priest; and this gives the clergyman a foot-hold in the affections of the very Papists themselves.**

**But some may say, "Are there no experimental ministers in Ireland? and if not, why do not some of our experimental ministers go over?" Why, as to that, we want them badly enough here, without sending any to Ireland; but as to doing any good, they might as well go to Japan. A year or two ago some scheme was got up and partly executed, to send 50 or more evangelical ministers to preach in the Irish towns and villages. We knew at the time what the result would be, and that the whole scheme was merely a burst of free-will enthusiasm, concocted in thorough ignorance of the state of Ireland, and sure to be put down by popular riot and probably bloodshed. What was the result? That the few ministers who preached in the streets were glad to escape with their lives.**

**In the present state of Ireland, then, there is no place for such churches or such ministers as we are in union with. It is thoroughly and essentially a Popish country, and the only body which can maintain a firm front against Popery is the Irish Church. "But," say you, "that is a corrupt system, and we might, therefore, just as well have it swept away; for it is nearly as bad as Popery." We don't agree with you. Its system, we well know, from personal and painful experience, is so carnal, and its services so burdensome to a tender conscience, that our wonder is how a good man can continue in it, much less deliberately go into it. But it is the only bulwark at present against Popery in that country; and were it thrown down, it would, in its fall, not only crush the Protestant population who now repose under its shade, but would give such an accession of power to the Romish Church, that very shortly, out of the 105 Irish members who sit in the House of Commons, there would be hardly half a dozen Protestants.**

**We do not, ourselves, believe that Popery will ever resume its ancient sway in England; but the greatest lift it could receive into the seat of power, would be the destruction of the Irish Church. Persons who talk fluently about sweeping away the Irish Church as a nuisance, are like those who talk about applying a sponge to the national debt. There are evils—great evils—in both; but an Irish**

**Church is better than a Popish Church, and national debt than national bankruptcy.**

**What spiritual blessings have followed Mr. Doudney's ministration in Ireland we know not; but we suspect at present very little. His own account in this respect is not very cheering:**

**"Thus, reader, one sows in hope 'beside all waters.' The soil had long run to waste. 'Bonmahon' was reputed for its ungodliness; it was emphatically a dreaded place. But, 'mid many discouragements, unremitting toil, and considerable responsibility, there is much—very much—to cheer. The temporal condition of these poor and long-neglected ones is marvellously improved. Habits of industry are inculcated. Instead of wandering about the streets, or the cliff-brow, or sitting listlessly in their comfortless cabins, they are now (of their own free choice) closely occupied 'from early morn till dewy eve.' Their minds are cultivated. The way of salvation, in its fulness and freeness, is put before them. And the writer feels that, if but one solitary soul is at the last great day gathered into the heavenly garner, 'his labour will not have been in vain in the Lord.'"**

**Much spiritual fruit, however, could not be expected, when the whole Protestant population, including children and adults, is but 80 or 90. But a little book now before us, from which we have already made several extracts, entitled, "An Outline of the Rise and Progress of the Bonmahon Industrial, Infant, and Ragged Schools"—in our time, they were all ragged enough—affords abundant evidence to his zealous efforts to ameliorate their social condition.**

**We give from this little tract the following extract:**

**"The village of Bonmahon is situated in the south-west coast of the county of Waterford. The cliff scenery is exceedingly bold, and opens to a fine expanse of ocean, but the village itself, though beautifully situated, is poor and uninteresting. It is built near the termination of a far-stretched valley, at one end of which is a noble strand, which divides for some half-mile the towering, iron-faced cliffs; from the other end of the valley the splendid range of Comeragh mountains rise.**

**"The inhabitants of the village are somewhat numerous. Perhaps not less than two thousand, old and young, reside within a circuit of a couple of miles, their occupation being that of miners. The copper-mines of Knockmahon (which is united to the village of Bonmahon) are held in high repute. The soil being so contiguous to the sea, and so perpetually exposed to the ocean blast, is for the most part poor, and but indifferently cultivated.**

**"With the exception of 80 to 90 children and adults, the whole of the inhabitants of this long-neglected village and neighbourhood are Roman Catholics. The very nature of the miners' occupation has tended to foster intemperance, which has been followed in its train by an almost inconceivable amount of pauperism, misery, and both moral and physical degradation.**

**"The parish church of Monksland stands upon the brow of the hill. It is connected with Abbey, 30 miles distant, the village being formerly used as a watering-place by the monks who resided in that part of the country. The rector who holds the union of the two parishes, occupies that of Abbey, whilst the curate is left in charge of Monksland, Bonmahon.**

**"The curate's acquaintance with Ireland commenced during the famine of 1846-7, when through the extreme kindness of English friends, he was enabled very largely to administer to the starving necessities of the inhabitants of Templemore, the town where he was then located. In Sept., 1847, he was appointed by the Bishop of Cashel to his present curacy. His first visit to the village will perhaps never be forgotten; the sight of so much wretchedness and filth was perfectly disheartening, and he thought it impossible he could ever be reconciled to reside among the people.**

**"Month after month and year after year passed away, and oftentimes his heart would bleed for want of power to raise the thoughts, and principles, and habits of the people. The youth of his own parochial school were growing into years, but alas! without the veriest hope of occupation.**

**"For many years one secret wish had pervaded the writer's mind and heart; a wish suggested by a scene in a thickly-populated district at the east end of London, many years before. It was an Industrial Printing School connected**

with a day school.

**"At length an opportunity offered for carrying out his long and deeply-cherished desires. Having sought, and after many months obtained, some hundreds of subscribers to a voluminous Commentary, he determined, under God, to open an Industrial Printing School, in connection with his own parochial school. Materials were purchased, assistants engaged, and, despite an immense amount of discouragement from friends, and antagonism from foes, the work began! In Oct., 1851, the machinery of this most novel and fearfully responsible undertaking was set in motion. Nine large quartos were to be compressed into six thick royal octavo volumes, the types of which were to be arranged by a motley group of 'raw Irish lads,' not one of whom had seen a press or type before!**

**"It would be taxing the attention unnecessarily, were the writer to enter into particulars. It must be left to the reader's own imagination to conceive of the working of this generally-admitted singular and hazardous enterprize. A word or two, however, may be desirable. One London publisher remarked to the writer, 'You know boys are of no use whatever for the first six months.' 'I know the character of the boys I have to do with,' was the reply. By the time mentioned—the six months—they had composed upwards of 1,000 pages of a large closely-printed Commentary! Their previous ignorance of the art of printing was no barrier. They fell into it with a shrewdness, and followed up their labours with an application, which far exceeded the writer's most sanguine expectations. The difficulties of carrying on such a work in so remote and inconvenient a locality, were, as may be supposed, numberless. Sometimes they seemed insuperable. Still (supported by divine strength) the originator was enabled to persevere, and, within a few weeks of the given date, namely, Jan. 1st, 1854, the Commentary, containing nearly 6,000 pages, was completed! For upwards of two years this little Irish band kept three printing presses in constant operation; and from the fifth week of their entrance were in receipt of wages varying, according to their progress, from two to six and seven shillings per week. A steady improvement both in their appearance and habits were soon perceptible. A spirit of self-reliance was infused. And, notwithstanding the oft-repeated altar harangue, and newspaper attacks with which the institution was assailed, still it maintained its ground."**

**There are but few of our readers who have not seen the poor Irish reapers travelling along the dusty roads, and the thought, probably, has crossed many of their minds, "Why in the world are the poor fellows so ragged? Why don't their wives or sisters mend their clothes?" Shall we tell you why they don't? Because they *can't*. Until the introduction of the muslin embroidery from Scotland, one of the greatest temporal blessings which Ireland has had for centuries, you might as well look for a silver fork in an Irish cabin as a thread and needle. The pig would have munched up the spool of thread, and the cow whisked off with her tail the paper of needles into her own dung. Besides which, bear in mind, worthy English men and women, that needles and thread require chairs and tables, not to say windows and absence of smoke. Had you walked or ridden with us more than a quarter of a century back, we could have taken you into cabins where there was neither chair nor table, and the only window a small pane, stuffed when broken with an old stocking, with more smoke in it than you could bear were your chest tender. Mr. Doudney, to meet this want, has established a girls' sewing school, of which he gives this interesting account:**

**"Although some 20 to 30 boys of the village were provided for in the Printing School, and from 50 to 60 children fed, and taught, and clothed in the Infant School, still there was a lack; it was employment for the elder girls and young women of the neighbourhood. To meet this exigency, a house in an unfinished state having been purchased and completed, a Girls' Sewing School was opened, under the direction of a competent mistress, who was engaged at a similar establishment in the county of Clare. If printing were a novelty to the boys, embroidery was almost as great a novelty to the greater proportion of the girls, who were unable to thread or even hold a needle. This school was opened in Sept., 1853; and at the date at which this is written (June, 1854) upwards of 40 girls are employed in this school, 20 of whom are earning more than two shillings, and others upwards of three shillings per week.**

**"For the first six months after their admission, each girl is allowed a simple meal of stirabout and milk per day.**

**"Of an evening the Protestant parochial schoolmaster attends the school for an hour and a half. Fourteen of the girls (all Romanists) have learned to read, and, as rewards, eight have been presented with Bibles. They attend a Sunday**

class, and likewise the Sunday and Thursday evening lectures; their singularly good behaviour at which, and the pathetic manner in which they unite in our songs of praise, is exceedingly gratifying. The average attendance of Romanists, young and old, at these lectures, is from 35 to 45. Notwithstanding the opposition and persecution, this has been persevered in for nearly 12 months. And thus continuously are these poor fellow-creatures, so long cradled in ignorance, superstition, and vice, brought under the preaching of the simple gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Often, while addressing them, and beholding their close attention and orderly behaviour, is the writer's heart warmed and encouraged by the hope—at times almost amounting to assurance—that at the last great day it shall be testified, that 'this and that one were (spiritually and new) born there.'"

We fear that in this sketch of Irish matters, drawn chiefly from our own reminiscences, we have not furnished our readers with much to edify or profit them, but we must have said sufficient to make them thankful for their many providential and spiritual mercies. No person truly values or loves England who has not lived out of it; and we know no better remedy for discontent with an English home, than a six months' sojourn in the Green Isle.

*(Continued, March, 1855.)*

What a gift to the church of God is the inspired word of truth! Next to the gift of his dear Son and the grace of the Blessed Spirit, may we rank the gift of those "Holy Scriptures which are able to make" the regenerate soul "wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." But though it is so unspeakably precious to have in our own language at our side, in our hands, and sometimes in our hearts, the inspired word of Him who made heaven and earth, of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being, of Him who by his Spirit and grace enables us to look up to himself as the God of all our mercies, of all our hopes, and all our comforts, yet from the very commonness of the gift, we are apt much to undervalue it. As light, air, water, or even food, raiment, shelter,—those indispensable requisites to the support of natural life,—are little prized because of daily, hourly use; so the Scriptures, which contain in them the food of the soul, are less valued than they should be, because they are a book familiar to us from childhood. Much in the Holy

Scriptures which would strike our minds with astonishment, were it for the first time read, has become so familiar, from constant repetition, as almost to fall listlessly on the ear. The creation of the world and of our first parents; the fall in paradise; the flood, with the preservation in the Ark; the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah: the history of Abraham; the diversified scenes of Israel's sufferings and victories; or, to come to the New Testament, the simple, touching narrative of the life, sufferings, and death of Jesus, in the gospels,—were these beautiful descriptions less familiar from constant repetition, how they would arrest our attention, how they would charm our ears, and seem pregnant with interest in every line! True it is that, then, as now, we should as much need the Blessed Spirit to apply them to our hearts, but we should not read them or hear them read as listlessly as we now too often do.

Have our readers ever considered the wonderful variety to be found in the Scriptures?—we mean the varied form under which God has been pleased to reveal his sacred truth? Let us devote a few minutes to the expansion of this thought, as perhaps it may cast a light on that peculiar mode of instruction which is presented to us in the Song of Solomon.

If it had so pleased him, God might have confined himself to one form of holy instruction, as, say for instance such positive directions as we find issued relative to the tabernacle. (Exod. 25-30.) But as in creation, variety of form, size, color, sheds beauty on all the works of his hands, so in the word of his grace, variety gives new beauties to revelation. Let us consider a few instances of this variety, which may serve more fully to open our meaning.

1. The first and most prominent form is that of *history*, forming, both in Old Testament and New, a large portion of the sacred volume. All events being under his control and directed to his glory, and some being stamped with more evident marks of his special interposition, God has seen fit to record such as in his unerring wisdom should be for the perpetual instruction and edification of the church. But what remarkable features are stamped on Bible history, viewed as a special form of revelation!

Consider, first, its *antiquity*: how it stretches back to the beginning of all time; nay, we may say, into eternity itself. What should we know of the creation or the fall, but for the Bible? And if the creation of man in his original purity and

his fall into sin and death had not been thus divinely revealed, what a mystery, what a perpetual stumbling-block would this life and this world, with all their sins and sorrows, have ever presented!

But besides the antiquity, what a *certainty* does the historical part of the Bible afford of the circumstances related, and how different in this respect from the fabulous, obscure narratives of heathen historians! What a charming *simplicity*, too, and tender *pathos*, combined, where needed, with *strength* and *energy*, do we find in the historical pages of holy writ! As an obvious instance, how tender, yet simple and life-like, is the history of Joseph. As a mere record of Israel's preservation, a bare outline of Joseph's history would have been sufficient. But what a loss would those beautiful details have been which have given such life and power to that pathetic narrative! The noble speech of Judah, the yearnings of Joseph's heart, restrained till they broke out into such floods of weeping that "the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard;" the tender pathos of those words, "I am Joseph; is my father yet alive?" in which, laying aside all the dignity of the first prince of Egypt, he gave vent to the pent-up affections of 20 years, with a hundred other traits of divine beauty in that touching narrative,—where can we find a parallel in works written by the finger of man? The whole history of David, too, and specially his combat with Goliath, his last interview with Jonathan, his flight from Jerusalem, with his touching self-reproach and submission, his watching at the gate for tidings about Absalom,—Absalom the rebel, the incestuous adulterer, yet still Absalom the darling of the old man's heart,—with that heart-rending cry, when Cush, not daring to tell the whole, yet told enough to fulfil his worst fears, "O my son Absalom, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"—apart from all the divine truths conveyed by this unequalled narrative, who does not feel its consummate tenderness and beauty?

We cannot, from wanting space and other reasons, dwell upon particulars, or in the New Testament we might point out the history of Lazarus with the strongly-contrasted character of the two sisters and the God-Man in the midst, weeping as man, raising the dead as God; the last supper, with the washing of the disciples' feet; the scenes in the garden and at the cross; the walk to Emmaus; the ascension from Mount Olivet, and a thousand other traits in the gospels, as full of tenderness and beauty, apart from their divine

character. So, what simple yet noble pictures have we in the Acts of the Apostles! Paul's miraculous conversion; his unparalleled labours and zeal; his boldness when, at the risk of his life, he rushed into the theatre at Ephesus; his touching parting at Miletus; (Acts 20;) his noble speeches before Felix and Festus; his voyage and shipwreck—what traits of beauty shine through all his history! As in a noble landscape, or an exquisite painting, or a beautiful piece of music, besides the general effect, a thousand single traits of beauty or harmony start forth to charm the eye or ear, so in the word of God, besides the general sublimity and harmony that are stamped on the whole, innumerable features of beauty leap forth to the observing eye. In creation there is not only beauty, but a prodigality of beauty, from the gleaming stars overhead to the kingfisher's breast or the butterfly's wing; and thus in the Scriptures there is not merely an exquisite grandeur stamped on the whole, but an overflowing beauty gushing from every page.

2. But *history* is only one form of divine revelation. There are what we may call *devotional* writings. The Holy Ghost, not only inspired men of God to breathe forth prayer and praise, not only taught them to sigh and groan, rejoice and sing, but instructed them to commit to writing those breathings of their soul after the living God. As these divine breathings were usually set to music and sung in the tabernacle worship, they were called "Psalms."\* What a manual of living experience, what a standing model and exemplar of vital communion with God, what a perpetual stream of consolation and edification to the church of Christ these divine compositions are and ever have been, it is unnecessary for us here to mention. From the lowest depths of trouble and sorrow to the loftiest heights of joy and praise, there is no state or stage, movement or feeling of divine life in the soul, which is not expressed in the simplest and sweetest language in the Psalms. They are thus not only a test and guide of Christian experience, a heavenly prayer-book, a daily devotional companion, a bosom friend in sorrow and joy, a sure chart for the heaven-bound voyager, and an infallible standard of divine teaching, but a treasury of strength and comfort, out of which the Holy Spirit blesses the waiting soul.

\* The word "Psalms," which is taken from the Greek, means literally the soundings of the strings of the lyre, and thence the divine songs which were sung to stringed instruments.

3. But there is *prophecy* also, reaching forth from the first promise given in

paradise down to periods still buried in futurity. Here, as in a continually unfolding roll, are written by the finger of God events of the deepest importance, and especially the sufferings and glory of Christ, and, as one with him, the sufferings and glory of the church. Nor are these prophetic strains mere cold predictions, mere dry, formal declarations of future events. Mingled with the strains of the prophetic harp, flow in the full tide of harmony, promises, warnings, threatenings, rebukes, exhortations, all teeming with that peculiar energy and power which stamp the word of God as truly divine.

*Poetry*, too, and *oratory*—poetry such as uninspired poet never reached, oratory such as human eloquence never attained to—lend their charms, giving to prophets such as Isaiah language as exalted as their theme. Nor let these be thought out of place. Poetry and oratory, in their purest, highest state, are but the expression of impassioned thought, lofty, burning language being the necessary vehicle of lofty, burning ideas. Thus as the thoughts of God are higher than those of men, the language of God is higher than that of men; and what is called poetry and oratory being but lofty thoughts in lofty words, poetry and oratory are the necessary vehicles of divine thought. To point out a tenth of these beauties of thought and expression would require pages; but as one instance, take Isaiah 63, and read it as a dialogue, which indeed it is, between Christ and the church. The church seeing in the distance a mighty personage advancing, bursts forth with the inquiry, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?" The Redeemer answers, "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel?" again inquires the church, "and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat?" The Redeemer answers, "I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me; for I have trodden\* them in mine anger, and trampled them in my fury; and their blood is sprinkled upon my garments, and I have stained all my raiment." What poetry, what oratory, are here; how sublime the thoughts, how noble and impassioned the language! Similar beauties may be found in almost every chapter.

\* We here follow Bishop Louth's translation, which indeed the sense requires; for, in answer to the inquiry of the church, the Redeemer tells her *why* his

apparel is red already—not what he *means* to do, but what he *has* done.

4. But instruction is also conveyed under a more strictly condensed and *didactic* form, as in the "Proverbs," where the wisest and deepest lessons of moral teaching are couched under short, simple sentences, alike pithy and pointed, and from their concise, antithetical style, easy to be remembered. Happy the man who could direct his moral conduct, we might add, even his habits of life and business, according to the rules laid down in the Proverbs; happier he who can receive the spiritual counsel veiled under these moral rules, and act up to their spirit and divine meaning!

5. Nor are *letters*—that charming mode of intercourse between distant friends—wanting as another form of divine instruction. The *Epistles*, we know, of Paul and other apostles constitute a large portion of the New Testament. How overflowing with holy affection are these letters to churches and individuals; how pregnant with grace and truth; how richly do they unfold the doctrines of the gospel; how copious are they in promise, how comprehensive in precept, how pointed in reproof; how tender to console, how faithful to warn, how impregnated throughout with heavenly savour and dew! These features are, indeed, so prominent in the Epistles, that it is superfluous to point them out to those who read them with an enlightened eye. But one feature may, perhaps, have escaped the observation of some of our readers, who, dwelling chiefly on single verses, may not have paid much attention to the epistle as a whole; we mean the subtle but strong chain of close *argument* which distinguishes some of Paul's epistles, especially those two masterpieces, the Epistle to the Romans and that to the Hebrews. Take, for instance, the eleven first chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. Were we called upon to do so, we believe we could point out a logical series of the subtlest and strongest reasoning in those chapters so powerful and masterly, that hardly a word does not contribute a link to the chain:—were it necessary, we, think we could trace out the deeply important subject which he there handles, viz., the justification of the believer, and show the gradual unfolding of his argument, the way in which he supports it from the Scriptures, the decisive conclusion to which he comes, the objections he anticipates and answers, the consequences he draws, until he winds up the whole with, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" But how many of the Lord's people have read and re-read those eleven chapters, and with profit too, and comfort to

their souls, on whom this masterpiece of reasoning, as a complete chain of logical argument, is almost utterly lost. What *oratory*, too, has he poured forth. Read, in this point of view, the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. With what majestic dignity, even in our translation, which is far inferior to the original, it opens; and how it rises and swells, like a noble organ, till it peals forth that full strain, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" (Heb. 1:14.) Look also at Heb. 12:18-24. How beautifully are the two dispensations contrasted! How we seem transported, on the one hand, to the foot of Sinai, till we seem to see the very mountain burning with fire and overshadowing the flames which burst through the "blackness, and darkness, and tempest;" and on the other, carried in spirit to Mount Zion, hovering round which we seem to view the "innumerable company of angels," and on the mount itself, "the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven." Apart from the blessed truth conveyed in these verses, what beautiful imagery, what life-like touches, what breathing eloquence, what sublimity of thought, and fulness yet compression of language, shine through the whole. Again, what a picture of human wickedness does the pen of Paul draw in Rom. 1:20-32. How concise, yet how pregnant the language; how damning the catalogue of crimes; how burning the words that denounce them. What a concentration of thought and expression, the very essence of true oratory, is observable in verses 29-31! And in that acknowledged masterpiece of eloquence, Rom. 8:28-39, how the language keeps rising in power and grandeur, till death, life, angels, principalities, powers, things present and things to come, height, depth, and creation itself, are all challenged to separate the elect from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!

6. But we are now brought to another form of divine revelation, which we hardly know how to name, lest our meaning be misunderstood, but we may venture to call it a *Sacred Drama*. By the expression we do not mean anything approaching theatrical representation, but the introduction of distinct persons and scenes, and the carrying on of a dialogue, in which the parties express their affections and feelings to each other. Our readers will at once perceive that we mean the Song of Solomon. We do; but not exclusively, for we have it shadowed forth in other parts of Scripture, as Job. 1, 2, and Ps. 24, 45. But it is most fully carried out in the Song of Solomon, which is a celebration of the mutual love and delight in each other of Christ and the Church.

**As we feel half disposed to enter somewhat more fully into this subject, and can hardly do so in our present space, we must defer our examination of this divine Song to a future Number. The commentary upon it by Dr. Gill is not a reprint of his annotations upon it in his commentary upon the Scriptures, but a perfectly distinct work, published, we believe, some years before he sent forth his large work. By most readers and admirers of Dr. Gill, it is, we believe, considered the most edifying and savoury of his writings. He has brought to bear upon it his amazing learning, and what is better, his clear gospel light, and that sound, solid judgment which so eminently characterised him, and which, in the exposition of a portion of Scripture peculiarly open to peril, has preserved him, if not wholly, yet in good measure, from that fanciful interpretation which, under the guise of spirituality, is really but often only a giving loose to the reins of a carnal imagination.**

**The following extract will serve to give some idea of the way in which Dr. Gill handles his subject. It is his exposition of chap. 5:6:—**

**"It may seem a little strange and almost unaccountable, that Christ at this instant should withdraw himself from his church, seeing he had so importunately desired her to arise and open to him; had used all methods to win upon her, and by his grace had enabled her to do it; and yet now it is done, he withdraws himself and is gone; and therefore it is proper to inquire why he should do so; which was perhaps—1. To chastise her for her former carriage to him. Had he, as soon as she had opened the door, shown himself to her, and received her with all tokens of love and joy, she would not have thought the offence so great; nor that he was so much provoked by it, and did so highly resent it as he did; therefore to bring her to a sense of it, and to correct her for it, by suffering the loss of his company, he withdraws himself. 2. To try the truth and strength of her grace. Her grace was now in exercise, as appears by her rising and opening; and now, the more to exercise it, and prove the strength of it, he withdraws himself. Thus all our afflictions, temptations, and desertions, are for the trial of our faith, and other graces; which being tried, appear 'much more precious than of gold that perisheth.' 3. To inflame her love, and sharpen her desires the more after him; which effect his withdrawing from her, in chap. 3:1-3, had upon her; and so it had here. Many such instances we have in Job, David, and others; who being without**

the presence of God, have the more earnestly wished for, vehemently thirsted, panted, and breathed after a re-enjoyment of it; (see Job 23:2; Ps. 43:1, 2; and 63:1;) and it is usually so, that the want of a blessing not only brings us under a conviction of the worth of it, and so draws out our affections to it, but also enlarges and increases our desires after it. 4. To endear his presence the more, when she came to enjoy it. When a soul has been destitute of Christ's presence for a time, and comes to enjoy it again, O how sweet, ravishing, and delightful is it! The disciples were without Christ's bodily presence but a few days, and when he appeared to them, we are told (John 20:20) that 'Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord:' and what expressions of joy and intimations of esteem for Christ's presence does the church give in chap. 3:4, when she had found her lost spouse! 5. To keep her humble. Had she immediately enjoyed his presence upon her rising and opening to him, she might have thought that she had, by those actions of hers, deserved such a favour at his hands; therefore to hide pride from her, and to let her know the nothingness of all her doings, and that they fell abundantly short of meriting such a blessing, he withdraws himself. Our enjoyment of Christ's presence, and the communications of his love and grace to us, as much depend on his free and sovereign will as the first displays of his grace to us; he gives these favours at pleasure, and that to whom, when, and where he pleases. 6. To show her the odious nature of sin, which was the cause of this, and that she might through grace, be more on her guard against it, and be more cautious of provoking him to it again. It was sin that was the cause of the angels being turned out of heaven, the place of the divine abode, and of Adam's being driven out of Eden from the presence of the Lord God; and though sin cannot dissolve the union that is between Christ and a believer, nor destroy his covenant-interest in him, yet it is often the cause of God's hiding his face, and Christ's withdrawing his presence from him. 'Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hidden his face from you,' says the prophet Isaiah, chap. 59:2, to the people of Israel; and it was the church's unbecoming carriage to Christ which was the cause of his withdrawing from her now; and therefore to bring her to a sense of it, and to see the odious nature thereof, he withdraws himself, that when she enjoys it again she might be more careful not to provoke him again by such steps as these; and such an effect it had upon her, in chap. 3:4, 5, where she not only held him fast herself, and would not let him go, but also charges the daughters of Jerusalem to give him no molestation or disturbance."

*(Concluded, April, 1855.)*

In our last Number we called the attention of our readers to the great *variety* which God has seen fit to stamp on his holy word. We now purpose, with his blessing, to offer a few remarks on the Song of Solomon, which we have ventured to call a *Sacred Drama*.

A little explanation of the term may be desirable to justify our use of this expression, as it may perhaps appear to some of our readers derogatory to the Scripture, the word being usually applied to theatrical representations. This latter idea, which is by no means necessarily contained in the expression, we carefully exclude, and mean by the word Drama\* the representation of a course of action which is carried forward by the introduction of distinct persons, conversing with each other in dialogue, or sometimes addressing what we may call the audience.

\* Drama, a Greek word, literally means "an action," thence, "a course of action represented to the eye."

If this definition grate upon the ear, it is simply from association of ideas, and merely because *that* happens to be the usual form of theatrical representation; but dissociating that idea from our mind, let us view the matter in its pure and original simplicity, as a mode chosen by the Holy Spirit to set heavenly truth before us with greater vividness and beauty.

We have already hinted that examples of this kind are furnished in the Psalms, and we have instanced Psalm 24. A few lines, simply to point out the character and structure of this psalm, may serve to explain our meaning as well as illustrate this peculiar mode of composition.

To understand, then, Psalm 24 aright, we must view it as sung in the Tabernacle worship, and most probably as expressly composed by David on the occasion of his bringing up the Ark of the Lord and setting it in its place, *i.e.*, in the Holy of Holies, within the veil. (2 Sam. 6:12-17.)

**A careful examination of its structure will show us that it is mainly composed of questions and answers, and that these are evidently carried on between distinct parties. Viewing it, then, as a musical composition, of which we have now only the words, we may arrange the psalm into distinct parts, of which there appear to be three, which we may distinguish as first part, second part, and chorus. As the psalm is short, and particularly beautiful, we will arrange it according to this idea, premising that by A we mean the first part, by B the second part, and by C the chorus.\***

**\* It is evident that this psalm was sung in parts, and our division of these parts into three is borne out by 1 Chron. 15:17-22; "So the Levites appointed Heman the son of Joel; and of his brethren, Asaph the son of Berechiah; and of the sons of Merari their brethren, Ethan the son of Kushaiah; and with them their brethren of the second degree, Zechariah, Ben, and Jaaziel, and Shemiramoth, and Jehiel, and Unni, Eliab, and Benaiah, and Maaseiah, and Mattithiah and Elipheleh, and Mikneiah, and Obed-edom, and Jeiel, the porters. So the singers, Heman, Asaph, and Ethan, were appointed to sound with cymbals of brass, and Zechariah, and Aziel, and Shemiramoth, and Jehiel, and Unni, and Eliab, and Maaseiah, and Benaiah, with psalteries on Alamothe, and Mattithiah, and Elipheleh, and Mikneiah, and Obed-edom, and Jeiel, and Azariah, with harps on the Sheminith to excel. And Chenaniah, chief of the Levites, was for song; he instructed about the song, because he was skilful." From this it appears, at least as regards the instrumental music, that Heman, Asaph, and Ethan took one part, and Zechariah, Ben, &c., another part, for they are called "brethren of the second *degree*," or as Luther renders it, "part," and Mattithiah, &c., a third part; for it will be observed that Zechariah, &c., played on *Alamothe*, or the treble, (the word meaning the voice of "virgins;") and Mattithiah, &c., on *Sheminith*, that is, the bass, (literally, "the eighth," or lowest note of the octave,) leaving the tenor to Heman. And that there was besides a chorus appears plain from 2 Chron. 5:12, 13: "Also the Levites which were the singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Juduthun, with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them a hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets. It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound," &c. The express mention of Chenaniah as instructing about the song, "because he was skilful," shows not only the union of vocal and**

**instrumental music in the Tabernacle worship, but that this was according to a definite course of scientific instruction, which would hardly have been necessary unless they sang in parts.**

**It is perhaps, hardly worth while entering into these points, but we have done so to obviate an objection that we have no authority to divide the psalm as we have done, into distinct musical parts.**

**But to see more of its beauty and suitability to the occasion, let us endeavour to bring before our eyes the solemn scene for which the psalm was composed. Outside the court of the Tabernacle is the Ark, waiting to be brought in, with the Royal Psalmist in front, not clothed in his regal apparel, but girded with a linen ephod, and followed by thousands of his rejoicing subjects. On the brazen altar, immediately before the outer court, the burnt offering is sending forth to heaven clouds of smoke and flame. Within the court stand the Levites, ranged on either hand according to their three classes, and leaving a wide avenue between their thronged ranks. In the holy place are ranged the priests in their twenty-four courses, twelve on each side, the one taking what we have called the first part, or A, and the other, or the opposite side, the second part, which we have called B; the Levites in the court taking the part of the chorus, or C.\* Close to the altar of incense, which is filling the holy place with its odoriferous perfume, and clad in his garments of glory and beauty, just before the veil, stands the High Priest, with the table of shewbread on the north, and the golden candlestick illuminating the whole court with its light, on the south side. Now, when the assembly is hushed into solemn silence, there breaks forth the following psalm, which we shall arrange into its probable parts. A voice comes forth from the holy place:**

**\* If our musical readers would sing A and B parts as solos in recitative, and the C part, or chorus, in the usual way, they would, we believe, find additional beauties in this Psalm.**

**"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;  
The world, and they that dwell therein."**

**The strain is taken up by the opposite side:**

**B. "For he hath founded it upon the seas;**

**And established it upon the floods."**

**The chorus of Levites in the court outside the holy place now takes up the theme, and asks in reference to the entrance in of the Ark—**

**C. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?  
Or who shall stand in his holy place? "**

**The answer is given from within the Tabernacle by**

**A. "He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;  
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. "**

**The second part now takes up the response, to show the harmony of sentiment among those who have the charge of the Tabernacle:**

**B. "He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,  
And righteousness from the God of his salvation."**

**The chorus, to give its assent to these declarations, now bursts forth:**

**C. "This is the generation of them that seek him;  
That seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah."**

**Now comes a solemn pause, indicated by the word Selah. Does such a man exist—one who may stand in the holy place? No! not one. Where then shall he be found? In "the King of Glory," who dwelleth between the Cherubims of the Ark. The Ark now borne by the Kohathites (Numb. 6:9; 2 Chron. 15:2, 15) advances through the ranks of the Levites into the court, but pauses before the gates of the Tabernacle. Then comes forth once more the solemn voice,**

**A. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates!"**

**To which responds**

**B. "And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors."**

**To which replies the chorus:**

**C. "And the King of Glory shall come in."**

**But the question is again asked:**

**A. "Who is this King of Glory?"**

**Answer:**

**B. "The Lord, strong and mighty."**

**Chorus:**

**C. "The Lord, mighty in battle."**

**The strain is now repeated:**

**A. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates!"**

**B. "Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors."**

**C. "And the King of Glory shall come in."**

**The first and second parts now unite their voices**

**A., B. "Who is this King of Glory?"**

**The chorus, now accompanied by the full crash of all the musical instruments, sounds forth:**

**C. "The Lord of hosts, he is the King of Glory. Selah."**

**Upon this the Ark, taken from the Levites and borne by the priests, enters the Tabernacle; the veil is lifted up, and it is carried into the most holy place.**

**Now we do not mean to say we have arranged the parts precisely as they were sung; but we have said sufficient to show the nature of a composition carried on by dialogue, and instanced in the preceding psalm; and if our readers feel with us, we believe that they will acknowledge it as much heightened in interest and beauty thereby.**

**But the Song of Solomon differs from the psalm which we have been considering, and indeed from every other book in the sacred volume, by introducing not merely dialogue, but the persons themselves before our eyes by whom it is uttered. This puts, as it were, new life into the subject, and not only sets it in the strongest light, but invests it with the sweetest influence. Nothing can be more beautiful than to introduce the church herself upon the scene, under her scriptural character as a bride, and as such to hear her expressing the tenderest feelings of her heart to her heavenly Bridegroom; and on the other hand, no representation of Christ's love to his church could be more vivid or beautiful than personally to introduce him as addressing**

himself in language of the purest, tenderest affection to his bride. To hear their mutual expressions of love carried on in a dialogue would of itself be most sweet and expressive; but beyond this, to bring before our eyes various scenes and a course of action by which the alternations of feeling on the part of the bride are brought out in the most varied and experimental manner, must invest the whole with additional beauty. It is as though we were actually present, and heard from their own lips their mutual declarations of love and affection; rejoiced with the Bride in Christ's presence and mourned with her in Christ's absence. It is as though she spoke for us, and in giving vent to the feelings of her heart, gave vent to ours. Thus her expressions of love and affection become her own, and her admiration of the beauty and blessedness, grace and glory of the Redeemer, is but what we feel, but are unable as vividly and warmly to express. If unable to enter into the fulness of her love and admiration, the deficiency is ours. The experience of the church is here revealed and represented in its fullest and most vivid form. If to us mystical, unintelligible, or fanciful, the lack and the loss are alike our own. It is thus, therefore, one of the most experimental books in the whole Scripture, though there are few, comparatively, and they only in favoured moments, who can enter into the experience contained in it. But we may lay it down as a most certain truth that the more the love of Christ is felt and realised in the soul, the more will this holy book be understood and enjoyed.

But let us now consider a few points which distinguish the Song of Solomon from every other book of Scripture, and see how far they justify us in calling it a Sacred Drama. Every drama has a *subject*; so has the Song of Solomon. This subject is the mutual love of Christ and his church. Every drama has a *course of action* which distinguishes it from mere dialogue, that being merely the expression of thought or feeling between two parties; so has this divine song its course of action. This consists in the varied changes produced in the feelings, words, and actions of the Bride, according to the presence or absence of the Bridegroom. A drama has also usually an *audience*; and this is another feature which distinguishes it from a dialogue. The Song of Solomon has therefore its audience; but the audience here is not, as in theatrical representations, of which the Spirit of God knows nothing, an assemblage of casual spectators external to the drama, but an audience internal to it; in other words, forming a part of the drama itself. This audience consists of the female attendants of the bride, called in the song itself "Virgins," or

"Daughters of Jerusalem"; and we are also inclined to think that, as the bride had her female attendants, so the Bridegroom had his male "companions," as they are termed (1:7; 8:13.) For if our readers will carefully compare Judges 11:37, 38, 14:11, with Ps. 45:7, 14,\* and John 3:29, they will perceive that as the bride was attended by what we may call her bridesmaids, so the bridegroom, at the ancient Hebrew marriages, was attended by what we may term his bridesmen. If this view be correct, we may thus lay out the structure of this Sacred Drama: 1. *Subject*, the Love of Christ and his Church. 2. The *Drama* itself, or course of action, the Vicissitudes of that love as experienced by the bride. 3. The *Speakers*, the Bridegroom and the Bride. 4. The *Audience*, the male and female Attendants of the Bride and Bridegroom. 5. The *Scene*, sometimes the Street of the city, sometimes the Private Gardens belonging to the Bridegroom, and sometimes the King's Palace, situated in or near these gardens. 6. Besides these constituent parts of the drama, we have to consider the *Language*, which, as suitable to that species of composition, is highly poetical and metaphorical, and from the nature of its subject peculiarly tender and impassioned.

\* The word "fellows" here is the same in the original as that translated, Cant. 8:13, "companions."

But we have called it a *Sacred Drama*; and so indeed it is eminently and peculiarly, for it sets forth a subject above all others holy and heavenly, namely, the mutual love of Christ and the church. Would we then draw near this heavenly book, we must put our shoes of carnal sense and reason from off our feet, for it is eminently holy ground; and indeed we here need a double caution, for as the language is much borrowed from the expressions of human love—that tender, we may say inflammable spot of our heart—our corrupt nature may soon turn food into poison. Two things are, therefore, indispensable to a right understanding of and spiritual entrance into this holy book: 1. To have experienced some measure of divine love, so as to understand and feel the sweetness of the tender and impassioned language made use of. 2. To approach it in that holy, heavenly, and spiritual frame of mind whereby carnal thoughts and suggestions are for a while subdued, and divine realities alone enthroned in the soul. Read spiritually, felt experimentally, enjoyed unctuously, this holy book affords a "feast of fat things full of marrow; of wines on the lees well refined." Read carnally, interpreted rationally, felt

sensually, it may become poison and death.

A short analysis of the first chapter may suffice to show its general character. The bride, surrounded by her female attendants, is waiting in the king's palace the advent of her Beloved One. She has been musing over their mutual love and affection, till her heart being full, she suddenly breaks forth, (1:2,) "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine." The church here expresses her desires after the manifestations of Christ's love. And observe the sudden transition of the person from "him" and "his" to "thy," so expressive of that tender warmth of love whereby the object is first long and fondly thought of, and then at once addressed. But to show its purity, and that it is not like earthly love, individual, and unadmitting any others to share it, she adds, "Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee. Draw me, we will run after thee; the king hath brought me into his chambers; we will be glad and rejoice in thee; we will remember thy love more than wine. The upright love thee." Observe the expressions, "The *virgins* love thee; *we* will run after thee; *we* will be glad and rejoice in thee; *we* will remember thy love," etc.; "The *upright* love thee." What a heavenly purity do these expressions cast over the whole subject! Earthly love admits only of one object, and allows no rival. Heavenly love embraces the whole family of God, and delights in sharing with them the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. Earthly love is bashful, silent, uncommunicative, locking up in the secret recesses of the heart the consuming fire. Heavenly love is free, open, communicative, and lays freely bare to the family of God the inmost feelings of the soul.

"Without, unspotted; innocent within;  
It fears no danger, for it knows no sin."

But the question perhaps arises, Who are intended by these virgins, these daughters of Jerusalem, to whom the bride addresses herself? We understand by them those amongst the family of God who are sincere in their desires after Christ, and have a love to him and his truth, but have not as yet been favoured with the same rich manifestations of his love as the bride. They are seekers and inquirers, separate from the world, (therefore called "virgins,") sincere and honest, (therefore called "upright,") and having an interest in the

gospel, (therefore called "daughters of Jerusalem;") but not yet favoured with those blessed manifestations which give the bride sweet union and communion with the Lord Jesus. To these she now turns; and lest they should mistake her experience, and think because so indulged she is almost as holy as an angel in heaven—a common supposition with these "daughters of Jerusalem," she says, "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me; my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." "Black!" yes, scorched and blackened by the sun of temptation, so as to be as dark and begrimed as the camel-hair tents of Kedar; yet still as washed in the Redeemer's blood and clothed in his righteousness, "comely as the curtains of Solomon." "And think not," she adds, "that I have attained to the enjoyment of a knowledge of my Redeemer's love by my own diligence, or have by my own exertions maintained that sacred flame alive in my breast. O 'look not upon me,' nor scrutinise me too closely, 'because I am black.' 'My mother's children,' indeed, through jealousy, 'were angry with me,' because more favoured than they, and attributed to me such zeal and diligence as if I were fit to take the general oversight of all the churches; but alas! alas! I have failed in every particular, and have not kept my own vineyard free from thorns, weeds, and briers!" Smitten now with compunction and filled with longing desire to be fed by Christ alone, and to rest under the shadow of his embrace; weary of wandering, distrustful of self and all earthly guides, and desirous to know and to do what was pleasing in his sight, she turns to her Beloved, and sighs forth, "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 turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?" Hitherto the Bride alone has spoken; but now the Bridegroom breaks in. He does not chide her for the faults she confesses, but first gives her a word of instruction, and then tells her how fair and comely she is in his eyes: "If thou know not, thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents." The footsteps of the flock—the path in which the redeemed have ever trod, the path of tribulation—must be her direction to the spot where he gives them rest in himself from the burning sun of temptation which beat down so hotly "at noon;" and the food which he had provided for her soul would be found "besides the tents" of those under-shepherds whom he had commissioned to feed the flock of slaughter. But

charmed with the comeliness which he had put upon her, he tells her "he had compared her to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots," which by their beauty and grace and handsome ornaments, drew the admiration of all beholders. "Thy cheeks," he adds, "are comely with rows of jewels," meaning thereby that her face—that part in which beauty chiefly resides, and that which alone is visible to beholders—in other words, her graces as externally made manifest, is only "comely" by reason of the "rows of jewels," the various gifts and graces of the Spirit, which he himself had decked her with; (Ezek. 16:11, 12;) and that her "neck," that attractive feature, is hung "with chains of gold," the links of divine love and grace, whereby he has not only drawn her to himself, but put them on her neck as emblematic of her union in love, and her subjection in obedience. "We," he adds—here mark the three Persons of the Trinity—"will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver." We confess we have no very clear idea of the meaning of these words; though the doctrines of the gospel may be shadowed forth by "the borders of gold;" and the ordinances of God's house, which are, as it were, firmly set in those doctrines, by the "studs of silver." The Bride now speaks to the end of the chapter.

Time and space will allow us only a few words on verse 12:

"While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof." The presence of Jesus only in the soul draws forth into exercise the sweet graces of the Spirit. "The spikenard" only sends forth its fragrant smell as drawn out by his being near, or as pressed by his hands.

With every explanation and elucidation, many expressions of this heavenly book will always remain obscure and uncertain. For an earthly guide through these difficult passages, we may safely recommend Dr. Gill. But after all, the best Commentator is the Holy Spirit, and the love of God shed abroad by him in the heart, the best Commentary.

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A Treatise on some Important Subjects, viz., On the Church of God, &c. By C. H. Coles, late Pastor of the Baptist Church, Old Brentford.

**The Spirit of God Grieved, and the Church of God Sleeping. A Letter. By C. H. Marston. (*May, 1855.*)**

**A ministry without power never was, never can be, profitable or acceptable to the church of God. In what striking language does Paul declare what his own ministry was as regards this point, and the effect produced by it in the hearts of those to whom it was blessed: "And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power 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." How carefully does he here distinguish between the "word" and the "power" as regards his own ministry; and, speaking of that of others, how he examines it by the same decisive test: "But I will come to you shortly, if the Lord will, and will know, not the speech of them which are puffed up, but the power. For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." This, then, is the grand distinctive and decisive difference between the ministration of "the letter" and of "the Spirit,"—that the one is an empty sound, a mere babbling noise, and the other a life-giving power; that the one genders to bondage and death, and the other ministers grace to the hearers, and works effectually in those that believe. But if a man has never felt the power of God in his own soul, how can he minister power to others? Life and power, dew and savour, must be in a man's heart before they can be on a man's lips. For this special gift and grace of heaven there can be no substitute. Learning, abilities, and eloquence, are not to be despised or set aside, for they may be dedicated to the service of the sanctuary; but they are miserable substitutes for that live coal from off the altar with which God touches the lips of his sent servants. Paul, Augustine, and Luther, had all these three gifts in an eminent degree; nor did they make Paul a less able apostle, Augustine a less admirable expositor, or Luther a less intrepid or successful reformer. But far above and beyond all these natural gifts was that divine power which rested upon them and clothed their words with a heavenly influence to the souls of men.**

**Now, if this, to us fundamental principle, be not deeply grafted in a minister's heart, and there kept perpetually alive by the teaching of the Spirit, he will be fully satisfied with a mere letter drift; or if for a while he seem to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," he will almost inevitably,**

sooner or later, be drawn aside from the path of experimental truth. This, then, is, or should be, the feeling of every servant of God, "I am nothing but by God's making; I have nothing but by God's giving; I know nothing but by God's teaching; I feel nothing (aright) but by God's inspiring; and I can do nothing but by God's working." The deep and daily sense of his own thorough helplessness and insufficiency, combined with a living experience of the grace and strength of Christ made perfect in his weakness, will keep him on experimental ground; and as the blessed Spirit works in him fresh and fresh discoveries of sin and salvation, misery and mercy, ruin and recovery, hell and heaven, so will he give out what is given in; "his heart will teach his mouth, and add learning (the right kind of learning) to his lips." Every trial and temptation, furnace and flood, every assault from without or within, every rising venom of indwelling sin, and every fiery dart from the artillery of hell, will only root and ground him more deeply in experimental truth, as every storm roots and grounds the oak more firmly in the soil; and every beam and ray of the Sun of Righteousness, with every drop of dew upon his branch, and every shower of rain on his root, will draw him more and more out of pride and self into the light and air of heaven. Thus, night and day, winter and summer, storm and sun, cold and heat, the lowly valley's gloom and the shining mountain top, all combine in grace, as in creation, to carry on God's work, and strengthen and ripen the tree of his right hand planting in the church of God.

As long as a man is thus graciously dealt with, he will be held on experimental ground; and his soul being kept alive by the power of God, and he being *in* the things of which he speaks, a life, power, and freshness will accompany his word; and this will not only commend itself to the conscience of the family of God, but be conveyed with a sweetness and savour to their hearts. But let a minister of truth get into a smooth and easy path, let sin cease to vex him, Satan to plague him, the world to hate him, professors to slander him, and God to bless him, his preaching, though still on the same basis, and still dealing outwardly with the same things, from inevitable necessity will get dull and dry. This leanness of spirit and barrenness of ministry, unless wonderfully puffed up by pride and conceit, he will soon begin himself to feel. He becomes sensible by degrees of a sameness in his preaching. The supply in the tank being so often drawn upon and not fed again and again with a rising spring, gets lower and lower, and the water more vapid and tasteless, till it

seems almost to breed corruption and death in himself and the hearers. Now here is the turning point with him, whether he is all his days to be to the church of God an old, useless, worn out rain-water butt, or a flowing brook. If left still unexercised, he will soon have little else but staves and hoops; if God turn his hand a second time, and once more deal graciously with him, living water will again flow. But assume the former case. Let the rod and the kiss, the frown and the smile, the affliction and the consolation, the trial and the deliverance be alike suspended; let the Lord for his own wise purposes leave him to settle on his lees; let him remain cold, barren, and dry in his soul, such will be his ministry; and those divine realities in living experience which he once found sweetness in declaring and the people in hearing, now becoming dead and lifeless to him, it comes to this point, that either he must keep going over the same ground over and over again, till, like a tethered ass, his teeth and hoofs have worn out every blade of grass, or he must break his tether and get something new, for his leanness rises up in his face, and his own barrenness is evidently starving the people. Some men, either too blind to see, too dead to feel it, or too proud to confess it, resolutely hold on to the same ground. Lord's day after Lord's day, there is the same dead dry prayer, and the same dead dry sermon. Not only is the same old tale told, but in almost the same words, with nothing new but the text. Now this may be called preaching experience, and so in a sense it is; but it is a preaching which beggars the soul; and we do believe that much of the lean and miserable state of many experimental churches is owing to this feeding them on the picked and gnawed bones and the old dry crusts of a dead, worn-out experience. No wonder that such preaching as this is despised, and that persons are prejudiced against experimental preaching, when this is considered experimental. But this no more resembles real experimental preaching than the manna which bred worms and stank resembled the manna which fell with the morning dew, or the dry and mouldy bread of the Gibeonites was like the cake baked by the angel for Elijah, or their old shoes and clouted were the same as the shoes of iron and brass which God put on the feet of his people.

Many mistakes are made on this point. There is a creed of experience, as there is a creed of doctrine, which may be learnt exactly in the same dead and dry way; there are certain generally recognised and almost consecrated terms, a set of current phrases, which, having been used in time past by real experimental ministers, have been handed down as a religious Shibboleth, a

**ministerial stock in trade; and he that has learnt this key and obtained these pass-words, comes forward as an experimental servant of God, and puts himself at once, or is put by others, on the roll of the divinely-sent ambassadors of heaven. But as a man does not become the Queen's ambassador to the Court of Austria because he can speak a little German, nor to the Court of France because he can gabble a little French, so it is not a set of experimental phrases which makes a man an ambassador from the King of kings to the Court of Zion.**

**But many weak, timid children of God cannot see through words into things, and though sensible of increasing deadness and barrenness under the ministry of such men, take all the blame to themselves, reverencing, with almost abject superstition, the minister, because he is a minister, and believing his words must be words of grace because they are pronounced in a certain way, and are so familiar to their ears that they have become consecrated in their eyes with a kind of religious value.**

**But words at best are but words; and unless there be something more than word, however consistent it be with truth, such a ministry will but make empty the soul of the hungry and cause the drink of the thirsty to fail.**

**But it is hard to come down from the pulpit to their fit place—the pew; thus they still keep on preaching and still maintain the name and credit of being experimental ministers; and highly offended they would be if told they were more of a burden than a benefit to the church of God, and rather plundered than fed the flock of slaughter.**

**Perceiving this evil, seeing how dead and dry a thing experimental preaching has much become, and observing how lean and impoverished the church of God gets through it, others long to break through the narrow circle in which they have already walked. "We want," say they, "more enlarged views of God's word. Why should we be ever treading the narrow circle of doubts and fears, comforts and blessings? Why be ever tracing out marks of grace, and talking just as our poor old minister used to talk in years gone by? Why not break forth into something different from what we have heard over and over again till we are weary of the very name of experience?" Now just as a man is in this state of mind, not held down to experimental things by inward trials,**

but weary and ashamed of his own leanness and the leanness of others, the letter of God's word seems to open a door out of this worn-out pasture. Some new view of doctrine, or some light upon prophecy, or some fresh discovery, as it appears, of church government, or some insight into the precept, or some entrance into the types and figures of the Mosaic dispensation,—it matters not what it is, but a new light seems to break in on his mind. His views, once so narrow and contracted, become enlarged; he reads and studies the Scripture and seems to gather with every reading more and more knowledge. Nay, the light which thus breaks in, as he thinks, on his mind, is attended with a power which he had not for some time felt. His zeal is kindled, his mouth opened, or his pen seized, and he cannot but give vent to his views and feelings.

This new view of doctrine may be but a revived heresy or a long-exploded error; his light upon prophecy may be merely borrowed from books and authors, or gathered up by himself from a comparison of parallel passages, without one word got on his knees or dropped into his soul; his principles of church government may be altogether visionary and impracticable and his insight into types and figures partly stolen and partly fanciful; or to put it in the most favourable light, all his views may be quite sound and in accordance with the letter of Scripture. But whatever they be, they are not wrought into his soul by the power of God; they are not *burnt* into him in the furnace; they are not made his own by the teaching of the blessed Spirit; they are not revealed and applied to his heart, and thus made part and parcel of a living experience; nor are they received in much affliction with joy of the Holy Ghost. At best they are but opinions floating in the brain, views presented to the eye of an intellectual religion scanning the Scriptures as a map maker or a landscape painter scans the features of an outstretched tract of country; or a theory gathered from the word, much as a student of history gathers up facts from chronicles and gazettes, and welds them into a compact system of political narrative.

Why, the remedy is worse than the disease. Whilst on experimental ground, he was so far safe, that if he had but little to say, that little was sound. He could coast along the bays and headlands, and knew something about where he was, though the voyage did not reach very far, and was but a going from port to port along the shore. But now he has left all his old landmarks and well-known buoys, and boldly pushed out to sea, sailing up and down the letter of

**the word, far, far away from the ancient track. A man thus suddenly starting forward, may think himself wonderfully advanced, a very giant compared with his former dwarfish stature and the stunted forms of others. But he has made a sad mistake in this matter. Letter is not Spirit, knowledge is not grace, light is not experience, word is not power, head is not heart, parallel passages are not applied promises. One would think that a man's own conscience would convince him that all this suddenly acquired knowledge lacks that sacred dew and heavenly unction which ever accompany the teaching of the Spirit, and that it is too rapid to be real. One would think that a man possessed of godly fear, instead of sailing along in this confident way on the letter of the word, with flowing sheet and outstretched sail, would rather tremble at every rising cloud lest it forebode a storm that might sink his ship, and shrink from the approach of every man-of-war, lest as an unlicensed sea rover and pirate, he should be summarily strung up at the yard-arm.**

**We speak of what we know and have felt, and are not writing upon these matters in the dark or at a distance. Did our conscience permit, we could sail along with the best of these sea rovers, hoist as high a mast, and spread as wide a sail; but we have a silent monitor within which keeps us on experimental ground—the only ground on which man or minister, preacher or writer, can safely keep. We could, if we were so minded, sail along with them on the sea of unfulfilled prophecy, explain the historical meaning of the Scriptures, fire shot and shell at all doubt or fear, dive into the mystical signification of type and figure, proverb and parable, heap text upon text and parallel passage upon passage, and skim over the surface of the letter like a revenue cutter. A very few minutes would suffice to give us all their faith and all their confidence; for we well know the men and their communication. But what would conscience say within, and what should we feel to stand up before the church of God in Saul's armour? Could we get it on, like David we should soon gladly put it off, and come to the weapons we can handle, and of which we have proved the efficacy—the sling and the stone, and the shepherd's simple garb. We look, then, at all this heap of words, and we put it at its right figure—0. A cipher will sum up its full value. Men may preach, and write, and set off their enlarged views with appeal after appeal to the written word; (text after text may stud their writings, as dew drops the grass, but if they have not learnt what they preach and write in the furnace of affliction, and by the teaching of the Spirit, all such knowledge is worthless and vain. They may**

think or call it what they please, but we unhesitatingly say, unless learnt in the path of tribulation and through the power of God in their soul, Ichabod is its name and Tekel its value. Bring, then, before us what you may, unless it be stamped by the power of God, we may boldly say, This is not religion; this is not gracious experience; this is not tasting and handling the word of life; nor is it a part of "the secret of the Lord," which is "with those that fear him." "But," say they, "we got quite tired of experimental preaching." Very likely. "And we saw that the people were getting tired of it too." More likely still; that is, of *your* preaching. "And now we are all life." Most likely of all as regards yourself; though we doubt whether the people of God are as lively under your new preaching as you.

But this is no proof that the thing is of God. Ranters are lively; Mormonites are lively; and Sisters of Mercy and fresh-cloistered nuns are lively. Such is the very constitution of the human mind, that all new things sensibly affect it; and therefore new views in religion electrify it out of torpor and dulness. But this is merely a stirring up of the animal spirits, an effect produced upon the mind, the intellectual principle, as distinct from the gracious and spiritual principle. "Ah! but we preach with more power than we did; our hearts are more in it, and we are more earnest and warm." Now, suppose that you had been converted to Popery. Would not there have been the same earnestness, the same fixing of the mind on eternal things, the same warmth, and zeal, and fervour? Most probably much more; but we mention this extreme case to show the effect that any change of views produces on the mind. We learnt a lesson on this subject about 25 years ago, which has been of wonderful service to us. It was just at the time when Irvingism broke out with its gifts of tongues, miracles, etc.; and an intimate friend of ours, then a leader and preacher of name and fame, fell headlong into it. He had gone to London, witnessed what were called the "manifestations" in Mr. Irving's chapel, and came home as confirmed a believer in the divine origin of these things as ever Irving had. But the most striking part was the visible effect produced upon him by the change. Praying and fasting day by day, reading the Scriptures incessantly, preaching and visiting the sick continually, and a most unwearied striving after inward and outward holiness, so wrought upon his mind and body, that the poor man in a few weeks was but the ghost of himself.\* And what produced all this? What he himself after a while renounced and denounced as a delusion of Satan. Thus being an eye-witness of what a

wonderful effect new views can produce, it gave us an insight into natural religion and the deceptiveness of mere zeal, fervour, and fleshly holiness, which has helped us to read some enigmas in the professing world which might otherwise have puzzled us to decipher.

\* When he was in this state of mind he went to his sister-in-law, a person advanced in middle life, who had been confined to her bed for some years, knelt down by her bed-side, prayed, rose from his knees, and turning to her said, "Mary, get up." And in truth Mary did get up, and never went to bed again, except as other people do when bed-time comes. The doctors indeed had said all along that nervousness was Mary's chief complaint; and her appearance—none of the thinnest, for we knew her well, and have often visited her when so confined—showed she had no serious disease. But after a few weeks, as this miracle succeeded, another was attempted upon a poor young girl dying of consumption, and said to be in a very happy state of mind. Consumption, however, baffled the attempted miracle, and the young woman, who was rather distressed than elated by the endeavour to raise her to health, soon passed out of time into eternity.

The two ministers, the titles of whose pamphlets we have given at the head of this article, have recently abandoned the views and principles held by the Particular Baptist churches, and have adopted wholly or in part those professed by the Plymouth Brethren.

Now, we do not mean to say that the process which we have sketched out as usually that undergone by those who abandon experimental ground is applicable to those two individuals; at least, this much we can say, that it is not intended to apply personally to them, nor were they in our eye when we traced the progress of the mind from truth to error. Not knowing what their mind has passed through, and being ignorant what their preaching now is, except so far as we presume it agrees with their writings, we should be but libeling individuals were we to present the above sketch as a representation of them. We take higher, purer, and safer ground in delineating *characters* as distinct from *persons*, and sketching the history of a mind instead of the history of a man. All that we have before us is this simple fact, that A. or B. has abandoned experience for the letter. This to us is clear, for the system of the Plymouth Brethren is nothing but the letter of Scripture, tacitly if not

openly ignoring, setting aside, or denying the main branches of gracious experience. It matters not to us who A. and B. are. They may live in England or New Zealand; be men of influence or obscure individuals. We have to account for the fact of their adopting these views after professing others more in accordance with the experience of the saints. Thus, without a tinge of personality or one unkind reflection upon the individuals themselves, we, for the benefit of our readers who might be, perhaps, perplexed with this change of views, have endeavoured to bring before them the result of our own observation without and within, what we have seen in the churches, what we have felt in our own mind, and the conclusions to which we have come. We have not been an inattentive observer of the churches of truth for now many years, nor is this the first time that men of whom we hoped well have changed their views. But we have taken notice of this,—that such men's preaching is ever after a blighted bough to the church of God; that all power, dew, and savour, are thenceforward dried up in their preaching; and that, whatever they may be to others, the tried and tempted, the distressed and exercised, as well as the favoured and blessed,—in a word, the choicest of the flock, can hear them no more. And we have further observed, that the wider they have sailed on the letter without the power, the farther they have sailed from the experience of the saints, till at last, they have sailed not only out of their sight, but out of their affections, mingled and lost, as it were, in the general fleet.

But if our remarks on these points are considered personal, may we not say, "Is there not a cause?" Is not truth a sacred deposit, which is to be scrupulously guarded from all invasion? And if we have any influence with the churches; if any individuals look to us for a word of counsel to help them in their perplexity, as we know is the case in this instance, are we to remain silent for fear of being considered personal, and shrink from the post of duty lest we pain individual feelings? Over and over again has truth been sacrificed to these considerations, as if it were better to fail in faithfulness to God than in tenderness to man. We are most jealous of any departure from experimental truth, and especially when those who did seem to run well turn aside from the Spirit to the letter. They may seem to themselves wonderfully grown and advanced, but thenceforward, as regards the church of God, their ministry is a blank, if not worse. Their enlarged views, as they consider them—an enlargement, by the way, of the head, not of the heart—their new doctrines, which they seek to enforce by text after text; their laboured attempts to

**explain the reasons of their alteration; the totally different class of people, chiefly the young and inexperienced female portion of the flock, mere boys and girls as regards age naturally and spiritually, whom their preaching suits; the barrenness and death which the tried and tempted are sensible of under their ministry; with the grief and sorrow of the experienced saints of God at the change which has come upon the preaching and the place, with all the confusion arising therefrom; all these circumstances combined throw a people into the greatest perplexity where the minister abandons what he once so zealously held, and pulls down what he once laboured to build up.**

**We have come forward then to explain, without reference to individuals, how men are often drawn aside, and to beseech the churches not to be entangled in the same snare, but to hold on to the experimental truth of God, for it is our life, and if we abandon it for the bare letter of the word, we let go our faith, our hope, our all.**

**If from soul-experience, as the matter has been wrought into our conscience, we have come to certain conclusions, may we not impartially lay them before our readers as words of caution and counsel, without an atom of personal feeling against individuals, one of whom we scarcely know even by name?**

**If our words, then, have any weight or influence, we would affectionately say, Churches of experimental truth; ministers, deacons, and members in those churches; and you that fear God in the congregation, abide by the truth of God, in the power and experience of it on your souls. Be not moved by the example or influence of any man to depart from the things you have tasted, felt, and handled for yourselves. Keep fast and firm to what God has sealed on your consciences. Be your experience little or much, keep it as your most precious treasure; and let no mere opinions or notions draw you from the safe, firm, solid ground on which the blessed Spirit has placed you, to embark on an unknown sea, to be tossed with every wind and wave of doctrine. Though on a former occasion ("Gospel Standard" for 1842, page 77), we entered somewhat fully into the views of the Plymouth Brethren, yet we feel disposed in our next number to take a few remarks on some of the distinctive features of the pamphlets at the head of the present article.**

*(Concluded, June, 1855.)*

If we look for stability in any man, it is in a minister of experimental truth. He comes forward as one taught of God, as one who has tasted, felt, and handled the word of life, as one set down and established by the Holy Ghost in the truth as it is in Jesus. He stands up before the church of God as eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, as a guide, an instructor, a counsellor, a friend. He is a steward of the mysteries of God, in whom it is required that he be found faithful; an ambassador of the King of kings, and as such, deeply interested in his Master's honour; a servant of Jesus Christ, whose highest privilege is personally to know his Lord's will and do it, and ministerially to make it known to others, for obedience of faith. For one occupying such a post, instability is, to say the least, a grievous defect. If the officer waver, if the standard-bearer faint, what confusion it makes among the rank and file! To see a minister of truth, then, waver and show himself, like Reuben, "unstable as water," saps the very foundation of our confidence that he is taught of God, throws a discredit upon the whole of his ministry, and creates strong grounds for fear that what he advanced before his change he learnt merely in the letter, and not by the work and witness of the Holy Ghost in his soul.

But what makes the instability of a minister of such consequence is, that it affects others as well as himself. Many children of God, though right at heart, are exceedingly weak in judgment; and in their eyes a minister is almost a sacred being, who cannot err. If he be possessed of apparently great spirituality of mind—a thing, by the way, easily assumed, they are overawed by his eminent sanctity; and if he can talk and argue ably and fluently, they are overwhelmed by the waterfall of words, and though really not convinced, yet are silenced into acquiescence.

Some of these gracious characters might read Mr. Marston's pamphlet, and so far from seeing anything to object to in it, might, we believe, be really carried away by it. Its earnest and affectionate tone, its lamentations over the sleepy state of the church, mingled with confessions of his own shortcomings, and its ascription of all power and grace to the Holy Spirit, are, until one looks beneath the surface, very persuasive. The expressions, which to us, and to those who know the system of the Plymouth Brethren, convey so much, discovering what is in the writer's heart and whither he is fast tending, would

most probably altogether escape their notice, and they would read it through and through without perceiving what, under a thin disguise, was in the author's mind, and what he was really aiming at. That he is deeply imbued with the views of the Brethren\* we have not the slightest doubt; and he has probably been seduced into them as much from their attractive appearance as from natural instability.

\* As an additional proof of this, we may mention that he has abandoned strict communion for open, and also quite adopted the Brethren's views about the ministry. Whether these views be scriptural or not, it does not look much like divine teaching to learn them all in a few weeks. The truth of God is usually not learnt so rapidly, nor, when experimentally known, unlearnt so easily.

We shall, therefore, perhaps be doing him a service as well as some of our readers if we briefly point out a few of their errors, for it is not our intention to enter very largely into the distinctive features of that deceptive form of godliness professed by the Plymouth Brethren. That it has something very specious about it, cannot be denied. Did it not possess some strong resemblance to truth, did it not, in some points, approach with considerable closeness to the letter of the word, were there not in it some very striking traits, imitating the features of vital godliness, it would possess no attractiveness to that class of sincere, well-meaning persons who are religious without any clear or sound experience either of the depths of the fall, or of salvation alone by sovereign superabounding grace. Being ignorant alike of the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of the human heart, and of the mighty work that is needed to deliver and bless the soul before it can realise its interest in the Redeemer's blood and righteousness, such are easily beguiled by anything, however flimsy or superficial, which advances towards them arrayed in a gospel dress; for it is most evident that anything in our day which comes forward under the name of religion must come with the open Bible in its hand, since truth has so far gained a footing in the professing church that error itself must wear its mask. The nearer, therefore, it approaches the truth without being the truth, the more it is like grace without being grace, the more deceptive it is. And this, we believe, is precisely the case with the system we are now considering. To those, indeed, who see nothing beyond the mere letter of the word, its shallow water, like a land flood, may appear to reflect in their bosom the very beauties of heaven, when to a

discerning eye they are at once seen to want the depth and power which belong to that river the streams whereof make glad the city of God. Whatever it may be in the eyes of its admirers and professors, it most certainly is not the religion of the tried and tempted, the distressed and exercised. It is not a religion learnt in the furnace and flood. It is not the religion of David, Heman, Asaph, Jeremiah, Jonah, Hezekiah, Habakkuk; no, nor the religion of Peter and Paul—of Peter as sinking in the water, and caught by the Saviour's hand, of Peter sifted in Satan's sieve and so riddled to and fro therein that his faith would have utterly failed but for his Lord's intercessory prayer; of Paul caught up into the third heaven, and thence cast down to the very gate of hell, buffeted by the messenger of Satan, and groaning under a daily rankling thorn. Nor is it the religion of Bunyan, Hart, or Huntington; nor of Berridge, Romaine, and Hawker; nor of any one writer or preacher blessed to the church of God.

This one circumstance is or should be decisive—that, with all their writing, and they have for many years plied the pen most assiduously and unweariedly, the Brethren have never yet produced one author whose works have been a blessing to the church. They have written tracts and pamphlets by the score, entered deeply into type and figure, precept and prophecy, searched the letter of Scripture from Genesis to Revelation, and explained, with all the help of learning, education, and talent, the dispensations, past, present, and to come; and yet their writings have left no more trace on the heart and conscience of the churches of the saints than last autumn's leaves on the soil where they fell. There may be, we hope there are, amongst them some of God's living family, but not of God's tried and well-taught family. It is too light and superficial for them; too smooth and easy; too dealing with things outward and at a distance; too high above their heads, flitting and skimming like a bird, one while in the air of doctrine, and then hopping from spray to spray of promise, and utterly wanting in that depth, weight, and solidity which commend themselves to living consciences. It is, in fact, a young lady's religion—a kind, amiable, soft, gentle, easy religion, just adapted to those tender-hearted, well-educated females of a naturally serious turn, who are fond of reading their Bibles and saying their prayers, and want to be religious, but know not how. It comes with such honeyed words about Jesus and his love; speaks so kindly and gently about faith and grace; and deals so tenderly and affectionately with them, that they are won over to a profession, almost

before they are aware. A Christian is soon made by their scheme. No agonizing throes of the new birth, no deep law work,\* no heavy burden of sin or distressing guilt of conscience; no such narrow gap as Bunyan saw in vision,† well nigh tearing off the flesh to get through; no long season of doubt, fear, and bondage, find a place in their system. Bunyan put stepping stones in his Slough of Despond, though poor Christian either could not find them or stumbled over them; but they have built a suspension bridge over the Slough for their pilgrims, and land them within the strait gate at once without mud or mire, and if their advice be duly followed, will guarantee they shall have not a speck of either for the rest of the way. "All you have to do is to believe" is their language. This is their suspension bridge;‡ and if you can but get your feet upon it, you may look with pity as you cross the Slough on those who are struggling in the mud below; though we believe, were an exercised child of God to venture his weight upon it, it would so rock to and fro that he would tremble with alarm lest he and the bridge should both fall together.

\* They are bound by their very creed to cast aside a law work; for one of their strongest tenets is that the law was given to the Jews only, and that the Gentiles never came under it; and this in the very face of Paul's declaration, "Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law; *that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.*"

† In "Grace Abounding."

‡ The following anecdote, for the truth of which we can vouch, will show whether we are wrong in calling their system a suspension bridge over the Slough.

A woman, whom we know well, was under very great distress of soul in her first convictions. Whilst in this state she was continually visited, we might rather say plagued, by the Brethren telling her to believe, all which only sank her more deeply into the Slough. After awhile the Lord graciously appeared, and gave her a remarkable deliverance. When they called again, she told them how the Lord had blessed her soul, and how she could and did now believe in the blessed Jesus. "O," they answered, "Why did not you believe before?" By their bridge she would have escaped the Slough, but she would have missed

**the revelation.**

**Is it not grievous to see men of truth leaguings themselves with such rank Arminianism?**

**To our mind one of the greatest mysteries in religion is the difference between the power of truth on the natural conscience, and the power of truth on the spiritual conscience; between the faith produced in the natural mind by the letter of the word, and the faith wrought in the heart by the Spirit of God through the spirit of the word. And yet in this lies all the difference between a professor and a possessor, between the damned and the saved. Here is the rock on which thousands split; here is the grand deceit of Satan as an angel of light—that a man may have all faith, and yet be nothing. Yes; have the strongest and most unwavering faith in his natural mind, generated there by the letter of the word, and yet live and die in his sins an unpardoned criminal, an unsanctified rebel; may have the most implicit faith in Jesus Christ, and yet die out of Christ; may believe the promise, and have no interest in the promise; obey the precept, and yet be damned for disobedience. This is the grand key of the cabinet; and he who holds not this key in his hand, be he preacher or writer that attempts to describe the work of the Spirit, will but fumble, for without it he cannot unlock one secret drawer of the heart, or penetrate into any one innermost recess of nature, or of grace. Tremendous mystery, yet not more tremendous than true, that between a spiritual and a natural faith lay all the difference between David and Saul, between John and Judas, and that on it hangs life or death, heaven or hell, unutterable bliss or eternal despair!**

**On this turning, this fundamental point, the difference between a dead and a living faith, the Brethren are unsound to the very core; for whilst, in word they ascribe it to the gift of God, they make it in reality the work of man. The faith which they advocate is an implicit, unwavering credence at all times, and under all circumstances in the letter of the word. A Christian, according to them, is never to doubt. If he doubt, he sins; he lives below his privileges, he dishonours God, he grieves the Blessed Spirit; in fact, he almost ceases to be a Christian at all. God, they hold, has said it; and therefore the saint believes it. Now this is not true spiritual faith, the faith of God's elect. A child of God believes the word of God, not because it is the word of God, for on that**

ground all might believe it on the mere external evidence which proves it such, but he believes it, because it is made spirit and life to his soul. He believes a promise, not because God has spoken it in the word, but because God has spoken it through the word to his heart. Doubts, then, such as a Christian is exercised with, are not of the essence of faith, nay, are utterly contrary to it, yet stand to it in the same relationship as darkness to light. As light dispels darkness, so faith dispels doubt; but as when light ceases to shine, darkness comes on, so when faith sinks out of sight, unbelief and doubt spread themselves over the heart. As then faith only acts as drawn into exercise by the blessed Spirit, when his divine operations are suspended, and in this he displays his sovereignty, doubt begins to work; and thus unbelief waits on faith almost as the shadow waits on the sun. But in their system doubts and fears can have no place, because their faith, not depending upon the special operations of the blessed Spirit, always stands on the same ground, and at the same level.

I need never doubt that two and two make four, or that every point of the circumference of a circle is at the same distance from the centre. An undoubting faith in God's word as God's word, as a habit of the soul, which it can exercise without a special influence, is much of the same character with my faith in the truth of the multiplication table or in the properties of a circle.

Men, according to their view, when converted, are called upon to believe that the Scriptures are the word of God, that Jesus is the Son of God, and that his blood cleanseth from all sin. By believing all this, they become believers in Christ; and being thus made believers, they have ever after a right to avail themselves of the privileges or the dispensation of grace, among which is the approach to God at all times, and under all circumstances, as a son, a full, constant, unwavering assurance of his Fatherly love and mercy; an absolute freedom from all bondage, doubt, and fear; and a complete victory over sin, death, hell, and the devil.

These are indeed the choicest blessings of the gospel, the richest fruits of the blessed Spirit; but they are not to be taken down, and be handed about to everybody, like wine and fruit after dinner,—to all the young ladies and gentlemen who read their Bibles, and call themselves believers; to all the mere letter students of prophecy, and the whole motley group of intruders into

sacred things, ignorant alike of God and of themselves, whom such a system is sure to enrol under its banners.

In all this scheme, which to them seems so scriptural, there is not a word of manifestation and revelation; that faith to be spiritual and saving, must be generated and maintained in the soul by the power of God; that it is not an habitual grace always in exercise, but is drawn out into operation only at times and seasons, and these generally of distress and trouble, and that the blessings of the gospel, which they hand about so freely for everybody's acceptance, are kept in the Lord's gracious hands as heavenly cordials, and given only as strong drink to those who are ready to perish, and as wine to those that be of heavy heart. Of course they hold in word that faith is the gift of God, and the work of the Holy Spirit; but the vagueness of their language shows the vagueness of their faith; and there is too much reason to fear that they, or at least many of them, believe it is not from any vital experience of what faith really is, but because it is declared to be so in the Epistle to the Ephesians.

The main deceitfulness of their system lies in this, that they use the words of Scripture to overthrow the spirit of the Scripture, and employ the language of experience, which they must do if they avail themselves of scriptural terms, the language of revelation being necessarily experimental, to establish what is really contrary to experience. Thus whilst they speak much about the blessed Spirit, there is all the while a secret, implied condition that His operations are connected with our availing ourselves of his promised help and influence. The surface of the stream being free grace flows onward and heavenward, gleaming and glittering in the sun; but beneath this there is an under current of free will, a backwater, which runs in the opposite direction; and it is the existence of these two distinct currents which makes their writings so confusing to those unhappy navigators who embark upon them. When we first read them, they appear so sound and scriptural, and speak so much about Jesus and the work of the Spirit, that we are almost beguiled to approve of them, and yet there is something in our inmost heart which rejects them, as contrary to what we have tasted, felt, and handled of the precious things of God. Take, for instance, the following extract from Mr. Marston's book:—

"Now the point to which I wish to come, and to which I wish to lead my

friend, and, if it might be, the Lord's dear people, is this:—The Father and the Son having continued and completed a great work of salvation, the Holy Ghost is promised in virtue thereof, to do a certain work in me—a work which he is able and willing to perform. Have I ever received the Spirit of Adoption? then the moment I am unable to cry Abba, Father, I am deficient in a part of the Spirit's work; the moment my peace in Jesus ceases to be realized—the instant I find that I have not access into the holiest of all, I cease to occupy that position which it is the work of the Spirit to place me in. This says there is something wrong; and if I am right in my idea, it becomes me to stay at once and inquire, What is it? The cause is either in myself or in the Holy Ghost. Not in him; for his work is to remove all my darkness and fears; then it is in me, and proves that I have grieved the Spirit."

Many a gracious character, we believe, might read this extract, and hardly be able to know, at first, what to make of it. He cannot deny there is some truth in it; and yet its effect is to confuse his mind, and bring bondage into his soul. Now, we will give such a one a little piece of advice. Read this extract again, till your mind is more and more confused, and your spirit more and more hardened and bewildered. Next, take down Hart's Hymns, and read one of them; and then compare your feelings, after reading it, with what you felt after reading the extract. "Well," say you, "what a difference! What sweetness and blessedness in the hymn; how it softened my heart, and I could go with it every word. But the extract—I don't know what to make of it; I can't receive it, and I hardly like wholly to reject it." The best way to deal with writing of this kind is to do what the wine merchant does in buying wine. He has a standard of taste, for he knows well what good wine is; and so he first tastes this, and then tastes that, and, comparing each sample with what he knows to be the right taste, he rejects the bad, and chooses the good. Whether we have the right taste or not, we will not assert; but we can say, after tasting Marston's sample and Hart's, we know which is the wine of the kingdom, and we can add, without doubt or fear, "No man having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new, for he saith the old is better."

In reading, however, Mr. Marston's book, we must bear in mind that he has not abandoned experimental ground, but is, as he thinks, seeking somehow to enlarge it by grafting into it the system of the Brethren. Thus his experience leans one way and his judgment another. This wavering in his own mind

between what he has felt in his conscience and what he has lately embraced in his judgment, is painfully evident in our next extract, in which, amidst what really seems sound and experimental, a discerning eye can see a strong taint of their system:

**"It is by this Spirit we are quickened from our death in trespasses and sins; we are convinced that we are by nature children of wrath, even as others; we feel and know our sins, and look with dismay at a God of judgment. He who shows us what our disease is, and how deep our malady, leads us to Jesus; he points to his glorious person, shows us the mighty Holy One—the very One whose wrath we have incurred—taking hold upon the seed of Abraham. He will show us ('he shows us') the spotless beauty of his character, how perfectly free from sin, how holy, harmless, and undefiled, and then shows that Lamb without blemish and without spot sacrificed and presented for us. This is the claim of faith. Suffering without the camp I see the victim slain for my sin—the fire of the altar consumes the burnt offering, and as it sends up its curling smoke a precious fragrance is accepted in the highest heavens, and in the sweet savour of that offering the whole church is accepted."**

This extract shows us exactly Mr. Marston's present views and position. There is an attempt in it to mingle two things, which can no more unite than oil and water,—experience and claim. He speaks experimentally and well about being quickened, and made to know and feel our sins, and being led by the Spirit to Jesus, though with a certain vagueness of his work in making Christ known to the soul. But when he begins to speak about the "claim of faith," he leaves the work of the Spirit altogether, and wanders about on Plymouth ground, without seeming to know his own meaning. It seems to us that he knows in soul experience just as far in the above extract as the words "leads us to Jesus," but not having experimentally advanced any further in the things of God, he makes *that* the ground of laying claim to the whole work of Christ and the whole work of the Spirit, and thus, without seeming to know it, gets upon the ground of the letter, if not on that of presumption. He does not seem waiting to be led on by the blessed Spirit into the experimental enjoyment of the blessings, but, adopting the system of the Brethren, at once to lay claim to the whole work of the Spirit, on the simple ground that he is a believer. Now, in doing this he virtually abandons experience altogether, and ventures beyond the spot where he has been set down, to walk in the light of a letter

**faith, and, what is worse, is trying to encourage others to do the same. His wisdom and mercy would have been, if his mind were undergoing a change, to remain perfectly quiet until the point was settled in his conscience one way or the other, and not hastily rush into print to disturb the faith of others. Nor should he have intruded his new views in pulpits where he had stood as an experimental minister, but should have withdrawn from the ministry whilst his mind was in this wavering state. To pull down what he has built up, and to build up what he has pulled down, makes a man a transgressor, and opens a door for Satan to harass and disturb the minds of those who are not settled and grounded in the truth.**

**"The claim of faith" is the language not of experience but of presumption. When the Holy Spirit reveals Christ to the soul, we do not claim him, but receive him. If I am sick, and a medicine is given me, which heals me, I do not claim that medicine, but receive it. If I am starving, and a charitable person give me food, I do not claim it, but eat it, and bless the giver. If I am dying of thirst in an Arabian desert, and a passer-by, out of pure compassion, give me a cup of water from his own store, I do not seize the cup as my right, but drink it thankfully as a precious gift to save me from death. Gift excludes claim. What I claim, I claim by right; what I receive, I receive of grace. A presumptuous faith claims; a living faith receives. In the last sentence there may be pretty writing, but not a grain of experience or of living faith. The faith which saves the soul is something more personal than such a vague generality as seeing the curling smoke of the burnt offering accepted in the highest heavens.**

**Mr. Marston appears to us, either from converse with the Plymouth Brethren, or from reading their books, to have partially, if not wholly, adopted their creed, and learnt their language, without any experience of what it is, or seeing what it really leads to. Thus it is in his mouth as it is in theirs, a kind of religious jargon, which he has learnt as it were by rote, without really knowing what it means, or what consequences it involves. Take the following specimen, at the opening of his little pamphlet:**

**"The great promise the Lord gave to his disciples before he left them was the "Spirit," whom the Father would send in his name. The descent of that Spirit was heaven's witness to the glorification of Jesus above; and his presence is**

**peculiarly the characteristic of the present dispensation. While we by no means deny that the Old Testament saints were in some sense the subjects of his influences, we must conclude that one of the greatest privileges accruing to the church as the result of Christ's ascension is the bestowal of this gift, in a sense in which he was never possessed before. Hence Jesus says, "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I go away, I will send him unto you." (John 16:7.) Such being the case, it is of importance to us carefully to inquire what is the work of this blessed One, and how far we, as the children of God, realize his work in and among us."**

**All this seems to sound very well; but when we come to examine it, how vague it is; how floating in a haze of words without anything experimentally felt or known. "His presence is peculiarly the characteristic of the present dispensation." "We by no means deny that the Old Testament saints were in some sense the subjects of his influences." This is just as men write who write from theory, without a gracious experience of what they are writing about. They mystify themselves and others about privileges and dispensations, without seeing that the same Blessed Spirit who is needful now was needful then; and that as unbelief, doubt, sin, and despair worked in the hearts of the children of God then, as they work in the hearts of the children of God now, they could only be removed and overcome by the same means. It is almost, according to their view, as if a man who broke his leg 3,000 years ago, did not want the leg mending and setting as a man does who breaks his leg now; or as if a thirsty man in the desert could then take a drink of sand, but now wants a drink of water. It is, in fact, denying either the fall or the recovery, the malady or the remedy; for if sin can be only pardoned and subdued in one way, to exclude the Old Testament believers from the presence and influences of the Holy Spirit, is either to shut them out of heaven, or set up two kinds of religion, one natural, and the other spiritual—a natural religion for Abraham, Moses, and David; (for they could have had no other, unless they possessed the presence and influences of the Holy Spirit;) and a spiritual religion for John, Peter, and Paul.**

**It thus makes the God of the Old Testament different from the God of the New, and represents the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as accepting natural men without spiritual faith, hope, or love; and the God and Father of**

**the Lord Jesus Christ accepting only spiritual men and a spiritual work. If the Old Testament believers were not the subjects of the Spirit's influences as believers are now, we may as well at once declare the Old Testament a non-inspired book, for it was in that case written by non-inspired men, and so far from looking to find our own experience in the Psalms, we must read them merely as Hebrew poems written by a natural man, who knew nothing of God's presence, though he cried, "Cast me not away from thy presence;" nor of the Holy Spirit, though he said, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me." It is not the dispensation that makes the believer, but the presence and power of faith, which faith is of the Spirit's operation. If we deny this, and make men mere creatures of a dispensation, we deny spiritual faith to Abraham when he offered up Isaac, and spiritual faith to David when he encountered Goliath, and either cut off at a stroke all the Old Testament saints as unregenerate, or else admit unregenerate men, which they certainly were if they possessed not the Blessed Spirit, into the courts of heaven. Young men of impressible minds and quick apprehensions little think what errors they may imbibe and what consequences their theoretical views lead to. The Old Testament saints, it is true, had not the same clear views of "the sufferings of Christ and of the glory that should follow," though "the Spirit of Christ which was in them" (and if "in them," they had both his presence and influences), testified of both to them beforehand; but they had the same faith, hope, and love, and these as fruits of the Spirit, as believers now; and as they were chosen in the same degree [decree?] of election by God the Father, so were they redeemed by the same precious blood of God the Son, and were sanctified by the same presence, grace, power, and influences of God the Holy Ghost. To deny this is to cut the body of Christ asunder; and, under the idea of investing New Testament believers with higher and peculiar privileges, to degrade the Old Testament saints, of whom the world was not worthy, into natural, unregenerate, and therefore ungodly men.**

**As our Review is already so unduly lengthened, we shall not here touch upon Mr. Coles's pamphlet, though all we have said about the views of the Brethren applies as much to him as to Mr. Marston, so far as he has embraced them; but as it dwells chiefly on one point, what he calls "the liberty of the ministry in the Church," we have some thoughts of examining the subject, it being one of some importance, (God willing), in our next number, in a separate paper, without inflicting on our readers a further continuation of the Review.**

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**Is it possible to Make the Best of Both Worlds? A Book for Young Men. By T. Binney.—(*July, 1855.*)**

**Books of this kind rarely fall into our hands, and still less frequently afford a suitable subject for Review. When once the eyes have been divinely enlightened to see, and the heart opened to believe, the mysteries of sin and salvation, it is for the most part worse than waste of time to read works written by men ignorant alike of malady and remedy. And yet though, as a general rule, this is most certainly true, an occasional glance at them may not be wholly without interest. To give a passing look at such books is something like walking down Regent Street. We have not the remotest intention or wish to enter in, or purchase anything out of the splendid shops that meet the eye; but a passing glance may show us, without our even wishing to see, what the fashionable world runs after and admires. So, from merely glancing at the pages of a work of this description, instruction may be gathered, though of a very different nature from that intended by the writer; and we may see in it, as in a plate-glass shop window, what is the fashionable religion as ticketed at the most attractive figure for the professors of the day. Separated as we are, by conscience and choice, from the general mass of Dissenters, never hearing their ministers, nor mingling with the people, we live in comparative ignorance of the actual state of things amongst them. We read, then, a book of this kind, written by one of their most popular preachers, not with any hope or expectation of getting soul-profit from it, but much as we should an account of what is doing in the Crimea.**

**Put forward, under a most attractive title, by a leading minister of the Independent denomination, it stands at the very head of the way, calling to those who are just entering upon a world of sin and sorrow, and telling them that, if they will be but ruled by its counsels, it will put them into a most certain path of present and future happiness. Such a title, it is true, no more attracts us than a ticketed article of clock jewellery in the window would draw us into a pawnbroker's shop; for the very label tied round the book's neck carries deception on the face of it; and if we buy it, it is only to break it up, put it into the melting-pot, and expose the counterfeit. Treated, then, in this way,**

**the book thus puffed off may serve to show us what sort of an article, under the name of religion, finds a ready acceptance amongst that great army which writes "Dissent" upon its banners. And we must say after reading it, that, bad as we previously thought the state of things amongst them was, this book has convinced us that the reality, if this be a fair sample of their principles and practice, is far worse than all our suspicions.**

**This, then, is our chief, indeed our only, motive for bringing a book of this kind before our readers—that they may see in it, as in a glass, what sort of a religion the truth has saved them from—how false in its beginning, deceptive in its progress, and ruinous in its end; and abundant reason they will have to bless the God of all grace if they can find, wrought by a divine power in their hearts, a religion as different from the one set forth in this book as light excels darkness, life surpasses death, truth outshines error, and the work and witness of the Holy Ghost the lying flatteries of man.**

**The origin and object of the work may be soon told. It was originally a Lecture, the last of a series addressed to the members of "The London Young Men's Christian Association," which, not being published at the time, on account of the Author's illness, he subsequently expanded into a volume. Its object is to set forth religion in its most attractive form before young men in the commercial walks of life, and especially before that vast mass of youth which the great seething vat of the huge metropolis is daily and hourly drawing into its drudging mill of business, and there wearing out their body and soul by making them keep pace with the ever-whirling fly-wheel of Mammon's million-horse-power steam engine. Now, as these young men, urged on by the precept and example of their employers, and stimulated by their own interest and ambition to grasp this life as their all, might naturally fear, if they embraced the hopes of another world, they must renounce all prospects of profit and pleasure in this, the popular Mr. Binney comes forward to assure them that to think so is all a mistake, and that, by proper management, they may "make the best of both worlds," the present and the future; in other words, that they may, if they will but follow his counsel, contrive to enjoy all the riches, honours, profits, and pleasures, sinful and immoral ones excepted, that this world offers, and then, in green and honoured old age, may gently glide out of them to drink of the pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore.**

Need we wonder that such a book has already reached eight editions, and is sold at every railway bookstall? For, besides the attractiveness of such a subject, it is really, in point of style and expression, merely regarded as a work of art, most admirably written. Its language is a model of plain, forcible appeal, with no false, stilted, mock eloquence to mar its point, but full of that familiar illustration which so hits the level of the class of mind to which it is addressed, and yet redeemed from vulgarity by its pure, simple English, running along clear and sparkling like a mountain brook. In addition, then, to its captivating subject, it is doubtless this popular style which makes it at once so attractive and yet, in similar proportion, we cannot forbear using the word, so awfully deceptive. Do our readers recollect the memorable conversation of Mr. Worldly Wiseman with Christian, as drawn by the graphic hand of the immortal tinker? Well, the book before us is neither more nor less than a sermon from that text; and the Lecture might have been given with the most unbounded applause in the Exeter Hall of the Town of Morality, with my Lord Fairspeech in the chair, Mr. Byends, Mr. Moneylove, and Demas, afterwards smothered in the silver mine, on the platform, and Lady Feigning and her daughters, in their best white veils, among the audience, to the theological students at the academy of the Rev. Mr. Legality and the drapers' assistants in the large and flourishing establishment of Mr. Civility.

We can hardly give even a brief sketch of the subject without more copious extracts from the work than our limits admit; but its leading idea is this, that assuming happiness in this life to consist of certain elements, then religious man, in addition to the great prize at the end of the race, has, so to speak, the best chance of obtaining them all. These elements are health, cheerfulness, competence, reputation, culture of the intellect and affections, some source and spring of strength and consolation against inevitable troubles, and, to crown all, a green old age. These almost indispensable requisites of earthly happiness, he contends, are best secured by early piety, and the steady pursuit of a course of religion and virtue; as they are most certainly forfeited by such sinful indulgences and vicious, immoral pleasures as are opposed to it. With the old and middle-aged, who have hitherto neglected religion, and thus "spoiled and poisoned life," he considers himself to have nothing to do. These, he believes, have pretty well sealed their own doom already as regards this present life, and their case is almost desperate for making the best of this

world, though not wholly hopeless to win for themselves a place in the next. Nor will he have *invalids*, either in body or mind, as these afford no sufficient stamina for him to work upon.\* The consumptive, the dyspeptic, the bilious, the nervous, the desponding, the weak in head or heart, wind or limb, he will very considerably take into the hospital, but he will not admit them into the ranks of the army which, under him, is to march to the conquest of both worlds. The young, and the healthy young only, will he take as fit subjects for his experiment; them, and them only, will he make the confidants of his great secret—the means of ensuring present and future happiness. But it is time to introduce our readers to a nearer acquaintance with the book. The following extract will give a fair idea of its lively, buoyant, familiar style:—

\*"I must have a young man with a fair average constitution, physical and mental, to begin with. The most of the race, you know, or of those, at least, who live to be men, come into the world in a good condition as to bodily soundness, and with a competent amount of original faculty. Let me have a young man, then, of good health and ordinary common sense; with some degree of educational culture, and some means of getting his living. I don't undertake to teach one to make the best of life who has already poisoned or wasted it. I cannot work with such stuff. The clay is marred, and no potter can make anything of it, but something according to its condition. I won't have, either, a man weak and imperfect in mind or body, an idiot or an invalid. I can prescribe something medicinally for them—something to cure or alleviate; but I can make none of them into the sort of men you want to see, and that I want to see you."

"Now, in looking at all this, we cannot but see, as a simple, plain matter of fact, that some people do actually make a good thing of the present world, and that some don't. With the first, life is bright, joyous, successful, happy. They contrive to work up its raw material into something noble, beautiful, and good. With the second it is otherwise: in their hands life becomes a bitterness and a burden; it puts on the appearance of a repulsive deformity; the whole thing is a miserable failure; they blunder on—get wrecked and lost—worry themselves, wear out their friends, and then 'wish they had never been born!' These things, too, are obvious and every-day matters of fact. There they are. There's no denying them. It is as plain as that there is a real visible world, that there are two ways of getting through it. The question before us, then, you will

observe, is not whether it be possible to make the best of this life—or at least to make a tolerably or thoroughly good thing of it—for that is admitted and acknowledged as a preliminary fact—but whether it is possible to do this, and, at the same time, to secure the blessings and advantages of the next? Can we now act on any principle which, while it provides for the use and enjoyment of the one world, will provide for and secure the happiness of the other?"

After hinting at two or three supposed ways of making the *worst* of both worlds, or the *worst* of one, and, the *best* of the other, or the *best* of the one and the *worst* of the other, all the while quietly assuming that man is a free agent, and God a mere looker-on, holding the reins neither of providence nor grace, he thus states his own view:—

"But the question with us is, whether there is not another supposition, another possibility; whether, in fact, it is absolutely necessary for either one world or the other to be sacrificed; or whether it may not be possible to make the best of both? Nay, I know not but that I should even be willing to put it thus: whether the life that now is might not be so taken hold of in its raw material, and worked up and woven in such a manner, as to become a resplendent thing, simply as a present temporary possession—the man feeling it a joy to have been born, though there should be no second birth for him into a higher state; whether, moreover, this might not be accomplished on such a principle that, supposing there should be a second state, the advantages and happiness of that state should be secured and prepared for too?

"That is the question. I mean to give to it, on the whole, an affirmative reply. I believe, in fact, that the constitution of things is such—that man's nature is so wonderful, that the world and life are such beautiful and glorious things, and that the tendency of the laws under which we live is so thoroughly on our side, if we only place and keep ourselves in harmony with them, that even if there were no second world, it is worth a great deal to be born into this. If there were really no God over him, no heaven above or eternity in prospect, things are so constituted, that man may deem it a most fortunate accident that he lives at all. He may turn the materials of his little life-poem, if not always into a grand epic, mostly into something of interest and beauty; and it is worth his doing so, even if there should be no sequel to the piece. I believe, however, that there will be one; and I venture to think, that if set about rightly, both parts of

**the performance might be expressed in sustained and harmonious verse."**

**What a pretty piece of heathenism for a Christian minister to write! The fall as much ignored as if earth were a paradise, and man as innocent as Adam when he came from the hands of his Maker! As, sitting in his easy chair, in the calm seclusion of his study, surrounded with books and every comfort, the reverend divine penned these glowing sentences, did no pallid face of starving stitch woman rise up as a spectre before his eyes? Did no groan from the hospital, no wailing cry from court and alley, no sigh of heart-broken maiden, no shriek of forlorn widow, or bereaved mother, pierce his ear? Why, the man speaks as if this world were a Jacquard loom, the events of life skeins of silk, each person his own designer of the pattern to be woven, and that it rested wholly with himself whether this world was to be unto him "a thing of beauty," and the next a "joy for ever," or whether the piece, whilst on the beam, was to be a smirch, and, when cut off, only fit to be torn to pieces in the willy.\* Churchmen in easy circumstances, such as your rosy deans and portly archdeacons, are proverbially ignorant of the world and the rude storms of life; and any amount of ignorance may be reasonably expected from them, were it almost equal to that of the French Princess, who, when the people in Paris were dying of hunger, asked her governess why they did not buy buns; but in a dissenting minister, who rises for the most part from the ranks of the people, we do expect a greater knowledge of the stern realities of life, not to say the fallen condition of man. In fact, no one could have written such a false description of human life but a man profoundly ignorant of his state by nature as a sinner before God. Why, the author of "The Christian Year," Puseyite, and almost Papist as he is, has in two touching lines shown juster views of human life than this evangelical dissenting minister:—**

**"Remember who thou art, and where,  
A sinner in a world of care."**

**\* The "willy," or, as it is often called, the "devil," is a machine used in the cotton and cloth manufacture, in which the raw cotton or wool is put, and there torn to pieces by a number of spikes revolving at a tremendous velocity, and then thrown out in a continuous shower of separated fibre.**

**Was there a young man in that large audience at Exeter Hall whose**

experience did not give the lie to such a deceitful picture of this present evil world? Was there one jaded clerk, or fagged assistant, in whom the rough realities of life had not already demolished such a golden web as was presented to their acceptance? A year behind the counter, or at the desk, would have shown him what sort of "raw material" this life affords for happiness, and that it cannot "be taken hold of at will, and worked up and woven in such a manner as to become a resplendent thing." Many a wan and wearied apprentice, instead of deeming it "a most fortunate accident"—(are we then born into this world as lottery tickets fall from the wheel of fortune?)—"that he lives at all," is ready, from overwork and unceasing snubbing, to curse the hour of his birth, and that fatal morn when he left his happy country home, to be browbeaten all day, and sleep under the counter, like a dog in his hole, all night; and the "life-poem" of many a youth has already been made a tragedy before the close of the first scene by the harsh oppression of his employer, and the rough insults of fellow-shopmen, especially if failing health and timid disposition have offered impunity to injury. Were the secrets of large London establishments laid bare, it would be seen that such is the profligacy of principle, language, and life among the young men generally prevalent, that a truly godly youth would have to endure a most terrible ordeal were he even to attempt to act according to the dictates of a tender conscience. But this man writes just as if every employer were or might be a Boaz, every young man in his service a Timothy, and the precepts of the New Testament not only the rules of the house, but written in the heart of all the inmates from the principal to the porter.\*

\* We do not deny there are principals in London and elsewhere who desire to carry on business in the fear of God; and we do not say there are not gracious young men in their service or that of others, who strive to act as under his heart-searching eye; but we believe these cases are very rare exceptions to the general rule.

But having thus stated his argument, the Lecturer proceeds to enumerate and define the elements of earthly happiness that we have before mentioned, and labours hard to prove that religion puts a man in possession of them all.

This is his summing up:—

**"Putting all these things together, let us see what we have got. Bodily health, mental cheerfulness, competent income, advance in life, established reputation, the solace of the affections in wife and children, the culture of the understanding, imagination, taste, internal resources adequate to the occasions of inevitable evil—all possessed and carried forward for years, and crowned at last with a green, bright, happy old age! Why, if all this really can be found in any one man, such a fact would seem to prove that it is 'possible' to make something unquestionably good, happy, and desirable, out of the raw material of the present life. The world, on this hypothesis, might certainly become by no means an unendurable place. Whether there is to be another one or not, I can suppose a man to be so satisfied with passing through this after such a fashion, as to be deeply thankful for having been permitted to live, though he might not have the prospect of living again. Look at the man before us. He was nothing; he could deserve nothing; and yet he awoke up one morning, and found himself alive! with the earth beneath and the heavens above him; with life before him; and within him the powers and capabilities of making it into something great and beautiful. It has become this to him. So has he used the world, and so enjoyed it. He has made the best of it, not in the sense of doing what was possible to be done with an acknowledged evil, but of turning to their best uses valuable elementary capabilities. But what has been possible to him, may be possible to others. What one man does, another man may do. It might be well to do it. I wonder if it can be done on any one principle better than another! Supposing that there is a second world, I wonder if it could be done in consistency with your making the best of that too! Perhaps we shall see."**

**Having thus laid down his theory, the veriest of dreams, and so contradicted at every turn that its parent must be ignorance or deception, he next proceeds very logically to work it out. Into this we cannot follow him, except by giving one or two extracts to let him speak for himself. A few words will, perhaps, better prepare us for one of these.**

**Among the elements of earthly happiness the Lecturer, it will be remembered, has mentioned *competence*, poverty being, of course, in the eyes of a London minister, so dreadful an evil, and the wolf at the door a more dreadful animal than any beast of the forest. One would not, however, think that the best means of driving the wolf away would be religion; but the Lecturer assures us**

it is so, and that a course of decided piety will not only keep the wolf from the door, but may put two carriage horses into the stable. In fact, the best way to become a warm city man, have a large banking account at Messrs. Bullion, Cash, and Co.'s, a score of ships in the London Docks, and, a beautifully-furnished house at Clapham, is—what? To sell body and soul to the devil, and drive, drive, drive, master and man, as if heaven were in the Bank cellars, and hell in the Insolvent Court? O no; there is a much surer and better mode of getting rich than that old dreadful way, the very thought of which is enough to horrify all the ministers, elders, and deacons who have been pious from childhood. The best way of getting rich, in the present day, is to become religious; and by so doing you not only surround yourself with all the luxuries and comforts which riches procure here, but become rich also in faith, hope, and love; and when you die in green old age, with all your sons well provided for, and all your daughters happily married, you mount to an eternity of bliss, to enjoy the inexhaustible riches of heaven. Who would not be religious, with all these magnificent advantages, especially as any one may be so who likes, religion being that easy sort of thing which may be had for asking, or almost without asking, if a man has had but a pious mother. Young men, why do you hesitate? How can you prefer the theatre and the cigar cellar to an immediate entrance on a course of piety, which will make you rich and respectable here, and eternally happy hereafter?

The Lecturer, of course, does not lay out his scheme quite so nakedly as we have done for him; but though rather more nicely wrapped up, such is his real drift and meaning. Look, for instance, at, the following extract:—

"So in respect to competency and success in life. All the virtues inculcated by religion are favourable to a man's passing comfortably through the world, and even to its advancement in it, so far as that is regulated by ordinary laws, and looked for within reasonable limits. Sudden turns of fortune, singular talents, and remarkable opportunities, we put aside. At the same time, it should never be forgotten, that the most astonishing aptitude for business will seldom secure solid and permanent success without virtue; while virtue, associated with average power, will often make a steadily-advancing man. The habits of mind, speech, and behaviour, which a sensible, religious man will naturally cultivate, are all favourable to his retaining employment, securing confidence, improving his circumstances, and getting on, at least not going

back. Whatever he is, whether master or servant; and whatever he does, whether buying or selling, planning or accomplishing, working with the head or hand; he will be conscientious, truthful, upright, just. He ought to be active and energetic, for the law under which he lives is, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' Religious virtue is favourable to industry and economy, thriftiness and forethought. He that provides not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. A religious man of business should be discreet, cautious, circumspect; he is not forbidden, indeed, to be bold and venturesome, within safe and reasonable limits; to add to the objects or branches of his merchandise; to extend or change his connections; to alter something in the form of his pursuits; to embark capital in a supposed profitable investment, or in other ways to attempt to increase his profits, 'and lay up for the time to come;' but he should never enter, and, acting consistently with his professed principles, he never will enter, into any hazardous or reckless speculation; he will have nothing to do with anything suspicious in its moral aspect; he will not suspend rise or ruin on a dubious possibility; he will not dare to risk his all in 'hasting to be rich.'

"So of the master. The young principal, venturing into business as a partner or alone, who has probity, honour, scrupulous integrity; who displays activity, tact, attention; who conscientiously limits his private expenses; and who, whatever he has to deny himself, struggles to maintain his commercial credit; who, as at once a religious and sensible man, has a quiet conscience, a pure heart, a true life, clean hands, and a clear head;—why, all these things have a natural tendency to help him on, not to mention God's blessing on earnest goodness and honest work. 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich.' But there is such a thing as a diligent, bad man making money, and, from God withholding his blessing, 'putting it into a bag with holes.' And there is such a thing as 'God giving a man power to get wealth;' 'blessing his basket and his store;' advancing him in condition and honour, and thus, age after age, repeating the story, and realising again the experience of the young Hebrew exile, 'The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man.'"

Is not the whole drift of the above extract to show, that there is a natural tendency in religion to advance a man in the world? Not a syllable is breathed about God's crossing all a man's plans in providence to wean his heart from

the world, nor a word of warning against indulging that love of money, which the Scripture declares to be the root of all evil. The temptations of prosperity, the snares of business, the difficulty of preserving an honest conscience as trade is now carried on, the worldliness of spirit which success naturally engenders, the conformity to prevailing habits and fashions, which almost uniformly follows an advancement in wealth and station, and the declared impossibility of serving God and Mammon, are not even alluded to. The positive statements of the Bible are virtually set aside. It is no longer "the poor of this world" who are "rich in faith;" no longer easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven; it is no longer true that "they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many sinful and foolish lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition;" the rich man, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, is now as likely to go to heaven as the beggar at his gate full of sores. The world is not what the world was in the days of old, and a man may now be a friend of the world and a friend of God—it being then a wicked, profane, and very naughty world, but now a good, respectable, and almost pious and religious world.

But after he has, much doubtless to his own satisfaction, thus achieved the conquest of two worlds, a thought strikes him, or a sudden qualm of conscience seizes him, whether the matter can be thus easily settled. He, therefore, summons up a champion on the opposite side, into whose mouth he may put some sufficiently-obvious objections to his views. One of his audience, "having the aspect of a grave, religious man," is represented as thus speaking:—

"You seem to ignore, if I rightly comprehend you, the contempt with which Christians are to treat the world; how they are to be crucified to it, to despise it, to trample it under their feet; to remember that 'the fashion of it passeth away,' that life is short, that 'we brought nothing into the world and can carry nothing out,' that 'having food and raiment, we ought therewith to be content,' sustained and satisfied with the hope and prospect of an inheritance in the skies. Besides this, you forget that self-denial is to distinguish Christians; that they are under the obligation of going against nature, killing and 'mortifying' the flesh, 'putting off the body of sin,' 'pulling out their eyes,' and so on; and also that religion often stands in the way of our worldly

interests; that conscience will oblige a Christian man to do what others do not, and to forbear doing what others find profitable;—fidelity to God will sometimes involve the forfeiture of patronage or position, the loss of custom or income with other secular evils; and, in extraordinary cases, may require submission to imprisonment or death. I don't see what Christians have to do with making the best of the world. 'He that is the friend of the world, is the enemy of God.' You would almost seem to intimate that we might live on very good terms with both! It is really possible then, after all, 'to serve God and Mammon?' We have high authority for disbelieving that. But I deny the statement that religious virtue is anything like uniformly successful in life. I demur to the fact. I have known many of the most 'excellent of the earth,' humble, pious, unimpeachable men, who never could get on. Everything failed with them. No business they might touch or attempt ever succeeded. As principals, their speculations always miscarried; even as servants, they never rose, or never high. No, no, Sir, the world is a valley of Achor, a place of tears and graves—especially to the righteous. 'Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom.'"

Now just observe, having set up this man of straw, though he has labelled his neck with texts enough to hang himself a thousand times over, how coolly he knocks him down with his own club:—

"Perhaps our friend will allow me to begin what I have to say in reply to his objections and in support of my own belief, by asking him a question or two. May I? 'I may.' Very well. Are you in business? 'I can hardly say that I am now. I have been, and I still attend a little to it; but it is much more like play than work.' You don't live at the shop, perhaps? 'O dear no; I haven't for years. I live a little way out of town, and come in about four or five days out of the six.' Do you drive into town? 'Very seldom. I mostly take the omnibus; it calls for me every morning, whether I come or not. Sometimes I have the horse out, with the britska, but not often. My wife and girls mostly use that. I don't care about it.' You have a wife and children, then? 'I am happy to say I have; and no man, I believe, was ever blessed with a better wife, or had more comfort and satisfaction in his children.' Are they all at home with you? 'No, not all of them. Some are married, and most satisfactorily. My eldest son is in the business; my second is at Cambridge. Two of my daughters are settled. One is the wife of a respectable solicitor, the other of a rising merchant in the

city, and each has two or three lovely children.' You are, of course, a professor of religion; your words and manner showed that. You belong to some Christian church? 'I have been a communicant in the same church for forty years. I had pious parents, though I lost them early. My father I never saw, but my mother lived till I left school; her image is the most precious of my memories. I was preserved from the follies and vices of youth; religion, too, got to be a habit and a life. I became a communicant; and I have retained that connection ever since.' You are probably an office-bearer? 'I am.' An elder? 'Something like it.' I thought so. Thank you. That will do."

This picture of a London deacon is, no doubt, drawn from life, and is so far valuable as showing us what sort of Christians the officers of the general dissenting churches are. The photograph, however, thus hastily taken is, by a few touches, finished off into the following miniature likeness:

"Our friend, here, has not found the world a vale of tears, or anything like it, though he began life in a haze, or mist, from his original locality and from early sorrow. The sun soon broke out upon him, and he has had a long bright day. He started well, and got on successfully. He never lost position or income on account of his religion. It was never difficult for him to keep a conscience, or follow his convictions. His known habits rather, perhaps, helped than hindered his advancement. He has had, it appears, a steady rise in life. He got into business; things succeeded; he realised property; the burden of work is now completely off his mind—the results of his industry secure in the funds. He lives in some suburban retreat, at Clapham or Highgate; keeps a gig—and something more; has a good home filled and furnished from cellar to roof; sons starting in business where he leaves off, or preparing for entering the liberal professions; his daughters, I dare say, have been well educated, and are, no doubt, both virtuous and accomplished, reading, probably, some of the continental languages in addition to their own. His mind is easy for the rest of his life. He can never more be painfully anxious about provision for the day that is passing over him, whatever he may have been; for national bankruptcy is not near, and without that he cannot be reduced to fear or want. No ordinary event of Providence can affect him. I really don't think his crucifixion to the world can ever have been very agonising; or that life has been to him nothing but a thing full of tears and trouble, from which he was constantly sighing to escape. He knows very well, and has often, I am sure,

rejoiced in the thought, that the psalm he learnt when a boy,—the first he said to his mother—is really neither more nor less than just the description of what one world has been to him, and what he hopes for the next:

'Goodness and mercy all my life  
Have surely followed me;  
And in the house of God at last,  
My dwelling place shall be.'

I have no doubt it will. I have no doubt, either, but that he has lived with a sincere regard to his ultimate entrance into the upper world, though he has by no means been indifferent to making a good thing of this; and he has succeeded, too, both as to accumulation and enjoyment."

In this rich deacon, this retired, wealthy merchant, with his good house filled and furnished from cellar to roof, with his eldest son in the business, and his second at Cambridge, with a mind easy for the rest of his life, only to be ruined by national bankruptcy, with no agonising crucifixion to the world, but sure at last of an eternal dwelling-place in the house of God—in this communicant in the same church for forty years, we see the exact materials of which the London general dissenting churches are made.

The open, we may say barefaced way in which the writer of this book pleads for the luxuries and enjoyments of life, as perfectly consistent with religion, is very striking:—

"I do steadily maintain, then, that what we drew out as a theory, and pursued as an argument, is sustained by the facts—facts standing there, before our eyes, in the visible church of the living God. Religion does, as a general rule, produce those virtues and induce that conduct which, by way of natural consequence, work the stuff that life is made of into something happy and prosperous. The pious, excellent, philanthropic men, who are the strength and stay of our religious institutions, I have already told you, are men of this sort. They have, for the most part, sprung from the church itself. They were in it, and of it, as young men; but they have all along, also, had to live and work in the world—and many of them have done so with eminent success. They are living in the enjoyment of all that is comfortable—some in much that is

elegant and splendid. And there's no harm in this—no inconsistency with Christian principle. 'To provide things honest,' or becoming, 'in the sight of all men,' is just for a man so to live in society as not to excite remark either by one extreme or another. His house, appointments, habitual expenses, are all to be such as are suitable to his property and rank, according to what is customary with his class, and furnished by the improvements of the particular age in which he lives. He is not to be ostentatious, and to draw observation by show and expense; but neither is he to be mean and sordid, or unnecessarily singular, especially to such an extent that none can visit him with satisfaction or sympathy. It is not required that men, in our age of the world, and in our condition of society, should confine their expenditure and conform their habits to what was customary at a previous period; and there is no reason on earth why Christian men, when opulent and prosperous, should be required to do this, or thought to be luxurious and worldly if they don't.

"Because once there were no carpets, nor curtains, nor rosewood chairs, nor beautiful engravings to be seen in the houses of certain classes, (or further back, indeed, of any) that is no reason why it should be thought wrong to have them now. If God 'gives a man power to get wealth' in this nineteenth century of ours, in which materials are cheapened, and, when beautifully wrought into various objects of use or ornament, come, in these forms, so within the reach of numbers as to be general and customary possessions—why, the man in question, however spiritual or devout he may be, need not be supposed to do wrong by availing himself of the advantages of the day he lives in. If he can keep a carriage, let him keep it, and let him call it a carriage, and not attempt to sophisticate his soul by describing it, with the Quaker, as only 'a leathern convenience.'"

To get money, and then surround yourself with all the luxuries that money can buy, according to this bright and shining light of the London dissenting world, are things perfectly consistent with the precepts of the gospel. How far it is following Christ's example, walking in his footsteps, or being conformed to his suffering image, he does not inform us; nor does he hint at any probability of failure through the deceitfulness of the heart, or at any danger of making a mistake, and taking the broad road instead of the narrow one. Religion is assumed by him to be an easy sort of thing to which a man may gradually habituate himself; that at the outset nothing more is required than a

determination to be truly religious, and walk in a course of desired piety and virtue; that, by degrees religion becomes a second nature, and thus it is every day more and more easy to resist temptation, until at length piety is so fully confirmed that it is more easy to be religious than otherwise. If this is not contrary to all the experience of all the saints of God, and a fatal deception, what can be? And yet here we have a leading minister of the evangelical dissenters holding this up as the religion which saves a soul from eternal ruin.

On casting our eye over what we have thus far written, two thoughts seem to strike our mind. 1. Whether we have altogether done wisely in drawing attention to so worthless a book. 2. Whether our remarks have not been almost in too light and sarcastic a vein. As regards the first objection, we have already explained our chief motive for noticing the book at all—that we may see in it, as in a mirror, what is the prevailing religion of the day, and how fearfully the mass of general Dissenters have degenerated from the principles and practice of their Puritan ancestors. Not that we are insensible to that tide of sin and vice which engulphs so many thousands of our commercial youth; not that we object to see young men earnestly and affectionately warned against vicious courses; not that we grudge them words of advice and friendly counsel. Nay; most gladly would we see some, yes, many of our commercial youth so divinely wrought upon as to flee from the wrath to come, and made partakers of vital godliness. But we cannot bear to see them deluded and deceived by a book like this, which breaks down all the barriers between the church and the world that God has set up, flatters the pride and ambition of greedy, covetous professors, countenances every indulgence and luxury with which rich leading men in churches surround themselves and their families, wholly misrepresents the nature of true religion, and thus obscures the very path of life into which it seeks to inveigle the young. Better have no religion than one so delusive as this—a religion without repentance or regeneration; without faith, hope, or love; without separation from the world; without persecution or the cross; without the fear of God or a tender conscience; for not one of these things is spoken of or insisted upon. This, then, must plead our excuse, if our indignation at so deceptive, and yet really to any one possessed of spiritual discernment, so shallow a book, has stirred up our mind rather to whip it out of court than patiently listen to and refute its statements and reasonings.

**But if any of our spiritual readers still think that we have borne hard upon the writer, let them carefully read the extracts we have given, and then, comparing them with the word of truth, and their own experience, let them reconsider their verdict, and the result, we venture to hope, will be our acquittal.**

**The length of our Review this, month, and a desire to give more thought and time to the subject than pressure of other matters just now allows us, must plead our apology for deferring to a future number our promised remarks on the "Liberty of the Ministry."**

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**The History of an Idol, its Rise, Reign and Progress.—(*October, 1855.*)**

**Idolatry is a sin very deeply rooted in the human heart. We need not go very far to find of this the most convincing proofs. Besides the experience of every age and every clime, we find it where we should least expect it—the prevailing sin of a people who had the greatest possible proofs of its wickedness and folly, and the strongest evidences of the being, greatness, and power of God. It amazes us sometimes in reading the history of God's ancient people, as recorded in the inspired page, that after such wondrous and repeated displays of his presence, glory, and majesty, they should again and again bow down before stocks and stones. That those who had witnessed all the plagues of Egypt had passed through the Red Sea by an express miracle, were daily living on manna that fell from heaven and water that gushed out of the rock, who had but to look upward by day to behold the pillar of the cloud, and by night, the pillar of fire to manifest the presence of Jehovah in their midst—that this people, because Moses delayed coming down from the Mount, should fall down before a golden calf, and say, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt," does indeed strike our minds with astonishment. And that this sin should break forth in them again and again through their whole history down to the period of the Babylonish captivity, in spite of all the warnings of their prophets, all the terrible judgments of God, all their repeated captivities, and, what would be far more likely to cure it, all their repeated deliverances, does indeed show, if other proof were wanting, that it is a disease deeply rooted in the very constitution of fallen man.**

**If this be the case, unless human nature has undergone a change, of which neither scripture nor experience affords any evidence, the disease must be in the heart of man *now* as much as ever; and if it exist, it must manifest itself, for a constitutional malady can no more be in the soul and not show itself, than there can be a sickness in the body without evident symptoms of illness. It is true that the disease does not break out exactly in the same form. It is true that golden calves are not now worshipped, at least the calf is not, if the gold be, nor do Protestants adore images of wood, brass, or stone. But that rank, property, fashion, honour,\* the opinion of the world, with everything which feeds the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, are as much idolised now as Baal and Moloch were once in Judea, and Juggernaut now is in the plains of Hindostan is true beyond all contradiction.**

**\* We have been much struck with one circumstance connected with the present war—the idolatry paid to honour. A father loses his son in the hospital of Scutari of fever or cholera. His lamentation is not for the youth's soul, but that he did not fall in battle. Another loses his first born at Alma or Inkerman. His balm is, that he was shot down as he was hurraing on his men. A colonel's widow has her son's name mentioned with honour in the dispatches. If she had twenty sons, for such a distinction she would send them all to the Crimea. The only scion of an ancient house, just after he has captured a flag, falls mortally wounded. The colonel of the regiment sends the flag to his family, and it is hung up in the ancient hall to dry the tears of the grey-haired parents. A step in rank, a medal, a riband, a word from the Queen, mention in Parliament, a newspaper paragraph, are considered ample recompenses for the greatest privations, dangers, wounds, sickness, and death itself. If there were an image at the head of every regiment, and on the poop of every ship, before which daily sacrifice was made, and daily prayer offered, there could be no greater idolatry than is now paid to the unseen but all-influential image—Honour. We do not wish it were otherwise, for men being what they are, and needing both a powerful stimulus as well as a guiding rule, if honour were gone, every noble principle distinct from religion, which is the noblest of all principles, would be gone; but we note the fact, and looking beyond time into eternity, feel what a miserable balm honour is for a dying bed, and what a poor refuge in the great judgment day from the frowns of an angry God.**

**But, what is *idolatry*? To, answer this question, let us ask another. What is *an idol*? Is not this the essence of the idea, conveyed by the word, that an idol occupies that place in our esteem and affections, in our thoughts, words and ways, in our dependence and reliance, in our worship and devotedness, which is due to God only? Whatever is to us what the Lord alone should be, *that* is to us an idol. It is true that these idols differ almost as widely as the peculiar propensities of different individuals. But as both in ancient and modern times the grosser idols of wood and stone were and are beyond all calculation in number, variety, shape, and size, so is it in these inner idols of which the outer are mere symbols and representations. Nothing has been too base or too brutal, too great or too little, too noble or too vile, from the sun walking in its brightness to a snake, a monkey, an onion, a bit of rag, which man has not worshipped. And these intended representations of Divinity were but the outward symbols of what man inwardly worshipped; for the inward idol preceded the outward, and the fingers merely carved what the imagination had previously devised. The gross material idol, then, whether an Apollo, "the statue which enchants the world," or a negro fetish, is but a symbol of the inner mind of man. In that inner mind there are certain feelings and affections, as well as traditional recollections, which sin has perverted and debased, but not extinguished. Such are, a sense of a divine Creator, a dread of his anger and justice, a dim belief in a state after death of happiness or misery, an accountability to him for our actions, and a duty of religious worship. From this natural religion in the mind of man, a relic of the fall, sprang the first idea of idolatry; for the original knowledge of God being lost, the mind of man sought a substitute, and that substitute is an idol, the word, like the similar term "image," signifying a shape or figure, a representation or likeness of God. Against this therefore, the second commandment in the Decalogue is directed. Now, this idea of representing God by some visible image being once established by the combined force of depraved intellect and conscience, the debased mind of man soon sought out channels for its lusts and passions to run in which religion might consecrate; and thus the devilish idea was conceived and carried out, to make a god of sin. Thus bloodshed, lust, theft, with every other crime, were virtually turned into gods named Mars, Venus, Mercury, and so on; and then came the horrible conclusion, that the more sin there was committed, the more these gods were honoured. Need we wonder at the horrible debasement of the heathen world, and the utter**

**prostration of moral principle produced by the worship of idols, or at the just abhorrence and wrath of God against idolatry?**

**But we need not dwell on this part of the subject. There is another form of idolatry much nearer home; the idolatry not of an ancient Pagan or a modern Hindoo, but that of a Christian. Idolatry is the very breath of the carnal mind. All that "the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts," desires, thirsts after, is gratified by, or occupied with, is its idol; and so far as a Christian is under the influence of this carnal mind, this old man, this evil heart of unbelief, this fallen Adam nature, this body of sin and death—all which are Scripture terms to express one and the same thing, he bows down to the idol set up in the chambers of imagery.**

**There is an old Latin proverb, that "love and a cough are two things impossible to be concealed;" and thus, though an idol may be hidden in the heart as carefully as Laban's teraphim in the camel's furniture, or the ephod and molten image in the House of Micah, (Judges 18:14), yet it will be discovered by the love shown to it as surely as the suppressed cough of the consumptive patient cannot escape the ear of the Brompton Hospital physician. Nor need we go far, if we would but be honest with ourselves, to find out each our own idol—what it is, and how deep it lies, what worship it obtains, what honour it receives, and what affection it engrosses. Let me ask myself, "What do I most love?" If I hardly know how to answer that question, let me put to myself another, "What do I most think upon? In what channel do I usually find my thoughts flow when unrestrained?" for thoughts flow to the idol as water to the lowest spot in a field. If, then, the thoughts flow continually to the farm, the shop, the business, the investment, to the husband, wife, or child; to that which feeds lust or pride, worldliness or covetousness, self-conceit or self-admiration—that is the idol which, as a magnet, attracts the thoughts of the mind towards it. Your idol may not be mine, nor mine yours; and yet we may both be idolaters. You may despise or even hate my idol, and wonder how I can be such a fool or such a sinner as to hug it to my bosom; and I may wonder how a partaker of grace can be so inconsistent as to love such a silly idol as yours. You may condemn me, and I condemn you; and the word of God's grace and the verdict of a living conscience condemn us both. O how various and how innumerable those idols are! One man may possess a refined taste and educated mind. Books, learning, literature,**

languages, general information, shall be his idol. Music, vocal and instrumental, may be the idol of a second; so sweet to his ears, such inward feelings of delight are kindled by the melodious strains of voice or instrument, that music is in all his thoughts, and hours are spent in producing those harmonious sounds which perish in their utterance. Painting, statuary, architecture, the fine arts generally, may be the Rimmon or Baal, the dominating passion of a third. Poetry, with its glowing thoughts, burning words, passionate utterances, vivid pictures, melodious cadence, and sustained flow of all that is beautiful in language and expression, may be the delight of a fourth. Science, mathematical or mechanical, the eager pursuit of a fifth. These are the highest flights of the human mind; these are not the base idols of the pipe and glass, the low jest, the mirthful supper, or even that less debasing but enervating idol, sleep and indolence, as if life's highest enjoyments were those of the swine in the sty. An idol is not to be admired for its beauty or loathed for its ugliness, but to be hated because it is an idol. You middle-class beings, who despise art and science, language and learning, as you despise the ale-house and skittle-ground, may still have an idol. Your garden, your beautiful roses, your verbenas, fuchsias, and dahlias, wanting all the care and attention of a babe in arms, may be your idol; or your pretty children, so admired as they walk in the street; or your new house and all the new furniture; or your son who is getting on so well in business; or your daughter so comfortably settled in life; or your dear husband so generally respected, and just now doing so nicely in the farm; or your own still dearer self that wants so much feeding, and dressing and attending to—who shall count the thousands of idols which draw to themselves those thoughts, and engross those affections which are due to the Lord alone? You may not be touched. Your idol may be so hidden, or so peculiar, that all our attempts to touch it have left you and it unscathed. Will you therefore conclude that you have none? Search deeper, look closer; it is not too deep for the eye of God, nor too hidden for the eye of a tender conscience anointed with divine eye-salve. Hidden love is the deepest of all love; hidden diseases the most incurable of all diseases. Search every fold of your heart till you find it. It may not be so big nor so ugly as your neighbour's; but an idol is still an idol, and an image still an image, whether so small as to be carried in the waistcoat pocket, or as large as the Colossus at Rhodes.

But it is time to introduce to the notice of our readers the little work at the

head of the present Article. We have read it with much interest as a piece of spiritual anatomy. The rise, progress, history, and fall of the writer's idol is traced out with the greatest clearness and the most minute, though not tedious or strained, accuracy. And there is, besides, an honesty of confession, and, in many places, a tenderness and depth of feeling, which to those who know what an idol is, and have felt its power, come very close home. The idol which cost the writer so much grief and pain, which reigned so long, wielded such sway, and cast down, again resumed its seat till dethroned, as he hopes, for ever, was of a very peculiar nature, and one which to the great bulk probably of our readers would be no idol at all—*love of painting*. None but an artist, or one possessed of that refined taste for works of art which makes him an enthusiastic admirer of them, can enter into the sway and power such an idol exercises over the mind. This taste must have been born with the writer, for it early manifested itself, gained more and more force, and when the Lord quickened his soul, was the daily and hourly besetment, the passion and the plague, the delight and the torment, the lust and the grief of his life for many years; in a word, the *idol* which, as the carnal or spiritual mind prevailed, he set up in the chambers of imagery or broke to pieces, kissed or hugged or hurled from him with indignation, took into his bosom or threw upon the dunghill. Most graphically and feelingly has he described these changes, and this with the honesty of his confessions and the minute, unsparing self-anatomy, which run through the whole work, render it not only very interesting as a piece of autobiography, but full of warning, instruction, reproof, and counsel to those who are entangled in the same snare, and are setting up an idol in the secret chambers of imagery.

It was our intention to conclude the subject in the present Number; but the rest of the Review, whilst still in manuscript, as well as the book itself, from which we had marked numerous extracts, having unhappily been lost in their transit to London through the Post Office, and as this occurred too late to repair the loss, we are unavoidably compelled to defer to another month the further considerations of "The History of an Idol;" and this must be our apology for our present abrupt and unfinished termination.

*(Concluded, November, 1855.)*

The loss of our manuscript and of the book which accompanied it, in their

transit through the Post Office, unavoidably compelled us to bring our last month's Review to a sudden close. Having, however, recovered the missing articles, we now present them to our readers, premising them with a few remarks which may serve to gather up the broken threads, and to recall the subject to their mind and memory.

"The History of an Idol" was the subject of our Review; and in introducing the little work which formed the basis of our article, we, as usual, prefaced it with some observations of our own. Every man has his idol; but it is not every man who sees it; few groan under it; and fewer still have such a spiritual insight into its workings as to be able to dissect and lay them bare for the profit of others. And yet spiritual anatomy, and especially unsparing self-anatomy, is not the least profitable of our religious reading.

Few writings are more interesting or edifying than the history of a man's own experience written by himself, when, in addition to unsparing self-dissection, certain features are stamped upon it. 1. It must be an *experience of grace*, and this will always have two sides belonging to it. To be saved before we are lost, delivered before we are in the prison-house, healed before we are wounded, and acquitted before we are condemned, will never do for God's living family.

2. It must be *clear, concise, and simple*. If a man cannot write with a tolerable degree of clearness, he will lose us as well as himself in a fog; if he be prosy and long-winded, we throw down his book with a yawn; if he be not simple in style, we doubt if he be simple in heart; and his fine language may create a suspicion that he has more light than heat, and aims rather to shine than warm.

3. It must be written *under the unction of the Blessed Spirit*, without which it will never commend itself to the conscience of, or edify the Lord's people.

4. It must be sufficiently *deep and varied* to make it worth reading. And

5. It must be so far *original* as to carry with it the stamp of genuineness. Let our readers recall to mind those published experiences which they have read with most feeling and profit, and they will find these characters stamped upon them. To help their memories, let us suggest three works which will live as

long as God has a people here below—Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," Hart's "Experience," and Huntington's "Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer." These books stand by themselves on the top shelf; and to expect there can be many such writings, is to expect there will be many Bunyans, Harts, or Huntingtons. But there are books on the second shelf which are edifying and instructive. As amongst David's warriors there were valiant captains, who did not attain to the first three that broke through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem that was by the gate (1 Chron. 11:18), so there are gracious men of God who, like Caesar, have not only fought their own battles, but written their own commentaries upon them. Nor did the Roman Caesar wage a sterner or stouter war with our British ancestors and their idols than Christians wage with their idolatrous hearts. The taking of the Malakhoff, the storming of the Redan, with all their fearful incidents of suffering and death, heroic valour and unflinching self-sacrifice, have stirred the hearts and moistened the eyes of thousands; but there is an inward Malakhoff, a Redan in the heart, which offer a more stubborn resistance, and which if captured to-day are lost again tomorrow. Many a poor tempted child of God is in the trenches still, and the Malakhoff not yet taken. There it stands before his eyes, with the enemy's flag still waving over the battlements. Will the idol always reign? Shall the lust still prevail? Must the temptation ever continue? Will sin never cease to assail? Shall Satan still ply his cruel artillery, maiming and disabling faith, hope, and love, prayer and praise, watchfulness and patience, reading and meditation, and beating out of the hands every weapon raised against him? O fight on, fight on, thou soldier of Jesus Christ! Thy Captain is at hand; he will gain the victory for thee, a better victory than if thou hadst stood all covered with blood and glory on the ruins of Sebastopol with the baton of a Field Marshal in thy hand.

But we will not delay any longer an introduction to the author, who, writing from soul experience, depicts so vividly and so well the rise and progress of his idol. The first setting up of it commenced almost in boyhood. Being articled to a colourman in London, he was brought into the opportunity of seeing paintings and conversing with artists. This applied the torch to the combustibles already laid in his natural temperament, as he thus describes:—

"Located in the midst of men of genius, and surrounded by the studios of painters, to which from the associate nature of his calling, he had frequent

and easy access, the exquisite beauties of the 'pictorial art,' soon ravished his eyes. Captivated by the charm of colours in the bright productions of the limner's skill, the smouldering embers of intellectual depravity were so stirred up within him that, fired with the fantastic hope of reputation, he at once caught the high spirit of a painter, and set up a study for himself. The rising flame was fanned by youthful ambition and pride; and so enchanted did the child become with the pleasing spectacles of artistic vanity which the easel produced, that he grew a confirmed enthusiast in that art which he thought was the glory of the world."

It will be seen that two mighty principles were here at work—the love of art and the lust of fame. These, like the two tubes in a hot-air furnace, alternately and unremittingly blew up the flame. How intensely it burnt the next extract will show:—

"Thus inflamed by the fervour of youth for honour and distinction among men, there was such unwearied assiduity, close application, and constant practice, that no rest was given either to the mind or body. The midnight lamp was kept burning for the study of works of art; or on the leads of the house-top, the hours for sleep were employed in portraying the bright features of the silver shining moon. Unwearied through excess of courage, and the clothes not taken off all night, there was an anxious watching for the first light tinge of the morning sun, which was painted again at mid-day, when the bright luminary was in its full meridian glory; and the act repeated at sunset to catch its last declining rays. Thus was the mind wholly absorbed in the contemplation of that which appeared to be most worthy the true dignity of his nature, and the best calculated to bring him happiness, rest, and peace."

At this time, and in the very midst of all this burning fever to achieve the highest honours of the pictorial art, it pleased God, as the writer believes, to quicken his soul, mainly through the instrumentality of a gracious person whom he met with on a visit to a friend's house in the country. Still the idol—only now discovered to be an idol—inflamed him under every green tree:—

"The darling idol of the heart was held in higher estimation than ever, and even worshipped with a spoiling adoration unknown in the simpler days of youthful study. Passion became to him the perfection of his nature. Indeed,

nothing else (save the sister arts, poetry and music) was a pleasurable pursuit, for there was an exquisiteness of enjoyment in the delectable art of painting, that was perfect enchantment to the writer; though now doomed to the toil of 16 and 18 hours a day in a business hated and despised; yet the palette was taken in hand after 10, and frequently after 12 o'clock at night, when all the inmates of the house were asleep—such was the vehement desire to excel. This was in a pent-up garret that looked out upon slates and tiles, and where time first showed it had given to the constant habit of night study, a power over the poor weak body. But so was he led astray by the luxury of enthusiastic sensations that, that which in the week he was legitimately deprived of, namely, time and opportunity to pursue his favourite study, the *Sunday* was taken to supply. Yes, this day, holy through its being sanctified or set apart for holy purposes, and sacred for the services held in the name of Jesus, to sound his honours and spread abroad his fame; was, by the idolater, sacrificed at the shrine of his perverted intellect and earthly mind, to gratify the rage of passion, and give full power to the lust of ambitious pride. The annoying cares of a week of busy degradation at an end, he would shake off the fetters that bound him to the counter; when through the sinful impetuosity of enraged enthusiasm, he would sally out of town with the liberated joy of a released slave, from smoke and shopkeepers, to where

'Great Nature dwells, and lavish in her beauty,  
The directing hand—of art demanded.'

"Here the canvas and colours were carried out into the fields, to paint the full orb'd ruler of the skies, with all the bright effects flowing from its effulgence (throwing a thousand visionary delights into the aerial expanse,) on Nature's lovely carpet of green, under the fair, free canopy of heaven.

'Or, calmly seated in some village bower,  
He gave to themes of art the studious hour.'"

During this period of idolatrous madness, the writer believes that the Spirit of God was at work upon his soul. Knowing well the desperate struggles of besetting sins, and the power which an idol-lust has to dim the eye and deaden sensitiveness of conscience, we will not say it was not so; but certainly thus to desecrate the Lord's Day is not in accordance with the usual experience of an

awakened sinner. Literature has been perhaps to us as powerful, if not so maddening an idol as painting to the writer; but the first convictions beat all books but religious books out of the hand for the Lord's Day. Still the people of God are sometimes brought to this point, "If I have grace now, it must have had a beginning. When was that beginning? If not at such or such a time, it was not at all; for I am sure I then for the first time felt those things in my soul which I have since believed to be the effect of grace." However this time may seem obscured by sins and circumstances of that or any following period, we seem compelled to hold to that season, for if we relinquish that, there remains no other beginning to look to; and if our religion had no beginning, we have none at all. One of the most trying things in experiences is, to have to look back through a mass of dark clouds to that one bright spot where the soul was quickened and awakened from its sleep in sin and death. That sin then stunned should revive again with apparently greater power than ever, that the heart which promised so well should turn out so deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, that the beginning, so full of life and feeling, tears and prayers, should, like an autumn morn, be so soon overcast with the mists and clouds of backslidings and inconsistencies—it is *this* which sometimes, when pondered over, hurls the soul well nigh to the very borders of despair. Doubts and fears of various kinds beset most of the living family of God; but Hart, in one line, has well pointed out their main source:—

"And sin engenders doubt."

If then no subsequent dealings of God with the soul cleared up the point, we must almost come to the conclusion to which despair would drive us, that this first awakening was but such a season of natural convictions and fleshly repentance as a Saul or a Herod might experience. Many of the children of God are here till delivered by some clear manifestation of the love of God to their soul, though perhaps few have been exactly in the position of the writer of the work before us, or been so carried away by an idol not positively in itself sinful.

We have dwelt on this point for two reasons, 1. On *general* grounds, as hoping thereby to cast a little light on a very trying place in experience; and, 2. On the *particular* ground of the work before us, for we candidly confess that we could not receive it as the beginning of a work of grace on the writer's soul,

unless there were a clearer account of the dealings of God with him afterwards.

The Lord, therefore, did not allow him to follow the idol to his ruin. By terrible things in righteousness he threw it from its pedestal. He laid his hand first, on his body, "ripe," as he says, "through intemperate study, for disease," and struck it with a malignant distemper:

"Removed from the scene of his enthusiastic struggles, he passed the Christmas of 1837 at his father's house with a high fever of the brain, suffering the torments of hell. The Royal Exchange of London was burning at the time, but his soul was in a hotter fire than that, for the fire of divine wrath, the fury of divine vengeance, and the fierceness of God's anger against sin, were poured out upon him. And so was he tortured with anguish at the sight of his lost and ruined condition, that he was driven to the verge of madness through despair of pardon; and he underwent a torment of soul affliction, until he knew that his sins were forgiven. Indeed, such was the intensity of his sufferings in the 'fiery trial,' that it seemed as if heaven and hell, or God and the devil were striving for the mastery of his soul; but he was mercifully preserved in the midst of the flames, sent only to consume the chaff and stubble he had gathered, (Isa. 5:24,) for he saw a form like unto the Son of God himself, (ah, it was the Son of God himself,) (Dan. 3:25,) beheld through a mysterious and incomprehensible vision; who, whilst he gave commandment to the fire to burn up that which was at enmity to himself restrained its power to hurt the soul—this was to be purified and purged, not burnt up and destroyed.

"O wondrous day of grace, when, by the 'Spirit of Judgment' and the 'Spirit of burning,' as fire and brimstone from the Lord out of heaven, the soul was burnt out of a satanic world of science as was Lot out of sensual Sodom, whilst many a monument as useless as the pillar of mineral salt was beheld, left standing on the road; when the Lord, merciful unto him, brought him forth and set him without the city of destruction, and led him by a right way to Zion, the city of solemnities."

With every desire to view it favourably, there is, we confess, something in the above extract which does not exactly commend itself to our conscience. It may

partly arise from the style of the writer, which rather lacks simplicity; but, taking into consideration the peculiar nature of his illness, were it not for the effects as described in our next extract, we should be inclined to say there was something too visionary in the deliverance spoken of. He says that 'he saw a form like unto the Son of God himself (O it was the Son of God himself) beheld through a mysterious, incomprehensible vision.' He probably means "seen by the eye of faith," for that is the only way the Son of God is now seen: "Whom not having seen ye love;" "endured, seeing him who is invisible." But what makes us hope it was a real deliverance is based on two things 1. His "anguish at the sight of his lost and ruined condition," so as to be driven to the verge of madness through despair of pardon. And, 2. The effects produced which abode with him upon recovery, thus described:—

"The will of God being now thus far accomplished, he took the crucible from off the fire; and though life had been despaired of, it not being his 'time to die,' he recovered. Ah, happy season of returning health, which brought with it the joys of God's salvation. When the Bible and poor John Bunyan's 'Holy War,' took the place of Du Fresnoy and Sir Joshua Reynolds; when the proud honour of earthly fame was trampled in the dust; and another way was found for exercising his talents other than copying the mere works of Nature; and that in celebrating the praises of the God of grace. Indeed, so was he absorbed in the contemplation of divine realities, and enamoured with the new beauties that presented themselves to his astonished and admiring view, that he felt quite loosened from all earthly things removed, and the idols cast down by this fresh king upon the throne of the heart. When all the tinsel ornaments of his profession were so lightly esteemed that they were cast aside, as nothing worth, to be destroyed."\*

\* The servant was ordered to tear up his canvas pictures into ribbon, to light her fire with the 'water colour drawings,' and to burn the wooden frames."

We cannot expect many of our readers to enter into the things described in this book. The absorbing nature of the love of art can only be felt and understood by an artist in the true sense of the word, that is, ones naturally gifted with that exquisite taste and refined sense of beauty which makes its pursuit the one great object and consuming passion of his life. Living in our common world of drudgery and business, knowing no nobler pursuit than the

shop or farm, their highest literature the day-book and ledger, and deepest study the "Mark Lane Express," the finest prospect a field of good turnips, and the most beautiful perspective an unceasing crowd of customers, what know most of that inner world of taste and imagination in which the artist lives? To despise it is easy. The Turks used to shoot at those beautiful statues which, under the name of the Elgin Marbles, are reckoned the choicest treasures of art. And so you whose heart is in the till, or who are watching with exultation, those rising markets which bring want to thousands, may shoot at such an idol as the love of painting. A new sign-post would probably be a finer painting to you than a damaged Claude; and a staring likeness of your wife by a travelling portrait painter a nobler production than a Vandyke or a Titian. To you this little book will be a mystery, and you will wonder how the man could be such a simpleton as to sit up half the night painting the moon. To us, however, its chief value is its originality; that it takes us not only into the artist's studio, but into his very heart, his inmost being, and shows us the intense flame which daily consumes him, and into which he unhesitatingly throws by a kind of self-sacrifice, health, strength, worldly prospects, every other occupation and every other pleasure, nay, often life itself. The road to that excellence, without which neither fame nor even a competency can be attained, is strewn with victims. Brain fever, consumption, madness, suicide, like so many bloodhounds, pull down many who started full of energy and hope poverty, disappointment, and that gnawing sense of neglected merit which eats into the very vitals of the unnoticed artist, are the lot of others; few attain any such eminence as drives the wolf from the door, or gives them a name amongst men. We are almost tempted to cry, "God keep our children from being artists." They had better sell candles behind a counter, or spend all their days amidst sheep and bullocks, their morning breath the perfume of the dung-cart, and their afternoon walk the clods of the valley, than handle the painter's brush or the sculptor's chisel, if with success to be ruined by applause, if with ill-success to be crushed by disappointment. Happier far would have been our painter, if he had ground colours instead of using them, made brushes instead of spoiling them, and woven canvas instead of covering it. For where amongst the band of artists and sculptors do we find any manifested children of God? The writer declares in his Preface that he never knew an instance of a person converted to "God from the regions of art or science" but himself. It is indeed most rare; but Dr. Gordon, whose dying experience was reviewed in Vol. XVIII. p. 308 of our periodical, is an example

of one called out of "the regions of science;" and we know no reason why the snares of art should be stronger than those of philosophy.\*

\* The sculptor Bacon was certainly a professor of religion, for he was buried in Whitefield's chapel, Tottenham Court Road, and the following inscription, written by himself, was placed over his grave: "What I was as an artist seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I really was as a believer in Jesus Christ is the only thing of importance to me now."

But we must not let our pen run on. We have said sufficient to show the interest we have taken in the book, which we accept as a most vivid and truthful description of the writer's experience, though it may not meet our views at every point; nor do we think many of our readers will feel towards it exactly as we do.

The remainder of the book, which is equally interesting and experimental, goes on to narrate the resetting up of the idol, the guilt and death produced thereby, and the distress and bondage caused by the way in which the Lord finally and fully broke it to pieces. We have only room for one or two more extracts, which will abundantly speak for themselves:—

"Indeed, so familiar did the sinful fondling grow, that like as Solomon's libidinous love, he could not give it up. It became as part of his nature; it clung to him as ivy to the oak; intruded itself into every thought, and stunted the growth of every spiritual desire. Not a cloud was seen ever in the common look of carelessness, but the mind, attracted by the magnetic powers of that which is beautiful and grand in nature, at once studiously entered into a bewitching analysis of its peculiar form and varied tint; not a tree was passed in the simple walks of daily life, but it must be viewed in its several bearings for pictorial use; the herd of cows, the flock of sheep, the group of men, were all made to serve the purposes of art; whilst light and shade; form and order; tone and colour; were taken into the account at every sight of nature whenever or wherever presented to view. Indeed, it became as natural to associate things seen with their representation on canvas, as it did to breathe. What a lamentable fulfilment of scripture prediction is here, which says, 'The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways.'"

The following extract much struck us at the time we read it. What chiefly arrested our mind was, his description of the way in which the idol pursued him into the very house of prayer. What strength must that idol-love of painting have had, that in the very service of the sanctuary he was gathering up materials for a painting, and was in idea sketching the minister whilst listening to him. But be not too hard upon him, brother idolater. Perhaps thy farm or thy shop has followed thee too into the house of prayer, especially if the hay were in the field and the day wet, or you were expecting the traveller's call for payment of a heavy amount to be made tomorrow.

"Pollution was his portion. Though in the very house of God, and engaged in the solemn services of the sanctuary, the mind would arrange a picture from the minister and people, or glean ideas of 'grouping' from the gathering multitude; or exercise its functions in the interior varieties of the place—anon, a bit of a cloud seen through a skylight, or the rays of the sun darting through a window, would revive all former feelings of delight; when the apt imagination would soon picture to the mind a fitly composed subject for their happy representation. Then the canvas and colours were thought of—the time when, and the way and manner how, the contemplated desire was to be carried out—the 'master' that painted in that particular style; the many advantages obtained by a mature consideration of the subject, and so on, till he was worked up into the frenzy of enthusiasm, and carried away by the fit of fleshly excitement, into the delectable but delusive regions of art and science; forgetting where he was, who he was, and what he was."

His deliverance was mainly through the illness, nigh unto death, of a darling child, his last sketch being of his apparently dying infant (for the child was restored) as he lay on his mother's breast; but it was the *word* of the Lord which eventually rescued his soul from the idol altogether.

"At length it pleased him whose 'mercy endureth for ever,' and who had said, 'I have surely seen the affliction of my servant and heard his cry by reason of bondage; I have seen the oppression wherewith the enemy oppresses him, and heard his groanings;' now that I have slain his hopes set upon idols, I will quicken his expectation from me; having wounded his heart by affliction, I will heal it in love. Return, O backsliding Israel unto the Lord, for I am married unto thee; and walk no more after the imagination of thine own evil

heart, but after the way of mine, and thou shalt no longer be termed desolate and forsaken, but become the delight of the Lord.

"Then God spake these word with power into the soul, in explanation of his reasons for afflicting it, and to show the end and design he had in view of accomplishing by it. 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether; more to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned.' (Ps. 19:9-11.)"

If we have any apology to make for the length of our Review, it must be for our portion of it. The extracts, we think, will not be deemed too long, and will probably lead some of our readers to desire to procure for themselves the whole of the work. We could have wished the style a little more simple; but every writer has his style, which he can no more materially alter than the height of his stature or the colour of his hair. With this deduction, and its almost invariable accompaniment, occasional obscurity, we commend it to the notice of our readers.

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**The Church of God; or, Essays upon some Descriptive Names and Titles given in the Scriptures by God the Holy Ghost to the General Assembly of all True Believers in God the Son, or the God-man Jesus Christ. To which is added, Christian Husbandry; or, a Companion for the Christian in his Field and Garden. By Ambrose Serle.—(December, 1855.)**

How little do we, for the most part, realise, and daily, hourly, live and feed upon those divine and heavenly truths which we, as Christians, profess to believe!

Take, for instance, that great, that astonishing truth—*the incarnation of the Son of God*, in its various fruits and consequences, such as his holy life on earth, his sufferings in the garden and on the cross, his resurrection, ascension, and exaltation to the right hand of God. This, the foundation of all our faith, hope, and love, our only refuge in life and death, our only source of consolation here and of bliss hereafter, how little is it realised proportionately

**to its divine blessedness!**

**To say we do not realise it, is to say we are unbelievers; for, if faith be "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," to say we do not feel a substance in the incarnation of God's dear Son, is to say we have no faith in it or in Him! On the contrary, it is only as we *do* realise in our own souls the felt blessedness of having a Jesus who suffered, a Jesus who bled, a Jesus who died, a Jesus who was buried and rose again, a Jesus now at God's right hand for us as "the great High Priest over the house of God," that we ever feel anything worth feeling, receive anything worth receiving, or enjoy anything worth enjoying. Nay, further, it is only as we *do* realise this blessed truth that the Son of God is in our nature at the right hand of the Father, "able (and willing) to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him," that we ever pray with any faith or acceptance, find any access or sweetness in approaching the throne of grace, or receive any answer to our petitions. The more deeply our soul is penetrated with "the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh," the more strongly that our faith embraces, our hope anchors in, and our love flows towards a once crucified, but now risen and glorified Immanuel, the more prayerful, watchful, humble, tender-hearted, contrite, and spiritually-minded shall we be, and the more will every gracious fruit appear and abound in our hearts, lips, and lives. No man, therefore, is worthy the name of a Christian who does not believe in, and spiritually realise in his own soul, who and what the Lord Jesus is as God's dear Son in our flesh; and the more he believes in him as such, and the more he receives out of his fulness "in whom it hath pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell," the more he glorifies him, and is conformed to his image.**

**And yet it is, for the most part, only at times and seasons that we so realise who and what Jesus is as to obtain any sensible victory over the evils of our heart, the strength of sin, the snares of the world, or the assaults of Satan. Faith, it is true, never dies out of the heart when once it has been implanted there by the hand of God; but in its actings it often seems latent or asleep. Yet as the babe slumbering in the cradle is as much a living child as when pressed to the mother's bosom it receives nutriment from her breast, so faith is as much a living faith when it slumbers as when it receives out of Christ's fulness grace for grace, and sucks the breasts of consolation.**

**Still we revert to our starting point—that compared with what is to be believed, known, and felt, we feel and realise comparatively little of the incarnation of the Son of God. How earnestly did Paul desire that he "might know Him, and the power of his resurrection," as if all he knew was but a drop compared with the ocean; and how fervently he prayed for his beloved Ephesians, that "they might comprehend with all saints what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, and might know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that they might be filled with all the fulness of God."**

**That he, who is the Father's co-equal and co-eternal Son, did really lie a babe in Bethlehem's manger, that he really did walk on this polluted earth, "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," that he hungered, thirsted, groaned, wept, sweat great drops of blood,**

**"Bore all incarnate God could bear  
With strength enough, and none to spare;"**

**and then, when by his blood-shedding on the cross, he had offered one, and the only one sacrifice for sin, meekly laid down his life, that he might take it again—can we, can any of us, say that we realise in this suffering and risen God-man, the thousandth or millionth part of the grace and glory, bliss and blessedness, peace and joy, liberty and love, treasured in, and flowing out of him? Consider for a moment, what fruits have already flowed into the hearts of the saints from a risen Immanuel. By faith in him, as the incarnate God, martyrs have faced death in its most appalling forms, and patiently, nay, joyfully, endured the most exquisite torments which the most fiendish malice in hell, or out of hell, could devise; by faith in Him as God-man, thousands of despairing sinners have found pardon and peace. The bed of languishing and pain, the lonely garret of poverty and want, the cancer ward of a hospital, the walls of the union workhouse, have all been illuminated by the rays of the cross, so that sickness had no sorrow, death no sting, and the grave no terror. In the beautiful and experimental language of Kelly:—**

**"The Cross, it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day;  
And sweetens every bitter cup.**

**"It makes the coward spirit brave;  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
It takes its terror from the grave;  
And gilds the bed of death with light."**

**And as from the cross flows all *salvation*, so from the cross flows all *sanctification*. What have not men done, to make themselves holy; and by this means render themselves, as they have thought, acceptable to God! What tortures of body, what fastings, scourgings, self-imposed penances to sanctify their sinful nature, and conform their rebellious flesh to the holiness demanded by the law! And with what success? They have landed either in self-righteousness or despair—both of them, though at opposite points of the compass,**

**"As far removed from God and light of Heaven,  
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole."**

**The flesh cannot be sanctified. It is essentially and incurably corrupt; and therefore, if we are to possess that inward holiness, "without which no man shall see the Lord," it must be by Christ being "of God, made unto us sanctification," as well as righteousness—sanctifying us not only "with his own blood," (Heb. 13:13,) but by his Spirit and grace. If we believe in Him, we shall love him ("unto you which believe, he is precious;") if we love him, we shall seek to please, and fear to displease him; if we believe in Him, by the gift and work of God, this divine and living faith will purify our heart, overcome the world, produce that spiritual mindedness which is life and peace, give union and communion with the Lord of life and glory; and every believing view of him, every act of faith upon him, and every visit from him, will conform us to his likeness, as the Apostle speaks: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." (2 Cor. 3:18.)**

**If, then, we are to feel an inward power sanctifying our hearts, drawing up our minds to heavenly things, subduing our sins, meekening and softening our spirit, separating us from the world, filling us with holy thoughts, gracious desires, and pure affections, and thus making us "meet for the inheritance of**

the saints in light," this inward sanctification must flow wholly and solely from the Blessed Spirit, as the gift of a risen Jesus: as he himself said, "Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you." "He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you" (John 16:7, 14).

It is not, then, the hair-shirt, the monk's cell, the midnight vigil, the protracted fast; no, nor the soothing strains of the swelling organ, the melodious chant of surpliced choristers, the "dim religious light" of the stained Gothic window; no, nor the terrors of the Law, the accusations of conscience, the tears, cries and resolutions of a heart that still loves sin, though professing to repent of it; no, nor gloomy looks, neglected apparel, softly uttered words, slow walk, holiness of face, manner, and gesture, hollow voice, demure countenance, a choice assortment of Scripture words and phrases on every occasion, or no occasion; no, nor all the array of piety and sanctity which Satan, transformed into an angel of light, has devised to deceive thousands, that can purge the conscience from the guilt, filth, love, power and practice of sin, or raise up that new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. Like the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of a heifer sprinkling the unclean, they may, and even that very imperfectly, sanctify to the purifying of the flesh; but it is the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, which can alone purge the conscience from filth, guilt, and dead works, to serve the living God; and it is the work of the blessed Spirit alone which, by revealing Christ, and forming him in the heart, "the hope of glory," can create and bring forth that new man of grace which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him.

The book before us is a reprint at the Bonmahon Industrial Printing School, of a work published in the last century by Ambrose Serle, a friend of Romaine, and a gracious, well-taught man in the things of God. He was what is called "a layman," that is, not a minister, and held, if we mistake not, some office under government; but was evidently a man of education, and of much research, both into the Scriptures in their original tongues and commentaries of learned men. His chief and best work is the "Horae Solitariae"; or, Solitary Hours, the name he gave to an octavo work in two volumes, on the titles of

**Christ in the Scriptures.** His chief object in it was to set forth the essential Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ, by bringing forward, and separately expatiating on, the titles given him in the Scriptures by the Holy Ghost, and proving by a variety of arguments, that such titles express or imply his eternal, underived Deity.

Though from its learning rather beyond the ordinary Christian reader, yet it is a very edifying, instructive, book, from gathering as it were into one focus the rays scattered through the Scriptures, and discussing the great truths of revelation, not with a doctrinal hardness, but experimentally, and at times very sweetly and unctuously. There is also, if we mistake not, a supplementary volume to the "Horae Solitariae," on the titles given to the Holy Ghost, which are examined in the same experimental manner.

The subject of the present work is the names and titles given by the Holy Ghost to the Church of God, which are unfolded somewhat more briefly, but on the same model as in the "Horae Solitarite." As it is only from the Scriptures that we know the person and work of the Son of God, so from the same inspired record alone do we know the blessings and privileges which belong to the Church of God. We see her now only in her time state, in her rags and filth, in all the misery and wretchedness of the Adam fall. Some sparkles, indeed, of divine glory we see in the grace bestowed on her—a few scattered rays of the Redeemer's suffering image reflected in her countenance. But as she stood from all eternity in the mind of the Father, the Bride and Spouse of the Son of his love, and as she will stand to all eternity the Lamb's wife, washed in the blood, clothed in his righteousness, filled with his glory, enraptured with his love, and perfectly conformed to his glorified image, we only receive by faith in the sure testimonies of God.

Go into that sick room; look at that poor, pallid, emaciated wretch, in the last stage of consumption, coughing, gasping, dying. What a spectacle! The faint, sickly smell of the low-roofed garret, fresh as you are from the pure air, almost drives you back. But who lies there? A suffering member of the mystical body of the Son of God. Is that all you can see? Can you look beyond the pinched, pallid features of the poor sufferer, or even beyond that grace which shines forth in those dying words which melt your heart as they slowly drop from that feeble tongue? You see in that poor sufferer what sin has done,

**and you see what grace has done. But can you see what glory will do? Can you lift up your believing eyes to the realms of eternal bliss, and see what that member of Christ will be when clothed with an exceeding and eternal weight of glory?**

**When all these members are gathered together, they will form the glorified body of which Christ is the living Head. What that body will be surpasses every thought of the renewed mind, every conception of the believing heart. But it will, we may be sure, be a fit body for such an exalted Head; a fit bride for so glorious a Bridegroom; worthy of his love, his sufferings, his blood, his incarnation; and eternally will He be delighted with her, and eternally she be delighted with Him.**

**We cannot pursue this train of thought, bounded as we are by the limits of a review; and indeed the connection of our whole article with the work reviewed is probably not very obvious.**

**But this is the idea which has guided us throughout. There are two most blessed subjects of spiritual contemplation as revealed to us in the word of truth. The one is, the Son of God in our flesh—suffering on earth, glorified in heaven. The other is the Church of Christ viewed in her relationship to this once suffering, now glorified Immanuel. What blessed subjects for meditation, searching the Scriptures, believing views of, and sweet experimental realisation!**

**Now these are the two subjects that Ambrose Serle, the first in his "Horae Solitariae," and the second in the little word [work?] before us, has sought to bring forth from the Scriptures of truth.**

**We do feel that whatever leads us to search the Scriptures, to penetrate beyond the mere surface into the treasures of Divine truth therein laid up, and above all, to feel the power and blessedness and to realise by a living faith the present grace and future glory of oneness with Christ, is indeed most profitable. It is chiefly in this point of view that works such as Ambrose Serle's are valuable; not so much, perhaps, for what we find in them of the author's interpretation, but because we are led by him to the fountain of truth, to search the Scriptures for ourselves, to read them with an enlightened**

**understanding and a believing heart, and thus draw water for ourselves out of the wells of salvation to which he has brought us.**

**Here we feel there is in our day a great deficiency with most that fear God. They have a few hopes and many fears; a sense of their ruin and misery, and at times sweet glimpses and glances of the sufficiency and suitability, the blood, grace, and love of the Lord Jesus; but they do not seem to realise, or even seek to realise, what he is in himself to those that believe in his name. To search the Scriptures, as for hid treasure, because they testify of him; to ply a throne of grace for a revelation of this Divine Saviour to their hearts; to seek an entrance by living faith into the mystery of his glorious Deity and suffering humanity, so as to have them brought by the blessed Spirit before their eyes, and into their very souls; to resort unto Him as unto an ever-living, ever-loving Mediator and Advocate at the right hand of the Father, so as to receive supplies of strength and comfort out of his fulness—how short most seem here to come! If a wealthy and liberal friend were to put into a banker's hands a large sum of money for us, how eager should we be to draw for what our wants required. Alas! how slow and backward, how unbelieving, and, at times, almost unwilling to resort to the only storehouse of grace and strength, our only hope and help, for the supply of our spiritual wants. Surely, it must be grace and grace alone which can make us feel our need; show us in whom is the supply; draw forth prayer and desire after it, and then bestow what is needed.**

**Mr. Doudney acts wisely in confining himself to works of sound, sterling divinity; and in doing this, he is not only doing good to his industrial school, but benefitting the Church of God.**

**To say that we can see with, or approve of all that we have met with in this little book, would beg to say of it what could scarcely be said of any book in the world but the Bible. We look at an author's drift and general aim, and where these are spiritual and experimental, we do not wish to dwell upon specks and spots.**

**The following extract, may convey a good idea of its spirit and execution:—**

**"In thus being strangers, and pilgrims, and Hebrews, they are also truly and**

spiritually the only Jews, that is, the confessors and glorifiers of Jehovah. He is not a Jew (says the apostle) who is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew who is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men, but of God. Three things made a Jew in the flesh, who is but a shadow of the Jew in spirit; namely: 1. Circumcision; 2. Baptism; 3. Sacrifice; and the purport of these constitute a Christian, who is the true and living Jew. 1. Circumcision of the heart, or cutting off the old man with his deeds, so as not to live by him as the principle of life towards God. 2. The baptism or regeneration of the spirit, which is putting on the new man, even Christ Jesus, as the substance of spiritual life. 3. The sacrifice of the whole body, soul and spirit, to the will of Jehovah, through Christ Jesus. Where this hath taken place, the soul is brought into communion with God as a friend and a child, is enabled to crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts, is rendered a stranger and pilgrim upon earth, is brought into the bond of the everlasting covenant, in perception and experience, and hath a right and title, through Christ, to all the promises, mercies, blessings, and truths, revealed in the gospel. This gospel is the common charter and deed of conveyance to the heirs of salvation, who are privileged now to cry, without a falsehood, 'Abba, Father.' They are but of one nation under the same King, one chosen generation under the same Head, one family under the same Father; all dear to him, and by him provided for and protected continually. Oh, what a transcendent glory is put upon poor worms, when redeemed from the earth, and made kings and priests unto God and the Father for evermore! What honourable thoughts should the Christian have of his own renewed state and condition! How clear should he strive to keep it from all impeachment and degradation! How full of praise should he be to Father, Son, and Spirit, the one Jehovah, who hath done so much for him, and will yet do more in time and in eternity. O my God, when I think upon these things, often doth my heart melt within me, and my soul is ready to cry out, 'Who, and what am I, that thou hast brought me hitherto.' What, but love divine, could have taken me from the base and vile condition of a stranger to God, of a rebel, a slave, a traitor against him, and have raised me, not only to the honourable degree of a servant, which would have been an honour that the first of angels rejoices to receive, and infinitely beyond my expectations, but to the affectionate relation of a friend and a son, and that son an heir, even an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ Jesus, of an exceeding and eternal weight of glory? Oh what

**hath God done for my poor unworthy soul! How hath he made me to rejoice in the earnest and assurance of his favour. Let, oh, let this kindle in my heart the warmest flame of affection and gratitude; and let me learn more and more to become a stranger to all but thee, my God, and what belongs to thy truth and salvation. Let me daily feel and remember that I am but a pilgrim, a passenger, a sojourner here; and consequently let the staff be always in my hand, my loins girt, and my lamp burning; ever waiting, in meek and patient expectation, for the coming or calling of my Lord Redeemer. Thus may I stand oft upon my watch-tower, eagerly looking for the Aijeleth Shahar,\* the hind of the morning, the appearance of the Son of Righteousness to bless me in his kingdom. I am but a poor traveller, weak and sore, beset within and without; Lord help me. Strengthen me for my journey, and quicken my pace in it that I may not be slow of heart to believe, nor dull in spirit to follow thee, in the ways of thy salvation!"**

**\* Title of Psalm 22.**

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**Jehoshaphat and his fathers; or, Evenings alone with God and His word.—  
(February, 1856.)**

**What a wonderful book is the Bible! What countless treasures of mercy and grace, wisdom and truth, are therein contained—hidden, indeed, from the natural eye, but opened up and revealed from time to time by the Blessed Spirit to the enlightened understanding of the family of God. That the word of God is a sealed book to the great mass of professed Christians—we mean by the term, those who, without any divine life in their soul, are in the habit of attending a place of worship—one or two facts will abundantly show. Though the Scriptures are in everybody's hand, and are read or heard habitually from childhood's hour to old age's lingering decay, not only are they not understood, they are not even remembered. We hesitate not to say, that you may take at a venture, a thousand persons in the middle classes of society, of a good education, regular church-goers, and therefore hearing the Scriptures continually read, and you shall hardly find five out of them who could quote a text correctly, or tell you where it is to be found,—at least, beyond some vague idea, gathered from the turn of expression, that it is in the Old Testament or New. Does not this show that they are heard without the least interest taken in**

**them? Would Shakespeare, or Milton, or Byron, be read in their ears as often, and not be remembered? The words of a foolish song are learnt in a few minutes, and caught up at once by every boy in the street. But who remembers the word of God, except to misuse and blaspheme it? One reading gave "Uncle Tom" a firmer place in the memory of thousands than the Bible which they have read all their lives. How little, too, do they seem to understand its meaning! A few plain texts that speak of actions to be performed they may, at first sight, seem to comprehend; but even these they rive and tear from their spiritual meaning, laying them down as duties to be done by all men, instead of fruits brought forth by the Blessed Spirit in the hearts, lips, and lives of the family of God.**

**But this gross darkness of mind, as regards the Scriptures, is not merely a negative evil; it inevitably produces effects almost more dangerous than the very blindness itself. A blind man, as long as he sits still, may keep from stumbling. It is when he begins to move, to walk, that he tumbles about and breaks his limbs or his neck. So in religion; it is when the blind begin to move, and think they certainly will become religious, that they stumble and fall into one error after another. Without divine teaching, they cannot but go wrong; without divine light, they cannot but fall. We do not say they have not some natural light; but what is seen by them is seen from a wrong point of view; what is done by them is done from wrong motives; their faint and flickering views of right and wrong only mislead them into self-righteousness; and the very duties they try to perform only blind them more to the way of salvation by sovereign grace. Like a man lost in a wood, every seeming step out is to them, but a farther step in; or, like one benighted on a moor, or in a bog, every attempt at extrication wearies and fatigues, but only ends in deeper entanglement.**

**Ministers of truth are thought sometimes to speak too strongly of the dreadful state of man through the fall; but, in fact, it is impossible to exaggerate in language the blindness and darkness of the human heart; nor can pen or tongue adequately set forth the misery and utter helplessness of a condition such as the Scriptures describe in two most solemn passages: "Therefore they could not believe, because that Esaias said again, He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their heart; that they should not see with their eyes, nor understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them";**

**(John 12:39, 40); "But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." (2 Cor. 4:3, 4.) Now, contrast with this dreadful condition, so clearly, so graphically described, the state of the soul into which the true light, what the Lord calls "the light of life," has shone. This is beautifully described in two passages of scripture, which we will quote as counterparts of those just brought forward: "Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace;" (Luke 1:78, 79); "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." (2 Cor. 4:6.) Many sweet and simple testimonies are there in the word of truth to this work of the Spirit on the heart, whereby he enlightens it with the light of the living. "The entrance of thy words giveth light." "In thy light shall we see light." "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened." "He that believeth in me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Happy the man thus enlightened by the Spirit from on high. He no longer walks on in darkness and in the shadow of death. Like Moses, he now sees him who is invisible. As this light penetrates into the dark corners and recesses of the heart—the true "candle of the Lord, searching all the inward parts of the belly." It discovers to him his own case and state as a fallen sinner; and as it shines upon the holiness and justice of God, as revealed in the Scripture, it makes known the breadth and spirituality of the law, the wrath of God due to sin, and his righteous judgment on all transgressors. Nor does the blessed Spirit stop here. He goes on to enlighten the soul to see the way of salvation. His special office is to take of the things of Christ and to reveal them to the soul. He therefore casts a light upon the mercy of God as revealed in his dear Son; shows how the soul is washed in his blood, and clothed in his righteousness; and not only so, but applies the blood, and brings near the righteousness; and blessing him with a manifestation of Christ, and a testimony to his interest in him, leads him onward to see more and more of the beauty of his Person, the riches of his grace, the breadth, length, depth, and height of his dying love, his suitability in all his covenant characters and offices, and what he is to all who love and confide in his name.**

**This same light, we, may further observe, spreads itself over the word of**

truth, as he reads from time to time the inspired page. We have often thought of the words, "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." Till this is done, the Scriptures are not understood. The eye, indeed, looks at them, but much as it looks at objects through a telescope before it gets the right focus. Everything is dim and distorted, hazy and obscure. Without Christ—the light of Christ in the understanding, and the life of Christ in the heart; without faith in his Person, hope in his mercy, or love to his name, the Scriptures are all a dark enigma. Not a doctrine can be understood, not an experience entered into, not a precept performed, not a promise believed, not an invitation accepted, not a truth enjoyed, without a living faith in the divine Revealer of them all. The Scriptures are much and widely read, it is true, but merely as a duty, a daily or weekly self-imposed task, a religious performance in which a certain amount of merit is invested. It thus becomes a mere sop for conscience in some, and in others amounts at best to a perusing with the eye a certain quantity of words and letters, chapters and verses, unwillingly taken up, badly laid down. The beauty and blessedness, divine sweetness and inexpressible power and savour, seen and felt in the Scriptures by a believing heart are, to the unbelieving multitude unknown, untasted, unfelt, uncared for. Whatever be the subject, however solemn or weighty,—and what can be so solemn and weighty as the soul's eternal happiness or misery?—the word of truth, without a divine application, absolutely makes no impression on the conscience. The threatenings produce no terror or trembling, create no fear or conviction, draw out neither sigh nor groan, no, nor raise up one faint, feeble cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The promises, the invitations, the portions that speak of Christ and his sufferings neither melt nor move, touch nor soften their conscience. The unregenerate heart responds to neither judgment nor mercy. Nothing stirs it Godward. Hard as a stone, cold as ice, motionless as a corpse, it lies dead in trespasses and sins. But not so with the heart which the finger of God has touched. It fears, it trembles, it melts, it softens; it is lifted up, it is cast down; it sighs, it prays, it believes; it hopes, it loves; it mourns, it rejoices; it grieves, it repents—in a word, it lives the life of God, and breathes, acts, and moves just as the Blessed Spirit visits and works in it by his gracious power and influence. Under his teaching, the Scriptures become a new book, read, as it were, with new eyes, heard with new ears, thought and pondered over with new feelings, understood with a new understanding, and felt in a new conscience.

But apart from any *special* light which a man taught of God may have on particular passages of Scripture, such, for instance, as have been peculiarly opened up, applied, and blessed to his soul, there is what we may perhaps call a *general* light on the word of truth. There is harmony in God's word. Indeed, it cannot be otherwise. It would be treason against the Blessed Spirit to think there could be any real discrepancy, any positive contradiction, in the inspired page. When, then, we are favoured with a spiritual, experimental knowledge of God's truth, it is putting into our hands a master-key to open cabinets closed against the wise and prudent, a clue to guide the feet amidst the mazes where learned doctors and studious theologians wander and are lost, a light penetrating and pervading the hidden depths of the sanctuary, on the threshold of which the scribe and the Pharisee stumble and fall.

There is one deep mine especially in Scripture, in which an amazing amount of profitable instruction is stored up, but which, without divine light, cannot be penetrated into and explored, and its golden treasure, for "it hath dust of gold," laid bare. We mean the *characters* of Scripture, what may be called Scripture *biography*, as distinct from Scripture *history*. And as the Bible gives us the lives and actions of sinners as well as of saints, of professors as well as possessors, Scripture biography has two phases corresponding to these characters. Take, for instance, the character of Saul. What a mine of instruction—fearful indeed, but profitable—is laid up in his history! What a description inside and out of a professor of religion, from the beginning to the end of his course! It is the history of a man upon whom worldly honour and a prominent position in the church of God are thrust in spite of himself, wrecked and ruined for the non-possession of grace. It seems as if God would show us in him that the fairest beginnings, brightest prospects, and most signal gifts serve only to thrust a man into deeper perdition, if he has not a living principle of faith, fear, and obedience in his soul. There are in the history of Saul elements of character given, from which, without the slightest exaggeration in drawing or colouring, a full-length portrait might be painted which would make a tender-hearted child of God tremble to the very centre.

Take, again, the character of David, as brought out in the same way by his words and actions, and fixing your eye on that point, steadily pursue it through all his history. God seems to have designed to give us in him the

counterpart of the character of Saul, and thus to show that, as without grace nothing can save, so with grace nothing can damn. Just where Saul stumbles and falls, David stands. All things, the brightest and the fairest, tend to Saul's downfall; all things, the darkest and foulest, tend to David's rise. Victory and defeat are alike ruinous to Saul; for when he conquers Agag, he destroys himself by sparing him; and when the Philistines prevail, he falls on his own sword. Victory and defeat are alike a blessing to David. If he conquers, as when he slew Goliath, it was, as winning the confidence and affections of the people, a step towards the throne; and if he is hunted as a partridge on the mountains, it is but a wholesome discipline and a needful training him to wear more steadily the crown. Yet, in reading their history, we cannot but own that Saul is justly punished, and David justly blessed. We fully acquiesce in the sentence of each. Nothing in either shocks our moral perceptions of right and wrong. The crookedness, selfishness, hypocrisy, disobedience, murderous, revengeful disposition and conduct of Saul we see justly to draw down upon him the vengeance of God. Yet we feel, and in this much consists the instruction contained in his miserable history, that human nature being what it is, and circumstances being what they were, he could hardly act otherwise; though, at the same time, we feel that otherwise he would have acted, had he but possessed grace. We read his end, close the book, and tremble; but does the thought rise up as if God were unjust in letting him perish so miserably? Did he not sin against the clearest directions, the strongest warnings; and when once he began to turn aside, did he not go from sin to sin, from murder to witchcraft, till mercy herself turned aside her face, unable to say a word why the stroke of justice should not fall? David, on the other hand, not merely shows the triumph of grace as a saving principle, confirming and establishing us thereby in its sovereign efficacy, but shines forth as a living evidence of what grace is as an active, influential principle. David is not borne on passively, mechanically to the throne, carried as if in a palankin from Bethlehem's sheepfolds to Hebron's court. Grace is seen not merely working in him, but worked out by him. His prayers, his tears, his faith, his obedience, his sincerity, his humility, his confiding trust, yes, and all his fears and conflicts too, are brought out; and what grace is, does, and can do is as clearly seen in him, as what nature is, does, and can do is seen in Saul.

The book before us is written much on this principle, being the history and character of Jehoshaphat, drawn out at considerable length. The idea, indeed,

is not original, Krummacher, in his popular work, "Elijah the Tishbite,"\* having with extraordinary liveliness of style and truthfulness of statement, fully worked out every portion of Scripture connected with the prophet. But we know of no similar exposition of the history of Jehoshaphat.

\* None of the translations do Krummacher justice. He is much bolder and free-spoken, more experimental and decided for truth, in the original. The best translation is that published by Noble, Fleet-street; that of the Religious Tract Society is shamefully garbled.

The reigns of Asa and Jehoshaphat embrace a period of sixty-six years, a most eventful period in the history both of Judah and Israel, and filled with incidents from which profitable instruction may be gathered. The reign of Jehoshaphat is peculiarly full of interest, not only as given us at considerable length by the inspired writer of the book of Chronicles (2 Chron. 17-20.), but as including the wicked reign of Ahab, the contemporary king of Israel, the connection of the two kingdoms, never without sin and sorrow to Judah, and the ministry of the prophet Elijah. What a picture might be drawn of Ahab—weak and wicked, hurried on from crime to crime by his idolatrous, fiendish wife, Jezebel! His fits of repentance and amendment, issuing, as is usually the case, in greater hardness of heart and fouler depths of crime; his uxorious fondness for his wife, mingled with dread of her furious, ungovernable temper, and absolute subjection to her master mind, prolific to invent, unscrupulous to execute the foulest deeds; his remorse of conscience; his guilty fears, in spite of all the predictions of his lying prophets; his anger and enmity against Micaiah, yet dread that he prophesied too truly; till, at length, the destined arrow, shot at a venture, pierced through the joints of his armour, and drank his warm life-blood—what a fund of instruction and warning is laid up in the life and death of this great criminal. Jehoshaphat, too, that good king of Judah, how much may be learnt from his history! His uprightness and honesty of heart, his confiding trust in the Lord under the most trying circumstances, the deliverances that God wrought for him when he cried unto him, and the way in which He blessed him and honoured him, are all matters full of interest and instruction. In the whole compass of God's word, we hardly know a more expressive prayer than that which he put up: "O our God, wilt thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our

eyes are upon thee." (2 Chron. 20:12.) Look again at the way in which the Lord delivered him at the very time that he took vengeance on Ahab. That crafty king evidently tried by a deep stratagem to get Jehoshaphat slain as the king of Israel, whilst he himself escaped. "And the king of Israel said unto Jehoshaphat, I will disguise myself, and will go to the battle; but put not on thy robes. So the king of Israel disguised himself; and they went to the battle." (2 Chron. 18:29.) Jehoshaphat, not perceiving the stratagem, falls into the snare, but God was his shield and delivered him. "And it came to pass, when the captains of the chariots saw Jehoshaphat, that they said, It is the king of Israel. Therefore they compassed about him to fight; but Jehoshaphat cried out, and the Lord helped him and God moved them to depart from him." (2 Chron. 18:31.) Mark the different end of the righteous and the wicked. Both kings are in the same battle. Jehoshaphat, the good king of Judah, dressed in his royal robes, a mark for every archer, cries to God for help, and is delivered. Ahab, the wicked king of Israel, thinks to escape, disguised as a common soldier. But the eye of God is upon him; his sands are run out; an archer, not knowing what he is doing, draws his bow; God directs and speeds the arrow's flight, and—where is Naboth's murderer now?—bleeding away his guilty soul, till the blood fills the chariot, a repast for the dogs, in the very spot where they had before licked the blood of his victim. Is there not a mine of profitable instruction here laid up?

Many readers, it is true, with every desire for reading the word of God profitably, might not see in it the instruction thus stored. So amidst the gold diggings in Australia, many might not see the gold-dust that lies at their feet; but when a more skilful workman has brought it out, its value is at once seen, and when stamped with the Queen's die, it is added to the capital of the country.

This is what the writer of the book before us has been engaged upon. She has been gold-digging; the life of Jehoshaphat has been her Mount Ballaratt; she here offers us the result of her labours; and should heaven's King stamp it on the hearts of his people with his royal die, it will be so much wealth added to the spiritual works circulated amongst the family of God.

The circumstances which led the writer to turn her grind to, and eventually to publish her thoughts upon this portion of God's truth, are thus stated:—

**"A widow lady, during a season of bereavement, by way of beguiling those evening hours which had formerly been spent in the sole society of her beloved husband, was led to open her Bible, and, with prayer for the Holy Spirit's teaching, to commit to paper such thoughts as presented themselves to her mind in the study of its sacred pages. Amid much difficulty without, and temptation within, she persevered in the effort; favoured, however, from time to time, with much sweet communion and enjoyment in its prosecution.**

**"The history of the work (as connected with the spiritual experience of the writer, and related to a friend,) is indeed most interesting; and proves how God leads his people onward, step by step, to the accomplishment of his purpose, in spite of every obstacle that can be brought to bear against them."**

**The authoress has evidently a cultivated mind, and writes in a pleasing style. There is nothing heavy, dragging, or prosy in her writing—that common fault, which often makes the best subjects wearisome; and it is equally free from confusion and obscurity. Without aiming at eloquence, or what is called "fine writing," there is a liveliness and vigour in her style which makes it very readable. But above all, it has that qualification, for the absence of which there is no remedy, and in the presence of which there is no other recommendation needed—the qualification of sound, sterling, experimental truth. We will give two extracts from the work itself; the first shall be of the conduct and prayer of Jehoshaphat, when the children of Moab and Ammon came against him, (2 Chron. 20); and the other upon the destruction of his ships at Ezion-geber.**

**"How, then, could Jehoshaphat encounter this indomitable foe? What could he do under such circumstances? He knew not how to avoid the evil, and he frankly acknowledged it. He knew not, either, how to meet it, for he felt that he was powerless. No plan of escape, either by stratagem or by attack, seemed feasible; nor could he do anything by way of resistance, or to mitigate that event which appeared inevitable. What then? Would he give way to the suggestions of the tempter?—We shall one day perish by the hand of our enemies. We shall now be swallowed up by this mighty host, and our houses, our lands, our wives, become a prey to the invaders. God has forgotten to be gracious, or wherefore does he suffer this evil to come upon us? He has shut**

up his bowels of compassion, or he would not have allowed these perils, these destructions to assail us!—No! If such were the tempter's suggestions, the darts recoiled from the shield of faith; and though outward circumstances were most unpropitious, and outward appearances excluded even the shadow of hope, Jehoshaphat knew where his strength lay; and in the fullest expectation of sure, complete, and certain deliverance, he says, 'But our eyes are upon Thee.' We turn not, O our Father, to man, but we turn to Thee! We lean not on man; we lean on Thee! We apply not to man; we apply to Thee! We expect nothing from man; we expect all from Thee! An enemy is advancing against us; we know not how to meet him! The foe is almost within sight of Thine inheritance; we know not how to repel him! We are in perplexity—in straits—in difficulties; we can turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, 'but our eyes are upon Thee!' Blessed position! How safe the believer, when thus hemmed in on every side! Knowing not what to do, yet looking to the Lord for deliverance. This waiting upon God—this standing still, yet looking for his salvation! The graces of reliance, of patience, faith, and expectation, are plants not indigenous to the human heart, but are the implantations of God the Holy Ghost. And are not the very circumstances into which the child of God is brought selected to elucidate those graces? We believe they are. Would Abraham have been held forth to us as the father of the faithful, had not his faith been severely tried,—tried not to be destroyed and extinguished, but to shine pre-eminently bright and lustrous? Or, could Job have been handed down in the sacred records as an example of patience, had he not also been the child of much suffering and endurance? Or, what should we have seen of the meekness of Moses, had it not been for his struggles against the impetuous and stiff-necked Israelites? These precious fruits of the Spirit were in the heart, but it remained for outward circumstances to develop them to others. And in this way are the trials, exercises, conflicts, and circumstances of the children of God overruled for the discovery of their graces, and the manifestation of God the Spirit's work in their hearts. 'We know not what to do, but our eyes are upon Thee,' has been the language of the church in the wilderness through every age; and where there is this sense—this confession, both of ignorance and helplessness, yet, nevertheless, this quiet waiting upon God, and dependence on his aid—it is not long ere the horizon will brighten, the dark cloud be dispersed, and the 'sun of righteousness,' like the natural orb of day, will be 'as the clear shining after rain.' It was conspicuously so in the history before us. The assembled

multitude still hovered around the sacred spot, and caught, as it were, the echo of the last clause in the king's eloquent, fervent, though simple speech, or rather prayer. Was it not eloquent, when it spoke the language of the heart, yet with a simplicity which even the youngest in that congregation could understand? Nor had such a fervent, though simple appeal been made in vain; neither had the king's supplication been offered in vain,—the God of heaven, from his dwelling place on high, had been attentive unto their prayer; and were their eyes upon him? So also were *His* eyes upon them for good!"

"Those who have witnessed the launch of a vessel will be best able to picture to themselves the grandeur of the scene, as those vessels glided majestically into the mighty ocean, controlled alone by the slender cable, which held them to the anchor. Proudly did they ride on the surface of those blue waters, until all hands were ready, the stores taken in, and the crew on board; prior to their being wafted by the summer breezes to the land of spices and of gold! The time appointed for their departure has arrived; and brightly has the morning sun risen on the clear blue sea; and its waters, see how they sparkle beneath its silvery beams! We look again, but the azure blue has disappeared, and those waters, lately so silvery and clear; are now turbid and restless. The white canvas, too, of those vessels has caught the murky shade; and the sailors, whilst they are busy here and there about the tackling, look at the distant horizon, as if they felt that the freshening breeze might yet burst forth into the furious tempest. They were right, for the heavens were soon black with clouds. The storm indeed arose, and the swelling waves became like mountain-masses, jutting forth from deep ravines. The anchors, which, in still water were sufficient to control the floating bark, now gave way, and the vessels soon were drifting before the wind, completely at the mercy of the waves. Each bounding billow seemed only to hasten their destruction, whilst each howling gust served only to accelerate that event which was beyond all human prevention. Every surge appeared to have one object in view, and that was to bear those vessels as speedily as possible to that ridge of rocks, whose pinnacled points rose majestically grand, and whose deep black hue served only to make the sparkling surf the whiter. Impervious to the rage of the tumultuous billows, there they stood with their outstretched but hidden arms, as if ready to embrace all the prey which the relentless ocean would bring them. The tempest and the current were their friends—brought them booty—and the newly-built ships of Jehoshaphat and Ahaziah are soon transfixed on

that rocky bed. Still did the swelling ocean vent its rage,—still did the tumultuous billows dash themselves against those frail barks. Plank after plank is loosened, a crash, and the mast falls into the yawning gulf beneath. Another—the vessel divides and becomes an entire wreck. The storm, however, is not abated, another and another vessel shares the same fate, until the whole number, in the literal words of Scripture, 'are broken to pieces.'"

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**The Most Holy Trinity, &c. The Doctrine illustrated and proved from the Scriptures. By Ebenezer Soper.—(March, 1856.)**

Until the Blessed Spirit quickens the soul into spiritual life, we know nothing really or rightly of the truth as it is in Jesus. We may be strictly orthodox in doctrine, may abhor infidelity and Socinianism, may be shocked at profanity and irreverence, may be scrupulously attentive to every relative duty, may repeat, with undeviating regularity, our prayers and devotions; and may seem to ourselves and to others exceedingly religious; when, in the sight of a heart-searching God, we are still dead in trespasses and sins. The world is full of such exceedingly religious people. Every church and every chapel can produce samples in abundance of such "devout and honourable" men and women. Nay; we may come much nearer the mark than this, for these runners are indeed a long way off the very starting-place, and yet we may still be very far from the kingdom of heaven. We may have a form of godliness in a profession of truth, may have been suckled and bred up from childhood in a sound creed, may have learnt the doctrines of grace in theory and as a religious system, may be convinced in our conscience of their substantial agreement with the oracles of God, may contend for them in argument, and prove them by texts, may sit under the sound of the gospel with pleasure, or even preach it with eloquence and fervour; and yet know nothing of the truth savingly and experimentally, by divine teaching and divine testimony. Does the Scripture afford us no example of both these characters? Who more religious, more strict, scrupulous, and orthodox than the Pharisee of old? He sat in Moses' seat, as the teacher of the people; he tithed his mint, anise, and cummin with the most scrupulous care; he strained his very drink, that no gnat or unclean worm might unawares pollute him;\* he prayed and fasted rigidly and regularly; and seemed to himself and to others the prime favourite of heaven.

**But what was he really and truly? What was he in the sight of God? According to the Lord's own testimony, a hypocrite, a viper, a whited sepulchre, ripening himself for the damnation of hell! And was there no Saul among the prophets? no Zedekiah, the son of Chenaanah, with a "Thus saith the Lord" in his mouth? (2 Chron. 18:10.) no Hananiah, with a declared message from God? (Jer. 28:2.) Did not these men come with a profession of the truth, and claim to be servants of the Most High? And was there no Demas, nor Diotrephes, nor Alexander in the New Testament? Who were those against whom holy John, fervent Jude, and earnest Peter warned the churches so strongly? Who were those "spots in their feasts of charity, feeding themselves without fear?" Who were those "clouds without water, carried about with winds;" those "trees whose fruit withered, twice dead, plucked up by the roots?"—who else but graceless professors of the truth? It is not then, the form, the letter, the mere outside, the bare shell and husk of truth, that makes or manifests the Christian; but the vital possession of it as a divinely bestowed gift and treasure.**

**\* It is a great pity that our Bibles should still retain the error, "strain at" instead of "strain out," (Matt. 23:24,) as it not only quite destroys the meaning of the passage, but is believed to have been in the first instance a mere error of the press, blindly and servilely followed by all subsequent editions. In the "Geneva," as well as in the "Bishops' Bible," which last was that in common use before the present translation, it reads "strain out." The Lord is alluding to a custom of the Pharisees, who, for fear of swallowing a gnat which might have fallen into the cup, and thus breaking the law, which forbade the eating of "flying, creeping things," (Lev. 11:23,) were accustomed to strain their drink through a piece of fine linen. The Lord comments on this refined scrupulousness and hypocrisy, by telling them that whilst they were so particular to avoid the least ceremonial defilement, they were guilty of sins which were really as much more polluting as a camel was larger than a gnat.**

**But bearing this in mind as a solemn warning against trifling with the truth of God, or being satisfied with a mere formal recognition of it, let us proceed to see what a blessing truth is when we are put into the vital possession of it.**

**If we look at the work of the Spirit on the heart, we shall see how, in all his sacred dealings and gracious movements, he invariably employs truth as his**

grand instrument. Does he pierce and wound? It is by the truth; for the "sword of the Spirit is the word of God," and that we know is "the word of truth." (Eph. 6:17; Heb. 4:12; 2 Cor. 6:7.) If he mercifully heal, if he kindly bless, it is still by means of truth; for the promise is, "Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth." And when he thus comes, it is as a Comforter, according to those gracious words, "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me."

In fact, if we look at the new man of grace that the blessed Spirit begets and brings forth in the heart, we shall see that all his *members* and *faculties* are formed and adapted to a living reception of the truth. As the eye is adapted to light; as the ear to sound; as the lungs to the pure air that fills them with every breath; as the heart to the vital blood which it propels through every bounding artery, so is the new man of grace fitted and adapted to the truth of God. And as these vital organs perform their peculiar functions only as they receive the impressions which these external agents produce upon them, so the organs of the new man of grace only act as truth is impressed upon them by the power of the blessed Spirit. Has, then, the new man of grace *eyes*? It is to see the truth. (Eph. 1:18, 19.) Has he *ears*? It is to hear the truth. (Isa. 55:3; Luke 9:44.) Has he *hands*? It is to lay hold of and embrace the truth. (Prov. 4:13; Isa. 27:5; Heb. 6:18.) Has he *feet*? It is that he may walk in the truth. (Psa. 119:45; Luke 1:6; 3 John 4.) Has he a *mouth*? ("Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.") It is that he may feed upon the truth, the living truth, yea, upon His flesh who is truth itself. (John 6:35; 14:6.)

Without truth there is no *regeneration*; for it is by "the word of truth" that we are begotten and born again. (James 1:18; 1 Pet. 1:23.) Without truth there is no *justification*; for we are justified by faith, which faith consists in crediting God's truth, and so, gives peace with God. (Rom. 4:20-24; 5:1.) Without the truth there is no *sanctification*; for the Lord himself says, "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." And without the truth there is no *salvation*; for "God hath chosen us to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." (2 Thess. 2:13.)

And as the truth is the instrumental cause of all these blessings, the divinely-appointed means whereby they become manifested mercies, so truth enters

into and is received by all the *graces* of the Spirit as they come forth into living exercise. Thus, without the truth, there is no *faith*; for the work of faith is to believe the truth. What is all the difference between faith and delusion? That faith believes God's truth, and delusion credits Satan's lies. "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." Without truth there is no *hope*; for the province of hope is to anchor in the truth. "That by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us; which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." The two immutable things in which hope anchors are God's word and God's wrath; in other words, the pledged veracity and faithfulness of him who cannot lie. This made holy David say, "I have hoped in thy word." "They that go down into the pit," said good King Hezekiah, "cannot hope for thy truth." No; it is "the living, the living who praise thee as I do this day." And it is "through patience and comfort of the Scriptures," that is, the consolation which the truth of God revealed in the Scriptures affords, "that we have hope." (Rom. 15:4.) Without truth there is no *love*, for it is by "the love of the truth" that the saved are distinguished from the lost. "And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved." And it is only as we speak "the truth in love that we grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ." Thus "the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth;" and this is the Person of the Son of God, for "grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

How holy men of old sighed and cried for an experimental knowledge of God's truth! "Lead me in thy truth;" "Send out thy light and thy truth;" "O prepare mercy and truth which may preserve me." And when the Son of God came in the flesh, and thus brought down truth into visible manifestation, how those who were born of God beheld his glory, "the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth!" How dear also to God himself in his truth! Thus he is said to have "magnified his word above all his name;" that is, exalted and glorified his revealed truth above all his other attributes and perfections. Now, if truth be so precious in itself, so precious to God, so precious to all the saints of God, should it not be also precious to us? It will be

so if we have the mind of Christ, and his Spirit dwell in us. But as a love of holiness necessarily includes as well as implies a hatred of, and a fleeing from sin, so will a love of truth contain in it a hatred of, and a fleeing from, error. Indifference never yet was counted a mark of love, whether human or divine. Warmth, zeal, earnestness, devotedness, are not only sure marks of love, but are so intimately interwoven with its very essence, that they cannot be separated from it.

Having taken this general view of the truth, we may now pass on to the subject immediately connected with our Review.

When we come to look more closely at the truth, we find that the cardinal doctrine of the Trinity is the grand distinguishing feature of revelation, and is, in fact, the basis on which it rests. As to the heathen, they had "gods many, and lords many." Their debased minds, by inventing a multiplicity of idols, sought to combine the love and practice of sin with the worship of God. To recall man from these false deities, and the abominations connected with their idolatrous worship, God chose a people to whom he gave a revelation of himself. Of this revelation, the fundamental feature was the Unity of the Deity. "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord." There can be but *one* Supreme Being. His very perfections and attributes constitute him One. There can be but one eternal, underived, self-existent, omnipresent, omniscient Essence. We might as well think of two eternities, or two infinite spaces, as of two Gods. We must, never, therefore, lose sight of the Unity of the Godhead; for, if we do, we fall at once into Tritheism, or the error that there are three Gods. But beholding the Unity of Jehovah fast and firm, we are prepared for a still further unfolding of the mystery of the divine Essence.

We can have read the Scriptures to little purpose, and with little profit, if we do not see that there are revealed there three distinct Persons in this divine Unity. Take, for instance, such a text as this, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." When we find the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost thus named together, is it not evident that there is some intimate relationship existing between them? The "name" of the Son implies that the Son has a personal existence; the "name" of the Holy Ghost implies that the Holy Ghost has a personal existence, quite as much as the name of the Father implies that

**the Father has a personal existence; and that these three persons should be thus associated in the performance of one solemn act, as clearly implies that they are one in power, glory, and being. Look, again, at another passage—the well-known benediction: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all." How distinctly are three Persons here spoken of, and heavenly blessings prayed for from each. And what is also remarkable, how the Lord Jesus Christ is here named before God, that is, God the Father—as if to show, in the beautiful and expressive language of the Athanasian creed, "And in this Trinity, none is afore or after other, none is greater or less than another; but the whole three Persons are co-eternal together, and co-equal." As we purpose, however, God willing, to enter more fully into the distinct personality of the Son and the Holy Ghost on a future occasion, we shall for the present confine ourselves to one point, the revealed fact that there is a Trinity in Unity, and that Israel's Lord is a Triune God. Reason, it is true, may begin to work; infidelity may raise up its head: error and heresy, in different forms, may assail our faith in a triune Jehovah. Sore may be the conflict, fearful the suggestions of an infidel heart, and very hard pressed may the soul be by the assaults of its terrible adversary. But the Lord the Spirit, whose office and work it is to "guide into all truth," comes to the soul's help and aid. And one especial way whereby he guides into a knowledge of the truth, is to make the soul feel its deep need of that truth which he has to reveal. Men deny the truth, trifle with it, or are indifferent to it, because they feel no urgent personal need of it. Now look at the Deity of Christ as a truth which the Holy Ghost has to reveal; and indeed "no man can call Jesus Lord," that is, believe in and worship him as God, "but by the Holy Ghost." Assume, then, all the objections that reason and infidelity combined may urge against it; and if a man has not been tempted and exercised in this point, he has no idea how powerful, how insuperable by all human argument these objections are. But let them be mountains high, and oceans deep, let a deep sense of need be once felt in the soul, and how soon are they swept away, or, at least, their power broken. Lying in yonder bed, in the still season of the night, see that wretched sinner, pressed down almost to despair by a guilty conscience. Look at him writhing and trembling under the wrath of God. What shall pacify this guilty conscience? Search and examine all the host of duties, rites, forms, and ceremonies. Can any, can all raise up this trembling sinner or speak peace to this troubled conscience? How shall pardon, mercy, acceptance, reconciliation come into it? One drop of the wrath**

of God, one pang of hell in the conscience, has silenced in a moment all the cavils of reason, all the arguments of infidelity. A sinner truly convinced of sin by the blessed Spirit does not doubt the deity of Christ. We do not say that no fiery darts may glance across his soul, for Satan will harass such a one with all the artillery of hell. But take him in his moments of spiritual distress; though he may seem to himself to have no faith, yet he is a solid believer in the deity of the Son of God. For what he wants, is what Christ only, as the Son of God, can give—deliverance from guilt and despair—hell taken out of his conscience, and heaven brought in. How earnestly such a trembling sinner calls on Jesus, as the Son of God, to save and deliver him! How he longs for the application of his atoning blood and the manifestations of his justifying righteousness! Where now are the infidel doubts that once perhaps he entertained? Where now any cavilling about his being the Son of God? Lying on his bed or walking up and down his room, in real distress, how earnestly, how sincerely, how believingly he now looks up to Christ at the right hand of the Father, as though he would send forth his desires and petitions into the very heaven of heavens, and bring down an answer from the mouth of the incarnate Son of God. Is not the Deity of Christ expressed or implied by all and every one of these fervent desires? Who but God can hear prayer? Who but God can answer prayer? Who but God can read the thoughts and desires of the heart? With every supplicating breath, with every laying bare of the naked heart before him, Christ is acknowledged and looked unto as God. What a fulfilment is there in this poor sinner's lookings and longings of that gracious invitation, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." Now, what to such a condemned and guilty sinner would be the blood of Christ, if the blood of a mere man? What value, what efficacy, what merit or worth could there be in it to satisfy or save? We say it with all reverence, if Christ be merely a man, his blood could no more cleanse from sin than the blood of the malefactors shed at his side. But being the Son of God and God, nay, God because he is the Son of God, infinite merit, the very value and efficacy of Deity, was in and upon that blood, and therefore it "cleanseth from all sin." It is true that God can neither suffer, bleed, nor die; but the human nature, assumed into intimate union with the Person of God's co-equal Son, could and did; and the actings, sufferings, sacrifice, bloodshedding, and death, being, through this assumption, virtually the sufferings and sacrifice of the Son of God, the merits of Deity were, so to speak, in every drop of that precious blood, and enriched

it with the virtue and validity of Godhead. If this be not so, where is our hope? If sin, in its very nature and essence, be such a violation of the justice of God, that it cannot be pardoned unless that justice be satisfied, search and see what can make this atonement to offended justice? All the obedience of a creature, say of the most exalted creature, a Gabriel or a Michael, is due to his Creator, and cannot possibly be transferred to any other creature, and of all least to a sinful creature. If, therefore, we deny the Deity of the Son of God, we cut off every ray of hope. Atonement for sin stands or falls with the Deity of Christ. If we deny his Deity, we must deny the atonement, for what value or merit can there be in the blood of a mere man that God, for its sake, should pardon millions of sins? This the Socinians clearly see, and therefore deny the atonement altogether. But if there be no atonement, no sacrifice, no propitiation for sin, where can we look for pardon and peace? Whichever way we turn our eyes is despair, and we might well take up the language of the fallen angel:

"Me miserable! Which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell!  
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

But when by the eye of faith we see the Son of God obeying the law, rendering, by doing and dying, acting and suffering, a satisfaction to the violated justice of the Most High, and offering a sacrifice for sin, then we see such a glory and such a value breathing through every thought, word, and action of his suffering humanity, that we embrace Him and all that he is and has, with every desire and affection of our regenerated soul. All our religion lies here; all our faith, hope, and love flow unto, and are, as it were, fixed and concentrated in Jesus Christ, and him crucified; and without a measure of this in our heart and conscience, we have no religion worth the name, nothing that either saves or sanctifies, nothing that delivers from the guilt, filth, love, power, and practice of sin, nothing that supports in life, comforts in death, or fits for eternity.

The way, then, whereby we come to a knowledge of, and a faith in, the Deity

of Christ is, first by feeling a need of all that he is as a Saviour, and a great one, and then having a manifestation of him by the blessed Spirit to our soul. When he is thus revealed and brought near, we see, by the eye of faith, his pure and perfect humanity and his eternal Deity; and these two distinct natures we see combined, but not intermingled, in one glorious Person, Immanuel, God with us. Till thus favoured we may see the Deity of Christ in the Scripture, and have so far a belief in it, but we have not that personal appropriating faith whereby, with Thomas, we can say, "My Lord and my God."

The book before us is a treatise on the Trinity, in which Mr. Soper has collected, with much care and industry, the Scripture testimonies to that grand fundamental doctrine, as well as otherwise illustrated it. The drift and intention are so excellent, and the execution in some parts so good, that all criticism is disarmed, and we hardly like to say that it appears to us rather crude in parts, as well as defective in that clearness of arrangement which so important a subject demands. The best executed part is that which ever must be the strongest and most important, the array of Scripture proofs to the Deity of Christ and the personality of the Holy Ghost. One point we are glad to see brought prominently forward—the eternal Sonship of the Lord Jesus Christ, and some very suitable quotations from eminent divines to establish it on its true basis.

We purpose, God willing, in our next number to resume the subject, and hope then to take the opportunity of giving some extracts from the work itself, which the length of our Review at present forbids.

*(Concluded, April, 1856.)*

When the Lord Jesus, tabernacling in the flesh here below, came upon one occasion into the coasts of Cesarea Philippi, we read that "he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets." All with the people generally as to who Jesus really was, was mere surmise and conjecture, confusion and uncertainty. The blind, ignorant multitude that ate the loaves and the fishes,

had indeed sufficient reverence for his miracles and character to think Jesus a prophet, and not the least of the prophets; but the veil of unbelief being upon their hearts, they could not rise up to the sublime mystery of his being Immanuel, God with us, nor did they behold "his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Turning, then, from the vain conjectures and musing speculations of the unregenerate mass of his followers, and coming home at once to the hearts and consciences of his own immediate disciples, the Lord appealed personally unto them what *their* faith was in his Person and work. "But whom say ye that I am?" Then flowed from Peter's lips that noble confession, which doubtless expressed the faith of each and all the disciples but the son of perdition. "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The Lord had pointedly called himself "the Son of man," as though he would for a moment cast a veil over his divine Sonship; but did he reject the title which Peter gave him, or rebuke him for declaring that he was the Son of the living God? So far from that, he pronounced him "blessed," and that his faith and confession were from special revelation. "And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 16:17.) How plainly does the Lord here declare that to believe in Him as the Son of God is the work, not of "flesh and blood," that is, of human capacity or intellect of any character or degree, but springs from a special revelation by God himself to the soul. For this reason, therefore, faith in Christ as the Son of God stands forth in every part of the New Testament as the grand distinguishing mark of life and salvation. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John 3:36.) "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." (1 John 5:11, 12.) That Jesus Christ is the Son of God, Nathaniel confessed (John 1:49); Martha believed (John 11:27); Peter testified (Acts 3:26); Paul preached (Acts 9:20); the Eunuch acknowledged (Acts 8:37); and John wrote (John 20:31). It is, therefore, what John calls "the doctrine of Christ," out of which there is no salvation. "Whosoever transgresseth and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son" (2 John 9). Let no one, therefore, who desires to fear God think that the divine Sonship of Jesus is a mere matter of theory or speculation—a doctrinal point of little moment or consequence, and

**that a man can be a very good Christian who does not believe it, or trouble himself about it. So far from that, it is the very foundation-stone of the Gospel and of Christianity itself; so that without it there is neither Gospel nor Christianity; and the very foundation too of the faith, hope, and love of the Church of God; so that without a personal, experimental knowledge of it, faith is but a delusion, hope a deception, and love a lie.**

**How necessary, therefore, to have clear views of what this divine Sonship of Jesus is, that we may know what we believe, and in whom we believe, when we say with the baptised Eunuch, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God!"**

**We purpose, therefore, in pursuance of an intention expressed in our last number, to devote the remainder of our present space to the consideration of this important point, from a firm conviction that not only is a true faith in the Sonship of Christ essential to true faith in the Trinity, but that the true and real Sonship of Christ is essential to the very existence of the Trinity itself.**

**In attempting to unfold this mysterious yet blessed doctrine, we shall hope to bear in mind that we are treading on holy ground, and, therefore, shall endeavour to put off the shoes of carnal reason from our feet, and confine ourselves, as much as we can, to the inspired testimony of God.**

**We assume, then, as our starting place, that it is an agreed point with all who acknowledge the Deity of the Lord Jesus, that he is the Son of God *as regards his divine nature*. One text is sufficient to prove this, were it not the whole drift and current of the New Testament: "Unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." (Heb. 1:8.) And again, how solemn, how decisive the language of John; "And we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life." (1 John 5:20.) The Jews, therefore, understood his calling himself the Son of God to be equivalent to claiming for himself Deity. "The Jews answered him, saying, For a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy; and because that thou being a man, makest thyself God." (John 10:33.) This was also the accusation of the chief priests against him; and, indeed, for this claim was he condemned to death. "The Jews answered him. We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God." (John 19:7.)**

**The point in dispute, then, is not whether he is the Son of God as regards his divine nature, but whether he is the Son of God by nature, or by office and covenant engagement.**

**We say, then, that he is not the Son of God by office, or by covenant relationship, or by any such assumption of the title as made him what before he was not; but that he is the true, real, and proper Son of God, in his very nature, being, and essence, distinct from, and prior to any engagement made in the covenant, or any manifestation of him to the sons of men in time.**

**1. And first, let us endeavour to show that he is not the Son of God *by office*.**

**As there is doubtless some analogy between divine and human sonship, or the word Son would not be employed, we may so far institute a comparison between the two. Did any one, then, ever hear of one man becoming the son of another by office? It is true that one person may make another his child by adoption, or, as Solomon says, "He that delicately bringeth up his servant from a child shall have him become his son at the length." (Prov. 29:21.) But the adopted child or servant does not really and truly become his son. It is, after all, but a figure of speech. If a person were to say to me, "I will come into your service, and serve you faithfully, too, if you will make me your son," should I not justly reply, "I cannot make you what you are not, nor ever can be? I may adopt you as a son, treat you as a son, call you a son; but nothing that I can do, or you can do, can make you my true and real son." So, in a higher sense, the Lord Jesus did not and could not become the Son of God by office, for no office could make him "the Son of the Father in truth and love." The word of truth declares that he is "the only-begotten Son, which is (that is, from all eternity) in the bosom of the Father." (John 1:18.) If, then, "the only-begotten," not made or constituted so by office, but by nature a true, proper, and real Son; and if "in the bosom of the Father" from all eternity (as the word "is" shows), there prior to the assumption of any office. Being, then, by nature and essence, God's "only-begotten" Son, and, as such, lying in the bosom of the Father from all eternity, he comes forth from that bosom to become God's servant. "Behold my servant whom I uphold." (Isa. 42:1.) This is intelligible in a lower sense. My son may become my servant, but my servant cannot become my son. If Christ were a Son by office, his office would be the foundation of his Sonship; and as, so to speak, there was a period when**

**Christ was not a servant, so there would have been a period when he was not a Son. But his Sonship was the foundation of his office; and his mediatorial glory is that he who was a Son became voluntarily a servant. It is a degrading of the Son of God from his eternal dignity and glory, a spoiling and robbing him of his very and true being and essence, and almost a sacrilege against that ineffable love wherewith he loves the Father as his true and real Father, to think even for a moment of him as a Son by mere office or assumption. Look at the depth and tenderness of that unutterable affection of which a few glimpses are afforded us, John 17. With what holy tenderness that prayer commences: "Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee." Who but a Son by nature could breathe forth that one word, "Father" with that heavenly tenderness, that holy familiarity, that divine communion which that word in his lips expresses? And as it robs the Son of his dearest relationship, as well as of his eternal being and essence, so it robs the Father also of his unutterable love and delight in him as his "only begotten Son." Twice did God himself call from heaven—once at his baptism, and again when he was transfigured on the holy mount:—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."\* (Matt. 3:17; 17:5.) Can we, then, dare we, then, lift up our voice against the voice that came from the excellent glory, and say, "He is only a Son by office. He is not the real Son of God. It is only an official title—a name he has assumed." Let those that know him not follow that "cunningly devised fable." Let those that know him by divine testimony say, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ." (1 John 1:3.) To rob, then, the Lord Jesus of his eternal Sonship is to our mind little less than if one were to take a penknife and cut out of the New Testament every place where "the Son of God" occurs. In fact, all the apostles' preaching, and all the apostles' writing were based on his being the true and proper Son of God, so that to remove that doctrine out of the New Testament would be like blotting the sun out of the midday sky. As one instance of it, if you will read carefully Hebrews 1, you will see that the whole argument of the Apostle is to show the superiority of the Gospel and the covenant of grace to the Law and the covenant of works by proving the superiority of Christ as the Son of God to angels, by whom the law was ordained and disposed. (Acts 7:53; Gal. 3; Heb. 2:2.) As the Son of God, he is there declared to be "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." An office could not make him "the brightness" (literally, "offshining" or "reflected splendour or effulgence") of God's glory and the express image of God's person. A ray of**

the sun, or, rather, the whole effulgence of his rays, did not become such by any after-thought or afterwork. The whole effulgence of his rays burst forth with his original creation; and by this effulgence we see, know, and feel the sun. So the Son of God, as the effulgence of his Father's glory, is eternally what he is, and by this shining forth into manifestation we see and know the Father, as he himself said, "I and my Father are one;" and "He who hath seen me hath seen the Father." But how is he the uncreated, eternal brightness of the Father's glory, if he became a Son by office? We may say of a son, that "he is the image of his father;" but not of a servant, that he is the image of his master. As a Son, Christ is superior to angels, for God saith, "Let all the angels of God worship him." But as a servant, "he was made a little lower than the angels," and therefore for a while inferior to them. This is also the foundation of the Apostle's exhortation, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, though it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men." (Phil. 2:5-7.) "Being in the form of God," which he could only be as the Son of God, "he thought it not robbery to be equal with God," that is, as his co-eternal Son he claimed a perfect equality with his Father. But this could not be were he a Son by office, for a Son by office would be inferior in the same way as a servant by office is inferior. If any say that the idea of a son by nature implies inferiority also, we deny that it does, if you remove from it the mere incidents of priority and growth which are things of time, not eternity—of the creature, not of the Creator. In eternity there is no priority; in Godhead no inequality; in the infinite, immaterial, self-existing Essence no growth, as there is no diminution. Remove, then, the mere creature incidents of human generation, and equality at once appears. Nay, even with these creature incidents, the earthly son is often equal to the father, and really his only equal: for immediately the father is removed the son occupies his place, which he could not do were he not the equal of his father. We do not like to dwell too much on earthly relationships, lest we darken counsel by words without knowledge, or we might observe that it continually happens that the son is the father's equal, when so far grown up to man's estate that the inferiority of childhood and youth is lost, and a community of interest, say, for instance, as partnership in a firm, gives them equal rights. We throw out the hint, but shall not enlarge upon it, as helping to remove any idea of inferiority necessarily conveyed by sonship, that being the main argument against the eternal Sonship of the Lord Jesus.

**\* The words, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him," were once much blessed, especially the last clause, to the writer's soul, as he lay one morning on a bed of sickness and languishing. Need it be wondered, then, that the doctrine of the eternal Sonship of Jesus is dear to his heart, and that he must ever contend earnestly for this part of the faith once delivered unto the saints?**

**2. Nor is Christ the Son of God *by virtue of the covenant*. It was not, as some divines have taught, that the three Persons in the Godhead covenanted on behalf of the Church to become Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This would make the Triune Jehovah a changeable God, so that prior to the covenant the Father was not the Father, the Son not the Son, and the Holy Ghost not the Holy Ghost. The very mention of such consequences of the doctrine shocks every godly feeling of the soul. What Scripture is there to show this? where one "thus saith the LORD" to prove it? The language of the Father is, "Thou *art* my Son, (not "shall be"), this day have I begotten thee." And if any say the words "this day have I begotten thee," refer to the covenant, we say "no"; for the same words are applied to Christ's resurrection, (Acts 13:33;) and therefore either refer to the eternal generation of the Son, or, as we rather think, to his manifestation in time as the Son of God, in accordance with the language of the Apostle, "declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead." (Rom. 1:4.)**

**Besides which, this doctrine of Christ's becoming the Son of God by the Covenant destroys the peculiarity of the Father's love in the gift of his dear Son. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all," etc. (Rom. 8:32.) Then Christ was "his own Son," his true, proper, and real Son. If language mean anything, the words, "his own Son" exclude the idea that Christ *became* God's Son by assumption of the title. But when did the Father not spare his own Son? When he consented in the eternal Covenant to deliver him up to sufferings and death, to redeem the Church by his own blood. Then he was a Son prior to the covenant; and the height and depth of the Father's love consisted in this, that he withheld not his own Son, his only-begotten Son. If "the Son of God" be merely a covenant title, then "God the Father" is merely a covenant title, and "the Holy Ghost" is merely a covenant title. This is, in fact, destroying the mutual relationship and eternal union and**

communion of the three Persons in the Trinity, and setting up three independent Gods, who, without any personal, eternal relationship, covenant together to assume certain names and titles; in fact, to become what previously they were not. And if Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be mere covenant titles, there appears to be no reason why the Son might not have been the Father, and why the Holy Ghost might not have become the Son, and died for man's redemption. In what a tissue of confusion, if not blasphemy, does such a doctrine land us! But when we view these divine names, not as covenant titles, but as actual declarations of the eternal essence and being, as well as of the eternal union and ineffable nearness and intimacy of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, then a ray of sacred light illuminates the doctrine of the Trinity, and we see a Unity in Trinity, as well as Trinity in Unity. And as the doctrine of a Son by covenant robs both Father and Son of their mutual love, complacency, and delight in one another, as Father and Son, so it drains the very Covenant itself dry of that which is its chief fountain of consolation—the love of the Father as manifested in the gift of his own Son. In this lies the chief sweetness and blessedness of the eternal Covenant. The Covenant is not, so to speak, a dry, formal compact between the three Persons of the Trinity to save the elect; but it is an agreement prompted and sustained by eternal love. It therefore rests not only on the faithfulness of God, but on the love of God, and specially on that love as manifested in the gift of his only-begotten Son. But if the "Son of God" be merely a covenant title, where, prior to the covenant, was the love of the Father to him as a Son? Thus, with the usual perverseness of error, it makes the Covenant the foundation of Christ's divine Sonship, instead of his divine Sonship being the foundation of the Covenant. See how also it destroys the beautiful type of Abraham offering up Isaac. What was Isaac but a type of Christ, and the sacrifice of him by Abraham but a type of the sacrifice of the Son of God by the Father? But take away Christ's real Sonship, and make it a mere covenant title, and you destroy the whole force and beauty of the type at once. Consider, also, the striking parable of "the vineyard and the husbandmen," and see how the whole force and beauty of it are lost unless Christ is the real, true Son of God. We read that the Lord of the vineyard, after sending servant after servant, whom the wicked husbandmen beat, stoned, killed, and shamefully handled, at last, having "one son, his well-beloved, sent him also, saying, They will reverence my son. But those husbandmen said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours; and they took him and killed him, and

cast him out of the vineyard." (Mark 12:7, 8.) Now, if it had been a friend or a neighbour who had covenanted to be called the son of the Lord of the vineyard, would not that destroy the whole beauty and significancy of the parable? It was because he was "the one son, the well-beloved" of the Lord of the vineyard, that the parable so beautifully represents the Lord Jesus as the true and real Son of God, and so enhances the wickedness of the husbandmen. So, again, in that passage, "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered," the whole force and beauty consists in that he was a real and actual Son, and yet by becoming a servant learned obedience through suffering. (Heb. 5:8.)

But we need not wonder that the true, proper, and real Sonship of the Lord Jesus should be a stumbling block to many. It is a part of God's eternal purpose that his dear Son should be "a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence." (Isa. 8:14; 1 Pet. 2:8.) The mystery of his eternal generation is hidden from the eyes of men; and, therefore, proud reason, with its unsanctified "ifs" and "buts," "hows" and "whys," dashes against this rock and makes shipwreck; whilst living faith, in its childlike simplicity, believes the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son, (1 John 5:9,) and is secure. By carnal reason, we can never rise to an understanding of this divine mystery; but by living faith, we sink into a believing, loving reception of it. "No one," the Lord himself declared, "knoweth the Son but the Father." (Matt. 11:27.) We need, therefore, that God himself should reveal his dear Son in us, as he revealed him in the heart of Paul (Gal. 1:16,) that we may, with that blessed Apostle, live a life of faith in the Son of God. (Gal. 2:20.)

Read, dear friends, carefully and prayerfully the first epistle of John, and see the chain of heavenly blessings connected with believing that Jesus is the Son of God; and we may add, mark too the fearful warnings and denunciations uttered against those who disbelieve in or deny him to be such. It is only by faith in his divine Sonship that we have any "fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ;" (1 John 1:3;) that "we walk in the light, as he is in the light;" that "we have fellowship" with the redeemed and regenerated family of God; that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John 1:7.) And mark, that it is only because it is "the blood of his Son," his co-equal, co-eternal, real, true, and only-begotten Son, that it does cleanse from all sin. It is only also as we continue to believe, "that which we

have heard from the beginning" concerning his eternal Sonship, and that truth abides in our heart, that "we continue in the Son, and in the Father" (1 John 2:24); and it is only by "the anointing" which teaches us this heavenly truth, and makes us feel its power, so we know that "it is truth, and is no lie," that we do "abide in him." (1 John 2:27.) Without faith in the true and real Sonship of Jesus, there is no inward witness of interest or adoption (1 John 5:10; Gal. 4:6); no victory over the world (1 John 5:5); no dwelling in God, or God dwelling in us. (1 John 4:15.) All these blessings are connected with a living faith in the Son of God. And on the other hand, to disbelieve or to deny the Son is to deny the Father; (1 John 2:22, 23;) for "he that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father which hath sent him." (John 5:35.)

Can we, then, contend too earnestly for this faith once delivered to the saints? Can we have any union or communion with those who deny it? What says holy John? "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed: For he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds." (2 John 10, 11.) A heretic is worse than a worldling a thousandfold; for the latter may be called by grace, and brought to believe in the Son of God; but the former, except by a miracle of mercy, never.

The Lord, in tender mercy, enlighten the eyes of our understanding, that we may see more and more beauty and blessedness in the Son of God, live a life of faith upon him, cleave to him with more purpose of heart, spend the remainder of our days more to his glory, and when death comes, welcome its stroke as carrying our souls to see him face to face, and to be with him for ever!

Here, then, we close this important subject, commending it to the attention of our readers; and may they follow the example of the noble Bereans, who received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so. (Acts 17:11.)

The following extract from Mr. Soper's book gives an excellent summary of the scriptural proofs of the quality [*equality?*] of the Three Persons in the blessed Trinity:—

**"Every appellation and attribute of divine life are ascribed to each of the Three Persons, as in the following examples:**

**"The Father is JEHOVAH (Ps. 83:18); the Son is JEHOVAH (Jer. 23:6); the Holy Spirit is JEHOVAH (Isa. 40:13, with Rom. 11:34).**

**"The Father is Lord (*Kurios*) as may be understood (Rom. 10:12); our Saviour is Lord (Luke 2:11); the Holy Ghost is Lord (2 Cor. 3:17; 2 Thess. 3:5).**

**"The Father is eternal (Deut. 33:27; Rom. 1:20); the Son is eternal (Isa. 9:6; Micah 5:2; John 8:58; Heb. 1:8; 1 John 1:2); the Holy Ghost is eternal (John 14:16; Heb. 9:14).**

**"The Father is almighty (Gen. 17:1); Son (Col. 1:16; Heb. 1:3; Jude 25); Holy Ghost (Is. 40:13-15).**

**"The Father is infinite (Ps. 104:3); Son (Eph. 1:23); Holy Ghost (Ps. 139:7; John 14:26).**

**"The Father is omnipotent (Matt. 11:26; Rom. 1:20); Son (Ps. 102:25-27; comp. Heb. 1:10-12; Matt. 28:18; Phil. 3:21); Holy Ghost (Job 33:4; Ps. 104:30; Rom. 8:11).**

**"The Father is omniscient (John 4:21-23; Rom. 2:16); Son (Matt. 12:25; John 2:24, 25; 16:30; Heb. 4:12, 13); Holy Ghost (Rom. 9:1; 1 Cor. 2:9-11).**

**"The Father is omnipresent (1 Kings 8:27); the Son (Matt. 18:20; John 3:13); Holy Ghost (Ps. 139:7-10).**

**"The Father is unchangeable (Mal. 3:6); Son (Ps. 102:27; comp. Heb. 1:12; 13:8); Holy Ghost (Hagg. 2:5; comp. John 14:16).**

**"The Father is self-existent (John 5:26; Rev. 1:4); Son (John 1:4; 5:26; 1 John 5:20); Holy Ghost (Rom. 8:11; 2 Cor. 3:6; Rev. 11:11).**

**"The creation of the universe is ascribed to the Father (Heb. 1, 2); Son (Is. 44:24; John 1:10; Col. 1:16); Holy Spirit (Gen. 1:2; Ps. 33:6; 104:30).**

**"Creation of man. Father (Gen. 2:7; Mark 10:63); Son (Col. 1:16); Holy Spirit (Job 33:4).**

**"Preservation of all things. Father (Neh. 9:6); Son (Col. 1:17); Holy Spirit (Is. 40:13-15).**

**"Resurrection of the dead. Father (John 5:21; 1 Cor. 6:14); Son (John 5:21); Holy Spirit (Rom. 8:11; Rev. 11:11).**

**"Resurrection of Christ. Father (1 Cor. 6:14); Son (John 2:19; 1 Pet. 3:18 ); Holy Spirit (Rom. 8:11).**

**"Incarnation of Christ. Father (Heb. 5:5); Son (Heb. 2:16); Holy Spirit (Luke 1:35).**

**"Redemption. Father (Luke 1:69); Son (Heb. 9:12); Holy Spirit (Heb. 9:14).**

**"Justification. Father (Rom. 4:5, 6); Son (Rom. 5:9); Holy Spirit (1 Cor. 6:11).**

**"Sanctification. Father (John 17:17; Jude 1); Son (Heb. 2:11); Holy Spirit (Rom. 15:16; 1 Pet. 1:2).**

**"Everlasting Life, the gift of God the Father (Rom. 6:23; 1 John 5:11); the Son (Matt. 25:46; 1 John 5:11); Holy Ghost (Gal. 6:8).**

**"Invocation, adoration, and worship are given to the Father (Rev. 4:11); Son (Ps. 45:11; Rev. 5:12); Holy Spirit (Rev. 1:4) 2 Thess. 3:5). To the Father and the Son (Rev. 5:13, 14); Father, Son, and Holy Spirit (2 Cor. 13:14; Rev. 1:4, 5; Rev. 4:8)."**

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**Hymns of the Reformation. By Dr. Martin Luther, and Others. From the German. To which is added, His Life, translated from the original Latin of Philip Melancthon. By the Author of the "Pastor's Legacy."—(May, 1856.)**

If the family of God were severally and individually asked what means of grace had been most blessed to their souls, we think they would answer with one accord, and without hesitation, "The Scriptures." But what next! "The preached Gospel." And what next? "Hymns." That the blessing of God has rested in a special manner upon hymns is unquestionable. Scarcely is there a gracious deathbed recorded where the happy sufferer (how grace harmonises two such discordant sounds as happiness and suffering!) does not either obtain help and comfort from some verse of a hymn, or does not give vent to his feelings of sorrow or joy in some well-known line. This, what we may almost call the secondary use of hymns, is distinct from, and independent of, their original and primary intention, that of being sung in the public worship of God. But it shows how the Lord honours and sanctions them. They are thus attended with a double blessing. As sung in the assemblies of the saints, they are not only tributes of praise, and, if sung "with the spirit and with the understanding also," (1 Cor. 14:15), a spiritual sacrifice, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ, (1 Pet. 2:5); but, by being thus fixed in the mind and memory, they become, as it were, locked up in a storehouse, out of which the Blessed Spirit takes in times of trouble and sorrow such portions as he sees good to apply with a divine power to the heart. For this purpose they are eminently qualified for several reasons. 1. They are, for the most part, truth condensed into a short compass—if we might venture upon such a figure, truth *crystallised*, and thus presented in a clear, transparent shape, purified from all that muddy mass of words with which we in our sermons and writings are so apt to overload and thus confuse it. 2. As being the utterances and breathings forth of the experience of the saints, they become responsive echoes to the cries of the Spirit in the heart of all the subjects of grace; and 3. When they are richly impregnated with the dew and savour of the Holy Ghost, they are, so to speak, vehicles of grace, performing that office which the Apostle speaks of as the fruit of godly conversation, "ministering grace unto the hearers." (Eph. 4:29.)

By way of testing the truth of this attempt to explain the peculiar beauty and blessedness of hymns, take down your hymn-book, and read through, say one of Hart's, as Hymn 154, Gadsby's Selection.

"Much we talk of Jesus' blood," etc.

**Now, if we are not much mistaken, you will find the three things we have mentioned brightly shining through that hymn. 1. Scriptural truth presented in a clear, transparent, condensed form. 2. The utterance of the soul, mourning under and hating sin, yet looking up in faith and love to the atoning blood which delivers and purifies from it. 3. A sweet savour and dew of the Blessed Spirit shed through the whole, impregnating it with life and feeling.**

**Forgive us, dear readers, if we seem to treat you as children, attempting to instruct you, many of whom are better qualified to instruct us; but we write in the simplicity of our heart, not in a spirit of dictation or assumption, but merely tracing with our pen the thoughts and feelings of our own mind; and if we can thus interpret the language of your heart, and put into visible shape what may have dimly laid there, you may read with increased sweetness and pleasure Hart's matchless compositions.**

**But shall we seem to sit too much in the teacher's chair, a position very foreign to our inclination, if we further attempt to trace a little more fully and deeply the original foundations on which sacred poetry rests?**

**As in a damaged picture, or broken statue, or ruined arch, there may flash forth sparks of beauty indicative of a master mind, and what it actually was when it issued forth from his creative hand, so amidst the wreck and ruin of our fallen nature there are traces of that primeval beauty in which man came forth from the hand of his divine Artificer on that day when the Creator of heaven and earth looked down with holy complacency on the works of his hands, and pronounced them all very good. Conscience, reason, imagination, memory, language, all the social affections of conjugal, parental, filial love, with every tender, benevolent, compassionate feeling that has ever prompted and sustained those self-denying actions and heart-thrilling words that ever and anon sound through this sin-stricken world as faint echoes of paradise—all are so many relics of the pristine beauty of man. Shall we then err if, among these remains of original beauty, we place poetry and music? That these two relics of the Fall are deeply imbedded in the original constitution of man is evident from this circumstance, that there is scarcely a nation on the face of the earth, in either ancient or modern times, in which both have not had a conspicuous place. It is, indeed, sadly and fearfully true that sin and Satan have seized upon these two gifts of heaven, and depraved and perverted**

them from their original intention to their own abominable use. The poetry which should embody in the sweetest, loftiest strains the praises of God has sunk down into a deification of every base lust and passion of man; and the music which should respond to the notes of the heavenly choir has been prostituted to the worship of brutal idols. Grace, then, which, besides its victories in redemption and regeneration, refines also and wins back to God the Redeemer those faculties of body and mind which originally belonged to God the Creator, comes to the rescue; and as she teaches the tongue that once used to blaspheme now to pray, and the foot that once tripped in the midnight dance to carry the body to the house of prayer, so she recovers the gifts of poetry and music, and baptising them, as it were, in the streams of love and mercy, sanctifies them to the service of her once crucified but now risen and glorified Lord.

Shall we wander beyond the hallowed precincts of the gospel if we give a few moments' consideration to what poetry and music really are? as their being devoted to the service of the sanctuary does not alter their nature, but their use. Poetry, then, consists mainly in two things; 1. elevated, impassioned thoughts and language; and, 2. a metrical form which bounds and confines the impassioned language within certain prescribed limits. The first is the soul of poetry, the second the body; the one is the flaming incense, the other the censer which contains it; the former is the bounding steed, dashing impetuously on; the latter, the reins which check and guide his course. Thus all elevated, impassioned language is not poetry any more than the soul is not the whole man; nor, on the other hand, are metre, rhyme, rhythm, poetry, without elevated, impassioned thought and language, any more than the body without the soul is the whole man. If this be true, then the more sublime the thoughts and impassioned the language, and the more that metre, rhyme, and rhythm approach perfection, the more beautiful the poetry will be, and more worthy of its name and nature.

The Scripture is full of poetry, and of poetry viewed under these two aspects—sublime thoughts and impassioned expression in a metrical, rhythmical form. As one instance of sublime impassioned language, take the first chapter of Isaiah. With what beauty and grandeur it begins! "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken; I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." (Isa. 1:2.) It

would take us too far afield, and would sound too pedantic, were we to enter into the subject of Hebrew poetry as regards its metrical form. We shall, therefore, only observe that its chief feature is what is called *parallelism*, that is, that the lines of the strophe—in simpler language the verse or stanza—correspond with, or are opposed to each other. To make our meaning plain, we give two verses of Isaiah arranged metrically:

Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth:  
For the Lord hath spoken;  
I have nourished and brought up children,  
And they have rebelled against me.  
The ox knoweth his owner,  
And the ass his master's crib:  
But Israel doth not know,  
My people doth not consider."

This peculiar form of poetry existed from the most remote period. Its earliest use is Gen. 4:23, 24:

"Adah and Zillah, hear my voice:  
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech:  
I have slain a man to my wounding  
And a young man to my hurt.  
If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold,  
Truly Lamech seventy and seven fold."

Other early instances are the blessing of Jacob (Gen. 49); the song of Miriam (Exod. 15); the song of Moses, (Deut. 32); and the blessing pronounced on the tribes of Israel, (Deut. 33.) Deut. 32 is a beautiful instance of Hebrew poetry. How sublime, how impassioned the language; how full of tender pathos, glowing description, striking figures, and animated expostulation. How softly and musically it begins:

"Give ear, O heavens, and I will speak;  
And hear, O earth, the words of my mouth.  
My doctrine shall drop as the rain,  
My speech shall distil as the dew;

**As the small rain upon the tender herb,  
And as the showers upon the grass."**

**Observe the parallelism, that is, how the thoughts and words in one line balance and correspond to those in the other. The "heavens" and the "earth"; "hearing" and "giving ear"; the "doctrine" and the "speech"; the "rain" and the "dew"; the "small rain" and the "showers"; the "tender herb" and the "grass"; these words and ideas mutually correspond to and, as it were, balance each other. Take one more specimen from the same song of Moses of unspeakable beauty and sublimity:**

**"For the Lord's portion is his people;  
Jacob is the lot of his inheritance.  
He found him in a desert land,  
And in the waste, howling wilderness.  
He led him about, he instructed him.  
He kept him as the apple of his eye.  
"As an eagle stirreth up her nest;  
Fluttereth over her young;  
Spreadeth abroad her wings;  
Taketh them, beareth them on her wings;  
So the LORD alone did lead him,  
And there was no strange god with him."**

**We have said enough and more than enough to indicate the peculiar form of sacred poetry as enshrined in the pages of the Old Testament; and we shall only make one more remark on the subject, which is, the peculiar suitability of this form of divine poetry to translation. Had the poetry of the Scriptures been in strict formal metre, like the ancient, or in rhyme, like the modern, it would have vanished when translated; but, being in parallel sentences, it is independent of translation. It therefore survives that great change which is usually fatal to all other poetry, and its divine essence is not lost or evaporated by being transferred to another language.**

**During that gloomy period, that long mediaeval night, which Puseyites would fain bring back, but which, we hope, has for ever rolled away, when Popery weighed down the human mind in the heaviest chains of ignorance and error,**

**hymns, as we understand the term, were utterly unknown. There were indeed old Church hymns sung in the cathedrals, but these were all in Latin, and what is singular, in rhymed Latin; a monkish innovation on the ancient form of Latin poetry, but not without some peculiar features of solemn grandeur. But though some of these old hymns were very beautiful, yet they were deeply tainted with error, many of them being invocations of the saints and the Virgin Mary, and all thoroughly imbued with that Pharisaic leaven, which is the essence of Popery as a religious system. But had they been ever so sound, being in Latin, like the rest of the service, they would have been useless to the people.**

**Amongst, then, the benefits and blessings of the Blessed Reformation (and never was there a more suitable epithet attached to any one word than the term "blessed "to the Reformation\*"), was the birth of hymns in the language of the people. That great and noble instrument in the hands of the Lord, Martin Luther, a name never to be mentioned without thanksgiving and praise, may be called the originator of hymns, as we now understand the word. Gifted as he was with a peculiar talent for music, he brought this at once into the service of the sanctuary; and possessing a style of writing so vigorous and bold, so animated and expressive, and so peculiarly his own, that it is said an educated German can tell at a glance a sentence of Luther's almost as we recognise a ray of light streaming through a cloud, he carried this force and fire with all his native beauty of musical expression into the hymns which flowed from his fertile pen.**

**\* We have often thought of the singular propriety of the expressions "The blessed Reformation," and "The glorious Revolution of 1688." The Reformation was truly "blessed," as giving us an open Bible, a preached gospel, and a full deliverance from that long dark night of Popish error which brooded over the land; and the Revolution was truly "glorious," as settling our civil and religious liberties on a firm basis, banishing tyranny from the throne and altar, and giving liberty of conscience to all; and all this without shedding one drop of human blood. All that we are as a nation we owe, under God, to the blessed Reformation and the glorious Revolution; and should England, misled by vile traitors in her bosom, ever prove false to the principles established by these two memorable epochs in her history, she will deserve a worse destiny than her worst enemies can imprecate against her.**

The author of the little work before us has with much taste and elegance transferred these noble compositions to her own language. Her modest, unassuming preface will best declare her object in attempting to make them known to the English reader:

"The Hymns of Luther are regarded by us with no common interest as emanations of a spirit that shone forth with peculiar strength and lustre in the days of the Protestant Reformation. Hitherto, however, this portion of his writings has, it is believed, been known to British Christians, only in a fugitive and often in a dubious form; a fact which the author of the present version is anxious to countervail by her unpretending efforts at something like a complete collection.

"In venturing thus to interpret the mind of Luther to the English ear, the translator would acknowledge her inability to convey the rich, deep, and brilliant tone of the original, a task requiring a master-hand. She has, meanwhile, made fidelity her aim; and with this view, her versification has been submitted to the criticism of a learned German Professor; and the reader is referred to the works of Luther himself for the subjects of most of the following compositions; those given without any reference have been attributed to him, and one on 'Christian Martyrdom' is, we understand, generally ascribed to Maria, Queen of Hungary, sister of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, or it was possibly written by Luther, and dedicated to her.

"In this, their novel guise, the Hymns of Luther are now presented to the lovers of sacred lore in our own land. May they still have power to waken the remembrance of Him who is their prevailing theme; and thus speaking to the hearts and minds of the people of God, quicken them afresh to the adoration and service of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls."

We naturally turned to her version of that grand hymn which has been called "the Marseillaise\* of the Reformation,"

"Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

(A strong castle is our God.) This is one of the grandest, noblest, most heart-

stirring compositions ever penned by the hand of man, and as well known through the length and breadth of Germany as "Come, let us join our cheerful songs" is known through England. Her version, which we here give, is exceedingly elegant, and, we may say, beautiful; but it is Luther diluted. We do not say this to disparage the translation, for it is exceedingly well done, and in many places rendered with great tenderness, delicacy, and beauty; but it could not be otherwise. In fact, like all great writers, Luther is untranslatable, and it is next to impossible to convey to an English reader the burning energy and vehement simplicity of his language.

\* The "Marseillaise" is the name of a revolutionary song to Liberty, in the first French revolution, which exercised an amazing influence over the minds of men during that fearful period.

"'Luther's Hymn of Triumph.' On the 46th Psalm. Composed A.D. 1530. Printed A.D. 1533. This hymn has been called Luther's Hymn of Triumph; it reminds us of the first part of the Consolation Hymn of the Church, Psalm 46. Very probably composed in Coburg during the Diet of Augsburg.

"God is the city of our strength!  
Our hearts, exulting, cry;  
He is our bulwark and defence,  
Our arms for victory:  
He helps our souls through each distress  
That meets us in the wilderness.

"Satan, the old malignant foe,  
Now works, with purposed mind, our woe;  
Perfidious cunning, fiendish might,  
He bears, as weapons for the fight;  
Whilst equal, none on earth has he,  
To struggle for the mastery.

"By human strength and human skill  
No worthy wreaths are won;  
Abandoned to ourselves we sink  
In wretchedness undone:

**"Yet in our cause a Champion stands,  
A Champion true is He,  
Whom God hath chosen for the fight,  
Our Lord and Chief to be:  
Say, dost thou ask His peerless name?  
Jesus, our conquering King, we claim;  
Lord of Sabaoth!—God alone.  
And He must hold the field His arm of might hath won.**

**"What though the hosts of Satan stand  
In gathering legions, through the land,  
Prepared to raise the victor's cry,  
And when our souls in misery;  
Yet fear we not the vaunting foe,  
Our conquering bands shall forward go.  
Prince of this world! thy hellish rage  
Shall ne'er our steadfast zeal assuage:  
Thy power is fixed by heaven's decree,  
And here its ragings cease to be:  
Thy boast is vain; a breath—a word  
Subdues thee,—'tis the Spirit's sword.**

**"The word of Truth unhurt shall stand.  
In spite of every foe;  
The Lord himself is on our side,  
And he will help bestow:  
Our Lord and Chief to be:**

**His Spirit's might, his gifts of grace,  
Are with us at the needful place.**

**"What though they take our lives away,  
Our lives we offer for a prey;  
Though wealth and weal and fortune go,  
And wife and friends depart—  
With all the tenderest ties that throw  
Their magic round the heart:**

And though the spoilers haste away,  
And bear our treasures hence,  
Since man is but a child of clay,  
And heir of impotence,—  
It boots them not, their boast is vain,  
Their promised trophies fall;  
Whilst, to the Christian, loss is gain,  
And heaven outvalues all:  
A glorious kingdom yet shall be  
His heritage of bliss, to all eternity.

"Honour and praise to God most high,  
The author of all grace,  
Whose love has sent us from the sky,  
His Son—to save our race:  
And to the Comforter of men  
Let songs of praise be given;  
He draws us from the ways of sin,  
And calls us home to heaven;  
Full well He knows that upward road,  
And joyfully He guides our pilgrim feet to God.  
Amen."

We cannot forbear giving another extract, in which our readers will observe less triumph and holy boldness, but a more mellow, subdued tone of tenderness and pathos.

"'A Death and Grave Song.' A.D. 1524. One of the hymns used for death and burial; an expressive continuation of the ancient funeral hymn, 'In the midst of life we are in death.'—Burial Service.

"When we walk the paths of life,  
Yet by death surrounded,  
When his arrows all are rife  
Where our joys lie wounded;  
Whilst these terrors o'er us break  
Whom shall then our spirits seek?

**"Who, his saving help will send,  
When our need is pressing  
Who the balm of grace will lend,  
Crowned with heavenly blessing?  
God of glory, might, and love!  
Thou wilt help us from above.**

**"When for inbred sin we mourn,  
Sin that grieves Thy Spirit,  
Makes Thy righteous anger burn,  
Makes us wrath inherit;  
God of mercy, love, and power!  
Pity Thou in sorrow's hour!**

**"When Thy people yield their breath,  
Passing Jordan's river;  
In the bitter draught of death,  
Oh! forsake them never!  
God of life and endless days!  
Dying lips Thy love shall praise.**

**"God of holiness! to Thee  
Is our prayer ascending,  
And before Thy majesty  
Contrite souls are bending;  
Pitying Saviour! full of grace,  
Throned in never ending days!**

**"When, before our startled sight,  
That spectre form appears;  
When the jaws of Hell affright,  
When our spirit fears;  
Who, from this our deep distress  
Who can raise us fetterless?**

**"Saviour! with Thy pitying glance,  
Thou shalt pass beside us;  
Thy divine Omnipotence  
From the pit shall guide us:  
Saviour, in Thy bosom dwell  
Love and grace unspeakable!**

**"God of holiness! to Thee  
Is our prayer ascending  
And before Thy majesty  
Contrite souls are bending:  
Pitying Saviour! full of grace,  
Throned in never ending days!**

**"Deep Gehenna's glowing fire,  
Let it not distress us!  
But let praise to Thee aspire,  
Thou canst help and bless us:  
We should faint beside the way,  
Didst not Thou our footsteps stay.**

**"When in pains of Hell we lie,  
By transgressions driven;  
Where, Redeemer! shall we fly  
And find a sheltering haven?  
Where shall then the wounded soul  
Find of rest, a blissful goal?**

**"Blessed Saviour! to Thine arms  
The stricken soul must flee;  
Thou wilt soothe our vain alarms  
And each heartfelt agony:—  
All endearing titles rest  
Graven on Thy faithful breast.**

**"How, for us Thy blood was spilt!  
Dear bought blood and precious;**

**This can cancel all our guilt,  
For that Thou are gracious.  
Lord Redeemer! Thee we bless,  
Source of all our righteousness!**

**"God of holiness! to Thee  
Is our prayer ascending,  
And before Thy majesty  
Contrite souls are bending  
Pitying Saviour! full of grace,  
Throned in never ending days!**

**"Let us nevermore decline  
From Thy faith's high calling;  
Strengthened by Thy might divine,  
Keep our feet from falling;  
And let praise's loftiest tone  
Rise—and swell—and reach Thy throne."**

**Germany is exceedingly rich in hymns, and the German hymnbook is much more varied and poetical than our own. We possess a hymnbook in which there are hymns by 240 different writers of all periods, and all more or less imbued with evangelical truth. We do not mean to say that there are any equal to Hart's, or Berridge's, but many are quite on a par with Newton's; and we venture to say, there is not one in the book which does not contain more Gospel than those hymns of Mr. Lynch, which have lately received the testimony of fifteen ministers, among them Newman Hall and Thomas Binney.**

**It was our intention to drop a few remarks on Mr. Wigmore's Hymns, recently published; but we cannot do so without taking up more space than our usual limits admit; and we never wish to enter upon any subject unless we can express our thoughts upon it sufficiently to render it due justice.**

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**Objections to Certain Doctrines generally held by Persons calling themselves "Brethren;" with some Remarks upon the Nature and Grounds of Living**

**Faith, in a Letter to a Friend. By a Servant of the Church.— (May, 1856.)**

**This is, we think, an excellent little summary of objections to the views entertained and sedulously promulgated by the "Plymouth Brethren," and written with great fairness and in a truly Christian spirit by one evidently well acquainted both with the doctrines held and the men who hold them.**

**His first two objections, which we here give, are much to the point, and, indeed, touch the main core of their shallow, superficial, and, in many points, erroneous system.**

**"1st. I object to their indistinct way of representing the condition of fallen man. They do not think all men in a state of nature under the moral law, and to be judged for not 'loving the Lord with all the heart,' etc., contrary to this very conclusive Scripture—'Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law, that *every* mouth may be stopped, and *all the world* may become guilty before God.' It is difficult, in reading Brethren writings, to know what is the ground upon which they think the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience. Certainly, they write as if death were not the wages of sin, which is 'the transgression of the law,' but merely the wages of unbelief.**

**2nd. I object to their views of faith. A favourite tract of theirs, called 'The Serpent of Brass,' addresses the natural man thus: 'Only try; only believe that Jesus is (what his name means) a Saviour, proclaimed to sinners as a Saviour crucified for sin. You are perishing; is it not worth your while to try? It is [perhaps this should read, *Is it...*] not a simple and an easy thing asked you of God, to believe and be saved?' Is this consistent with 'No man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him?' Does this accord with 'to usward, who believe according to *the working of His mighty power*?' Does this fall in with the experience of the saints? Which of the saints has found it so 'easy' a thing to believe in Jesus, as that it is only for any natural person to 'try' and he must succeed? I am ready to think, if the writer had ever 'tried' to believe, under a sense of guilt and sin, and the holiness of God, it would have made his hand unable to write such a tract as 'The Serpent of Brass.' I could quote largely from their so-called 'Gospel Tracts' expressions that would fill the minds of the people of God with perfect astonishment, that ever men who**

have learned the truth experimentally should be able to join their ranks.

"Their mode of describing faith continually sounds like the error of Sandeman. Instead of speaking of faith as the flight of the pursued sinner to Jesus, the City of Refuge, the touch of a poor diseased sinner of the garment of Jesus, they continually speak of it in terms as if it were only assent to certain propositions laid down in Scripture. They say to the sinner, 'Believe that God hath made Him (Jesus) to be sin who knew no sin; believe that the only object of His being made in the likeness of sinful flesh was for the sake of sinners like yourself; that the only reason of His being lifted up on the cross was to bear sin, and the grievous punishment, instead of sinners having to bear it themselves.' 'Only believe that it (the blood) has been shed and offered unto God as the one sufficient sacrifice for sins for ever, and all is accomplished, and you are saved.' I can only answer, thousands in hell have fully believed all these facts; ah, more, devils believe all the above truths. True faith is more than the mere crediting the doctrines of Scripture. I have been told, by an individual who met with the Brethren for years, that the difference between a living and dead faith is an unheard-of thing in the 'teaching' of 'Brethren.'"

What a fearful system of "teaching" must that be where the difference between a living and a dead faith is an unheard-of thing! What a door must it open for hypocrisy, delusion, and self-deception! How different from the Apostle's determination, not to know the speech of those who were puffed up, but the power; and how contrary to that faithful, discriminating, separating, and heart-searching ministry which the people of God find so useful and profitable. We have room for only another extract:—

"5th. I object to the presumptuous tone of some of their observations upon the believer's privileges. I heard Mr. Darby, the most esteemed teacher among the Brethren, say, 'Some Christians say, they wish to live at the foot of the cross. I do not; it is lower ground than I am willing to occupy.' Again: 'You are living below your privileges, if every time you come to God you are obliged to come pleading the blood of Jesus, and can only get nigh with confidence by fresh actings of faith upon the blood of Jesus. You ought to be able to go continually direct to the Father, as His children, in filial confidence and expectancy.' My heart was truly appalled at this. And when I mentioned this to one of the Brethren, and quoted from the Hebrews (10:19-22), 'Having, therefore,

brethren, boldness to enter the holiest *by the blood of Jesus,*' &c., I was met by the *novel* remark, 'O, you get very *low ground* in the Hebrews!' Where are we told in the word that the holiest entered by the blood of Jesus is *low ground*? The Apostle was so far from reckoning the cross '*low ground,*' that he said, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.'

"I once made inquiry of a Brother how a Mr. H. was going on, (a person among the Brethren of whom I had a good hope). He said, 'O, very poorly, he has quite gone back to acceptance matters.' I asked him to explain himself. He said, 'A Brother met him (Mr. H.) in Soho-square the other day, when they entered into a conversation about the state of the Church. After some time, Mr. H. said, 'Well, after all, I can only say I am brought to this point—

"Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.""

Poor Mr. H.! How couldst thou have learnt thy lesson so badly, and go back so dreadfully? Why keep on such *low ground* as we get in the Hebrews, and be hanging your poor helpless soul on the Rock of Ages instead of measuring the chambers of the temple in Ezekiel, or calculating the weeks in Daniel? You don't know us, Mr. H., nor do we know you; but we would sooner walk round Soho-square with you, and have a little experimental conversation about hanging our helpless souls on the Refuge of Sinners than listen to all the prophetic talk of the "Brother" who thought you were getting on so poorly by having quite gone back to acceptance matters. May be, the "Brother" may himself on a death-bed be too glad to get back to the same point that he is now despising.

"Dry doctrine cannot save us,  
Blind zeal or false devotion;  
The feeblest prayer, if faith be there,  
Exceeds all empty notion."

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The Life of Luther written by Himself; or, the Autobiography of Luther, in

passages extracted from his writings, including his experiences, struggles, doubts, temptations, and consolations, With additions and illustrations. Collected and arranged by M. Michelet.—(*June, 1856.*)

When anything great has to be done on earth for the glory of God and the advance of his kingdom, his usual, if not invariable way has hitherto been to raise up some one instrument, or several instruments, whom he endues with grace, wisdom, and power for the work to be done, and whose labours he blesses to bring about the end that he has determined should be accomplished. Joseph to feed the children of Israel in Egypt; Moses to bring them out of the house of bondage; Joshua to lead them into the promised land; the Judges that succeeded Joshua, such as Gideon and Jephtha, to deliver them from the various captivities into which they fell; Elijah to destroy the idolatry of Baal, and restore the worship of the God of their fathers; Ezra and Nehemiah to bring them back from Babylon, and rebuild the city and temple—all these are so many marked instances of the Lord's using special and chosen instruments to bring about his appointed ends. Had it been his sovereign will, he might have worked otherwise. He might, for instance, have impressed it at once on the minds of all the children of Israel to leave Egypt without any particular leader or guide, or under one of their own choosing; or he might have made them, as one man, by a simultaneous rising, burst the chains of the Midianites without the sword of Gideon; or he might have led them back to himself from the worship of Baal without the ministry of Elijah. But no; he would select and qualify some one individual who should be his chosen instrument, and in whom and by whom he would work by his Spirit and grace to accomplish his destined purpose. When we come down to New Testament times, we see the same principle still at work, and the same agency employed. The Lord Jesus Christ chose disciples that they might be constantly with him, to receive the words of life and truth from his own sacred lips, and, when baptised with the Holy Ghost and with fire, to go forth as apostles to preach the gospel among all nations for the obedience of faith. Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, is a special instance of the point we are seeking to establish, and one which sets it in the fullest, clearest light. How striking in this point of view are the words of the Lord to Ananias concerning him: "Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel." (Acts 9:15.) All that the Lord did by Paul he might have done without Paul. With a look, a touch, a word, a breath, a nation might have been born in

**a day, or myriads have started up, like the bones in the valley of vision, and stood up upon their feet an exceeding great army. But no; Paul was to be the chosen vessel to bear his name before the Gentiles. The mad Pharisee, the bloodthirsty persecutor, the waster of the church of God, was to preach the faith which once he destroyed.\* He that stood by when the blood of the martyred Stephen was shed, and, consenting unto his death, kept the raiment of them that slew him—this was the man who was to suffer all things for the elect's sake, to be in labours more abundant than all his fellow-servants, and to travel from sea to sea, and from shore to shore, that by him as a chosen instrument the Lord might open the eyes of elect Gentiles, and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.**

**\* "Destroyed" is not quite the right translation. It is literally "was laying waste," the idea being of an invader laying waste a country, or a victorious army ravaging and desolating a city which they had taken by storm. Faith cannot be destroyed, but it may be attacked, ravaged, and run over, as a country is by an invading army.**

**In the times which followed the New Testament records, when error and corruption had done their sad work, we still find the same principle in operation when God made his right arm bare. When Arianism, in the fourth century, threatened to drown the truth as it is in Jesus as with a flood from the mouth of the serpent, and the faithful few, like Eli, sat trembling for the ark of God, Athanasius was raised up to assert and defend the fundamental doctrine of the Trinity. So alone did this chosen instrument stand, and so boldly did he maintain the field, that it was a common saying of the period, "Athanasius against all the world, and all the world against Athanasius." But we owe it, humanly speaking, to this undaunted champion that the grand foundation doctrine of the Trinity was preserved to the church. When Pelagianism, or the doctrine of human merit, rather more than a century later, was spreading its poisonous influence far and wide, Augustine was raised up to expose and overthrow it. When the densest darkness of Popish error, and, we may add, of Romish oppression, was settling deep and wide on this country, Wickliffe was called forth to herald in, and, as it were, antedate the Reformation. When Wickliffe's followers here, and John Huss, Jerome of Prague, to whom his writings had been blessed, on the continent, were crushed by the iron hand of persecution, and the Romish church seemed to**

have secured for herself undisputed sway over the minds and liberties of men, God raised up Luther, and wrought by him the greatest and most blessed work since the days of primitive Christianity.

Luther is perhaps one of the strongest instances which can be adduced of the truth of the principle we are seeking to establish—that not only does the Lord work by human instruments, but usually by one select instrument; and it is with a special eye to him in this point of view that the preceding sketch has been traced out. For want of seeing this, not only the character of Luther, but the very nature of the Reformation itself, has been totally misapprehended. The only writer in the multitude of authors, civil and religious, who have drawn their pens in behalf of or against the Reformation, who seems to have thoroughly seen this, is D'Aubigne; and in the clear appreciation of this point lies the chief value of his work. He clearly saw that the Reformation was worked out in Luther's soul, and that thus Luther was not so much a Reformer as the Reformation; \* in other words, that the abuses, the errors, the burdens against which he testified by voice and pen with such amazing energy and power, were errors and burdens under which his own soul had well nigh sunk in despair; and that the truths which he preached with such force and feeling had been brought into his heart by the power of God, whose mighty instrument he was. Thus as error after error was opened up in his soul by the testimony of the Spirit in the word of truth and in his conscience, he denounced them in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" and similarly, as one blessed truth after another was revealed to his heart and applied to his soul, he declared it with voice, and pen dipped in the dew of heaven. The Reformation, therefore, at least in Germany, was, so to speak, gradually drawn out of Luther's soul. He did not come forth as a theologian fully furnished with a scheme of doctrines, or as a warrior armed at all points, but advanced slowly, as himself a learner, from one position to another, gradually feeling his way onward; taking up, therefore, no ground on which he had not been clearly set down, and which he could not firmly maintain from the express testimony of God. It is true that this gradual progress of his mind involved him at times in contradictions and inconsistencies, not to say mistakes and errors, which his enemies have availed themselves of to sully and tarnish one of the noblest characters, both naturally and spiritually, that the world has ever seen. It is the distinguishing feature of low, base minds to fix their eyes on the blemishes of those noble characters, whose excellencies they

cannot understand for want of similar noble feelings in themselves. Any one can censure, criticise, and find fault; but any one cannot admire, value, or rightly appreciate, for to do so requires a sympathy with that which deserves admiration. Envy and jealousy may prompt the detracting remark; but humility and a genuine approval of what is excellent for its own sake will alone draw forth the admiring expression. Admiration, or what a popular writer of the present day calls "hero-worship," should not indeed blind us to the faults of great men. But a discerning eye, whilst it admits Luther's inconsistencies, sees displayed more manifestly thereby the mercy and wisdom of God. The Lord, indeed, was no more the author of Luther's errors than he was of Luther's sins, but as he mercifully pardoned the one, so he graciously passed by the other, and over-ruled both to his own glory. Several great advantages were, however, secured by the slow and gradual way whereby Luther advanced onward in the path of Reformation.

\* "The first stage of a man's life, that in which he is formed and moulded under the hand of God, is always important, and was so especially in the case of Luther. There, even at that period, the whole Reformation existed. The different phases of that great work succeeded each other in the soul of him who was the instrument of accomplishing before it was actually accomplished. The knowledge of the Reformation which took place in Luther's heart is the only key to the Reformation of the Church. We must study the particular work if we would attain to a knowledge of the general work. Those who neglect the one will never know more than the form and exterior of the other. They may acquire a knowledge of certain events and certain results, but the intrinsic nature of the revival they cannot know, because the living principle which formed the soul of it, is hidden from them."—*D'Aubigne*.

1. He won his way thereby gradually and slowly in the understanding, conscience, and affections of the people of God, who received the truth from his mouth and pen by the same gradual process as he himself had learned it. Had he at once burst forth into all the full blaze of truth, the light would have been too strong for eyes sealed in darkness for ages. But, like the sun, his light broke gradually upon the eyes of men, and thus they could follow him as he clambered slowly up to the full meridian. Thus he and those whom he taught grew together, and the master was never so much in advance of the pupil as to be out of sight and hearing.

**2. Again, by this means, as each corruption of doctrine or practice was laid open to the conscience of the Reformer, or as each truth was made sweet and precious to his soul, he spoke and wrote under the influence as then and there felt. As he gathered the manna fresh, so he filled his omer, and that of his neighbours who had gathered less. The shewbread, after being presented before the Lord, was eaten by the priest and his family at the end of the week, before it was spoiled by keeping; and when that was being eaten, fresh was set on the holy table. If Luther and his spiritual family ate together the bread of truth which had been placed before the Lord for his approving smile, whilst still retaining all its original flavour and freshness, was not that better than if, by long keeping, it had in a measure lost its original sweetness?**

**3. But further, if Luther had at once come forth with his sweeping denunciations of the Pope as Antichrist, without the minds of men being gradually prepared to receive his testimony, his career, humanly speaking, would have been short, and he would have been cut off at once by the iron hand of the Papacy, and not only his work cut off with him, but his very name now might have been unknown. Charles V., it is well known, regretted to his dying day what he considered the grand error of his life—not violating the safe conduct he had given Luther to come and return uninjured from the Diet of Worms, and not burning him to death as a heretic on the spot, as his ancestor, Sigismund, had burnt John Huss and Jerome of Prague, a hundred years before.**

**Luther, viewed as regards his natural temperament and disposition, is not a character that an Englishman can well understand, and still less an Englishman of our day and generation. He was a thorough German, but one of the old type, the old-fashioned German stock, closely allied to us in blood, and race, and mental qualities, but in manner and expression somewhat more homely, blunt, and coarse. He was quite a man of the people, being the son of a miner,\* and had all that rough honesty and plainness of speech and manner which marks the class whence he sprang. Such men, when grace softens their hearts, and refines their minds, are of all best suited for the Lord's work. Peter, the fisherman, and Paul, the tent-maker, Bunyan, the tinker, and Huntington, the coal-heaver,—such men, when called by grace and qualified by heavenly gifts, are far better instruments than scholars and students who know nothing beyond their books, and are lost when out of the smell and sight**

of their library. † Luther, it is true, was a highly educated and indeed a very learned man; but he never lost, amidst his dusty folios, his native simplicity of heart and manners. He was, therefore, frank, open, sincere, outspoken, but withal rough, violent, and often coarse—nay, sometimes almost insolent in the tones of defiance that burst forth from him, almost as fire from a volcano. When once roused, as for instance by our King Henry VIII., he spared no one he considered the enemy of truth. Kings, emperors, princes, and popes, were all to him mere nine-pins, whom he trundled down one after another without any scruple or the least ceremony, if they seemed to stand in the way of the gospel. In that age of feudal obedience, when one class exacted, and the other paid, a servile respect, and a crouching deference of which we can form no idea, it was indeed a daring innovation for a shaven monk, and he by birth and blood but a miner's son, to defy the united strength of Pope and Caesar, and set up the word of God as supreme over the consciences of men.

\* "My parents," says the Reformer, "were very poor. My father was a poor woodcutter, and my mother often carried his wood on her back to procure subsistence for us children. The toil they endured for us was severe, even to blood." This was before he became a miner, which was to him the beginning of a measure of worldly prosperity, for he was afterwards a councillor of the town of Mansfeldt, where he had two smelting furnaces.

† Zuingle, the great Swiss reformer, was the son of a shepherd; Melancthon, Luther's bosom friend and fellow labourer, of an armourer; Calvin of a cooper; and Latimer of a small farmer in Leicestershire.

Never, perhaps, did a man live since the time of the apostles, over whose own conscience the word of God exercised such paramount dominion. He had felt the power of that word in his soul. It had sounded the inmost depths of his conscience. In no recorded experience do we read of any man whom the holy, just, and righteous law of God more terrified and broke to pieces. It is wonderful to see a man of his powerful mind, one of the most fearless, bold, and energetic that ever came from the hand of the Creator, so terrified and almost distracted by the majesty and justice of God as revealed in a broken law. Three days and three nights did he once lie on a couch without eating, drinking, or sleeping, under the terrors revealed in the words, "the righteousness of God." He would sometimes shriek, and cry, and faint away

**under a sight and sense of the holiness of God, and his own sinfulness before him. No saint of God could more truly say, "While I suffer thy terrors I am distracted;" nor did any one ever more find the word of God to be quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow,—a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. And when mercy and grace were revealed to his soul, as they in due time were, from the very passage which had so terrified him (Rom. 3:24-26), what a supremacy of the word of God did this experience of law and gospel establish in his heart! He could then take this two-edged sword, which had so pierced him, and wield it so as to pierce others. It then became in his hands a weapon not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.**

**In this supremacy of the word of God, as thus established in Luther's soul, lay the whole pith and core of the Reformation. When he found the old Latin Bible in the convent library,\* and day after day crept up to read and study it under the terrors of the Law, the accusations of a guilty conscience, and the temptations of the devil, God was planting in his soul that godly tree, under the boughs of which we are now living, and from whose branches we are still gathering fruit. When he stole away from sweeping out the church and the filthy rooms of the convent, and could, away from the bread-bag, which his brother monks compelled him to carry through the streets of Erfurt to beg victuals for them, read in secrecy and solitude that sacred book, the very existence of which they scarce knew, God was secretly sowing the seed of the Reformation in his heart. When that pale-faced, worn-out monk lay crying and groaning in his cell, under the most dismal apprehensions of the eternal wrath of God, he was, so to speak, travailing in birth of the Reformation and when deliverance came to his soul, the Reformation was born.**

**\* It was at the University of Erfurt that Luther first met with the Scriptures, before he became a monk; but it was in the convent library, in the same town, that he chiefly studied the Latin Bible, fastened as it was by a chain to the shelf.**

**The supremacy of the inspired Scriptures, the paramount authority of the**

word of God over the word of man, seems a simple principle to us who have been cradled in its belief. In fact, it is one of those self-evident propositions which have only to be stated to be universally received. But simple and self-evident as it seems to us, it was not established till Luther brought it forth out of the depths of his own heart, and laid it down before the eyes of men, as God had laid it down in his soul. Never was a principle laid down by the voice and pen of man more fruitful in result. Hitherto the Bible was scarcely known, even to learned men; and being locked up in the original languages, Hebrew and Greek, to all others it was a sealed book. In the controversies that arose in the middle ages, it was scarcely ever appealed to, and was totally misunderstood. Decrees of Popes, acts of Councils, decisions of Universities, opinions of the Fathers, sentiments of learned men—these were the ruling authorities, and were appealed to in all disputed points as lawyers now quote established cases in a court of law. But Luther made short work with them all, and swept them away never more to stand. Never did earth witness, in modern days, a grander, more majestic, and, in its consequences, a more triumphant scene than Luther standing at the Diet of Worms, before the Emperor, the Princes, and all the civil and ecclesiastical authorities and dignitaries of Germany. A poor monk, holding by the word of God as felt in his conscience against all the majesty and wrath of Pope and Emperor,—here was a sight for angels to look at (1 Cor. 4:9); and well might those ministering spirits wonder and admire the grace of God thus shining forth in a dying man. There he stood as the servant of the living God, with the word of the Lord in his heart and mouth. The Lord gave him faith thus to speak and act; honoured it, and brought him off more than conqueror; and not him only, but the Reformation of which he there stood the living representative. The supreme authority of God's word over the consciences of men, and its paramount authority in all matters of faith, were then brought forth; and before that glittering weapon which the champion of God then drew from its sheath, and brandished before the eyes of assembled Germany, Popery sank down with one of its heads wounded to death. The word of God and the word of man there met face to face; truth and error were there put into the scale, and the result may be described in the words of our great poet, which he puts into the mouth of Gabriel to Satan:

"For proof look up,  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign;

**Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,  
If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft: no more; but fled  
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night."**

**The nature and character of the book before us are well expressed in the title-page. Scarcely did any man ever leave behind him such materials for a biography as**

**"The solitary monk who shook the world."**

**His works fill several thick folio volumes. He wrote hundreds of letters to his friends, nearly all of which are preserved; and well they deserve it, for they are full of sense and wisdom, as well as of frank cordiality and warm affection. His very conversation, at his meals and in private,—for he used to board and lodge students gratis, and his house was open to all refugees for conscience' sake—his "table-talk," was taken down, and occupies a good-sized volume. There is scarcely, indeed, any one man of whom we know so much—one may almost say too much, for all his weaknesses and failings are recorded as well as his better qualities. And as he, when not depressed with temptation and gloom, was lively and cheerful, and a great talker, his enemies have availed themselves of some of his speeches to tarnish and sully his bright name. But let such vipers gnaw the file! It is proof against their teeth and their venom. But to those who love truth and yet know their own hearts sufficiently to be prepared to meet great faults and blemishes, we would say, Such a man is worth studying, such a history is worth reading; for it is the history, not merely of a man most distinguished by nature and grace, but of a mind which has exercised the greatest influence over the minds of men, and, one may say, over the destinies of the church of God, as well as of nations, since the days of Paul. Some of our ministers are trying to pick up a few scraps of the Greek and Latin languages, which they can never learn to be of the least use to them; for a language, like a trade, must be learnt in boyhood and youth, to be thoroughly understood; and if not thoroughly mastered, will only mislead. Instead of all this useless toil, if they want some more reading than the Bible gives them, and wish for some trustworthy information of the state of things in times gone by, let them read such works as Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation," Milner's "Church History,"**

Neal's "History of the Puritans." We do not name such works as substitutes for spiritual and experimental writings. But all things have their place; and sometimes, when the mind, through temptation or sluggishness, cannot approach the purer fountains of truth, a book like D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation" may be read not without profit. But it is not possible to lay down rules for any to go by. Some have no time, others no inclination, to read; and what little time they have they devote to the Scriptures. They cannot do better; there they have the truth in its purity, and need not forsake its streams for the turbid pools of man. It is not reading, learning, or study that can make an able minister of the New Testament. If so, the academies would give us an ample supply. But the greatest readers and most laborious students are usually the most ignorant of the teaching of the Spirit, and the work of faith with power. "The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips"; and this learning is not of the schools. A man who reads his eyes out may be most ignorant, for he may know nothing as he ought to know; and a man who reads nothing but his Bible may be most learned, for he may have the unctuous teachings of the Holy Ghost. There are three books which, if a man will read and study, he can dispense with most others. These are, 1. The Book of Providence; and this he reads to good purpose, when he sees written down line by line the providential dealings of God with him, and a ray of Divine light gilds every line;—2. The Word of God; and this he reads to profit, when the blessed Spirit applies it with power to his soul;—and 3. The Book of his own Heart; and this he studies with advantage, when he reads in the new man of grace the blessed dealings of God with his soul, and in the old man of sin and death, enough to fill him with shame and confusion of face, and make him loathe and abhor himself in dust and ashes.

Michelet (pronounced "Meeshlay"), the compiler of the book before us, is a popular French writer, well known by a most severe pamphlet against priests and Jesuits, and as the author of a work on the French Revolution. This book, therefore, is a translation from the French, and its chief value is that it is a cheap collection of many of Luther's sayings and doings, but in a very fragmentary and therefore necessarily imperfect form. As such it is interesting to those who are unacquainted with Luther's "Table Talk" and writings; but, in our judgment, it is very inferior to the account we have in D'Aubigne, which is a most vivid, minute, and graphic account of the Reformer and his times, and one well deserving attention, perusal, and

earnest study.

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**The Two Natures of a Believer; as they are revealed in Scripture, and evidenced by Experience in the Work of Regeneration and Sanctification.—  
(July, 1856.)**

The only real knowledge which we can possess of the truth of God, or of any one branch of that truth, is from a vital, experimental, heartfelt acquaintance with it through the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Men, learned or unlearned, priest or people, may theorise and speculate, may think they see and understand, may reason and argue, preach and prate, talk and write, wisely and well upon this and that point of doctrine, or upon this or that portion of scripture; but unless the sacred truth of God is made known to our hearts by a divine power, and laid hold of by a living faith, we have no true knowledge of, as we have no saving interest in it. How true are those words of the apostle: "And if any man think that he knoweth any thing, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." (1 Cor. 8:2.) To think that we know a thing, and to know that we know a thing, are two very different things. We must have done with thinking and come to knowing; and this we never can do until the Blessed Spirit seals the truth of God home upon our heart and conscience. The Bible is plain enough. The way of salvation is written in its sacred pages as with a ray of light, and every truth that is for the soul's good, or the Lord's glory, is so traced in the inspired volume, that he who runs may read. This the Lord himself declares: "All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing froward or perverse in them. They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge." (Prov. 8:8, 9.) But before we can read to our soul's profit these words of truth and righteousness, the veil of unbelief must be taken off our heart, (2 Cor. 3:14-16,) that we may see light in God's light. The truths of the Gospel, if not broken up by a divine hand, lie upon many an understanding as clods of marl upon a field which they encumber but do not fertilise; or, to use a more scriptural figure, as the seed, scattered by the hand of the sower, lies on the hard, beaten wayside, till trodden into dust by the foot of the traveller, or devoured by the hungry fowl of the air. What good will the purest, clearest, soundest doctrines, even if preached by an apostle, do us unless there be that living principle of divine

faith in our hearts which mixes with the word, and so profits the soul? The want of this was the ruin of those ancient infidels who ate of the manna and drank of the rock, but whose carcasses fell in the wilderness: "For unto us was the gospel preached, as well as unto them: but the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." (Heb. 4:2.) We hold in our hands the divine Gospel of John; we read with wonder and admiration, and sometimes with some little feeling and savour, the sixth chapter; and as we read we see grace and truth stamped upon every line of that sacred discourse where the Lord speaks with such solemn weight and power about eating his flesh and drinking his blood. But what effect did this sacred sermon—the perfection of spiritual and experimental truth, to us pervaded with such a spirit of holiness, to us so weighty and solemn that life or death seems to hang upon every word—what effect did these words of Him who cannot lie produce upon those who heard them drop from his gracious lips? Did it awaken, quicken, regenerate, save, or sanctify them? So far from that, the Lord not seeing good to apply it to their consciences by his Blessed Spirit, it only stirred up their rebellion and infidelity. Their only reply to its heavenly language was, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" We see, then, that it is not truth—the purest and clearest, even when uttered by the Redeemer's own lips, that can save the soul unless applied to the heart by the special power of God. This the Lord plainly showed by the parable of the Sower, where the seed being the same but the soil different, that only which fell into good ground brought forth fruit, some a hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold. Thus, whoever be the sower, it is only when the seed of divine truth enters into the broken tilth of a good and honest heart, made so by grace, that it takes that firm and deep root downward which enables it to spring, and grow, and bear fruit upward, to the praise and glory of God.

But when the truth of God is made known to the heart by divine teaching and divine testimony, what a holy sweetness and heavenly savour are then tasted, felt, and realised in it! When thus favoured to sit down under the shadow of its Beloved, and find his fruit sweet to its taste, the soul says, with Jeremiah, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." (Jer. 15:16.) The ineffable mystery of a Triune Jehovah; the essential Deity and eternal Sonship of the Lord Jesus; the sorrows and sufferings of his agonising humanity in the days of his flesh; the unutterable glory of his divine Person as Immanuel God with us at the right

hand of the Father; the efficacy of his atoning blood; the beauty and blessedness of his all-spotless righteousness; the sweetness of his dying love, that passeth knowledge; the fulness of grace that dwelleth in him as the covenant head of the Church; the stability of the everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; the firmness of the promises; the holiness of the precepts; the force of Jesus' example; the support of his presence; the whispers of his voice; the sympathy and compassion of his tender heart—how can these blessed realities, in the experimental realisation of which the life and power of godliness mainly consist, enter into us, or we enter into them without the unction of the Holy Ghost resting on and bedewing them, and through them resting on and bedewing us? It is not only utterly useless, but it is highly dangerous, to make ourselves or others wise in the letter of truth when the heart remains utterly destitute of its power. Lace and lawn round the face of a corpse will neither give life nor preserve from putrefaction. The soundest doctrines may be made into grave-clothes for the dead; but "Lazarus, come forth!" may never be spoken to it by the voice of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. Let us beware, then, of unsanctified knowledge, or unapplied truth; for such "knowledge puffeth up;" and well may our ears tingle at the solemn warning of the apostle: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." (1 Cor. 13:1, 2.) If we have any inward witness that we may fear God; if any faith in his dear Son; if any sense of our sinfulness and ignorance, our earnest, our unceasing desire should be to be led into the truth of God by God himself. "Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law;" "Lead me into thy truth and teach me; on thee do I wait all the day;" "What I know not, teach thou me;" "Give me understanding, and I shall live"—such and similar petitions should be continually rising up out of our hearts and lips, and ascending to the courts of heaven perfumed by the prevailing intercession of the great High Priest over the house of God. The word of promise encourages us to present those supplications unceasingly before the throne. "If any of you lack wisdom," it says for our encouragement, "let him ask of God, that giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." And what can be more encouraging for the poor and needy petitioner, waiting at wisdom's door-posts, than the words of the Lord himself: "Ask, and it shall be given

**you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."**

**Among those branches of divine truth which, without special teaching, we cannot enter into, is, that of *the two natures* in a believer. And yet, though every child of God must in all ages have been experimentally acquainted with the inward conflict between flesh and spirit, nature and grace; and though authors innumerable have written on such subjects as sanctification, the trial of faith, the strength of grace, the power of sin, the deceitfulness of the heart, the commencement and progress, decline and restoration, of the life of God in the soul, yet how few even of these really spiritual and experimental writers have laid out the truth of the case as made known in the Scriptures, and felt in the experience of the saints! How blind have many gracious writers, as, for instance, Dr. Owen, and most of the Puritan authors, been to the distinctness of flesh and spirit! In fact, as it seems to us, many good men have been afraid of the real, actual truth. Our Puritan ancestors especially, living in a day when profanity and ungodliness ran down the streets like water, and holiness, therefore, of heart and life was powerfully urged as the distinctive feature of the children of God, intuitively shrank from anything that seemed in its faintest colouring opposed to their view of gospel sanctification. They feared to believe, and dreaded to proclaim, that "the carnal mind is enmity against God; that it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed could be." They seemed to think, if they once admitted that the flesh, the carnal mind,\* underwent no spiritual change; in other words, could not be sanctified; it was opening a wide and open door to the worst Antinomianism.**

**\* There is a distinction between "the flesh" and "the carnal mind." The flesh is the corrupt principle itself: the carnal mind is the breathing, moving, and acting of the corrupt principle. The flesh is, as it were, the body, the carnal mind the soul of sin; the flesh is the still atmosphere, pregnant with disease and death; the carnal mind is the same air in motion, carrying with it the noisome pestilence; the flesh is a giant, but lying down or asleep; the carnal mind is the giant awake and hurling his weapons of defiance against heaven and earth.**

**Our Reformers in the 9th Article, though their views are remarkably sound**

upon this point, seem to have been rather puzzled how to explain the expression, the carnal mind; for they thus speak of it:—"And this infection of nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated; whereby the lust of the flesh, called in the Greek *phronema sarkos*, which some do expound the wisdom, some sensuality, some the affections, some the desire of the flesh, is not subject to the law of God."

On no one point, it may be remarked, are the minds of men professing some measure of truth so sensitive as upon that of the believer's personal sanctification. You may be three parts an Arminian, and four-fifths of a Pharisee, and men will speak well of you and of your religion; nay, many even of God's children will think favourably of you. But be in their eyes one-tenth of an Antinomian, and they will unchristianise you in a moment, if you had the experience of Hart, the gifts of Huntington, the godly life of Romaine, and the blessed death of Toplady. Now, nothing so much exposes a man to the suspicion of secret Antinomianism as his denying the sanctification of the flesh. The cry is at once raised, "You are an enemy to holiness; you turn the grace of God into licentiousness; you allow people to live as they list; you encourage men under a profession of religion to continue in sin." Who does not know the changes [charges?] which they ring on this peal of bells against all who assert that the flesh is incurably corrupt, and cannot be moulded afresh, or new modelled, or sanctified, or conformed to the image of Christ, but remains to the last what it was at the first, "the old man which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts?" We may oppose to these clamorous reproaches a godly life, a gospel walk, a spiritual mindedness, a heavenly conversation, a filial fear, a tender conscience, a separation from evil, a liberality to the poor and needy, and a deadness to the world of which our opponents profess little and manifest less; but all in vain. The very suspicion that we deny the holiness of the flesh, present or possible, makes us viewed by most of the "very religious" people of our day much as the Protestant heretic is looked upon by the staunch Papist—a kind of horrid being, who may, perhaps, by a death-bed conversion to their views, and a full recantation of his own, escape hell, but who, at present, is in a very awful and dangerous condition.

But leaving these poor ignorant creatures who speak evil of things that they know not, and who are actuated by much the same principle and spirit as

those of old who said of the Lord himself, "He hath a devil, and is mad; why hear ye him?" let us look for a few moments at a very different class of persons to whom the mystery of the two natures is but little known. These are the honest and sincere, the tender in conscience and broken in heart of the children of God, who, for want of divine light on this point, are often deeply tried and perplexed, and sometimes almost at their wit's end from what they feel of the inward workings and strength of sin. They are told, and their naturally religious mind, their traditionary creed, and their unenlightened understanding, all fully fall in with what they hear enforced on their conscience, that the sanctification of the soul, without which there is no salvation, is a gradual progress from one degree of holiness to another, till, with the exception of a few insignificant "remains" of sin, which, from some unknown cause, obstinately resist the sanctifying process, the believer becomes thoroughly holy, in body, soul, and spirit. Sin, they are told, may occasionally stir up a bad thought or two, or now and then a carnal desire may most unaccountably start up; but its power is destroyed, the rebellious movement is immediately subdued, the hasty spark, which straight is cool again, is put out at once without further damage, and the process of sanctification keeps going on as harmoniously and uninterruptedly as before, till the soul is almost as fit for heaven as if it were already there.

Beautiful theory! but as deceptive and as unsubstantial as the mirage of the desert, or the summer evening cloud bathed in the golden glow of the sinking sun. And so those sincere, honest-hearted children of God find and feel when "the motions of sin which are by the law," stirred and roused from their torpid inactivity by its application, work in their members to bring forth fruit unto death.

The doctrine of progressive sanctification, implying, as it does, in the mouth of its strenuous advocates, the gradual extirpation of sin and the moulding of the carnal mind into the image of Christ, is to the honest and tender conscience a torturing doctrine, pregnant with guilt, bondage, and despair. To a man who merely plays with religion, all doctrines are pretty much alike. None cause him trouble, and none cause him joy. The holiness of God, the spirituality and curse of the law, the evil of sin, the helplessness of the creature, the sinfulness of the flesh, the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of the heart, as long as they are mere doctrines, have no more effect upon the conscience than a

narrative of the battle of Alma or an account of the fight at Inkermann. To a professor of religion dead in his unregeneracy, the fall of man is nothing like so stirring as the fall of Sebastopol; and the recovery by Christ does not give him half so much pleasure as the recovery from a bad cold. These are the men to preach progressive sanctification; and none urge it so continually, and press it so forcibly, except, perhaps, those that are living in sin, who are usually the greatest advocates for holiness, either as a mask of their practice, or on the principle of a set off, that, having none of their own, they may get as much as they can of other people's. "In for a penny, in for a pound," is the maxim of a man who runs into debt without meaning to pay. And so, if a man mean to pay God nothing of the obedience and holiness which he urges upon others, he thinks he cannot do better than get into debt as deep as he can. None set the ladder so high as the master who stops at the foot, and urges his man on to the topmost round. None lay such heavy burdens on men's shoulders as those who themselves never touch them with one of their fingers; and none wield so unmercifully the whip as those who have never felt the end of the lash. To all such miserable taskmasters the tried and distressed in soul may well say, "What is play to you is death to us; you are in jest, but we are in earnest; you are at your ease, we are labouring to attain unto what you only talk about. The holiness that you are preaching we are striving to practise. Your flashes of exhortation are but summer lightning, and your denunciations but stage thunder; whilst we are at the foot of the mount that burned with fire, and where there was blackness and darkness and tempest. The sanctification of the flesh that you urge may do for you who have learned your lesson at the academy, and preach what you neither know, nor understand, nor feel—blind leaders of the blind, as you and your tutors are. Such a doctrine lies with no more weight on your conscience than the preacher's gown upon your back, or the gold ring upon your little finger; but it is not so with us, who are daily and hourly groaning beneath a body of sin and death. It is the load of sin that so deeply tries us, and our utter inability to bring forth the holiness that you urge upon our sore and bleeding consciences. It is our base backslidings, our sins against love and blood, our barrenness and deadness; the dreadful depravity of our hearts; our getting every day worse instead of getting every day better, that so deeply tries us: and your doctrine rubs salt into our bleeding, gaping wounds."

To such tried and distressed souls as these, who have been harassed almost to

**death by the doctrine of progressive sanctification, how reviving and encouraging it is when the mystery of the two natures is opened up to their spiritual understanding, and sealed upon their conscience by the Blessed Spirit!**

**We have felt much pleasure and interest in the little book before us. The author is quite unknown to us, nor have we the least idea who the "layman" is who has written this scriptural, experimental, and excellent treatise on the mystery of the two natures. But, whoever he is, for a knowledge of the subject he is no bad divine.**

**The following extract will show how he handles his pen:—**

**"As the Lord God breathed into the nostrils of the dead and inanimate body of Adam at his creation 'the breath of life, and man became a living soul,' so the Lord the Spirit breathes into the dead and unconscious soul of a sinner, at his new creation, the breath of spiritual and eternal life, and by his all-quickenng energy raises him from 'a death in sin to a life of righteousness;' thus he passes from death unto life, and never more comes into condemnation, 'for his life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ, who is his life, shall appear, then shall he also appear with him in glory.' 'The rational life is not more superior to the animal, nor more distinct from it, than this spiritual life is superior to them both.' This spiritual resurrection is effected by 'the exceeding greatness of his power to us ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand, in the heavenly places.' 'Blessed and holy is he that hath part in (this) first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power.' This creation, however, of the inner or new man is not all that takes place when the soul is 'made alive to God.' It then becomes actually (as well as virtually) united to the great 'Head of the Church,' the Lord Jesus Christ, 'with whom is the fountain of life,' yea, who is 'the life,' 'having life in himself.'"**

**"It is not then (as has been fondly imagined by some) the reconstruction or 're-modelling' of the 'carnal mind,' or an improvement of those sinful inclinations which we all possess by nature, but is the impartation of entirely new propensities to holiness and God, and newly-created antipathies to sin**

and Satan. This communication, however, of a new nature does not necessarily imply the absence of the old, much less its sanctification or annihilation. Love to God (to us who are at enmity with him) is as much a new nature as if the Almighty were suddenly to endue us with the propensity and capability of flying, in addition to those powers of locomotion we already possess. It is a second or superadded nature, for it is said by the scriptures of the carnal man, 'I know you, that you have not the love of God in you.' Our original (or, rather, our derived) nature is sin. It is that in which 'we live and move, and have our being,'—that wherein we 'sport ourselves.' Some, it is true, plunge into its depths, 'work all uncleanness with greediness,' and can never have enough; whilst others (making clean the outside of the cup and of the platter) 'thank God that they are not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers,' &c., and yet are not a whit more 'justified' in the sight of God than the most heinous transgressor. It is, however, the element in which we all live. Our nature and all its propensities are continually engaged in loving sin and Satan, and hating God and holiness. We mean the God of the Bible and the holiness he has enjoined, and without which 'no man shall see the Lord;' though it is very possible for a man to love a god of his own imagination, and highly to admire and applaud that meagre morality that passes current for holiness, with a 'world lying in wickedness,' but which has not the stamp of heaven upon it, nor the seal of God's approbation. We never, however, attempt a flight; we never (of ourselves) soar into the regions of spirituality; our carnal nature is too gross for such an exercise; nor can we inhale an atmosphere so pure and refined."

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Hymns Composed on Various Subjects. By John Wigmore.—(*July, 1856.*)

Mr. Wigmore is a good and gracious man, and these hymns are, for the most part, the utterances of his soul, expressive of his experience of sorrow and joy, conflict and deliverance, misery and mercy. As such, they possess an intrinsic value which will make them acceptable to the tried and exercised children of God. They have no pretension to the character of poetry, as Mr. Wigmore, in a modest, unassuming preface, intimates, calling his little Hymnbook "a handful of goats' hair for the service of the tabernacle."

**Having a sincere respect and esteem for Mr. Wigmore, though personally unknown, from all the accounts we have received of him from trustworthy persons, we desire to view his book with the most favourable eye, consistent with our regard for truth and our duty to the Church of God. If, then, we point out a few of its more glaring blemishes, we trust we shall not wound the feelings of himself and his friends, especially as many of these faults are capable of easy correction; and if his contribution to the service of the Sanctuary be but "a handful of goats' hair," that handful may as well be properly combed out and lie a little straight in the hand, as be left a rough and rugged lock.**

**And first a few thoughts upon religious poetry generally, and the state of mind which prompts the heart in most cases to write it.**

**Where there is naturally a poetic turn, there is a tendency in the mind, in a certain state of experience, to clothe its thoughts and feelings in the language and form of poetry. This state of mind is not when the heart is deeply sunk in sorrow and gloom, for then the harp is hung on the willows, and its language is that of sighs and groans; nor is it when highly favoured with manifestations of the Lord's presence and love, for then praise and blessing leave no thought or room for the tinkle of verse. But it is during a kind of medium state, when the soul is either saddened with a holy gloom which fits it for divine meditation without absorbing grief, or melted into a serious and calm joy which draws the affections upwards without overwhelming rapture. The thoughts and language of poetry being elevated beyond prose, require a state of mind and tone of feeling similarly elevated. A lax string gives forth no note; it must be tightened to a certain degree to sound the note required. So the mind must be under a certain degree of tension—in other words, the frame of thought and feeling must be under a peculiar stretch of excitement before it can give itself forth in poetic strains. We cannot now pursue this subject for want of room; but were we able to do so, it would not only form a sequel to our former article on the poetry of the Scriptures, but would, we believe, throw light on the subject generally why the Blessed Spirit has chosen a poetic form for much of the inspired Volume, as well as explain why a certain amount of poetic thought and language are necessarily required in a hymn, and that it cannot be generally acceptable without them.**

**Three things seem necessary in a man who writes hymns for the church of God: 1. A gracious experience of the truth in his own soul. 2. A poetic, imaginative turn of thought. 3. A degree of poetic skill and dexterity, enabling him, without apparent effort, to clothe his thoughts in a metrical form, according to the established laws of poetry and rhyme.**

**The first qualification Mr. Wigmore possesses; and this will and must recommend his rhymes to the people of God who think more of sense than sound, and prefer experimental truth, however the metre may halt, the grammar be faulty, and the rhymes false, to the sublimest poetry, where truth and savour, dew and unction, are wanting.**

**And yet why should we not have all three? Hart, Toplady, Cowper, Kent, Kelly have had them. Their hymns, as mere poetic compositions, are strikingly beautiful. Berridge, Mrs. Steele, Swaine, Newton, come perhaps in the second rank as poets, but still have sufficient of the language of poetry to give them an enduring place among the sweet singers of Israel. A writer of hymns may despise the established laws of poetry, and say, "I don't care about poetic language and a good rhyme, and all that. All I want is to tell out my experience." We are not very fond of the large family of "Don't Cares," for their father came to a bad end; but if, being of that breed and blood, you don't care about poetic language, good rhyme, and all that, why don't you keep to plain prose? Why do you profess to write poetry if you can't or won't comply with what the laws of poetry require? We have heaps of what is called "Poetry" sent us, and the writers are often, doubtless, annoyed because we do not insert their compositions; but they will find, sooner or later, that however sound and experimental a piece of religious poetry may be, a certain amount of poetic thought and language, and a compliance with the established laws of poetry, are absolutely required to keep it even afloat. The mind almost instinctively, and as if intuitively, requires in all poetry, whether sacred or otherwise, a certain amount of poetic thought and language; and as hymns are a species of poetry, they cannot claim exemption from a law which is so deeply seated in the very constitution of man. Poetic thought and expression are to the experimental truth of the hymn what the corks are to the fishing-net. The net catches the fish; but the corks keep the net from sinking to the bottom of the sea. The experience of the hymn catches the heart of the children of God, but the poetic language keeps the hymn itself from sinking where thousands of**

hymns have sunk already, to the bottom of the sea of neglect and oblivion.

But besides the want of poetic thought and language, and the great faultiness of the rhymes, Mr. Wigmore's hymns labour under a sad defect, which, if not corrected, will effectually prevent his little work being adopted as a hymn-book, or his hymns finding their way into selections. We never recollect reading a book so faulty in grammar in well nigh every page. Now, as to grammar generally, it is much like a broad dialect in a preacher, or bad spelling or writing in a correspondent. No one with any love to the truth much cares whether a minister preaches bad grammar in every sentence, any more than he cares whether he speaks broad Lancashire or Yorkshire, if the sermon be full of savoury matter and unctuous experience. So, if we get a letter from a dear child of God who has not had, perhaps, five shillings spent on his education, we care not for bad writing or bad spelling, if it be sweet and savoury. But when we come to *print*, the eye is so accustomed to good grammar and correct spelling, that, in a book, they become serious blemishes. For this faulty grammar we do not so much blame Mr. Wigmore, who is a simple, humble, unassuming man, precluded by hard labour in boyhood from learning to write grammatically, as we blame the printer. We speak here from experience. Take, for instance, the "Gospel Standard." We venture to say that you may look through a volume of "Standards," and you will not find in them, we were going to say one, but we will speak cautiously, five grammatical errors. Why is this? We have plenty of bad grammar sent us; but it is corrected as it passes through the office, just as the bad spelling is. The compositor, or reader, or editor, alter the bad grammar to good. So it ought to have been done in this case. No reader in a printing-office should have passed the terrible slips that are visible in almost every page. It is true that some authors are so proud that they will not submit to have their compositions corrected even when palpably wrong, and grammatical errors are sometimes so imbedded in the metre or rhyme, that they cannot be altered without fresh modelling the verse, which the reader cannot or may not do; but, in the hymns before us, scores of grammatical mistakes might have been removed without the necessity of consulting the author. We do not make these remarks in a cavilling, captious spirit; but, on the contrary, are quite sorry to see the book so defaced by these errors, as we are sure it will much prevent the hymns obtaining circulation, or being sung in congregations. We can *hear* bad grammar; we can *read* bad grammar; but when we come to *sing* bad

grammar, it seems to make the whole thing ridiculous. If a minister preach bad grammar, it is at best but one voice: and the hearer must be a fastidious critic who much minds it in a good man that makes no pretensions to speak as they do at academies; but for a hundred or a thousand voices to sing bad grammar becomes ridiculous in itself, disgusts the educated part of the congregation, and opens the mouth of the scoffer.

Such mistakes as these, for instance, occur in almost every page of Mr. Wigmore's hymns:—

- "Often us it much *have* pitied,  
When our way it *seem* so hard." Page 66.
- "That we who once *was* Satan's prey." Page 69.
- "As oft it *have* before." Page 71.
- "Thy hands and feet and side *doth* show."
- "Here Jehovah's wisdom *shine*." Page 90.
- "And as Thy gospel's sweet to *we*." Page 91.
- "Thro' sin that *rage* within. Page 58.
- "It surely *have* humbled us." Page 163.
- "It *soft* my heart." Page 186.
- "Here *was* agonies tremendous." Page 206.

It is an unpleasant task to point out errors of this kind in one whom you respect and esteem, and therefore we forbear adding to the list, though we could too easily multiply the number; but who does not see that the greater part of the mistakes we have named should have been removed in the printing office? If a second edition be called for, and Mr. Wigmore will take our advice, he will get these errors corrected, and this may be easily done without in the least injuring the experimental language and spirit of the book.

The following hymn will give a fair idea of their general character:—

"It was the Holy Ghost  
Breathed life into my soul;  
He is the Lord of Host,  
Who can his power control?  
He is Almighty God I know,

**He laid my haughty spirit low.**

**"'Twas he that raised the cry  
In my polluted breast,  
For mercy from on high,  
My soul was much distrest;  
'Twas he that led me to the tree  
And witness'd Jesus bled for me.**

**"'Twas he that gave me light  
To see how vile I've been,  
And what an awful plight  
My soul was in through sin.  
He's with the Father and the Son,  
Jehovah God, in essence one.**

**"'Tis he who helps the saints  
In trouble by the way,  
To groan out their complaints  
That cannot utter'd be:  
He helps their souls to heave a sigh,  
For God to help them from on high.**

**"He will our leader be  
Until our end shall come,  
And every sorrow flee,  
And all our fears are gone;  
And when we reach the field above  
We'll praise this holy God of love."**

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**The Posthumous Letters of the late Wm. Huntington, &c.—(*August, 1856.*)**

**What a storm of enmity, prejudice, abuse, calumny, and contempt was for many years poured upon the name, character, and ministry of that eminent saint and servant of God, whose "Posthumous Letters" we have named at the head of our present Article.**

The memorable lines of Cowper upon Whitefield (or at least a portion of them) apply to the maligned Coalheaver, "beloved of his God, but abhorred of men," more forcibly, perhaps, than even to England's great Evangelist for whom they were designed. Like him, his predecessor in the path of truth and suffering, W. Huntington

"Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,  
And bore the pelting storm of half an age,  
The very butt of slander, and the blot  
For every dart that malice ever shot.  
The man that mentioned *him*, at once dismiss'd  
All mercy from his lips, and sneer'd and hiss'd.  
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew.  
And Perjury stood up to swear all true.  
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,  
His speech rebellion against common sense;  
A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule,  
And when by that of reason, a mere fool.  
The world's best comfort was, his doom was pass'd,  
Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last."

Nor was the storm hushed when his days were finished on earth, and he had run, under the public eye, a lengthened course, on which enmity itself, sharpened to more than its usual watchfulness, could not fix a decided blot. When men die, the world generally leaves their ashes in peace. But it was too deeply stung by the wounds that his grace and faithfulness had dealt out, to leave him calmly and quietly in the hands of the great Judge of quick and dead; nay, even now, after he has been in his grave more than forty years, men cannot mention his very name without spitting forth their enmity and contempt. In this he forms a remarkable contrast to other good and great men who have been valiant for the truth upon earth. Most worldly authors are content to leave unnoticed the great religious instructors and spiritual writers whose works have been made a blessing to the church of God; or if they do casually name them, will sometimes assign a faint meed of praise to their "piety" or "diligence." Bunyan is rarely named without his genius being praised; Owen and Gill have tributes paid to their varied and extensive

learning; and Whitefield himself, instead of being slandered and vilified, as when the bard of Olney drew his portrait, is now often mentioned with respect as the great reviver of the decayed religion of the last century.

But Huntington—what good word is there for him? It is but a few weeks ago since we saw him called in some Review, "that half knave, half fanatic." Macaulay, that reader of almost every book in every language, and whose fascinating style has made him the most popular and widely-read historical writer of the day, takes an opportunity, in his Essay on Lord Clive, of giving him a passing lash with his well-braided whip. The same glowing pen which glosses over the crimes of Lord Clive, the miserable suicide, has by two short sentences engraved the name of Huntington deeply on the memory of thousands as a knave and an impostor.\* But of all writers who have laboured most to blacken his reputation and hold him up to disgrace and contempt, none have approached Southey, who, in an elaborate Essay of nearly 60 pages in the "Quarterly Review" of Jan. 1821, has done all that malice and ingenuity combined could effect to stamp him as a knave, an impostor, and a hypocrite. Though we have read it several times, (indeed it was from reading it very many years ago that our first favourable impressions of Mr. Huntington were derived,) and though the volume now lies open before us, we find it very difficult to make extracts from it;† nor indeed would it be profitable to our readers, though it might sometimes horrify, sometimes disgust, and sometimes almost amuse them to see how awfully this hack writer, in his pride and ignorance, comments upon the extracts which he gives of an experience which he is compelled to confess "bears the genuine stamp of passion and truth." Yet such is the power of truth, and so conspicuous and undeniable were the abilities and usefulness of that eminent servant of God, that, with an apology to his readers for the admission, the Reviewer is compelled to say, "that he was useful to others cannot be denied, and ought not to be dissembled." He speaks also of "the real talent which he possessed, and his occasional felicity as well as command of language." Hard words are easily written; but is it not unpardonable to make such accusations without there being a tittle of evidence to prove them true? A "knave" is a cheat, a swindler, a villain without principle or shame, who pursues a course of roguery, and by craft and design robs the simple of their property. In what one instance did Mr. Huntington do this?‡ Can a man be a knave for forty or fifty years, and go to his grave honoured and deeply lamented by hundreds of

the very persons among whom he spent his days,—his dupes as his calumniators would call them? Should not some of his base actions have come to light before now? And if his people supported him liberally, was there any more knavery in that than in Mr. Southey's taking 50*l.* of Mr. Murray to cut him up in a clashing article?‡‡

\* The passage in which he speaks of Huntington is worth quoting, not only as showing what sort of an impression a worldly and, as regards rigid truth, not over scrupulous writer has sought to give of a man whose experience is as much out of his sight as the sun is out of the eyes of one born blind, but as an instance of that disingenuousness which has been frequently alleged against the great historian. We will first give the incident as quoted in Huntington's own words, on which Macaulay builds his attack upon him. "I laboured much at this time to harden myself against fear; but, do what I would, I could not accomplish it. However, on the Lord's day following, I had appointed to walk with a person to see Lord C—ve's new house, then building at Esher. When I came there, I asked the reason why they built the walls so remarkably thick. The person said that several had asked that question as well as myself, and had received an astonishing answer from the owner, namely, that their substance was intended to keep the devil out! I replied, that the possession of Satan was the man, not the building, and that the walls would not answer the end. Hearing somewhat more of the state of the owner's mind, it re-kindled all my old fire."—*Kingdom of Heaven*, p. 199.

Now let us see what the glowing pen of the brilliant Essayist turns this simple statement into:

"The peasantry of Surrey looked with mysterious horror on the stately house which was rising at Claremont, and whispered that the great wicked lord had ordered the walls to be so thick in order to keep out the devil, who would one day carry him away bodily. Among the gaping clowns who drank in this frightful story, was a worthless, ugly lad of the name of Hunt, since widely known as William Huntington, S.S.; and the superstition which was strangely mingled with the knavery of that remarkable impostor seems to have derived no small nutriment from the tales which he heard of the life and character of Clive."—*Macaulay's Lord Clive*, p. 82.

**It is when we compare the two, the text and the comment, with each other, that we see how the pen of the Essayist has perverted and distorted the simple statements of the writer. It is said that the spider sucks venom from the same flowers whence the bee gets its honey. So a malignant mind can scan a work like "The Kingdom of Heaven Taken by Prayer," one of the most remarkable displays of the grace of God ever given to the church of Christ, and gather from it only that which feeds its enmity against the truth. It is, perhaps, hardly worth while to point out the perversion of facts so obvious to our readers; but observe, first, the reason of the thickness of the walls was not "whispered about by the peasantry" as an imagination of their own, but was given by Lord Clive himself, either in jest, or what is more probable, under one of those deep clouds of mental horror which eventually ended in suicide. Secondly, Huntington was not at this time a "worthless, ugly lad," but a man grown up and married, with a family; nor, thirdly, was he a "gaping clown," but a solid, weighty, sober man, under deep distress of soul; nor fourthly, is there the least reason to believe that this mere passing incident made any deep impression on his mind, still less that "the tales which he heard of the life and character of Clive "permanently fed what the Essayist calls his "superstition," but what rightly interpreted means his believing there is a God above who holds the reins of government in providence and grace. How true it is that "one sinner destroyeth much good." (Eccles. 9:18.) Here is an instance how a popular writer by a couple of sentences can falsify the truth, slander away the reputation of a servant of God, and associate in the minds of thousands the name of Huntington with superstition, knavery, and imposture.**

**† The following extract, however, may be quoted as presenting a tolerably fair description of Mr. Huntington's manner in the pulpit:**

**"His manner in the pulpit was peculiar, and his preaching without the slightest appearance of enthusiasm. While the singing was going on he sat perfectly still, with his eyes directed downwards, apparently as probably musing upon what he was about to say. He made use of no action, except that he had a habit or trick of passing a white handkerchief from one hand to the other while he preached. He never raved and ranted, nor even exerted his voice, which was clear and agreeable; but if it had ever been powerful, it became softened in his latter years, through a well-lined throat; for the Doctor, as he called himself, bore all the outward and visible signs of good**

living. Anything which he meant to be emphatic was marked by a complaisant nod of the head, and not a syllable was lost by his auditors, who were open-eared and open-mouthed in profound attention. His sermons were inordinately long, seldom less than an hour and a half; sometimes exceeding two hours. This must be admitted as a proof that he was in earnest, for certainly if he had spared himself half the exertion, the greater part of his congregation would have been better pleased. He had texts so completely at command that even an excellent memory could hardly explain his facility in adducing them, unless he had some artificial aid, and the probability is that he made use of *Cruden's Concordance*. His prayers were little more than centos of Scriptural phrases."†Quarterly Review, vol. 24, p. 407.

‡ About twenty-five years ago we were travelling to London, and inside the coach casually fell into conversation with a well-dressed, chatty old gentleman, when soon the subject of religion came up. He was evidently a stranger himself to personal godliness; but seeing, perhaps, how the land lay with his fellow-traveller, said rather abruptly, "Did you know the celebrated Mr. Huntington, the walking Bible, as he was called?" The answer was, "No, I am too young for that." "Well, then, I did; for I was his lawyer;" and, after speaking most highly of him for his uprightness and integrity, added, "I will give you an instance of it; I went to him one day, and said to him, 'Sir, you are aware that Miss Sanderson has a good deal of property, and as she attends your chapel, and there are young men there who might be looking after her, would it not be desirable to tie up her money, and settle it upon her in such a way that it could not be touched?' 'Yes,' he said, 'do so, by all means; and now that we are about it, tie up Lady Sanderson's in the same way, that I may not touch a shilling of it.' This anecdote we give just as we heard it from the gentleman's own lips, whom we never saw before or since, but who was evidently well acquainted with Mr. Huntington, and showed us his gold seal, with the initials W. H. upon it, which he wore, out of respect to his memory, attached to the chain of his watch. If this be true, and we see no reason to doubt it, was it the action of a knave?

‡‡ If Mr. Murray paid him at his usual liberal rate he had £50 for this Article, nearly a sovereign a page. In former days we were personally acquainted with an eminent writer in the *Quarterly*, and from him we learned the usual scale of payment.

**It is not worth while, however, to dwell further upon this elaborate attempt to brand the character of a man, whom not to revere and admire, as one of the most gifted and most gracious servants of God, is to proclaim our ignorance of that grace which made him what he was. It may, perhaps, however, not be wholly uninteresting to take a glance at what may be considered some of the leading causes of this marked, this lasting enmity against so great and good a man, one so exemplary in life, so powerful in mental capacity, so vigorous, and yet so original in his mode of handling his pen; combining the keenest wit and humour with a variety, and sometimes an eloquence of expression, that stamp him, in our judgment, as one of the greatest writers in the English language.**

**His crime, his unpardonable crime, was that instead of giving these signal gifts to the service of Satan, he gave them to God. The Lord, by raising him up from the cobbler's bench and the coal-barge to be an eminent prophet and distinguished servant of the Most High, poured contempt on the pride and self-righteousness of the profane and professing world; and they, in return, poured their contempt on the object of his choice. But several peculiar circumstances much tended to swell the stream of scorn and enmity which rose so high against him.**

**1. *His low extraction*, with all its attendant circumstances, served to raise to a high pitch the contempt and enmity of the educated classes, who prize birth and family more than is generally supposed, and more than they themselves would be willing to acknowledge.**

**It may seem a momentary digression from this point, but we have often thought in our own minds upon the circumstances of Huntington's birth, as a most marked instance of the marvellous sovereignty of God, in the election of the vessels of mercy. Look at the appointed means for the introduction into time of this chosen vessel, on whose future ministry, as the servant of God, such momentous blessings to the church of Christ hung. He was the fruit of a double adultery. His mother was a poor labourer's wife, and his real father a neighbouring farmer, probably her husband's employer. He was not a bastard, but he was worse; for his real was not his reputed father. Carry up the links of that chain. See how sovereign was that eternal decree which fixed the circumstances of that birth, with all its consequences in time and eternity;**

and view, with holy awe and reverential fear, how the divine will which fixed the birth preserved itself pure from the sin out of which that birth sprang. But if your eyes are too much dazzled with this display of divine sovereignty, and you instinctively shrink from the consequences which seem to flow from it, turn them away from this instance, and fix them on what almost seems a scripture parallel, the birth of Pharez and Zarah. (Gen. 38.) Pharez was an undoubted link in the genealogy of Christ; (Matt. 1:3;) and if so, consider how the eternal decree which fixed the Lord's descent from Judah, (Heb. 7:14,) in permitting Judah to sin, at the same time preserved itself pure from Judah's transgression. This view of the case the world did not indeed see, but the circumstances of his birth were widely enough known to make it indignantly cry out, "Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us?"

2. But besides his lowly birth, there were circumstances *in his calling and occupation* which drew forth peculiar contempt. At one period of his life he used to unload coals from the barges at Thames Ditton. Hence he obtained the name of the "Coalheaver," which, indeed, he never was, in the London meaning of the word. To understand, however, the full force of the contempt that was poured upon him as having been a Coalheaver, let us try and represent to ourselves what sort of idea a coalheaver turned preacher would bring to the mind of a Londoner, bearing in mind that London was the seat of his ministry. Take your stand in Fleet-street. See that heavily-laden coal waggon coming towards you; observe that stout, broad-shouldered man, his face all-begrimed with coal, a low-crowned hat flapped over his neck and back, with a long whip in his hand, steadily walking by the side of those four noble horses. That is the London coalheaver—of all London occupations perhaps one of the most marked.

Let a few years roll on. Now enter that large chapel in Gray's Inn-lane. See the crowded congregation. Mark the still, solemn quietness that reigns in the place, and see how every eye and ear are turned to that fine, tall, dark man in the pulpit, dressed plainly but well in a straight cut coat and a black wig, that too much hides his broad forehead, but well sets off his strong features and flashing eye. Who is that preacher, who without any elevation of voice, animation of action or manner, or any warm appeal to natural feelings, keeps the place as still as the grave, while hundreds are drinking in every word that falls from his lips? Why, that begrimed coalheaver whom you saw a few years

ago in Fleet-street!

Now, it is true that Huntington was not exactly what we have drawn, for we have slightly deviated from the precise state of the case in order to give more point and emphasis to the idea as it would present itself to a London imagination; but had you seen him with a sack of coals on his back, stepping from the barge at Thames Ditton to his master's wharf, you would not have seen him differing much in outward appearance from his Fleet-street fellow coalheaver. Nay, we believe you would have seen his clothes more ragged, his shoes more patched, and his whole body in much worse case.

We, indeed, and our spiritual readers who, as Christians, can see and acknowledge the sovereignty of God, the superaboundings of grace, the supremacy of divine teaching, the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and that he who made the world makes the minister, so far from despising, admire, and so far from hating love this display of divine sovereignty. To us, viewing matters in this light, there seems nothing so out of the way that a coalheaver should become an honoured servant of God. Peter and John, with their nets over their backs, and their hands all slimy with fish, are not so very far from the coal sack on the shoulders, and the hands begrimed with coal dust. But the world will not have it, and to make a coalheaver into a minister, to the proud Londoner would seem much like making a chimney sweep into a peer. Bishops, deans, archdeacons, clergy, high and low, the parish clerk and sexton, the bell-ringer and the pew-opener, beadle and gravedigger, would all join with the dons and doctors, tutors and students of all the dissenting academies, in the universal chorus of contempt and scorn, that a coalheaver should stand up in a pulpit, in one of the largest chapels in London, and declare again and again that the God of heaven and earth was his Father and friend, had called him by a voice from heaven to the work of the ministry, would maintain his cause and honour him in it, and that all his enemies and opposers were the enemies and opposers of the Most High.

3. But when besides these declarations, spreading by word of mouth all over London, then much less in extent than now, this despised coalheaver had, what Southey calls "the blasphemous effrontery" to publish his "*Bank of Faith*," in which he entered into the minutest particulars of the Lord's providential dealings with him, even to the very fit of his nether garments, the

chorus of contempt and hatred rose to its highest pitch.\* "Enthusiast," "Fanatic," "Knave," "Impostor," "Hypocrite," burst forth from the lips of hundreds of most pious, religious and respectable persons, who daily read in the Bible how God fed the ravens, but would not let him feed William Huntington; and that he clothed lilies, but would not suffer him to clothe a poor tattered coalheaver.

\* "The Naked Bow of God" especially moves his anger. We have often thought whether Southey's dying as a lunatic and almost an idiot was not an arrow from the naked bow of Him whose servant he had so shamefully reviled.

4. When, however, by degrees, the *doctrines and experience*, held and enforced by the Coalheaver with extraordinary power and ability, came to be known and discussed by the religious professors of the day; when it came abroad that this preaching coalheaver denied the law to be a rule of life to a believer, contented for manifestations of Christ to the soul as a vital point, insisted on a personal experience of law and gospel, of condemnation and acquittal, sent off into Hagar's bondage all who hugged their chains and cleaved to Moses and his covenant, and that he enforced all he taught, not only by what he declared was the work and teaching of God in his soul, but, by a most wonderful command of the word of God, which he seemed able to quote in the fullest, freest manner, from Genesis to Revelation, and applied with a point of pregnancy peculiar to himself,—then all the pious joined with the impious, the professing with the profane, to denounce him almost as unfit to live. Rowland Hill, the great leader of the then evangelical party, pursued him wherever he went with the cry of "Antinomian" and other epithets, in which he forgot not only what was due to his own character as a minister, but even as a gentleman.

5. Time rolled on, and the first French Revolution loomed in the horizon. Tom Paine borrowed from the French infidel philosophers of the 18th century, what he published as "The Rights of Man;" a work, the tendency of which was to uproot the very foundations of society, but one, we have always understood, of singular force and power. That book, and the doctrines contained in it, spread through the nation like wildfire, and meeting with those liberal principles of civil and religious liberty which have always been

deeply enshrined in the heart of the great Nonconformist body, then much oppressed by intolerant statutes and the Tory spirit of the age, burst forth to a fearful height. Many ardent lovers of liberty hailed with joy the dawn of the first French Revolution, who lived to see the sun of freedom set in seas of blood. Looking back upon that period from our present state of civil and religious liberty, and seeing what was then the spirit of thousands, we may safely say that the laws, the liberties, the very existence of England as a free country, were never in such a state of peril as from about 1788 to 1802. The peril was, lest such a revolution should burst out here as had swept over France like a hurricane; and lest under that fearful storm our ancient constitution should suffer utter shipwreck. Mr. Huntington was one of the gifted few who saw what was the real peril of the nation. He clearly saw that the wild cry of liberty was to let loose the mob, and let in a flood of infidelity; and by what was called "fraternising" with France, to introduce the fire of the French Revolution into this country, with all its attendant bloodshed and crime.

By an unhappy circumstance, the very Jacobin spirit that he so much abhorred was introduced by a minister supplying for him into his own congregation. The moment the tidings reached his ears he started off homeward, determined to beat down the rising flame, and tread it out to the last spark. Those chiefly had fallen into the snare of whom he had long stood in doubt.\* His real friends, and the most spiritual, savoury, tender-hearted, and exercised of the church and congregation stood by him. But his bold unsparing denunciations, both of the spirit and of the persons possessed of it, brought upon him a weight of odium and reproach, not only from those whom he drove out of his church and congregation of wielding the winnowing fan with so vigorous a hand, but also from all, and they were a numerous and powerful band, among the large body of general Dissenters, who had embraced heart and soul the principles laid down in "The Rights of Man." We by no means wish to justify every word that Mr. Huntington used at this crisis, but we view his general conduct on this occasion with much admiration. He stood by government and order against anarchy and licentiousness. He saw that those who "despised dominion, and spoke evil of dignities," were such "filthy dreamers" as Jude speaks of, and that they were "trees, whose fruit withereth, twice dead, plucked up by the roots." If, therefore, he now seem to us to have leaned too much the other way, and by his intense

admiration of "the good old King," as he termed, in common with many thousands, George III., and of William Pitt, to have almost forsaken the principles of nonconformity, let us bear in mind that he firmly believed, in so doing, he only obeyed the precept, "Fear God, honour the King."

\*Mr. H. was then at Dock, now Devonport, 218 miles from London; and we have heard that a young man who had become acquainted with what was going on in his congregation in London was so much oppressed in spirit with what he knew, that he could not rest in his bed, but was obliged to get up in the dead of night and knock at Mr. Huntington's bedroom door. At first Mr. H. refused to admit him, but when the young man said he must tell him what so troubled his mind, he opened his door; and when he learned the circumstances of the case, sent him off to order a post-chaise and four, and started at four o'clock in the same morning for town.

*6. His singular influence with his congregation* was another circumstance which much drew forth the bitter contempt and dislike of the men of that day. The world would not much have minded if the converted coalheaver had exercised his gift for the ministry among twenty or thirty people, in a small town, up a court, or in a little chapel in some City alley. But that he should occupy a prominent position at the West-end, have a large chapel and a crowded congregation, and that when the chapel was burnt down another and a larger one should be at once erected, and that such respect, veneration, attention, and almost worship should be shown him; this was what the world could not bear. They despised him, and despised those who honoured him; wondered at them as fools and idiots; would have liked to crush him and them altogether under the heel of oppression; worked themselves up into a fever of abuse; and then wondered again how they could be so angry with what was so contemptible. His ministry in London was to them a fretting sore. His keen, cutting remarks, with mutilated and often distorted fragments of his experience, got into the newspapers and magazines of the day, or were handed about from mouth to mouth; persons of various ranks, and from very different motives, crept into his chapel to hear his strange doctrines, and retailed with many humorous additions any eccentric expression that had struck their fancy; his books and pamphlets got spread about, and, it is said, were carried under the hammer-cloth of the King's state-carriage by the royal coachman, one of his hearers. All this notoriety, at a period when every public

man's words and actions were eagerly and anxiously watched, lest he should be a spy of Buonaparte, or an agent of Pitt, fed and kept alive the fever of surprise, contempt, and enmity, which, in tranquil times, like our own, might have gradually died away.

7. There were also *worldly circumstances* which much served to fan the flame. His people, as he got into years, and lived a few miles from London, presented him with a new coach, with the initials W. H. S. S. on the panels and harness.\* The mysterious letters S. S. first maddened their curiosity to know what in the world they could mean, and then, when made known, drove them almost mad with anger that they meant what they did. D.D., B.A., M.A. were, they thought, becoming additions to the name of a reverend divine, and showed that he was coined and stamped at the regular mint. But S.S. (Sinner Saved), that any man should have the impudence, the presumption, the audacity, the —, here language and breath alike failed to express the speaker's intense disgust and abhorrence, that any man or any minister, and above all a coalheaver, should not only have the daring wickedness to believe he was a sinner saved, but should publicly proclaim it in that awful way—all he could do was to wonder the man was not struck dead for his presumption. Then his marriage with Lady Sanderson, a Lord Mayor's widow, and a few infirmities which our great respect and esteem for his memory will not suffer us to touch upon, all this wonderfully fed that mingled tide of curiosity, gossip, wonder, contempt, ridicule, and enmity, which the longer he lived seemed to flow more deeply and widely.

\* In mentioning this we would not be understood as approving of their putting S.S. on the carriage harness.

8. But none of these circumstances, or all combined, would have drawn down upon him such a load of odium and contempt, had he not possessed, in an eminent degree, *the grace of God*. It was his clear, deep, and blessed experience; his earnest contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints; the power of his ministry; the blessing of God which so eminently rested upon him and it; his bold disentanglement of the meshes of legality in which the evangelical creed of the day had wrapped up many living souls; and his godly, secluded, and separate life,\* which so provoked Satan, the prince and god of this world, to stir up so much enmity against him.

**\* We were struck the other day by meeting in the "Posthumous Letters" with a declaration from his pen, that "he had never spent one day in seeing sights or what are called 'amusements' since he became a servant of Christ." It is well known that his chief delight was to be by himself, either at Cricklewood, or when in London in what he used to call his "cabin," a little room fitted up for his use at Providence Chapel.**

**9. But he had also *a peculiar work to do*; and with masterly ability did he execute it. Whitefield first, and then Toplady, Romaine, and many other good and gracious men had thrashed out the corn, and it lay upon the floor, mingled with straw and chaff. Wesley, with his Arminian zeal and free-will doctrines, and Lady Huntingdon's preachers, with their mixture of truth and error, had added to the heap, and it is to be feared much more chaff than wheat. An able, experienced workman was needed to sift the heap. This workman was the immortal Coalheaver, who, by a deep personal experience of law and gospel, could well winnow the floor. This it was which especially made him obnoxious to the professing world as well as to the profane. You may take away almost anything from a man but his religion. To pronounce his faith a delusion, his hope a falsehood, and his love a lie; to sift his profession till nothing is left but presumption or hypocrisy; to withstand his false confidence, and declare it to be worse than the faith of devils; to analyse his religion, beginning, middle, and end, as thoroughly and as unreservedly as a chemist analyses a case of suspected poisoning, and declare the whole rotten, root and branch—can this be done without giving deadly offence? But this was the work that Huntington had to do. How could this, then, be done without giving dire and deadly offence to ministers and people? To take their children and pronounce them bastards; to sift their credentials and declare them forged; to call and treat as servants of Satan men who had stood for years, as they thought, on the battlements of Zion; how could this not madden where it did not convince the legal ministers of the day? We need not, then, wonder that with almost his dying breath he dictated as a part of his epitaph, that he was "abhorred of men." But he had as firm a confidence that he was "beloved of God." And we believe it may be added, "beloved of the people of God." His "Posthumous Letters" abundantly prove the warm affection and respect, we might add veneration, with which his friends regarded him. His Letters are, we think, the most edifying and instructive of his writings. It is**

true they have not the grandeur of the "Contemplations," or the details of personal experience as in the "Kingdom of Heaven;" but there is a freedom in them, an entering into many minutiae of the divine life, and a drawing forth many sweet draughts from the deep well of his own gracious leadings and teachings, which makes them singularly instructive and edifying. There is also in them an absence of controversy, and therefore of that warmth which he sometimes displays in handling an opponent. The kindness, tenderness, wisdom, knowledge of his own heart, of the devices of Satan, of the consolations of the Spirit, of the word of God, and of the whole length and breath of Christian experience displayed in them, is truly wonderful. Even as letters they are wonderful productions. Such originality of thought and expression, such variety of language, with occasional flashes of surprising wit and humour, with such freedom of style as if all he had to do was to write as fast as his pen could travel over the paper, stamp these Letters as most remarkable compositions. The wonder is whence he got his knowledge of so many things, his command of language, his ample and powerful vocabulary, and his dexterity in wielding his words and ideas. When we consider that he had no education but at a common dame school where he just learned to read and write, we stand surprised at his amazing genius. We do not say it in a boasting way, but it has so happened, from the bent of our studies in former days, that we have read some of the finest productions of human eloquence, in both ancient and modern languages, and therefore we know what we assert when we declare that, in our judgment, the description of his deliverance in the "Kingdom of Heaven," apart from the experience there described, as a mere piece of eloquence, is one of the grandest and most beautiful pieces of writing that has ever come under our eye.

Southey himself has remarked the "vigour and manliness of his style," and its singular freedom "from those inaccuracies which might have been expected in one totally uneducated." In fact, he says, that in the whole twenty volumes of his collected works he only noticed one what he calls "slip-slop blunder," viz., the use of the word *promiscuously* for *by chance*.

But our limits warn us to close. Among so many letters of equal excellence, it is hard to select one for insertion in our pages, but the following sample may give some faint idea of the staple:

"Seek his blessed face, my dear friends, and feel after him in every time of

trouble, for he is never far from us. Feel after him in the affections; he calls for the heart wherein the divine Lover dwells. Feel for him in the court or [of?] conscience; there the Prince of Peace sways his sceptre; that is his principality. Feel for him in the understanding; the Sun of Righteousness shines there. Feel for him in meditation; 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul.' And feel for him on his throne; he sets the door of mercy open before us, and then our hearts open; but when that seems shut our hearts and mouths are shut also. If he shines, we walk abroad; if he woos, we run; and if he hides his face, or turns his back, then (like the snail) we pull in our horns, creep into the shell, and never venture abroad again until the dew falls, or the sun shines; and as sure as we crawl in and shut the door, then comes Satan, and sets before us his dishes of vanity; for, as we have lost the bridegroom and are obliged to fast, he hopes that his dainty meats will meet with our reception. 'Eat and drink,' says he, but his heart is not with us; and the morsels we eat we must vomit up, and lose our sweet words; for instead of praises we must make use of lamentations. But I must have done; it is high time for you to set sponge. Farewell!"

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Salvation by Grace, the Substance of a Sermon from 1 Cor. 15:10, Preached at the High Chapel, Helmsley, Blackmoor, Yorkshire, on Lord's Day Evening, October 14th, 1855. By William Tiptaft.—(*September, 1856.*)

There was a race of ministers in the Church of England in the last century, to whom, as far at least as our observation extends, there seems to be no present parallel. Toplady, Berridge, Romaine, Newton, and, at a somewhat later period, Hawker, were men who experimentally knew and warmly loved the truth of God—men, blessed in life and death, and though differing in gifts and abilities, as well as in their experience of the power of the Gospel, all honoured instruments of spiritual good to the church of Christ.

It is not for us to deny that there are men now in the Establishment who preach the truth, at least in the letter, and perhaps with some degree of usefulness; but where is Toplady's holy fervour, Berridge's gracious experience, Romaine's life and walk of faith, Newton's affectionate warmth and tenderness, Hawker's unction and savour? In a word, where is now the

power of godliness that rested on, and specially marked out not only the men whom we have named, but others also, their less known fellow-servants and fellow-labourers in the gospel of the grace of God? The fire that glowed in their bosoms seems well nigh burned out; and now, amidst heaps of dead formality, and what is far worse, Jesuitical Puseyism, there remain here and there but a few ashes, in which one would fain hope there may be still some smouldering embers, though the flame, at least to our eye, is not very distinctly visible.

Among these saints and servants of God, who in the last century waved the banner of salvation from a Church pulpit, Dr. Conyers, of Helmsley, Yorkshire, may well find a place. As he left, we believe, no permanent record of himself by his writings, we are indebted partly to tradition, but principally to a funeral sermon preached on his decease by his intimate friend John Newton, for what is known of him. We therefore have but few materials from which to form a judgment of him, either as a saint or a servant of God; but if Newton's estimate of his grace and gifts be true, he would seem to have been "a burning and a shining light."

As we think it probable that many of our readers may not have seen the sermon, the following extract may not be unacceptable to them:

"When he entered upon his ministry at his beloved Helmsley in Yorkshire, he found the place ignorant and dissolute to a proverb. At this early period of his life he feared God, and he hated wickedness. With much zeal and diligence he attempted the reformation of his parish, which was of great extent, and divided into several hamlets. He preached frequently in them all. He encouraged his parishioners to come to his house. He distributed them into little companies, that he might instruct them with more convenience. He met them in rotation by appointment. In this manner, long before he fully understood that gospel of God which of late years he so successfully imparted to you, I have been assured that he often preached and exhorted publicly, or more privately, twenty times a week. These labours were not in vain. A great, visible, and almost universal reformation took place. About the time I am speaking of, a clergyman in his neighbourhood made very honourable mention of Mr. Conyers, in a letter to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, (which I have seen in print,) as perhaps the most exemplary,

indefatigable, and successful parochial minister in the kingdom; yet, in the midst of applause and apparent success, he was far from being satisfied with himself. He did what he could; he did more than most others; but he felt there was something still wanting, though for a time he knew not what; but he was desirous to know; he studied the Scriptures, and prayed to the Father of lights. They who thus seek shall surely find. Important consequences often follow from a sudden involuntary turn of thought. One day an expression of St. Paul's, 'The unsearchable riches of Christ,' engaged his attention. He had often read the passage, but never noticed the word 'unsearchable' before. The gospel, in his view of it, had appeared plain, and within his comprehension; but the apostle spoke of it as containing something that was unsearchable. A conclusion therefore forced itself upon him, that the idea he had hitherto affixed to the word gospel could not be the same with that of the apostle. From this beginning he was soon led to perceive that his whole scheme was essentially defective, that his people, however outwardly reformed, were not converted. He now felt himself a sinner, and felt his need of faith in a Saviour, in a manner he had never done before. Thus he was brought, with the apostle, to account his former gain but loss. The unsearchable riches of Christ opened to his mind, he received power to believe, his perplexities were removed, and he rejoiced 'with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.' He presently told his people, with that amiable simplicity which so strongly marked his character, that though he had endeavoured to show them the way of salvation, he had misled them; that what both he and they had been building was not upon the right foundation. He from that time preached 'Jesus Christ, and Him crucified,' as the only ground of hope for sinners, and the only source from whence they could derive wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. The Lord so blessed his word, that the greater part of the people who were most attached to him soon adopted his views, and many more were successively added to them."

Biographers, who are themselves but slenderly acquainted with a work of grace, are almost sure to slur over a good experience, and suppress, cast out, or soften down all its salient points and primest features. A deep law-work looks to them like so much lunacy, and a striking deliverance to border on enthusiasm, or to arise from some peculiar mental organisation or preternatural excitement; and therefore out it goes lest it should prejudice people's minds, or what is worse—the sale of the book. This valley is too deep,

**and this hill too high. Level them to the usual smoothness and evenness of the ordinary turnpike-road. People will get frightened if you lead them to think that it is necessary to feel any terrors in religion, or experience any joys. You may just hint that there have been now and then good people who have been very much tried and distressed, and, as they thought, very much comforted; but their mind was not quite evenly balanced, and besides that, they were peculiar cases, out of the common line of things. It is in this way that many writers of the lives of God's peculiar people manage to rub out the most striking points and blessed features of their experience. "Paint me just as I am—with all the warts on my face," said Oliver Cromwell to a court-painter who was meditating a handsome likeness of the great Protector. Religious biographers, like the court-painter, would soften down or leave out what they think are warts on the faces of God's people; but what are really the best and most marked features of their experience. We strongly suspect that this has been the case with the account left us of Dr. Conyers, and that there was a deeper, clearer, and more powerful work upon his conscience than Newton was either aware of, or has softened down lest it should terrify the people to whom he preached his funeral sermon.**

**The following account from another source, though much softened down, carries in its bosom some strong hints that the Lord handled the conscience of Dr. Conyers more severely and blessed him more sensibly and powerfully than Newton's funeral sermon represents.\* Newton says nothing of any work on his conscience previous to his reading Eph. 3:8, but the following extract from another work shows the matter quite differently:**

**\*The following extract of a letter of Dr. Conyers to Lady Huntington will show that the kingdom of God had been set up in his heart:**

**"I hope I shall meet you in heaven; we shall ail nothing there—nothing can keep us asunder there. O thou adorable Lord Jesus, hasten thy kingdom! My heart just pants after that blessed time when all the elect of God shall be gathered together—when I shall see Him whom my soul loves eye to eye. I humbly beg your prayers that I may be strengthened through grace, and, happily triumphant over every evil, may gain an admission into my heavenly Father's kingdom."**

**"On reading Luke 6:26, 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets,' a flash of conviction darted into his soul. He was honoured by general approbation; the rancorous fury of calumny had not interrupted his repose, nor had he to contend with the virulence of persecuting opposition. He was, therefore, apparently included in the tremendous denunciation. Yet hoping, by additional punctuality in the discharge of his duties, to calm his mental perturbation, he conducted himself with great propriety, fasted more frequently, and used sometimes, at the altar in the church, to sign with his own blood, in a most solemn manner, his resolution to devote the remains of his life to the service of God, and to render himself acceptable to heaven by peculiar sanctity."**

**Depend upon it there was something pretty deep at work in his conscience when, in that most solemn spot as he considered "the altar in the church," he signed a covenant with his own blood to live to the service of God.**

**His deliverance also shines forth more clearly in the following extract from the same work:**

**"While reading the lesson for the day in the public service at the Church, the expression of St. Paul (Eph. 3:8), 'The unsearchable riches of Christ,' made a deep impression upon his mind. On this Scripture he was involuntarily led to reflect—'*The unsearchable riches of Christ*' I never found! I never knew that there were 'unsearchable riches in *Him!*' Accustomed to consider the Gospel as extremely simple and intelligible, he was surprised that the apostle should assert that the riches of Christ were 'unsearchable;' immediately he concluded that his sentiments and experience must be entirely dissimilar to those of the apostle. Deep convictions accompanied these reflections, and his trouble was not a little increased by considering that if he himself was wrong in the fundamental articles of religion, he must also, by his mode of preaching, have misguided his flock, to the great prejudice of their souls. At length the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner was attended with success, and on the 25th of December, 1758, while walking in his room, in a pensive frame, he was led to contemplate those two passages of Scripture—Heb. 9:22, 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission,' and John 1:7, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' The mists of ignorance were instantaneously dissipated, and finding that he could centre his hopes in the atoning blood and**

righteousness of Jesus Christ, he became the immediate partaker of real ineffable joy."

"I went upstairs and down again, (said he) backward and forwards in my room, clapping my hands for joy, and crying out, 'I have found Him—I have found Him—I have found Him, whom my soul loveth,' and for a little time as the apostle said, 'whether in the body or out of it I could hardly tell.'"—*Life*

*and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon.*

Now just compare the few words at the end of the above extract—what we may call "the sweet little bit" written by himself, with the account given by the writer. Look how the court-painter comes in with his miserable brush to soften down and paint out the strongest features of the work of grace. "At length the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner was *attended with success.*"

"Walking in his room in a pensive frame he was *led to contemplate.*" Why, the man durst not say "God heard his cries and groans;" nor that "the Holy Ghost applied two passages of Scripture with divine power to his soul." And yet no doubt it was so, for all his "contemplating" the word of God, from Genesis to Revelation, would never have brought such peace and joy into his soul as he himself speaks of.

We often see, at least it was frequently seen in those days, that the Lord wisely permitted those whom he meant to teach by his grace, to do all that they could previously do in the strength of self. Berridge, for six years at Stapleford, and for two at Everton, laboured with all his might to work sanctification into the hearts and lives of his parishioners; but to his surprise and grief, "the wicked continued wicked still; the careless continued careless still." So Conyers found it at Helmsley. Though he washed them well with nitre, and took much soap, yet the Helmsley leopards would not change their spots, nor his Yorkshire Ethiopians their skin; nor could he, with all his toil, pull his parish or indeed himself to the top of Labour-in-vain Hill. When, however, having himself experienced the power and sweetness of sovereign grace, he began to preach what he himself had tasted, felt, and handled of the good word of God, the blessed Spirit condescended to apply the word to the hearts of many of his hearers, and to gather out a goodly number of living souls. After labouring some years at Helmsley, Mr. Thornton, the well-known benevolent London

merchant, of whom John Newton said, "that the Lord had given him, (like Solomon,) largeness of heart as the sand on the sea-shore:" and whose sister he had married, presented him with the living of St. Paul's, Deptford. This step, John Berridge, in a letter to Mr. Thornton, condemned as altogether wrong. "It has been a matter of surprise to me" he writes, in a letter to Mr. Thornton, "how Mr. Conyers could accept of Deptford living; and how Mr. Thornton could present him to it. The Lord says, 'Woe to the idle shepherd that leaveth his flock.' Is not Helmsley flock, and a choice flock too, left—left altogether; and left in the hands not of shepherds to feed, but of wolves to devour them? Has not lucre led him to Deptford, and has not a family connection overruled your private judgment?"

But man in all these matters is but a shortsighted being. Dr. Conyers did not enjoy much comfort or happiness at Deptford, from a constitutional infirmity; and if Mr. Thornton was induced to remove him near London, with a view of greater usefulness than at Helmsley, the same infirmity must have much disappointed him likewise.

The following extract will show what havoc in a man's own comfort, and a minister's labours, a loose string, as it were, in the system can make in that frame of ours which is so wonderfully and curiously made:

"He had a continual hurry and flutter upon his spirits, the effects of which were unaccountable to those who knew not the cause. Taken in different views, he might be considered as very happy or very uncomfortable at the same instant. In the most important sense, he was a happy man. He had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, enjoyed much of the light of his countenance, and had no perplexing doubts respecting either his acceptance in the Beloved, or his perseverance in grace. Yet, through the agitation of his spirits, he spent his days, and almost every hour, in trepidation and alarm. The slightest incidents were sufficient to fill him with fears, which, though he knew to be groundless, he could not overcome. But upon no occasions did he suffer more from these painful feelings, than when he had public preaching in prospect. When he met his people at home, he usually found pleasure and liberty, unless he observed some new faces. But the sight of a stranger, especially if he knew or suspected him to be a minister, would sometimes distress him greatly and almost disable him from speaking. It may seem very

extraordinary that a man of the first abilities as a preacher, highly respected, and honoured with eminent usefulness, should be intimidated by the presence of those who were much his inferiors. But such was his burden, which neither reflection nor resolution could remove. Perhaps there have been martyrs who approached the rack or the stake with less distressing sensations than he has frequently felt when about to enter upon his otherwise delightful work.\*

\* John Newton, though a good man, was not deeply exercised either as a saint or as a servant of God. He might therefore have misunderstood, for we may be sure he would not have misrepresented, Dr. Conyers' exercises about preaching; but as it was not so much the feeling of standing up in the name of God which terrified him as the sight of a stranger, we are inclined to think that it was more an infirmity of nerve than soul exercise which filled him with such apprehensions.

But the Lord did not leave his flock at Helmsley as Dr. Conyers did. As his successor by law was not his successor in grace, those of his people who attached no sanctity to gothic windows, and valued the presence of God more than the consecration of a bishop, abandoned to the moles and the bats the walls and roofs of the parish church under which they had hitherto sat, and erected a chapel which, as the good hand of the Lord was with them, they subsequently enlarged. A greater minister than Dr. Conyers (may we say, without disparagement, than ten such!) preached in the chapel to about six hundred hearers, gathered, no doubt, from a wide circuit, thirty years after Dr. Conyers left the open heaths and wild moors of Yorkshire for the smoke and stir of Deptford. Need we add that we mean "the immortal Coalheaver," to whose name and memory we set up in our last Number a faint tribute of affectionate respect and admiration? Mr. Turner, better known by his late residence, Sunderland, and much esteemed both as a preacher and writer by those who love experimental truth, being recommended to Helmsley by Mr. Huntington, laboured there for some years; and after his removal to Sunderland, occasionally visited it during the greater part of his ministerial life.

And now our friend, Mr. Tiptaft, who was led in the providence of God to pay the friends there a visit, has been induced to publish a sermon which was preached in that chapel, and from the preface to which, in addition to other

sources, we have borrowed a few particulars of the preceding sketch. The following extract tells, in a few simple words, how he was induced to send the sermon forth:

"The following sermon, being written more than two months after it was preached, may be considered rather as the substance of it. An aged friend, with whom I was staying, said he should like to see the sermon in print. I felt life and power in my soul whilst preaching, and some of the friends expressed that they were favoured in hearing; but I did not think of publishing the sermon till I received a letter from Hull, from Mr. S., requesting me to send him my reasons for leaving the Church of England, and any of my sermons I might have, as he had tried to obtain sermons of mine in London, and was disappointed. This request from Hull, with similar requests at different times, and the desire of my friend to see this sermon in print, which had not been expressed of any other, although I had preached many sermons previously in the chapel, induced me to send the sermon to the press."

The sermon, if, dropping the natural partiality of a friend, we may express our opinion of it with the freedom of a reviewer, strikes us as resembling a picture which must be examined closely and minutely, and looked at again and again from various points of view, before what it represents, with all the nice lines and touches that give it force and truth, comes fully out. Sometimes we read a sermon, think it very good, admire the language and expressions, and pronounce it an excellent discourse; but, somehow or other, we never care to look at it again; or, if we do, almost wonder how we could have liked it so well at first. At another time, we meet with a sermon of quite a different stamp, glance hastily over it, think little of it, and lay it down. But perhaps under some trial or temptation, or under some peculiar frame of mind, we take up the same sermon again, and then it opens up to us in quite a new light, and appears to read quite differently. The more we then look at it, read, and study it, the better we think of it; and the more the solid substantial truth of God appears to shine forth in it. This, we think, is much the case with Mr. Gadsby's sermons that were taken down and published in "The Penny Pulpit." We think little of them perhaps at the first reading, and they seem hardly worthy of his great name and reputation as a preacher. But when we read them a second time, their weight and solidity, which escaped us at the first reading, come to view. Compare one of Mr. Gadsby's sermons with one

of Mr. Spurgeon's best, and poor old Gadsby's language seems tame and flat compared with this bright youth's flash and glare. But read Gadsby again, and you will see that his sermon is like the gold of a sober wedding ring, and the other like the rings on the finger of a Jewess—mere Birmingham jewellery, the gold gilded brass, the diamonds Bristol stones.

In the sermon before us there are no brilliant periods, no poetical language, no striking figures, no quotations from Shakespeare; in a word, nothing of that tinsel oratory which attracts admiring crowds, and almost turns a chapel into the theatre. Read carelessly, and merely glanced through, the sermon may not seem to be very striking. But let it be read carefully and prayerfully, and every sentence weighed and examined as in the court of conscience, and it will be found solid and weighty, and very discriminating and heart-searching. The sentences are for the most part short and pointed; and the way to read it properly is to take them one by one, and hold them to the heart as if so many dagger points. Read in this way the opening sentences:

"What a solemn consideration it is that we all have never-dying souls! A little time will sweep us all into the grave, and where will our souls be? We are fit to die, or we are not. All that die without the grace of God in their hearts are sure to be in hell. Is my soul quickened? Am I born again? Has my soul longed to know and feel the cleansing blood of Jesus? Are my sins pardoned? Am I justified freely by God's grace? What is my real state before God? What a solemn subject is death with eternity in view! Who amongst you all here present have real and blessed evidences that your souls are quickened, and that you are not dead in trespasses and sins, that you have been led to seek Christ sorrowing, and Christ has been found, and you can express how precious He is to your souls, and how much you love Him? You that are careless about your souls, with no real desires for mercy and pardon through the blood of Christ, if you live and die as you are, where will your souls be in a thousand years, in a million years, and for ever and ever? If you die destitute of grace, you will hear, when standing before the judgment seat, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire;' and those blessed with grace will hear, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'

In the same way how separating and probing are the following sentences?

**Exeter Hall would be soon stripped if these sharp, short questions sounded as a trumpet in the ears of its present crowds, who are more admiring the oratorical powers of a man than longing to experience the mighty power of God:**

**"The most important matter with us is, what are we? By the grace of God have we been stopped in our blind zeal as Pharisees, or have we been plucked as brands out of the fire, as profligates? Can we hope that the grace of God hath quickened us? Are we in the narrow path to life? How dwelleth the love of God in us? Can we hope that by grace we have broken hearts and contrite spirits? Can we tell what God has done for our souls? Are we anxious to say with David, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul?' The Scriptures do not give any encouragement to those professing religion who have no soul trouble; they are out of the secret; they fear not God, nor will he show unto them His covenant for their comfort and encouragement. 'If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?' If you are not amongst those who are calling upon God to bless their souls, or amongst those who are calling upon their souls to bless God, I would by no means deceive you. Such are strangers to vital godliness, whether they profess religion or not. If they profess, they have the form without the power—a name to live whilst dead in sin; for if your souls were really quickened, you would surely pray and cry for mercy, and would earnestly ask God to bless your souls. There is a great difference between a babe in grace and a father in Christ; but both are safe as they stand in the glorious covenant of God, ordered in all things and sure."**

**We can only add our sincere desire that the God of all grace would bless the sermon preached at Helmsley, as much as He blessed that which was preached in the Great Church, Abingdon, on Christmas Day, 1829, the fifth edition of which has been lately sent abroad by the same publisher.**

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**The Love, Wisdom, and Faithfulness of Jehovah, displayed in all his Dealings with his Children. By Thomas Dray, Minister of Robert Street Chapel, Brighton, Sussex.—(October, 1856.)**

**We do not notice this book from any love to, or approval of its contents, for we believe that, under the cover of much sound gospel truth, it labours to establish a pernicious error—the non-chastisement of believers for sin; nor do we draw attention to it from any admiration of the strength of its arguments, or the clearness of its style, for more loose statements or confused language it has rarely been our lot to read. But as there is something rather plausible to heady, inexperienced minds in the error itself, as it appears to be almost a natural conclusion from certain acknowledged gospel premisses, and as several lovers of truth have wished us to notice it, we have felt disposed to throw together some of the thoughts that have occurred to our mind upon the subject, in the hope that we pray disentangle thereby some of those webs of sophistry which may have caught unstable souls, and even hold fast some of the living family of God.**

**The title and drift of the book widely differ: and thus there commences at the very outset, the first link of that disingenuous chain of sophistical argument to which we have already alluded. The title is, "The Love, Wisdom, and Faithfulness of Jehovah, displayed in all his Dealings with his Children." Now we should say that "the love, wisdom, and faithfulness of Jehovah" are "displayed," not in the non-chastisement of his children, but in the exact contrary; and that his "love" impels, his "wisdom" directs, and his "faithfulness" insures the rod for the very reason that they are not bastards but sons. The drift of the book, as we have already hinted, is to show that God does not chastise his people for sin, and that such a doctrine is derogatory to the finished work of Christ, and inconsistent with the full and free pardon of all transgressions past, present, and to come, through the blood of the Lamb.**

**As the author considers himself falsely accused of denying chastisement altogether, and must be supposed to know his own views best, we give, in all fairness, his own ideas in his own words. He thus opens his pamphlet:**

**"To Zion at large, I send greeting; and I can truly say, my only object in addressing you is the glory of a triune Jehovah, the good of his tried chosen people, and the setting forth a full finished salvation. And having of late been charged with asserting from the pulpit that the Lord does not chastise his people, which I deny in full, as a lie; but I do assert that the Lord does not chastise them FOR their sins, but all flowing from his superabounding love**

and mercy to chasten them FROM their sins; and that the Lord has not an eye to their sins, but that it is for their good and his glory."

Such nice distinctions as chastising *from* sin and not *for* sin may serve to cover up error, but will never clear up or establish truth. The grand point, after all, is this. Does God *chastise* his people at all? and if he do chastise them, *why* does he chastise them? Is there not a cause? And is not this cause sin? Would he chastise them if they had no sin? A favourite argument with the advocates of this doctrine is, that all sin being completely put away by the blood of Christ, God sees no sin at all in the church to chastise. We can hardly gather from Mr. Dray's confused statements whether he holds this view or not, though he says (page 30:)

"So then the man that will affirm that God see [sees] sin in the church must be blind to the mystery of the cross."

But how blind he must be himself to his own self-contradiction, to say with one breath [breath?] that God sees no sin in the church, and with another that he chastises *from* sin! For if he see no sin in her, what is there to chastise? No one that knows and loves the truth of God believes that he chastises his children from penal, vindictive wrath, or that he proportions his stripes to their sins, or that he has any other end in view but their good and his glory. If his stripes are for sin, as we believe, they are not for sin in the same way as the just judgments of God and his eternal wrath are for the sins of the ungodly. Nor are they proportioned to the sins of his people, for it is quite to mistake the whole matter to argue as Mr. Dray does, that if God chastise for sin, there is necessarily a proportion between the rod and the offence. Punishment is one thing, and is necessarily proportioned to the magnitude of the offence and the dignity of the offended party. Chastisement, by which in a gospel sense we understand fatherly chastisement is another, quite distinct from punishment, and demands no such proportion. The law punishes, the gospel chastises; a judge wields the sword, a father uses the rod: wrath, unmixed with mercy, sentences rebels; love, tempered by judgment, chastens children. If we be "blind to the mystery of the cross," is not Mr. Dray blind to the mystery of chastisement? We do not wish to speak harshly, but we own we are surprised, not so much at Mr. Dray's ignorance, as at his rash boldness in daring his opponents to the scriptural proof of chastisement for sin. Look at the

**following challenge:**

**"You now perhaps say, were not the Corinthians chastened for their sins? Where will you find it?"**

**We will tell you, 1 Cor. 11:30, "*For this cause* many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." What can be more plain than that their conduct at the Lord's supper was the *cause* of their bodily sickness, their tabernacle being afflicted because of their sin; and this is evident from what immediately follows: "For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world." (1 Cor. 11:31, 32.) "If we would judge ourselves," says the apostle, "we should not be judged," that is, by these temporal judgments or afflictions, for self-condemnation and confession would avert the rod. "But when we are judged," that is, when the righteous Lord, viewing our transgressions, visits us with these blows of his hand, "we are (mercifully) chastened of him," and thus brought to repentance and confession, "that we might not be condemned," and judicially and eternally punished "with the" ungodly and unrepenting "world." In the whole compass of God's word there is not a clearer testimony to the chastisement of believers for sin than this passage which Mr. Dray has challenged his opponents to produce.**

**But chastisement for sin does not at all imply that it is not wholly put away, and fully and freely forgiven. It is a mistaking of the whole question to think that when we say God chastises his people for sin, we mean thereby that their sins are not freely pardoned, wholly put away, and completely blotted out, and that God's vindictive anger falls upon their transgressions. One of the most usual and successful, though not the most honest, modes of argument is to throw upon your adversary consequences which he denies. Thus the opponents of free grace charge us with the consequence that it leads to licentiousness. We deny the conclusion, and say that it is falsified by experience and fact. Similarly, the advocates of non-chastisement charge us with the consequences that we deny the full pardon of sin. We refuse their conclusion, and say that as free grace includes and produces good works, so full pardon of sin includes and produces chastisement, for if sin were not pardoned, it would not be chastised, but punished. But let us endeavour to gain a clearer conception of the whole question, for without clear ideas there**

can be no clear words. And to do this, let us examine certain points which contain the marrow of the subject.

1. Does God see sin at all in a believer? If it be answered, that sin is so perfectly put away by the atoning blood of the Son of God that the church stands before God without spot or blemish or any such thing, and therefore the eyes of Infinite Purity and Holiness see no sin in her, we partly admit, and partly deny the truth of that statement. As regards her eternal justification, covenant standing, and acceptance in the Beloved, it is a most blessed and glorious gospel truth that the Bride of Christ is "all fair, and that there is no spot in her." Washed in his blood, clothed in his righteousness, and sanctified by her participation of his holy humanity, the church stands unblameable in holiness before the eyes of God. But not so as regards the sin that dwelleth in her, that is, in her flesh during her pilgrimage state. Here is the grand mistake made by the advocates of the non-chastisement of believers. It does not follow because the church of God, as viewed in Christ, is spotless, that she is so in her own, or that she has no sins to draw down fatherly chastisement. The same kind and loving Father who says, "Fury is not in me," says also, "in a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment." The same covenant God who declares, "My covenant will I not break," says, "I will visit their transgressions with the rod and their iniquities with stripes." (Psalm 89:31, 32.) If sin is so wholly put away that it has become a "nonentity," as some assert, why should the church see, feel, or confess it? But her own confession is, "I am *black* but comely." (Song Sol. 1:5.) "Look not upon me, because I am *black*." We need not multiply quotations to prove that all the saints of God through the Scriptures have groaned under sin, which they could not and would not have done had they not felt its indwelling presence, its defiling filth, its amazing power, and its dreadful prevalence.

2. But the grand question is, not so much whether they see and feel it in themselves, as whether God sees it in them and chastises them for it. Take two scriptural instances to prove this. David sinned, foully sinned. Did God see no sin in him when he committed adultery and murder? We know that David stood complete in Christ. But did this completeness prevent the eye of God seeing his actual transgression? If it did, what means that word of the Holy Ghost, "The thing that David had done displeased the Lord?" (2 Sam. 11:27.) Can any man who fears God, with this scripture staring him in the face, deny

that God not only saw sin in David, but was displeased with it? And if displeased with it, was he not also displeased with David for it? and if he were displeased with David for it, and chastised David, as we know he did, first, by smiting his child with death, and then permitting Absalom to rise up against him, how can we deny that he chastised David *for* sin? It is plain that he chastised David, and it is evident that but for sin he would not have chastised him. We come, therefore, at once to this most certain conclusion, that he chastised him *for* sin. And if Mr. Dray deny this, and say, "No; it was not *for* sin but *from* sin;" we answer, "How could it be *from* sin, when the sin was past and gone, and its guilt put away?" It was not to keep David *from* fresh adultery and murder, but *for* the adultery and murder he had already committed. Hear the words of the Lord: "Now, therefore, the sword shall never depart from thine house; *because* thou hast despised me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife." Observe that word "because," and see how it stands as it were out of the word of God, lifting up its voice as a witness to that most solemn truth that the Lord does chastise his people *for* sin. It was *because* he had already despised him, not that he might not despise him in future, that the sword was never to depart from his house. The instance of Solomon is as much to the point as that of David. We read (1 Kings 11:6) that "he did evil in the sight of the Lord." Then, according to this testimony, God saw sin in him. And not only so, but the express testimony of the Holy Ghost is, that "the Lord was angry with Solomon because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel." (1 Kings 11:9.) What next was the consequence of his transgression? Chastisement. "Wherefore the Lord said unto Solomon, Forasmuch as this is done of thee, and thou hast not kept my covenant and my statutes, which I have commanded thee, I will surely rend the kingdom from thee, and give it to thy servant." (1 Kings 11:11.) What can be more clear than this sequence? Solomon sinned; God was angry; chastisement came. Where in this chain is a faulty link? Now was this chastisement *for* sin, or *from* sin? or both? For both. It was to chasten *for* sin past, and to keep *from* sin future, for be it borne in mind that we fully hold chastisement *from* sin, as well as *for* sin. These two instances are worth a hundred, and are most undeniable examples from the word of God.

3. But the *positive declarations* of the Holy Ghost are as striking as the instances we have adduced to prove that God chastens his children *for* sin. What can exceed the clearness of the declaration in Psalm 89? "If his children

forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes." Where is anything said here about not chastising *for* sin, but *from* sin? "He will visit their transgressions with the rod and their iniquities with stripes." Two things are plain from these words. 1. That he sees their iniquities. 2. That he visits them (meaning, of course, his people for them) with stripes. If no iniquities, no stripes; if transgressions, the rod. We may quibble as long as we please about "for" and "from;" but here is the plain undeniable fact, that God visits transgressions with the rod.

4. From the denial of non-chastisement for sin flow very *evil consequences*, and among them this not the least, that it nullifies the eternal distinction between good and evil, and makes it of little real moment whether a believer walk in obedience or disobedience. Thus Mr. Dray seems to think it is almost a matter of perfect indifference with God whether the believer sin or not; for he says (page 5):

"But again, if the Lord afflict, the cause being sin, does not that embody that his blessings and frowns depend on my walk?" And again (page 10):

"Then how can the sins and infirmities of the believer cause him (that is, God) to frown, or their obedience cause him to smile? Is not such a thought legal, and embodying that his blessing depends on us?"

Can we accept such sentiments as these? And how evil must be the root which bears such evil fruit! Test these sentiments, however, by the infallible touchstone, the word of God, bearing this in mind, to guide our judgment, that we can accept no conclusion drawn from a scriptural premiss, which conclusion contradicts a positive scripture declaration. Take two scripture examples to show whether a believer's sin never causes God to frown, and his obedience never causes him to smile. Abraham, in obedience to God's command, offers up Isaac, or at least goes so far in positive obedience as to take the knife to slay his son. Was this act of obedience pleasing or not in the sight of God? In other words, did it not make him smile? What was the Lord's own testimony from heaven, which we must accept as conclusive, whether it contradict Mr. Dray or not? "By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, That in blessing

**I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies." (Gen. 22:16, 17.)**

**Again, Eli does not restrain his sons from open sin. Now we want to know whether Eli's conduct, when "his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not," was displeasing to God or not? Was Eli's disobedience as acceptable to God as Abraham's obedience? Did God smile upon Abraham, and frown upon Eli? and if he did, why did he smile, and why did he frown? Turn the matter as much about as you may, you cannot evade this scriptural conclusion, that apart from their eternal acceptance, which depended neither on their obedience nor their disobedience, the conduct of one brought a smile, and the conduct of the other a frown. If Eli's sin was not displeasing, why did the Lord rebuke him; why slay his sons; why remove the high priesthood from his house? If the Lord were not displeased, why these tokens of his displeasure? And if it be answered, he was chastised not *for* sin but *from* sin, how could that be, when his sons still went on in sin, and he himself, though doubtless saved, died under a cloud? If the sins and infirmities of the believer never cause God to frown, what means that passage, "When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth; surely every man is vanity?" (Psalm 39:11.) How clear, how express the language of the Holy Ghost. "When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity!" Does it say "*for* iniquity," or "*from* iniquity?" And how dares any man who reveres God's word lift up his voice and says "God does not chastise his people FOR sin," when this scripture stares him point blank in the face?**

**Again, the apostle says, "But I have all, and abound; I am full, having received of Epaphroditus the things which were sent from you, an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God." (Phil. 4:18.) He there declares that the gifts sent him by Epaphroditus were "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God." If words mean anything, these clearly declare that God was pleased with the kindness and liberality of the Philippian saints to his servant and apostle Paul. And if he were pleased with their obedience, did it not cause him to smile?\* This sets up neither legality nor merit; touches neither the foundation of acceptance, nor the certainty of salvation. It was his own grace producing these fruits which**

was pleasing in God's sight. But if a believer's obedience never cause God to smile, what is the meaning of "walking worthy of the Lord to *all pleasing*;" (Col. 1:10;) "of speaking not as *pleasing* men, but *God*;" (1 Thess. 2:4;) "of doing these things which are *pleasing* in his sight?" (1 John 3:22.) How came Enoch to "please God?" (Heb. 11:5.) How came Samuel to tell Saul "that the Lord had delight in the obeying of the Lord?" (1 Sam. 15:22.) And how came Paul to preach such doctrine as this, "But to do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased?" (Heb. 13:16.) Need we quote more passages to show how unscriptural it is to assert that a believer's obedience never makes God smile?

\* When we say that God frowns or smiles, it is of course figurative and metaphorical language, simply meaning that he is pleased or displeased, smiles and frowns being indications of each in the human countenance.

Again, to say that the sins and infirmities of believers never cause him to frown, is to contradict not only the testimony of God in the scriptures, but the experience of his saints from the first day that he had a saint on earth. Does God ever frown? Does he ever hide his face? Does he ever draw a cloud before his throne? Does he ever afflict in body, in family, in substance, in soul? Why, why, does he thus afflict his sons and daughters, but for sin? Whence those sighs and groans, those doubts and fears, that distress and anxiety, that sorrow and remorse, that self loathing and self abhorrence which rise up as so many clouds from the saints of God? Sin, horrid sin, causes all. But if it be a matter of perfect indifference whether they obey or disobey, all such feelings are not only superfluous, but deceptive and delusive. Such statements, to say the least, are unscriptural; and, but for that we would not bandy a misused term, might be called "Antinomian." We do not mean to insinuate for a single moment that Mr. Dray is Antinomian, either in principles or practice; but we do feel that he expresses himself in a loose, unscriptural manner. Like many other erroneous men, he does not seem to understand his own ideas, or at least wraps them up in a cloud of confusion. He says and unsays, asserts and denies, aims at everything and establishes nothing. We can understand spiritual argument, and we can understand natural argument; but we cannot understand a jumble of both. His premises are right because spiritual; but his conclusions wrong because natural. We go all lengths with him when he speaks of the free and full justifications of the church, her completeness in

**Christ, and her security in him her covenant Head. When too he speaks of the pardoning love and the deliverance that it gives not only from the guilt but the power of it, he speaks in full accordance with scriptures and the experience of God's saints. But when he draws from these spiritual premises the carnal conclusion that because sin is judicially put away, God sees none in the saints to chastise, and that all chastisement for sin is derogatory to the finished work of Christ, then we dispute and deny the value of his conclusion, and say it contradicts the whole tenor of scripture and the whole tenor of the experience of the saints. We were much struck with one expression in his book. He says (page 24):**

**"I feel if half the written Word appeared to say that sin was the cause of the Lord's afflicting a believer, I must set it down that I could not understand the meaning of the Spirit, and not ignorantly say with one breath that it was all poured out on the dear Lord and with the next breath say the believer is punished for the same thing in any way whatever."**

**How strong must an opinion be fixed in a man's mind who would not alter it, were half the written word against his view! It is as much as to say, "I have drawn a certain conclusion of my own from a certain truth; and if half the word of God were to contradict this conclusion, I would hold it still." This may be logic, but it is not faith. Logic says, "God is one; therefore there cannot be three Persons in the Godhead." Faith says, "God is one; and yet the Persons are three." Logic says, "Christ is man, and therefore he cannot be God." Faith says, "Christ is man, but he is God too." Thus logic takes a certain premiss, and draws from it a rational conclusion. Faith takes a certain premiss, and lets God draw his own conclusion; for faith knows that logical conclusions often contradict gospel truths. Thus Mr. Dray and those who hold his views logically argue, "All the sins of the church are put away; therefore God cannot chastise her for sin, for there is none in her to chastise." Faith moves more reverently and obediently. It says too that all the sin of the church is put away, "but God tells me," says faith, "that if I be without chastisement, of which all are partakers, I am a bastard and not a son. I believe therefore that God chastises for sin. Nay, and more, I feel it; for my own conscience tells me he has chastised and still chastises me for it; and when I sin and he does not chastise, I fear lest mine be the bastard's lot."**

**We cannot but consider the line of argument pursued by Mr. Dray very disingenuous, and that he sadly, though we are willing to believe ignorantly, misrepresents the views of those whom he opposes:**

**"And how can one that is made to believe that the dear Lord Jesus has had all the wrath poured out on him until it dried up his bones like a potsherd, and his holy soul was burnt up as it were in that holy wrath which was poured out on him for the sin of his people till it was drained dry that love alone, may flow to them—how can one say that he left anything unatoned for in the believer, which must be if the Lord afflicted for sin?"**

**Who that knows and loves the truth ever thought, much less said, that the Lord Jesus Christ "left anything unatoned for in the believer?" We hold a finished work—a complete justification "from all things from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses," and that all the sins of the church, past, present, and to come, were all fully and eternally blotted out, cast behind God's back, and thrown into the depths of the sea. But it by no means follows thence that the Lord does not afflict or chastise for sin. Mr. Dray does not seem to understand the distinction between penal wrath and fatherly correction; between vindictive anger and stripes of love. This he himself confesses:**

**"But some will say there is no penal wrath. I must say that I do not know how to define their opinion, for I cannot believe that it is the faith that the Holy Spirit giveth; and until man can prove that the dear Lord did not give *full* satisfaction in *every way* for sin, I cannot believe that the Lord afflicts a believer for sin, because that embodies in it that his death was not sufficient and it throws such a dishonour on the justice of God, and it conveys such an idea that it has had at my Surety's hands, and then a something at my own." But because he does not "know how to define their opinion," it does not follow that that opinion cannot be defined; nor because "he cannot believe that it is the faith that the Holy Spirit giveth," that the Holy Spirit gives no such faith. It only shows that the Holy Ghost has not given him that faith, nor wrought that experience in his heart.**

**But let us see if we can at all define this difficult opinion or reconcile it with the faith and experience of God's tried people, for**

**"Opinions in the head  
True faith as far excels  
As substance differs from a shade,  
Or kernels from their shells."**

**"Penal or vindictive wrath is the fiery indignation of God that burns to the lowest hell." (Deut. 32:22; Isaiah 30:33; Rom. 2:8, 9; Rev. 14:9, 10.) Now of this penal vindictive wrath of God not one drop belongs to the church of Christ, for the Redeemer bare all her sins in his own body on the tree, and all the wrath due to them, and to her on account of them, fell on his sacred head. Here Mr. Dray and we are most fully agreed; and let him state this blessed truth ever so strongly, we will go with him every ford. But this does not prevent fatherly chastisement for the sins that the children of God are continually committing. Nay, it is because they are put away that the Lord chastens for them. Nathan said to David, "The Lord hath put away thy sin;" but he added, "Howbeit, because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die." (2 Sam. 12:14.) When David fasted, and wept, and lay all night on the earth, were the stripes of God upon him or not? It was not the vindictive wrath of the Almighty, for his sin was put away, and he had the testimony of it in his conscience; but it was the fatherly chastisement of God *for*, not *from* his sins, which so grieved him. To see his beloved infant suffer, and that for his sin, it was this which cut so deeply. Were it merely *from* sin it would not have brought such penitence and grief; but being *for* sin, it made him grieve and groan, and feel such sorrow of heart, such contrition and brokenness of spirit. We have no right to say that Mr. Dray has not felt this; but judging from what he himself says above, he does not seem to have experienced one of the most gracious feelings that the soul can pass through—sin forgiven and sin chastised at the same time—backslidings healed, and yet visited for. There is such a thing as "accepting the punishment of our iniquity;" (Levit. 26:41;) "hearing the rod and Him who hath appointed it;" (Micah 6:9; ) a "passing under the rod and being brought into the bond of the covenant;" (Ezek. 20:37;) a "remembering and being confounded, and never opening the mouth any more for shame when the Lord is pacified." (Ezek. 16:63.) "There is a being loved and yet chastened; a being scourged and yet received." (Heb. 12:6.) "There is a being chastened for our profit, that we**

might be partakers of God's holiness." (Heb. 12:10.) There is a being chastened of the Lord and fainting under it; and there is a meek and patient enduring of it as the dealings of God as with a son. (Heb. 12:5, 7.) There is a choosing affliction with the people of God; and a part of this affliction is the rod. (Heb. 11; Lam. 3:33.) There is a "giving the cheek to him that smiteth us, and being filled full with reproach," the reproaches of God for sin. (Lam. 3:30.) There is "a living man," not a dead professor, "complaining, a man for the punishment of his sins;" and thence the inward search: "Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord. Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens." (Lam. 3:40, 41.) There is a coming unto an erring church or backsliding saint with a rod in the hands of an apostle; (1 Cor. 4:21;) and there is a godly sorrow produced by its application. (2 Cor. 7:9-11.) There is a furnace in Zion in which God hath chosen all his people; (Isaiah 31:9, 48:10;) and by that furnace the Lord sits as a refiner and purifier of silver, and purifies the sons of Levi. (Mal. 3:3.) But if no rod, no furnace; and if no furnace, no fruits of the furnace; no taking away the dross and tin, no bringing forth the gold seven times refined in the fire; no meekness, submission, resignation, confession, self-abhorrence, forsaking idols, and vomiting up the poisonous draughts of sin and folly. To set aside the rod for sin is to set aside the greater part of living experience, and to ignore all those peculiar transactions between God and the soul, whereby the conscience is kept tender, the fear of God maintained in exercise, the evil of sin learnt, the faithfulness of the Lord manifested, and conformity to Christ's suffering image produced. Mr. Dray speaks scripturally and well upon the effects produced by a sense of pardoning love; but the after experience, the wilderness state, the furnace work, the chastenings and scourgings, the rod and the frown, the trials and afflictions, the backslidings and sorrows caused thereby, the hidings of God's face and his fatherly displeasure—in a word, the whole course of heavenly discipline carried on in the school of Christ, is tacitly set aside as so much legality and bondage. Instead of seeing how the church's complete acceptance and justification are perfectly compatible with the fatherly rod, he uses blessed truth to overthrow truth equally blessed; and thus so far from being "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," he ought rather to be ashamed of the way in which he has thrown it into heaps and mingled truth and error in miserable confusion.

**We may seem, perhaps, to have dwelt more than was necessary on Mr. Dray's book; but our object has been not to attack a book, much less an individual, towards whom we have not, as a man, one unkind thought, but to expose an error. The book may die, and probably will, but the error may live; and as error soon creeps into churches, and when once crept in is sure to work confusion and strife, we have felt desirous, without one particle of personal feeling, to hold it up to the light of Scripture and experience.**

**The great subtlety, and, therefore, the great mischief of Mr. Dray's book is this,—that it secretly denies what it openly affirms. For instance, it openly denies the doctrine that God sees no sin in believers, for it allows chastisement from sin; but secretly affirms the doctrine by such a passage as this, "If sin is not imputed to the soul, how does it stand good that the Lord afflicts for that which he does not impute?" (page 17;) and, "Before the Lord can see sin, he must take that garment off which he has put on," (page 31.) But if the Lord see no sin in the church to chastise *for*, how can he see sin in the church to chastise *from*? Chastisement *for* or *from* equally implies that the Lord does see sin in her. The fact is this, that these men really deny chastisement altogether, only, as they dare not set themselves so openly against the Scriptures, they cover it up in this subtle way; and thus, though they openly deny non-chastisement, they secretly affirm it. Again, he openly affirms that God did chastise David and Solomon, but secretly denies the application of these instances to New Testament believers by restricting chastisement for sin to that dispensation, and putting it on the same footing as a man having several wives, and the seventh day Jewish Sabbath:**

**"Is not the Old Testament full of the accounts of the Lord's chastenings for sin? It does appear so at the first glance; but I think we shall see that the Lord's dealings with his people were according to the then revealed covenant; and men do pervert the gospel of our Lord, for the Lord permitted many things in those days which is forbidden since he came in the flesh; for instance, he permitted one man to have many wives, 'but,' said he, 'it was not so from the beginning; God made male and female; for this cause a man shall leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife, and they shall be one flesh.' And God caused the seventh day to be set apart to himself as holy, but now we set the first apart to the Lord."**

**What a shuffle! and what shifts men who hold error will have recourse to, to evade the testimony of God's word! To put chastisement for sin on the same level as polygamy and the Jewish Sabbath, and as these are abolished, so chastisement for sin is abolished also! What shall we have next? But when Paul quotes Prov. 3:11, 12, and enforces it as a gospel precept, Heb. 12:5, how is it he should have made such a mistake as to apply an Old Testament transitory custom to New Testament believers? He certainly does not enforce polygamy or the Jewish Sabbath, and if chastisement for sin passed away with the law, how came he to enforce it under the gospel? Besides which, if the dispensations were different, the covenant of grace was the same. Was not David as much a believer as Mr. Dray? as much washed in Christ's blood and clothed in Christ's righteousness, and as much interested in the covenant of grace? If God see no sin in Mr. Dray, he saw also no sin in David; and if the non-imputation of sin save Mr. Dray's back from the rod, how came it to pass that it did not save David's? We may seem severe, but error is not to be laid hold of with a silken glove. Our soul loves truth and hates error, and as long as we have a tongue to speak or a finger to write, we hope we shall proclaim the one and denounce the other.**

**All error comes forward under the cover of truth, and therefore needs to be exposed. The brass is electroplated with gospel gold, and comes forth as if from heaven's mint; but it has not the clear ring, the approved weight, and the intrinsic value. We have rung Mr. Dray's book on the counter. Say, spiritual readers, whether the error it contains should pass current amongst the family of God.**

**Put it into the furnace—it melts there, and runs down into worthless slag.**

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**Calvin's Calvinism, Part I. A Treatise "On the Eternal Predestination of God." To which is added, "A Brief Reply to a certain Calumniator of the Doctrine of Eternal Predestination." By John Calvin. Originally published at Geneva, A.D. 1552; and now first translated into English, by Henry Cole, D.D., of Clare Hall, Cambridge.—(November, 1856.)**

**Two men, giants in intellect and blessed saints of the Most High, but widely differing in the work which they had to perform, and the manner in which**

they executed it, were raised up in the 16th century by the God of all grace to commence and carry on the blessed Reformation, that goodly tree under the shadow of which we are now sitting. These two eminent saints and servants of God, in whom gifts and grace, cultivated intellect and spiritual light, human learning and divine teaching, apostolic labours and apostolic suffering, were combined in a way of which we have now lost even the very idea, were Luther and Calvin. The two men widely differed in their mental constitution, temper, habits, and even in some of their religious views. Luther was a thorough German; and had, in spite of occasional coarseness of language and rudeness of manner incidental to the period, all that native nobility of mind, that openness, frankness, bravery, and boldness, sincerity and truthfulness, which, from the remotest ages, have characterised the German race.\* Calvin was a Frenchman; and though widely differing in mental constitution from that light-hearted nation, yet, as a writer, had all that subtlety of intellect and clearness of thought, that buoyancy of style, that logical accuracy, and that high finish which distinguish the French authors above those of all other nations.† Both were men of powerful intellect, deep learning, and intense study, thorough masters of the scriptures, which they read day and night, unwearied preachers in public and indefatigable instructors in private, faithful counsellors of all that needed advice, fervent lovers of truth and holiness, and no less fervent haters of error and evil; godly in life, blessed in death, and now happy in eternity.

\* Three distinct races, what we may perhaps call waves or tides of imagination, at very remote yet different periods of time, have successively flowed from Asia into Europe. The first is the Celtic stock, which formerly was spread over the whole face of Europe, but is now driven into its remote corners. These comprise the native Irish, Highland Scotch, Welsh, and the inhabitants of Brittany, a small province in the west corner of France. The second race, of which we are a branch, is the Teutonic or German, including the Danes, Swedes, Dutch, Lowland Scotch, and the greater part of the Germans properly so called. The third race is the Sclavonic, such as the Russians, Poles, Bohemians, &c. These three races, though all descended from Japhet and at some ancient period closely allied, differ radically and widely from each other, not only in language, but in mental constitution, natural disposition, habits of thought, and even bodily endowment.

† Merle D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation gives a very good idea of the lively, sparkling, finished style of the French writers.

But with all these points of resemblance, the two men widely differed. Luther was more the Elijah, Calvin the Paul of the Reformation. Luther thundered and lightened against the Pope and his shaven crew;\* burnt his bulls; mocked and derided his legates and prelates; and by a very storm of tracts,† in thoughts that breathe and words that burn,‡ lighted a fire in Germany which, like that on Mount Carmel, consumed the wood, and stones, and dust, and licked up the water in the trench. Calvin was not such a man of action, or of such fiery energy; he had not by nature the same intrepidity of mind, or even by grace the same martyr spirit; nor did he stand so forward in the very van and front of the battle as the stout-hearted German. Luther at the Diet of Worms, confronting the Emperor and all the assembled princes of Germany, and Calvin publishing his works under false names,‡‡ and hiding himself in various places in Paris and other parts, present a striking contrast. His work, though in the issue perhaps more important than that of Luther's, was not to stand before assembled princes, or hurl bold and loud defiance against popes, but was carried on in the quiet depths of his own mind, and the close recesses of his study. There, in silence and solitude, were moulded and elaborated those works which have exercised so vast and salutary an influence on the church of God, and the leading truths of which have penetrated into so many living consciences. Though a man of energy and action at a later period, when grace gave him a firmness and boldness which he did not naturally possess, enabling him to rule Geneva with a rod of iron, and to exercise almost as much civil as spiritual authority in that little republic, his chief work was rather to take the burning fragments of truth, mingled sometimes with scum and slag, that Luther hurled forth, and separating from them the dross and tin, to weld the whole mass into a compact, homogeneous form. He could not preach with the power nor write with the vigour of Luther; nor had he, with all his piercing intellect, that grasp of mind and that authority of thought and language whereby the German Reformer could almost at will raise or quell a storm. As a theologian, as an expounder of scripture, as a clear, deep, and patient thinker, as a systematic writer on the grand doctrines of truth, as an able administrator, and as a godly, self-denying, mortified saint and servant of God, Calvin excelled Luther. But in an experience of the terrors of the law and manifested blessings of the gospel, in a deep acquaintance with

temptation and conflict internal and external, in life and power so far as he saw and felt the things of God, and in unvaried unflinching boldness of speech and conduct, Luther as far outshone him. Calvin was naturally shy, timid, and retiring; zealous, no doubt, for the glory of God, but not a little jealous too of his own; stern and unforgiving when offended; ††† in principle and practice a rigid disciplinarian, and too often carrying the severity of the law into the precepts of the gospel. You would highly esteem him as a saint, and deeply venerate him as a servant of God; but you would find it difficult to love him as a man or make him a bosom friend. His godly, self-denying life and walk and holy example would often reprove you, and might stir you up to desire for yourself a measure of the same grace; but if you were much tempted and tried, plagued by sin, assailed by Satan, and sometimes almost at your wits' end, you would rather open your heart to Martin Luther than to John Calvin. He lived for the most part out of the storm and whirlwind of human passions; and therefore had little sympathy with those that have to do business in deep waters. A stern censor of any approach to gaiety of dress, manner, or life, even in men who were manifestly unregenerate, he sternly carried out a system of discipline that might suit the church, but which could not be enforced on the world. †††† He was, therefore, never beloved even in that city where he ruled as chief and where his word was law. Living in his study in continual meditation, he could not throw himself, like Luther, into the popular heart as a man of the people; nor could he, like him, strike chords which have never ceased to sound in Protestant Germany to this day.

\* His bosom friend Melancthon conveys this idea in a Latin verse, which may be thus translated:

"The lightning flashed in every word of thine."

† Luther's voice resounded far and wide. Letter followed letter in rapid succession. Three printing presses were incessantly occupied in multiplying the copies of his writings. His discourses passed from hand to hand through the whole nation."—*D'Aubigne*.

‡ The burning energy of some of Luther's expressions is almost untranslatable; but take the two following sentences which we have rendered as literally as we can: "Were there as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, yet would I in." "Were there a fire lighted that should reach from

**Worms to Wittenberg, right up to heaven, yet, in the name of the Lord, would I go through it and stand before them." What gives these expressions such energy is the conviction that they were thrown off his mind as sparks from glowing iron when struck by the hammer; not idle vaunts of a bragging coward, but the stern resolves of a man who could die as well as dare, suffer as well as speak.**

**‡‡He changed his name seven different times as a writer or when travelling.**

**‡‡‡ A person in Geneva named Ameaux, having taken too much wine, declared one evening that "Calvin preached false doctrine, and was a bad man." On this coming to the ears of the council, Ameaux was thrown into prison, and though he apologised for the words he had used, he was kept there for two months and fined sixty dollars. This punishment, however, Calvin considered too light, and demanded a second trial. By a second sentence, Ameaux was condemned to parade the town in his shirt, with bare head, and a lighted torch in his hand, and to make on his knees a public acknowledgment of his contrition. The whole of this sentence was fully executed, and a gibbet at the same time erected by way of terror to any one who should interfere with the execution of the punishment.**

**‡‡‡‡ As an instance of this we may mention the following circumstance. An order had been issued that no bride on her wedding day should wear her hair in loose tresses. This rule being broken by a young lady at Geneva, the matron with whom she went to church, and the person who dressed her hair, with some others, were thrown into prison. As no mention is made of the bride, we may suppose that she had left the town before her offence had become known.**

**Every true-hearted German is proud of Luther. His very name even now calls up visions of liberty in their enthralled bosoms; his hymns are sung in their churches; his pointed, pithy sayings have become national proverbs; the educated classes admire him as the undaunted champion of civil and religious freedom, and the great classic who first moulded into form and almost launched into birth their noble language; and the poor honour him as one of their own class, and as one before whom popes, emperors, and kings had to doff their caps. When Germany ceases to admire and venerate Luther, she will be Russianised in stem and revolutionised in root. None despise him there**

but a tyrannical aristocracy, a papistic priesthood, an infidel press, and a revolutionary mob.

Does Calvin lie so deeply imbedded in a nation's heart? Though, to a great extent, he did for the French language what Luther did for the German, making a rude and antiquated dialect a vehicle of the most accurate and refined thought, yet is he despised as a fanatic by that nation of which he is so bright an ornament, and by which he was driven into exile. Even in Geneva, the seat of his labours, where he once held almost the whole sway of government, he is but little remembered and less venerated. Socinianism fills those pulpits which once resounded with the accents of Calvin's voice, and those few ministers who hold and preach his sentiments are bitterly persecuted in the very city where he was so honoured in life and lamented in death.

And yet with all this, as a Reformer in the church of God, and as an expositor of divine truth, Calvin has had an enduring influence in which Luther has comparatively failed. Not that Calvin discovered any new truth, or was the first writer who laid down the doctrine of election with accuracy and clearness. Augustine in the fifth, and Bradwardine and Wickliffe in the 14th century, had set forth the doctrines of grace with almost equal profundity of thought and clearness of style; but the age in which they lived was not prepared to receive the truth from their lips or pen. The doctrine of divine sovereignty in their mouth was rather the private experience of a solitary believer, the inward food of an isolated individual, than the bread of life broken up for famishing multitudes. But the Reformation roused men out of the deep sleep of centuries; and the Spirit of God having quickened the souls of many into a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, when the truth of God was brought before them by Calvin's hand, it was gladly and eagerly received by those who felt themselves starving amidst the husks for swine. By the singular clearness of his style, his deep scriptural knowledge, the readiness and aptness of his quotations, and the full mastery which he had of his subject, Calvin became a teacher of teachers, and a preacher to preachers. Under his pen the scriptures uttered a definite creed; sounded by his lips, the gospel trumpet gave forth a certain sound; a harmony and consistency were seen to pervade the whole of divine revelation; and his hand, it was at once felt, had seized the clue, the only clue which led the convinced sinner safely

through those mazes where so many before had wandered in confusion and sorrow. Grace having shone into his soul was reflected, as in a mirror, by his clear understanding, and thence, as he directed it upon the pages of inspired truth, the scripture was seen to be illuminated as with a new and immediate light from heaven. His writings have, therefore, influenced directly or indirectly every preacher and every writer who has been of any service to the church of God from that time to this. His system is so thoroughly scriptural, so accurately drawn out, and so firmly and compactly welded together, that it not only commends itself to the conscience of all who are taught of God, but presents an impenetrable front to all adversaries. His views, too, of church government, though we cannot look upon them with an approving eye, have exercised scarcely less influence than his doctrines, and have even moulded the character of nations. The Scotch and Dutch people, at the best periods of their history, are wonderful instances of the permanent effect produced upon a nation by the establishment not only of Calvin's doctrines, but by the adoption of his system of church government. John Knox, Rutherford, and all the old Covenanters that did and suffered so much for the glory of God in Scotland; all those martyrs who shed their blood like water sooner than Arminianism in doctrine and Episcopacy in government should be forced upon them at the point of the sword, were but disciples of Calvin; and the Kirk which they loved almost to idolatry was but a copy of the church established by him at Geneva. Nay, we Nonconformists and Dissenters, who have rightly abandoned Calvin's views of church government for a purer and more scriptural system, yet we too, under God, owe mainly to him the leading principles of our faith and practice; for we are the spiritual descendants of that holy band of Puritan Refugees who, returning from Switzerland after the persecution of Queen Mary, introduced into this country those pure principles of religious worship, learnt from Calvin and his disciples, which have placed us in irreconcilable opposition to the mimicry and mummery of a worldly establishment.

The personal history of Calvin is so little known to any but those who have made it an object of study, that perhaps a short sketch of so distinguished a man may not be unacceptable to our readers as well as form a suitable introduction to the work at the head of the present article.

John Calvin was born at Noyon, a small town in Picardy, a province in the

north of France, on July 10th, 1509. His father was Gerard Calvin, a notary in the ecclesiastical court of Noyon, and secretary to the bishop; an office to which he, the son of a poor cooper, had mainly raised himself by his great abilities and judgment, and in the execution of which he commanded the respect and esteem of the chief noble families of the province. Being himself a man of distinguished mental ability, and living in habits of familiar intercourse with the great church dignitaries and chief men of the province, he was desirous to give his children, and especially his son John, a similar education with those of the highest rank. The opportunity presented itself through an illustrious family, at that time resident in the province, of the name of Mommor, with the children of which noble house the young Calvin, who from a child manifested great talent, was domesticated and educated. His father, like Luther, and perhaps most parents in those days, was singularly rigid and severe; and thus we see in the plastic days of childhood two opposite influences acting upon his infant mind which moulded between them his future disposition,—great refinement of mental culture and manner, and rigid severity of conduct. The former he owed to the circumstances of his early education; the latter, if not hereditary, to the influence of his father. Timid and bashful in disposition, silent and grave in manner, taking no pleasure in the sports of childhood, but devoted to study, and flying sometimes into the depths of the adjoining forest there to read and meditate, on he grew, till at twelve years of age he received what is called the clerical tonsure, that is, had his hair solemnly cut off from the crown of his head by the Bishop, as the first step before receiving orders in the Romish Church. The object of this step, one not unusual at that period, was not so much to devote him to the altar as to enable him to hold a chaplaincy, to which, according to the corrupt practice of that age, even a child might be presented, if he received the tonsure. For two years had the boy chaplain enjoyed his clerical dignity and the emoluments connected with it, when a terrible pestilence broke out at Noyon. The children of the noble family of Mommor, partly to flee the pestilence, and partly to pursue their studies, were about to proceed to Paris, then as now the great centre of learning and education. Terrified lest his son John should die of the plague, desirous that he should not be separated from his noble fellow students, and anxious to complete an education for which such singular aptitude was exhibited, Gerard Calvin petitioned the Chapter that the young chaplain might have a dispensation to accompany them to Paris, retaining, with an eye to what is called the main chance, the emoluments of his benefice.

**This being granted up to a named period, the youthful Calvin left his native town for the great metropolis, then or some time after the focus of a terrible persecution against the opponents of the Mass and the adherents to the reformed doctrines. It does not appear that at this period the light of divine truth had either penetrated into his conscience, or had even come before his mind. What religion he had was wholly in accordance with the then prevailing Romish views, which, as we learn from himself, he held with a most bigoted and stubborn obstinacy. On reaching Paris, he became domesticated in the house of an uncle, Richard Cauvin,\* which indeed was his own name, and who seems to have been somewhat imbued with those new doctrines which were then agitating France, and which a century afterwards threw it into all the convulsions of civil war. The timid and shy student lad was now growing up into a youth of middle stature, whose complexion, naturally dark, but pale with thought and study, was relieved by a set of animated features, and an eye singularly clear and bright, which even to his dying day revealed the fire of genius that burnt within. His dress singularly neat and modest; his grave and silent deportment; his entire separation from all society but that of a few choice friends; his disgust, which he took no pains to conceal, at the sports and idle frolics of his fellow students; his severe reproofs of their outbreaks into sin and wickedness;† and his own not only perfectly moral, but even austere and rigid life, gave promise of what he would be when grace visited his soul and turned the current into the channel of vital godliness. But at this period study and more especially that of the Latin language, at that time the great vehicle of thought, and in which he became so accomplished a writer, was his main object. Like a ship launched upon the waters, or a horse rushing into the battle, this pale youth threw himself into study, mastering with such ease and so retaining in the grasp of his powerful memory all to which he applied his mind, that he seemed to take by assault the citadel of learning which his fellow students were but slowly and often unsuccessfully besieging. Rising to the top of every class, he had to be removed from them all that he might receive that instruction in private in which no class could follow him.**

**\* His family name was Caulvin, or Cauvin, which he Latinised according to the custom of the times into Calvinus, under which his first work was published.**

**† From what they considered his censorious accusations he was nicknamed by**

them "The Accusative Case."

Looking at the features of his mind as afterwards more fully developed by long and severe culture, he seems to have possessed from the very first certain mental qualities in a degree that few men have ever been favoured with. Acute penetration into the heart of every subject, clear comprehension in the mass and in detail, power and precision in reasoning, and that logical accuracy of thought whereby every link of a long chain of argument is struck and maintained in its exact place, were the chief characteristics of his mind; and as these were aided by a most capacious and retentive memory, and a clear, simple style of language and expression, he was enabled to employ them with the greatest facility and to their utmost extent. The college at which he was first placed not being able to advance him beyond a certain point, he removed to another in the same metropolis where he made still greater progress in those studies to which he directed his attention. Though he had received the tonsure, he had not been admitted into orders, and was therefore in a strict sense not an ecclesiastic. The extraordinary abilities which he had already displayed induced, therefore, his father to make him renounce the study of theology for that of the law. In compliance with his father's wishes, the youthful student left Paris for the University of Orleans, in order to study jurisprudence under a celebrated professor there, who was reputed the acutest lawyer in France.

His friend Beza gives us a few particulars of Calvin's life during his residence at Orleans, which he had probably heard from his own lips, and tells us that he was accustomed to spend half the night in study and in the morning lie in bed to reflect upon what he had read. But he paid the usual penalty for such intense study, for here he laid the foundation of those bodily disorders, and especially those cruel headaches which embittered his future life. Though we have no clear and distinct account of his call by grace, yet it would appear that it was during his abode at Orleans that divine light and life entered his conscience, or if the fear of God was not there first implanted, yet that there it was sensibly deepened. He tells us himself, in his Preface to the Psalms, that his call was sudden, and that previously he had been an obstinate and devoted bigot to every papal superstition.

A near relative, Olivetan, who afterwards translated the scriptures into

**French, was the person, according to Beza, from whom he derived his first bias toward the reformed doctrines; and it was by his advice and example that he was particularly led to read and study the scriptures. He thus came at once to the fountain head of all spiritual wisdom and knowledge, and without any other guide or teacher but the Holy Ghost, was led by him into that vital experience of the truth which he so richly possessed. But though made alive unto God, he did not at once devote himself to the service of the sanctuary.**

**It was the custom of that period to move from University to University, to obtain the advantage of the most celebrated teachers. Calvin therefore left Orleans to complete his legal studies at the University of Bourges, the most renowned school in France for that branch of science; and here he began to lay the foundations of a knowledge in the Greek language, to which he had as yet not paid much previous attention. But the work of God was still going on in his soul. The fire was shut up in his bones; and as it burnt within he could not stay or hold his peace.**

**It was at Bourges and in the neighbouring villages that he first began to open his mouth in the name of the Lord, and to preach that truth which had been commended to his conscience and made precious to his own soul. Some peculiar and divine power must have rested upon him from his very commencement to declare God's truth, for before a year had elapsed all in the neighbourhood who were desirous of knowing the pure doctrines of the Gospel came to him for instruction; and in spite of his shy and retiring habits and studious pursuits which made such interruptions naturally distasteful, he could not refuse to minister to their instruction and consolation.**

**Calvin was now about twenty-three years of age, and still studying the law at Bourges, when an event took place which exercised a great influence upon his future life. This was the sudden death of his father, which rendered him master of his own actions, and enabled him to abandon the law for those pursuits and studies which were more congenial to those desires after God and godliness which had been communicated to his soul. He therefore left Bourges, and once more repaired to Paris, where, relinquishing all other studies, he devoted his whole mind to those alone which he considered necessary to qualify him for becoming a "workman who needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Paris was at this time in a**

remarkable state. Persecution had already commenced against the professors of the reformed doctrines, but not in that fearful form which it assumed about two years afterwards, when, after a solemn procession through the streets of Paris, in which the king walked barefooted, and with a taper in his hand, after the host, borne under a canopy, six persons, who were convicted of Lutheranism, were publicly burnt at a slow fire. There was, however, a sufficient amount of persecution going on to compel the evangelical congregations to assemble in the greatest secrecy. Calvin, we have already remarked, was naturally not only of a very shy and retiring, but timid disposition. Yet here he began to manifest the power of grace in giving him that boldness for truth in the midst of danger which formed afterwards so prominent a part in his character. He was constantly employed in preaching to the congregations which met in secret, and always concluded with those suitable words, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

A singular circumstance, however, was the cause of his being obliged somewhat abruptly to abandon the scene of his labours. A theological college, well known all over Europe by the name of the Sorbonne, and universally considered the great pillar of Catholic orthodoxy, had newly elected and placed at its head a rector by the name of Nicholas Cop. The new rector had secretly imbibed the tenets of the Reformation, and having become acquainted with Calvin, accepted his offer to compose a sermon which was to be delivered before the assembled College on the festival of All-Saints. To the consternation, not less than the indignation of the assembled doctors, this sermon, instead of, as was usually the case, furiously upholding the doctrines of Popery, and furiously attacking the tenets of the Reformation, boldly set forth justification by faith alone as the way of salvation, and unflinchingly declared that the Gospel was the sole standard of divine truth. Such an attack as this upon their darling creed of salvation by works, and no less idolised doctrine of the authority of the Pope, and as they considered such an insult to the world-renowned theologians of the first college in Europe, could not be overlooked. Cop, who probably had but partially read the sermon before he preached it, was denounced by the Sorbonne doctors to the Parliament of Paris, who taking the matter warmly up, sent their officers to apprehend him. He, however, having received through a friend timely notice, had already escaped to Basle, in Switzerland, his native town, where neither doctors nor officers could touch a hair of his head; but Calvin's share in the transaction

having got wind, the police were sent to seize him. The Lord, however, would not give him over a prey to their teeth. It is said that he was so near being apprehended that he only escaped by letting himself down from his window by the sheets of his bed; and seeking the house of a vine-dresser whom he knew, probably one of his little congregation, put on his rough smock frock, with a white wallet on his back, and a hoe upon his shoulders, and took the road on foot to Noyon. He was now compelled to lead a wandering life, through which we cannot now follow him, preaching as opportunity offered, but chiefly employed in writing his great work, the "Institutes of the Christian Religion." Persecution was now growing hotter and hotter every day; and most of them who had made themselves conspicuous by their contending for the faith once delivered to the saints, felt themselves compelled to leave France for some safe and tranquil asylum. Amongst these was Calvin, who fled to Basle, in Switzerland, which offered a secure refuge to all exiles for conscience sake, being a free city on the banks of the Rhine, over which neither pope nor prince had any power. Here he became acquainted with many of the leading German reformers, especially Bucer, afterwards so well known in England, and especially at Oxford, where he was made divinity professor. And here it was that he was enabled to put the last touches to, and to publish A.D. 1535, the first edition of his great work, "The Institutes of the Christian Religion." At this time he was only twenty-six years of age; and yet his views of divine truth, especially of those doctrines which from him have been called Calvinistic, were fully matured. When we consider the wandering life which he had led from the time that grace first visited his soul, and the persecutions which he had to endure, both of which must have sadly interrupted his meditations and studies, we stand amazed at the clearness and depth of that mind which could give us, under such circumstances, a work so replete with every excellence. "The Institutes" is a body of Christian divinity in which all the great doctrines of our most holy faith are laid down with the greatest clearness and accuracy, so that there is scarcely a single point in the whole truth of God which does not find its right place there. The influence exerted by this work, which at once became a text book for private study and public lectures, both in this and every country where the gospel found any footing, is incalculable. Never before had the truth been presented with such clearness of statement, such abundance of scriptural proof, and such felicity of language. It at once, therefore, established itself as a bulwark against error, and a guide into the truth as it is in Jesus.

**But the time was drawing nigh when Calvin was to be no longer a wanderer and fugitive, but have a settled house and home, and be put into possession of a religious centre, from which his influence, not only as a writer, but as introducing and carrying out a new and original platform of church government, might be extended to the remotest parts. Men speak of accidents; but accidents with God there can be none. It was then by an accident, as men call it, that Geneva was made Calvin's resting place. His elder brother Charles dying unmarried, the paternal inheritance devolved on Calvin. He proceeded, therefore, to Noyon, to sell the estate and put his affairs in order; for well he knew that French soil was never more to be a resting place for him. His intention, upon leaving Noyon, was to proceed to Basle or Strasburgh, meaning in one of those cities permanently to pitch his tent. The army, however, of Charles V. having at that time penetrated into France, the usual way was closed, and he was forced to take a circuitous route through Geneva. This simple circumstance determined the current of his whole future life, and this accidental visit to Geneva was, in the hands of God, made the means of fixing him there, with the exception of a short interval, for the rest of his life.**

**But our limits warn us to close. We purpose, therefore, with God's blessing, in our next Number to give a sketch of the life and labours of Calvin at Geneva; and to drop at the same time a few remarks upon the work which stands at the head of the present article.**

*(Continued, February, 1857.)*

**At the south-west corner of one of the largest and most beautiful lakes of Switzerland, within sight of the giant of the Alps, Mont Blanc, which rears its hoary crest more than 15,000 feet into the sky, and cut in twain by**

**"The blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,"**

**lies the free and independent city of Geneva. No place could have been better fitted both by local situation, and political as well as religious circumstances, to become a spiritual metropolis at the time of the Reformation, than this Queen of the Lemman lake. Three great countries, France, Germany, and Italy,**

meet at that narrow angle where the Rhone gushes out of its bosom; and in its rear rises, in scene after scene of majestic grandeur and beauty, that land of mountain and lake, of glacier and valley, that native home of bravery and freedom, Switzerland. The circumstances of Geneva, both political and religious, at the period where we paused in our late Review of the life of Calvin, were no less favourable to its becoming a great centre of the Reformed doctrines than its natural site. Having newly shaken off her Popish bishop, and driven away by force of arms the Duke of Savoy, and thus having got rid of both her ecclesiastical and civil oppressors, she had a short time before Calvin's arrival constituted herself a republic,\* and thus opened a path for political liberty; and mainly through the preaching of Farel, one of the most remarkable characters that was ever raised up by the power of God to preach the gospel, had about the same period (August, 1535) formally abolished Popery, and established Protestantism in its stead as the religion of the State. Four ministers and two deacons were appointed by the Council with fixed salaries, payable out of the ecclesiastical revenues, and strict regulations were made to enforce the observance of the Sabbath and the conducting of public worship. Terrible scenes of violence, however, had accompanied the first planting of the gospel at Geneva; and the city was still rocking with the storm. Just then at this very crisis, when a man of powerful mind, sound judgment, inflexible purpose, and thoroughly possessed of vital godliness, was needed to grasp the helm, the providence of God sent Calvin to the city. His intention was to stop only a single night at the house of Viret, one of the lately chosen Protestant ministers. But Farel was at this juncture in the city, and hearing of the arrival of Calvin, with whose character he was well acquainted, and moved, doubtless, by a divine impulse, immediately sought him out, and obtaining an interview, earnestly begged him to abide at Geneva, and lend his aid the cause of God by accepting the office of the ministry there. Calvin at first steadily declined acceding to his request, on the ground that he did not wish to accept any public office, having determined to devote his life to private study and seclusion from all public employ. Farel, however, changing his tone from entreaty to command, and assuming almost apostolic authority, bade him stay, denouncing him with God's displeasure, and almost with the curse of Meroz if he did not come "to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." (Judges 5:23.)

\* Though nominally a republic, Geneva was really an aristocracy, and tended

more and more in that direction as the influence of Calvin became more and more felt.

Overcome by Farel's voice and manner, which had struck awe into thousands, and recognising in them a power which reached his inmost soul, Calvin (to use his own words) felt "as if God had laid his hand upon him out of heaven," abandoned his projected journey, and consented to remain at Geneva, but would not bind himself to accept any definite charge or public office. How strikingly do we see in all this the marvellous providence of God, and with what divine sovereignty yet with what consummate wisdom he selects as well as fashions his own instruments to execute his own work.

Calvin was not the man to rush into a Popish town, and like a soldier storming the breach, to carry the gospel in one hand and his life in the other. This was Farel's work,—the fearless, undaunted Farel, who, with half of Calvin's learning, had double of Calvin's courage, and thrice Calvin's energy. But when the ground was once fairly cleared, and the Reformation firmly established, then the vigorous intellect of Calvin, his great knowledge of divine truth, his enduring fortitude, his self-denying godly life, his far-seeing administrative talent, his calm, inflexible firmness of purpose, his amazing industry, and his great ability as a writer and as a preacher, were all admirably adapted to carry on what Farel had begun. Farel could throw down, but could not so well build; Calvin could build, but not so thoroughly pull down. But as coadjutors, they were admirably mated. Farel was a man of action, Calvin a man of thought; Farel was a preacher of fiery eloquence, Calvin a writer of deep, but calm scriptural knowledge. Both were men of God, ardent lovers of truth, bosom friends and affectionate brethren for life, and so matched as fellow labourers that Farel's impetuosity urged on Calvin's slowness, and Calvin's judgment restrained Farel's rashness.

When we consider Calvin's circumstances at this time, we can see there were solid reasons why he should be induced to pitch his tent at Geneva. Severed from all ties of family and country, driven out of France by the strong arm of persecution, he could not but be desirous to obtain a haven from the storms of outward violence, as well as a safe and abiding home, and a position where he could be of some service to the church of Christ. Thus, as most of God's saints and servants have experienced, the dealings of his providence and the dealings of his grace, both combined to work out his eternal purposes, and to fix

**Calvin's abode in that city which has become lastingly identified with his memory and name.**

**He was soon chosen teacher of theology, an important post in those days—when the truth was so little known—and one peculiarly adapted to his spiritual gifts and intellectual abilities; but from diffidence, or not seeing clearly the will of God, declined the office of minister. Such gifts as his, however, could not long be hid in a corner; and in the following year (February, 1537,) he was induced to take upon himself the burden of the Lord. His first sermon made such a deep and striking impression on the hearers that multitudes followed him home to testify to the power of the word, and he was obliged to promise that he would preach again next day, so that others who were not then present might be similarly favoured.**

**Being thus firmly established at Geneva, and having obtained a place by his grace and gifts in the esteem and affections of the people, Calvin did not long delay to associate himself closely with Farel in pushing on those wide and deep plans of reformation and religious discipline which they believed were needful for the full establishment of the gospel in that city.**

**No man admires or reveres the Reformers more than we do, but if we dare to advance an opinion adverse to their movements, we have long thought that they greatly erred in endeavouring to bind a gospel yoke on a carnal people, and turn the precepts of the New Testament into a legal code. Gospel precepts, like gospel promises, belong to believers only; and New Testament discipline is for the government of New Testament churches alone. But their view was to make the reformed religion a national thing; to incorporate the gospel with the government, and to visit sins against the New Testament as crimes against the State. By so doing, they virtually denied their own principles: for if there be an elect people, the gospel alone belongs to them; and you cannot consistently punish carnal men for the infraction of gospel precepts when they have no interest in gospel promises. We are touching here, we are well aware, on a most difficult question—how far the State should recognise the religion of the New Testament without constituting it into an establishment; and whilst it punishes crime, how far it should repress immorality and sin. Allow the State to interfere at will in matters of conscience and religion, and you convert it into an engine of persecution. Deny it all interference in religion, and it cannot suppress loud-mouthed blasphemy, the grossest profanation of the**

**Lord's Day, the burning of the Bible in open day, and infidel lectures in the public streets.**

**Calvin, however, felt little difficulty in this matter. His views were to establish the gospel in high places, and give it supreme sway over the minds and actions of all men who came within its reach. In conjunction, therefore, with Farel, he drew up a short confession of faith in twenty-one articles, which also comprised some regulations respecting church government. Among the latter was the right of excommunication, which became subsequently a formidable weapon in Calvin's hand for the punishment of evil doers. To this confession of faith Farel appended the Ten Commandments, and in this amended form it was laid before the council of Two Hundred, who ordered it to be printed, read in St. Peter's Church every Sunday, and the people sworn to the observance of it.**

**But Popery had too long prevailed at Geneva, and had taken too deep and wide a root to be speedily eradicated. Almost a French city, it had a great deal of French manners, and French morality, and was not only a very gay, lighthearted, and careless seat of pleasure, but terribly dissolute and licentious. Rome cares little now, and cared still less then for the morals of her devotees as long as they worship at her altars. A drunken Irishman is a good Catholic if he do but attend mass, take off his hat to the priest, say an Ave to the Virgin Mary, and hate all heretics. Dancing and music, the gambling table, and the masquerade, feasting and revelling every Sunday and holiday, Rome tolerated, if not encouraged, at Geneva, as long as mass was duly said at the altar and the convent vesper bell nightly tinkled over the blue lake. But there were darker crimes behind the midnight mask and holiday revel. Drunkenness, blasphemy, adultery, licensed prostitution, and the most dissolute profligacy, in which the popish clergy\* were not the least backward, made the city a very sink of iniquity. It was not likely then that these lovers of pleasure, many of whom still continued in Geneva, sunk as they were up to the neck in profligacy, would readily submit to the yoke which Calvin and Farel were binding on their necks. For these men of God did not lop off merely a few twigs of the Upas tree of sin. They hacked and hewed down sin root and branch, and smote the Amalekites hip and thigh. Not only the grosser crimes just mentioned were severely punished, but cards, dancing, plays, masquerades, were all absolutely prohibited; all holidays except Sunday were**

abolished, and that observed with all the strictness of our Puritan ancestors. All the church bells were dismantled and silenced; the citizens were strictly enjoined to attend divine service, and be at home by 9 o'clock in the evening. Fancy an English town, a gay and fashionable watering place, such as Brighton, Cheltenham, or Leamington, subjected to these regulations, and then fancy whether our good Protestants would relish their cards, their balls, their late supper parties, their plays and concerts, their races and raffles, their coursing and hunting, all swept away at a stroke, they made to hear sermons upon election and predestination several times a week, and all to be in doors before the clock struck nine. Geneva, the gay, the dissipated Geneva, where mirth and pleasure had long run riot, began to rebel against this bit in her jaws, and a formidable party was secretly organised to resist these stringent measures. To show how Satan can invest the worst deeds with the holiest names, these lovers of all ungodliness named themselves, "Brothers in Christ." "Libertines" was the name given them with far greater justice by the lovers of the gospel at Geneva. Our limits will not allow us, nor indeed is it necessary to detail their intrigues and the artful manner in which they disguised their real intentions. Suffice it to say, that they soon obtained political power in the executive Council, and thus brought the Genevese government under their influence. They durst not openly avow that their end was to restore the ancient reign of riot, but intending, doubtless, to undermine or eject Calvin and Farel by surer methods, they took their stand on some points in which the reformed church at Berne† differed from that at Geneva, and required the ministers to conform to them. The two main points were using unleavened bread in the communion, and celebrating four festivals in the year. As Calvin and Farel would not, however, consent to conform to these points, and even refused to administer the Lord's Supper at Easter at all on account of the debauchery and insubordination of the people, the Council forbade them to mount the pulpit. Regardless of this prohibition, and determined to obey God rather than man, they both preached twice at their respective churches, but did not celebrate the communion. Their open disobedience to the express orders of the government brought matters at once to a crisis. On the following morning the Council met, and passed sentence of banishment on both Farel and Calvin, issuing at the same time an order that they must quit the city in three days. The Council of Two Hundred and the General Assembly, the two fountains of all power at Geneva, convened especially for the purpose, confirmed the sentence of the Executive Council;

and their decision being without appeal, submission was their only alternative. The exiles simply exclaiming, "It is better to serve God than man," and turning their backs on the city which had thus cast them out, went first to Berne, and thence proceeded to Basle, where they were received with the greatest cordiality. But neither tarried there long, and were soon separated, Farel repairing to Neufchatel, and Calvin to Strasburg, a free and imperial city on the Rhine, where the Reformation was firmly established, where he was received with open arms, appointed professor of theology, and a pulpit and congregation assigned him.

\* The last bishop carried off by force a young lady of good family and kept her at his palace till forced by an armed mob to give her back to her friends.

† Berne was the mother church of Geneva, and therefore looked with jealous eye on any departure from her rules and practices.

Meanwhile at Geneva, matters were in a strange ferment. The party which had banished Calvin and Farel had gained a triumph and were determined to make the most of it. The dancers, the gamblers, and the drunkards were pleased enough, and soon restored the ancient days when sin ran down the streets as water. But the exiled ministers had a strong party that knew and loved the truth, which daily gathered power and influence. The ministers who had succeeded Farel and Calvin were unable to maintain their ground, and quitted the city. Riot everywhere prevailed; strong attempts were made to re-introduce Popery; and confusion and disorder shook the city to the centre. The hand of God now began to lift itself up against his adversaries. Jean Philippe, the Captain General and head of the Libertine Party, was publicly executed for killing a man in a riot. One of the magistrates who assisted to banish Calvin, and told him "the city gates were wide enough for him," broke his own neck in trying to escape from the officers of justice out of a window. Two others were obliged to fly on charges of treason; and thus the Council became purged of Calvin's enemies. Swayed as it were from above, and feeling that he alone could restore order to their troubled and disturbed city, the hearts of the Council and a great majority of the citizens longed for Calvin's return. On the 24th of April, 1538, the sentence of banishment had been passed; on the 20th of October, 1540, the Council passed a resolution that he should be invited to come back. Calvin's heart was really at Geneva; but

mindful of the troubles he had suffered there,\* and perhaps not being willing too soon to be won, he respectfully declined their invitation. In addition to this, as he was highly honoured at Strasburg, where the Lord was remarkably blessing his labours, had lately taken to himself a wife and was deeply immersed in his beloved studies, he had every inducement there to remain. Undeterred by his refusal, again the Council pressed him most earnestly to return; again Calvin pleaded his engagements at Strasburg. Unable to prevail with him, the Council sent a circular letter to the governments of Berne, Basle, and Zurich to request their influence in procuring his return:† Farel, Bucer, and other influential ministers urged his compliance. None but he, it was felt, could raise the sinking church at Geneva, or rule the people in that riotous city. Overcome at length by these powerful persuasions, seeing, doubtless, the hand of God in them, and that Geneva was his divinely appointed post, Calvin yielded the point and consented to return. His return, under these circumstances, was a triumph of truth over error, and of godliness over ungodliness; and thus his very exile gave him a power and an authority subsequently at Geneva which he could not have had without it. How evident in all this is the wonder-working hand of God. A mounted herald was despatched to escort him from Strasburg, and a carriage and three horses sent to bring his wife and furniture. On the 13th of September, 1541, he again entered the gates of Geneva. The Council received him with every mark of affection and respect, besought him ever to remain with them, provided him with a house and garden attached, settled on him a fixed salary, and, what we may believe Calvin valued more than all, prepared him a pulpit in St. Peter's Church, so arranged that the whole congregation might hear him with ease. From this period till the day of his decease, (May 27th, 1564,) a space of nearly 23 years, did this zealous and godly servant of the Lord labour at Geneva. The following was the ordinary routine of his labours. Besides the Lord's day, he preached every day during each alternate week; thrice a week he gave lectures in divinity; presided in the consistory or meeting of the ministers every Thursday; and lectured at St. Peter's Church every Friday evening. On the alternate week he chiefly devoted himself to his studies, commencing at five or six in the morning, and continuing at work nearly all day.

\* He thus writes to Farel: "Who will not pardon me if I do not again willingly throw myself into a whirlpool which I have found so fatal? Nay, who would

not blame me for too much facility, if I should fling myself into it with my eyes open? Besides, putting my own danger out of the question, what if I can scarcely trust that my ministry will be of any use to them, since such is the temper of the majority there, that they will be neither tolerable to me, nor I to them."

And again to Viret: "There is no place under heaven which I more fear than Geneva; not that I dislike it, but because I see so many difficulties in my way there, which I feel myself unequal to cope with. Whenever I recall what has passed, I cannot help shuddering at the thought of being compelled to renew the old contests."

† Some extracts from this letter will show the important place which Calvin held in the eyes of the Genevese Council: "Although we have been troubled with many and serious disturbances in our city for about twenty years past, yet we have experienced, most illustrious princes, in all these tumults, seditious, and dangers, no such wrath of God pressing on our necks as in the years just past; in which by the art and machinations or factious and seditious men, our faithful pastors and ministers, by whom our church had been founded, built up, and long maintained, to the great comfort and edification of all, have been unjustly driven out and rejected with great ingratitude, those extraordinary favours and benefits being altogether passed over and forgotten, which we have received at the hand of God through their ministry. For from the hour that they were banished we have had nothing but troubles, enmities, strife, contentions, disorders, seditions, factions, and homicides. We acknowledge, therefore, that this great anger of God hath fallen upon us because our Lord Jesus Christ hath been thus rejected and despised in his servants and ministers, and that we are unworthy ever to be esteemed his faithful disciples, or ever to find quiet in our state, unless we endeavour to repair these offences, so that the due honour of the most holy evangelical ministry be restored; and, by common consent, we desire nothing more ardently than that our brethren and ministers be reinstated in their former place in this church, to which they were called by God."

We cannot pursue his history during an eventful period of twenty-three years. We hasten, therefore, to his end; those latter days of his life on earth, on which a peculiar halo of grace and glory was shed. For several years his bodily

sufferings and afflictions had been great; but about 1561, a complication of disorders fell on his earthly tabernacle. A continual colic, incessant vomitings, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and tormenting headaches, pressed him sore. But worse ills, asthma, gout, and stone, followed in their rear. Still he continued his severe labours, writing commentaries on the Scripture, and preaching, though obliged to be carried to the church in a chair. On the 6th of February, 1564, he preached his last sermon, though he still occasionally addressed a few words to the congregation. But, amidst all his severe sufferings, no complaint escaped his lips, except that sometimes he would look up, and say, "Lord, how long?"

He was now very sensible that his earthly pilgrimage was drawing to a close. Still he pursued his literary labours; and when Beza begged of him to give up dictating, or at all events writing, his only answer was, "What? Would you have the Lord find mee idle?" On the 10th of March he was publicly prayed for in the churches by order of the government, and on the 18th, the Council sent him a present of twenty-five crowns, which, however, he refused to accept, assigning as his reason that he was no longer able to work, and therefore had no right to be paid. On the 2nd of April he was carried to church, stayed the sermon, and received the Lord's Supper from the hand of Beza. He joined in the hymn with a tremulous voice, and though his countenance bore on it the evident stamp of death, yet was it lighted up with the radiant beams of joy and peace. On the 25th of April he made his will, and on the 26th the Council assembled at his house. We could wish that our limits admitted the insertion of even a portion of his grave and wise address to the executive government of Geneva, received by them as it was with the greatest respect and affection as well as many tears. On the 28th all the Genevese ministers met at his house. These he addressed most earnestly and affectionately, exhorting them to persevere in the good work to which the Lord had called them, to avoid all dispute and strife, and walk in mutual love and affection. He bade them firmly maintain his doctrine, and uphold his discipline, and appealed to his own experience that the Lord had blessed both him and his labours. He assured them that he had always lived with them, and was now departing from them in the bonds of the truest and sincerest love; begged their forgiveness for any peevish expressions which had escaped his lips during his illness; returned them hearty thanks for bearing his burdens; and, amid many tears on their side, shook hands separately with, and bade

farewell to them all. His last letter was written to Farel to dissuade him from coming from Neufchatel to have a last interview. Our readers will peruse it with interest.

"Farewell, my best and truest brother! and since it is God's will that you remain behind me in the world, live mindful of our friendship, which as it was useful to the church of God, so the fruit of it awaits us in heaven. Pray, do not fatigue yourself on my account. It is with difficulty I draw my breath, and expect that every moment will be my last. It is enough that I live and die for Christ, who is the reward of his followers both in life or death. Again, farewell with my brethren.—Geneva, 2nd of May, 1564."

Farel came, however, to see him; but we are not favoured with the particulars of the interview, which, between two brethren so long and so warmly united, and both sinking into the grave,\* worn out with suffering and toil, must have been most deeply interesting. The days that now remained to him on earth, Calvin spent in almost continual prayer, and ejaculating sentences from the Scriptures. On the 19th of May he took finally to his bed, where he lay in much bodily weakness and suffering till the 27th. About eight o'clock in the evening of that day, the signs of approaching dissolution appeared. Beza, who had not long quitted him, was sent for, but too late to see him expire. Before his friend could reach his bed-side, his ransomed soul had passed from earth to heaven, apparently without a struggle, as he looked like one who had fallen into a deep sleep, without a trace of expiring agony.

\* In the August of the following year Farel died, at the advanced age of seventy-six.

Thus lived and thus died this great and good man, this eminent servant of God, this memorable champion of the truth of the gospel, this learned and godly Reformer, John Calvin. On that night and the following day, according to the testimony of Beza, Geneva seemed plunged into universal mourning. The state lamented the loss of its most distinguished counsellor; the church of its beloved pastor; the university of its unwearied and able teacher; the poor of their firm friend and sympathising succourer; the ministers of a wise and affectionate fellow-labourer; and a large circle of private Christians of their spiritual guide and father. Nor was the feeling of grief and lamentation

confined to Geneva. The whole Reformed church, that had been so long and so deeply indebted to his labours, and a large and increasing band of correspondents, whose faithful and affectionate counsellor he long had been, joined in lamenting his loss.

That Calvin had his faults, his warmest friends and greatest admirers cannot deny. His language at times against his adversaries, though it must be borne in mind that it was the prevailing evil of the day, was exceedingly violent and intemperate. "A beast, a pig, a vagabond, a scurvy knave, an impostor, a foul-mouthed-dog;" such are some of the epithets that fell from his pen.\* He was also stern and unforgiving on points where his own authority was in question, and ruled, both in church and state, with too much of an iron hand. The times were, however, peculiar, and a silken glove was not adapted for the turbulent city of Geneva: nor were the principles of liberty understood there as now with us, with whom they have been the growth of centuries. The fairest way is to look at the result of his rule. That he found Geneva full of riot and turbulence, a very sink of sin and immorality, and left it at his death a seat of order and quiet, of morality and good government, and a favoured spot of truth in doctrine and godliness in life, all must admit who are not blinded by a spirit of prejudice and error. But his best and most enduring monument is the fruit of his pen. There he peculiarly shone. His great and varied learning, his logical, accurate mind, his deep knowledge of the scriptures, his ardent love of truth, his clear and forcible style, and the strength of his arguments, all combined to give his writings a power and prevalence in his own age, of which we still feel the effects, but can hardly realise the conception. His writings, it is true, are now little read, and have become in a measure superseded by more modern works. It is good, however, to go at times to the fountain-head; and Dr. Cole has thus conferred a benefit on the church by translating and publishing the work at the head of the present article.

\* Castellio, against whom these angry invectives were launched, thus pointedly reproves Calvin for using them:—"Even were I as truly all these things as I really am not, yet it ill becomes so learned a man as yourself, the teacher of so many others, to degrade so excellent an intellect by so foul and sordid abuse."

We purpose (D. V.) in our next Number to examine it at more length, and

shall then take the opportunity of making some extracts from the work itself, which will enable our readers to judge for themselves of its real nature and value.

*(Continued, March, 1857.)*

Many speak as if Calvin *invented* those doctrines which are so frequently called by his name, and others as if he first discovered them in the Bible. He did neither the one nor the other. Before Calvin had birth or being, they had a place in the scriptures of truth; and before the Bible itself had birth or being, they had a place in the heart of God. The grand doctrine of election was not left for Calvin to discover in the Bible. It is not a faint, feeble glimmer in the word of truth, an obscure doctrine, which, with much painstaking and piecing of text to text, may at length be dimly descried lurking in some intricate passages, but a ray of light that shines through and illuminates the whole scripture from the first promise made in Eden to the close of the sacred canon. Dr. Cole, the translator of the work before us, speaks well upon this point in his introductory preface:

"Calvinism is a designation by which the doctrines of the sovereign grace of God have been distinguished for the last two centuries; but, more particularly and generally, for the last century. The term derives, of course, its descriptiveness from the historical fact that the eminent Swiss Reformer was the chosen servant of God, appointed by him to proclaim and defend, more prominently than any contemporary or antecedent witness, the sublime doctrines in question. Not that these stupendous truths originated with Calvin, but with God himself. They form an essential portion of the revelation of his word. They are no more *Calvinism* than *Augustinism*, or *Lutherism*, or *Bucerism*, or *Cranmerism*, or *Latimerism*, for they are *Bibleism*; and they are the *ism* of every saint, and true minister of Christ; they are the solidity and security of all true religion; they are the fast-hold of faith; they form a substantial ingredient in every true ministry of the gospel; and they constitute an essential doctrine in the confession of every true church of Christ."

But election in that, as in all preceding as well as subsequent ages, met with countless opponents, who, summing up every argument and objection that

unsanctified reason could devise, vented them forth with an enmity which the carnal heart alone could conceive, and a virulence which only a tongue, "full of deadly poison," could utter. Among the writers who drew their envenomed pen against the doctrines of grace, as set forth by Calvin in his "Institutes," one of the most distinguished was Albertus Pighius, an Italian, who, to use Calvin's words, "attacked him by name, that he might stab, through his side, holy and sound doctrine." Pressed by various engagements, Calvin for some time took no notice of these attacks, except that he published his thoughts on *free will*, a doctrine which Pighius had attempted to establish in the same work that he issued against the electing decrees of the Most High. In that answer Calvin promised to consider, when opportunity offered, the doctrine of predestination. Shortly after, Pighius died, which led Calvin further to delay his promised defence of election. Meanwhile another adversary, Georgius, a Sicilian, started up, who had the shameless effrontery to declare that Christ had appeared to him, and appointed him an interpreter of the whole scripture.

Against these two writers, therefore, Calvin directs the work before us; for though in some points they differed, yet in this doctrine they agreed:

"That it lies in each one's own liberty, whether he will become a partaker of the grace of adoption or not; and that it does not depend on the counsel and decree of God who are elect and who are reprobate; but that each one determines for himself the one state or the other, by his own will; and with respect to the fact that some believe the gospel while others remain in unbelief, that this difference does not arise from the free election of God, nor from his secret counsel, but from the will of each individual."

In attempting to substantiate this view, Pighius thus lays down his opinion, which we quote, as showing his agreement with the Arminians of our day:

"That God, by his immutable counsel, created all men to salvation without distinction; but that, as he foresaw the fall of Adam, in order that his election might nevertheless remain firm and unaltered, he applied a remedy, which might, therefore, be common to all; which remedy was his confirmation of the election of the whole human race, in Christ; so that no one can perish but he who, by his own obstinacy, blots his name out of the book of life. And his view

of the other side of the great question is, that, as God foresaw that some would determinately remain unto the last in malice and a contempt of divine grace, he, by his foreknowledge, reprobated such unless they should repent. This, with him, is the origin of reprobation; by which he makes it out, that the wicked deprive themselves of the benefit of universal election, irrespectively and independently of the counsel and will of God altogether."

Georgius did not go so far even as this, but held "that no man whatever, neither one nor another, is predestinated to salvation, but that God pre-appointed *a time* in which he would save the whole world."

These views, in all their varied bearings, Calvin undertakes to overthrow, and to establish on their ruins the grand, "the important doctrine, which God himself clearly teaches us in the sacred oracles; the sum of which is, that the salvation of believers depends on the eternal election of God; for which no cause or reason can be rendered, but his own gratuitous good pleasure." But before he bends his bow, whilst the arrow is yet on the string, he pauses to give his readers an admonition, which will show with what a holy, tender, and reverent spirit this great Reformer handled these divine mysteries:

"What my mind on this momentous subject is, my 'Institute' furnishes a full and abundant testimony, even if I should now add nothing more. I would, in the first place, entreat my readers carefully to bear in memory the admonition which I there offer; that this great subject is not, as many imagine, a mere thorny and noisy disputation, nor a speculation which wearies the minds of men without any profit, but a solid discussion, eminently adapted to the service of the godly, because it builds us up soundly in the faith, trains us to humility, and lifts us up into an admiration of the unbounded goodness of God towards us, while it elevates us to praise this goodness in our highest strains. For there is not a more effectual means of building up faith than the giving of our open ears to the election of God, which the Holy Spirit seals upon our heart while we hear; showing us that it stands in the eternal and immutable good will of God towards us, and that, therefore, it cannot be moved or altered by any storms of the world, by any assaults of Satan, by any changes, or by any fluctuations or weaknesses of the flesh. For our salvation is then sure to us, when we find the *cause* of it in the breast of God. Thus, when we lay hold of life in Christ, made manifest to our faith, the same faith being still

our leader and guide, our sight is permitted to penetrate much farther, and to see from what *source* that life proceeded. Our confidence of salvation is rooted in Christ, and rests on the promises of the gospel. But it is no weak prop to our confidence, when we are brought to believe in Christ, to hear that all was originally *given* to us of God; and that we were as much ordained to faith in Christ, before the foundation of the world, as we were chosen to the inheritance of eternal life in Christ. Hence, therefore, arises the impregnable and insubvertible security of the saints. The Father, who gave us to the Son, as his peculiar treasure, is stronger than all who oppose us, and he will not suffer us to be plucked out of his hand. What a cause for humility then in the saints of God, when they see such a difference of condition made in those who are, by nature, all alike! Wherever the sons of God turn their eyes, they behold such wonderful instances of blindness, ignorance, and insensibility as fill them with horror; while they, in the midst of such darkness, have received divine illumination, and know it and feel it to be so. How (say they) is it, that some, under the clear light, continue in darkness and blindness? Who makes this difference? One thing they know by their own experience, that, whereas *their* eyes were also once closed, they are now opened. Another thing is also certain, that those who willingly remain ignorant of any difference between them and others have never yet learned to render unto God the glory due to him for making that difference."

Before, however, he proceeds to cut up the arguments of his adversaries, and unfold the inspired testimony of God in those important matters, he pauses once more to clearly define his views of the great doctrine which he was about to defend from all ungodly cavils:

"Let those roar at us who will. We will ever brighten forth, with all our power of language, the doctrine which we hold concerning the free election of God, seeing that it is only by it that the faithful can understand how great that goodness of God is, which effectually called them to salvation. I merely give the great doctrine of election a slight touch here, lest any one, by avoiding a subject so necessary for him to know, should afterwards feel what loss his neglect has caused him. I will, by and by, in its proper place, enter into the divine matter with appropriate fulness. Now, if we are not really ashamed of the gospel, we must, of necessity, acknowledge what is therein openly declared, that God, by his eternal good will (for which there was no other

cause than his own purpose,) appointed those whom he pleased unto salvation, rejecting all the rest; and that those whom he blessed with this free adoption to be his sons, he illumines by his Holy Spirit, that they may receive the life which is offered to them in Christ; while others, continuing, of their own will, in unbelief, are left destitute of the light of faith, in total darkness."

We cannot wonder, knowing what the carnal mind is, that, lashed into fury by the sovereign election of some and the rejection of others, it should spit its venom even against the great Sovereign himself. Paul's check, however, "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" (Rom. 9:20,) is the best breakwater against these raging waves of the sea that do but foam out their own shame. We much admire the way in which this profound writer and Reformer amplifies and expounds Paul's rebuke to those daring cavillers just quoted:

"Against this unsearchable judgment of God many insolent dogs rise up and bark. Some of them, indeed, hesitate not to attack God openly, asking why, foreseeing the fall of Adam, he did not better order the affairs of men? To curb such spirits as these, no better means need be sought than those which Paul sets before us. He supposes this question to be put by an ungodly person: 'How can God be just, in showing mercy to whom he will, and hardening whom he will?' Such audacity in men the apostle considers unworthy a reply. He does nothing but remind them of their order and position in God's creation. 'Who art thou, O man, that repliest against God?' (Rom. 9:20.) Profane men, indeed, vainly babble, that the apostle covered the absurdity of the matter with silence, for want of an answer. But the case is far otherwise.

"The apostle, in this appeal, adopts an axiom, or universal acknowledgment, which not only ought to be held fast by all godly minds, but deeply engraven in the breast of common sense, that the inscrutable judgment of God is deeper than can be penetrated by man. And what man, I pray you, would not be ashamed to compress all the causes of the works of God within the confined measure of his individual intellect? Yet, on this hinge turns the whole question. Is there no justice of God, but that which is conceived of by us? Now, if we should throw this into the form of one question, 'Whether it be lawful to measure the power of God by our natural sense?' there is not a man who would not immediately reply, that all the senses of all men combined in

**one individual must faint under an attempt to comprehend the immeasurable power of God; and yet, as soon as a reason cannot immediately be seen for certain works of God, men, somehow or other, are immediately prepared to appoint a day for entering into judgment with him. What, therefore, can be more opportune or appropriate than the apostle's appeal? that those, who would thus raise themselves above the heavens in their reasonings, utterly forget who and what they are.**

**"And suppose God, ceding his own right, should offer himself, as ready to render a reason for his works. When the matter came to those secret counsels of his, which angels adore with trembling, who would not be utterly bereft of his senses before such glorious splendour? Marvellous, indeed, is the madness of man, who would more audaciously set himself above God, than stand on equal ground with any pagan judge! It is intolerable to you and hateful, that the power and works of God should exceed the capacity of your own mind, and yet you will grant to an *equal* the enjoyment of his own mind and judgment! Now will you, with such madness as this, dare to make mention of the adorable God? What do you really think of God's glorious name? And will you vaunt that the apostle is devoid of all reason, because he does not drag God from his throne, and set him before you, to be questioned and examined?"**

**Read again that last paragraph, and see with what force and clearness he exposes the daring audacity of man, a worm of earth, to call God to account for his inscrutable ways. One more objection he meets, which is common enough in our day, that, allowing those doctrines to be true, we need not pry into them; an argument much of this kind, that, allowing there is gold to be found in Australia, no one should be so foolish or presumptuous as to dig for it. Why is the doctrine revealed, but that it should be believed? Why is the hid treasure stored up in the mine, but that it should be sought, searched for, and found? (Prov. 2:4.)**

**"But, say our opponents, this subject is one of which we may remain ignorant, without loss or harm. As if our heavenly Teacher were not the best judge of what it is expedient for us to know, and to what extent we ought to know it! Wherefore, that we may not struggle amid the waves, nor be borne about in the air, unfixed and uncertain, nor, by getting our foot too deep, be drowned in the gulph below; let us so give ourselves to God, to be ruled by him, and**

taught by him, that, contented with his Word alone, we may never desire to know more than we find therein. No! not even if the power so to do were given to us! This teachableness, in which every godly man will ever hold all the powers of his mind, under the authority of the Word of God, is the true and only rule of wisdom.

"Now, *wherever*, and *how far* soever, he, who is 'the way,' thus leads us, with his outstretched hand, whose Spirit spoke by the apostles and the prophets, we may most safely *follow*. And the *remaining ignorant* of all those things, which are *not learnt* in the school of God, far excels all the penetration of human intellect. Wherefore, Christ requires of his sheep that they should not only hold their ears open to his voice, but keep them shut against the voice of strangers. Nor can it ever be, but that the vain winds of error, from every side, must blow through a soul devoid of sound doctrine. Moreover, I can, with all truth, confess that I never should have spoken or written on this subject, unless the Word of God, in my own soul, had led the way. All godly readers will, indeed, gather this from my former writings, and especially from my 'Institute.' But this present refutation of my enemies, who oppose themselves to me, will, perhaps, afford my friends some new light upon the matter."

We cannot here travel through the long and penetrating arguments by which Calvin pursues, as it were, unto the death, all the objections of Pighius against the discriminating doctrines of the gospel. He quotes Augustine very largely, to show the mind of that eminent writer on those points, and how closely it agrees with his own. It requires, however, more patience and attention than many readers can bestow, thoroughly to appreciate the force of Calvin's arguments; and the work itself labours under two great disadvantages, which are very adverse to its becoming extensively popular.

1. That it is an *answer* to a book that is not in our hands, a circumstance which, besides involving much personal matter, renders it almost necessarily obscure; and, 2ndly, that it is a *translation*, which, though no doubt very ably and faithfully done, yet must always be inferior in force and fluency to the original work. Passing over, therefore, the main bulk of the work, we must content ourselves with quoting a few more passages in which Calvin lays down, in his simple and clear way, his own views on some deep and important matters:

**"One reason, Pighius says, why he cannot believe in particular and special election is because Christ, the redeemer of the whole world, commanded the gospel to be preached to all men, promiscuously, generally, and without distinction. But the gospel is an embassy of peace, by which the world is reconciled to God, as Paul teaches. And, according to the same holy witness, it is preached that those who hear it might be saved. To this pretended difficulty of Pighius, therefore, I would briefly reply, that Christ was so ordained the Saviour of the whole world, as that he might save those that were given unto him by the Father out of the whole world; that he might be the eternal life of them of whom he is the Head; that he might receive into a participation of all the 'blessings in him,' all those whom God adopted to himself, by his own unmerited good pleasure, to be his heirs. Now, which one of these solemn things can our opponent deny?"**

**"Hence, the apostle Paul declares this prophecy of Isaiah to be fulfilled in Christ, 'Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me,' &c. Accordingly, Christ himself declares aloud, 'All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' (John 6:37.) And again, 'Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition. (John 17:12.) Hence we read everywhere, that Christ diffuses life into none but the members of his own body. And he that will not confess that it is a special gift, and a special mercy, to be engrafted into the body of Christ, has never read, with spiritual attention, Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. Hereupon, follows also a third important fact, that the virtue and benefits of Christ are extended unto, and belong to, none but the children of God. Now, that the universality of the grace of Christ cannot be better judged of than from the nature of the preaching of the gospel, there is no one who will not immediately grant. Yet, on this hinge, the whole question turns. If we see and acknowledge, therefore, the principle on which the doctrine of the gospel offers salvation to all, the whole sacred matter is settled at once. That the gospel is, in its nature, able to save all, I by no means deny. But the great question lies here. Did the Lord, by his eternal counsel, *ordain* salvation for *all men!* It is quite manifest that all men, without difference or distinction, are *outwardly called* or invited to repentance and faith. It is equally evident that the same Mediator is set forth before all, as he who alone can reconcile them to the Father. But it is as fully well known, that none of those things can**

be understood or perceived but by faith, in fulfilment of the apostle Paul's declaration, that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that 'believeth;' then, what can it be to others but the 'savor of death unto death?' as the same apostle elsewhere powerfully expresses himself."

His views on the fall strike us as particularly sound and scriptural:

"When we come to speak of the first man, in our discussion of the doctrine of predestination, my teaching is that we ought ever to consider the solemn case to be this; that he, having been created perfectly righteous, fell, of his own accord, and willingly; and that, by that fall, he brought eternal destruction on himself and his whole future race. And though Adam fell not, nor destroyed himself and his posterity, either *without* the knowledge, or *without* the ordaining will of God; yet, *that* neither lessens his own fault, nor implicates God in any blame whatever. For we must ever carefully bear in mind that Adam, of his own will and accord, deprived himself of that perfect righteousness which he had received from God; and that, of his own accord and will, he gave himself up to the service of sin and Satan, and thus precipitated himself into destruction eternal. Here, however, men will continually offer one uniform *excuse* for Adam that it was not possible for him to help or avoid that which God himself had *decreed*. But, to establish the guilt of Adam for ever, his own *voluntary* transgression is enough, and more than sufficient. Nor, indeed, is the secret counsel of God the *real* and *virtual cause* of sin, but, manifestly, the *will* and *inclination* of *man*."

How full of truth and point is the last sentence of the above extract! How nobly it clears God; how justly it condemns man! Of a similar character is our next extract:

"For, although mortal men may employ their thoughts in circuitous reasonings, ever so long and deep, they never can so far delude or stupefy themselves as not to find and feel that they carry the *originating cause* of all their sins deeply seated in their own hearts. Impious reasoning, therefore, will attempt in vain to absolve from the guilt of sin, that man who stands condemned by his *own conscience*. And as to God's having, knowingly and willingly, permitted man to fall, his *reason* for so doing may be *hidden!* UNJUST, it cannot be! And this, moreover, should ever be held fast, without

controversy, that sin was ever hateful to God. For that praise which David loudly bestows on the Most High strictly applies to his adorable Majesty in every respect: "Thou hatest all workers of iniquity." (Ps. 5:5.) Wherefore, in ordaining the fall of man, especially, God had an *end*, most glorious and most just; an end, into our contemplation of which, the mention or idea of *sin*, on the part of God, can never enter; and the very *thought* of its entrance strikes us with horror!

"Although, therefore, I thus affirm that God did ordain the fall of Adam, I so assert it as by no means to concede that God was therein, properly and really, the *author* of that fall. That I may not, however, dwell extensively on this great point now, I will only express it as my view, belief, and sentiment, that what Augustine so deeply teaches on this matter was *fulfilled* in God's ordaining the fall of Adam: 'In a wonderful and unutterable way, *that was not done without* the will of God (says he) which was even done *contrary* to his will; *because* it could not have been done at all, if his will had not *permitted* it to be done. And yet, he did not permit *unwillingly*, but *willingly*.' The great and grand principle, therefore, on which Augustine argues cannot be denied, 'that, both man, and apostate angels, as far as they were themselves concerned, did *that* which God *willed not*, or which was *contrary to HIS WILL*; but that, as far as God's *overruling Omnipotence* is concerned, they could not, in any manner, have done it *without* his will.' To these sentiments of that holy man I subscribe with all my heart. I solemnly hold that man and apostate angels *did*, by their sin, *that* which was *contrary* to the will of God; to the end that God, by means of their *evil will*, might effect that which was *according* to his *decreeing will*. If any one should reply that this is above the capability to comprehend, I also acknowledge and confess the same. But why should we wonder that the *infinite* and incomprehensible majesty of God should surpass the narrow limits of our *finite* intellect? So far, however, am I from undertaking to supply this sublime and hidden mystery, by any powers of human reason, that I would ever retain, in my own memory, that which I declared at the commencement of this discussion, that those who seek to know more than God has revealed, are *madmen!* Wherefore, let us delight ourselves more in wise ignorance, than in an immoderate and intoxicated curiosity to know more than God permits. Let all the powers of our mind restrain themselves within the bounds of this reverential assurance, that God willed nothing, by the sin of man, but what became his *infinite justice!*"

Though the work is, as will be seen from the extracts given, chiefly argumentative, yet there are here and there passages in which Calvin writes very sweetly and experimentally, as one who had felt the power of truth in his own soul:

"When Pighius asks me, *how I know* that I am elected? my answer is, 'Christ is, to me, more than a thousand witnesses.' For when I find myself engrafted into his body, my salvation rests in a place so safe, secure, and tranquil, that it is as if I already realised it in heaven. If Pighius say, in reply, that the eternal election of God cannot be judged of by *present grace*, I will not attempt, on my part, to bring forward, as proofs, those feelings which believers experience in this matter, because it is not given unto 'strangers' even to taste that bread on which the 'children' of God feed. But when Pighius dares to prate that it is nowhere found in the Scriptures that the children of God *know* their eternal election by their present grace, a falsehood so bare and base is disproved by the Word of God in a moment. After Paul had testified that those who were elected are called and justified, and at length attain unto a blessed immortality, fortified, as it were, by a strong bulwark on every side, he thus exults: 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?' &c. And that no one might suppose this doctrine of security to apply to all men generally, he directly afterwards applies it to the peculiar use of each believer: 'For I am persuaded, (says he), 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. 8:33, and 38, 39.) Now, whereas Pighius will have it that the believer's confidence of eternal salvation may be broken short at any moment, Paul extends it into futurity, and into an eternity beyond the limit of this present life, and demonstrates that such a confidence proceeds from no other source than God's election!"

The copious extracts that we have given will, we think, sufficiently show the nature of the work before us, and the keen, vigorous way in which Calvin defends the great doctrine of election and the allied truths of sovereign grace. We have now only to mention the circumstances under which it is produced in its present form for the benefit of the English reader, it never having before appeared in our language. Dr. Cole, already favourably known to the church

**as the translator of some of Luther's works, and the author of four excellent sermons on "Regeneration," has been, we understand for some time, laid aside, both from the ministry and his secular employ, (taking pupils), by an attack of paralysis. He has been favoured, however, with sufficient strength to translate the former part of Calvin's great work, now before us, and hopes, if adequately supported, to translate and publish the sequel in a corresponding manner, in the same form, and at the same price. But, as the sale of works of this kind is very limited, it is proposed to publish it by subscription, as the work before us has been published. Any, therefore, of our readers, who may feel disposed to help forward the good work, can, by communicating with our publisher, find the opportunity of doing so.**

**END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.**