

## **The dying patient / by a surgeon.**

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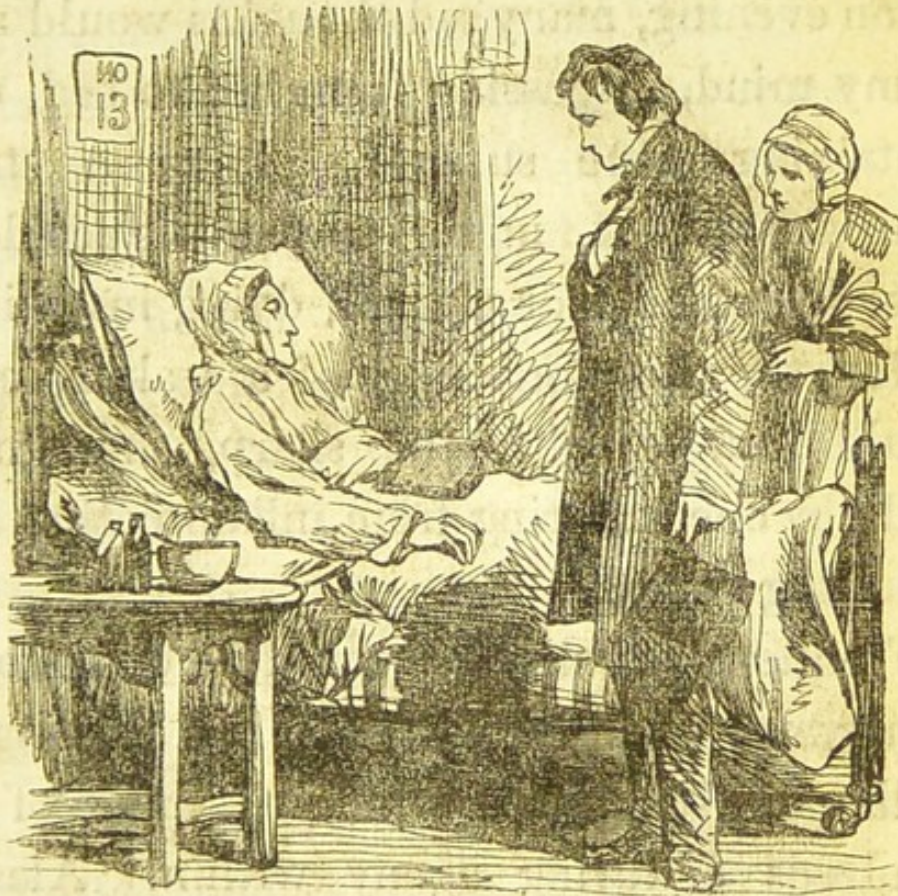
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# THE DYING PATIENT.

BY A SURGEON.



WHEN a very young man, I passed some years of my life in a place which of all others is perhaps the one most likely to impress us with the vanity and folly of all earthly hopes and desires.

My father being a surgeon, I was placed as a pupil in a large hospital. The sights of pain and suffering I there saw were at first unspeakably trying to my feelings, as they



naturally and usually are to young men on entering the profession.

When it was my duty to go into the wards on an evening, many sad thoughts would arise in my mind, in passing from bed to bed, each containing some sufferer. Here a strong man, impatient under a fearful accident; close by, some poor patient, dying insensibly; whilst the low moaning of a waking child would mingle with the sharp, short noise made by one suffering from inflammation, and breathing rapidly.

Frequently at night I would go out into the court-yard, when all was still, and looking up at the dimly lighted windows, think of the hundreds enduring agony within. Alas! I then knew not, and never had been taught, of One who uses pain to humble and to bless his creatures. This lesson in faith I had to learn; and my first teacher was a patient in the hospital.

Not very long after I became a pupil, a woman was admitted with a broken leg, and injury of the head, caused by her husband having, when drunk, pushed her down stairs. She was a thin, pale-faced person, and had plainly been labouring under ill health long



before her accident. Her countenance was mild and gentle, and she bore her sufferings, which were very great, so patiently and calmly, and was so grateful for any little kindness, that I was glad to pay particular attention to her. When I told her that I was pleased to see how well she bore her accident, she said, "No praise is due to me, sir. I pray to God to give me strength to bear whatever it may please him to afflict me with."

This was language new to me; I did not understand it. After a few moments I said to her, "You should not think in this way, you know that this was an accident. Why should God afflict you? Your life I am sure has not been a bad one."

"Sir," she replied, "God has been pleased to bless me by affliction before this. It was by means of a severe illness, from which I have never quite recovered, that I was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Before I had that illness I used never to think of these things. I worked hard for my husband and children, paid every one what I owed them, and as I used never to lie, swear, or steal, I thought I was as good as any one.



When I became ill, and was lying in bed alone, and awake at night, I thought much about my past life, and I began to fear whether it had been so good as I imagined. Soon after this I was led by the grace of God to see that my only hope of salvation was not in my own merits, but in those of my Saviour; and that even my best deeds were but evil in the sight of God."

As it was fatiguing to her to talk much at one time, I soon left her and went away, thinking that there must be some truth in what she said, for never did a human being bear up under affliction better than she did. The same evening, I was not far from her bed when I heard her repeating in a low tone of voice some lines of poetry. I tried to listen, and found they were these—

"Here we suffer grief and pain,  
Here we meet to part again ;  
In heaven we part no more :  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
Joyful, joyful, joyful ;  
Oh, that will be joyful,  
When we meet to part no more."

That night I went to rest more truly impressed with a sense of the value of religion than I had ever before experienced. I thought



that to-morrow I would go and learn more about the grace of God and the Saviour from this poor woman.

But, alas, before the morrow's sun rose, the wounds on her head had become inflamed. I had to leave the hospital for some hours, and when I returned in the evening my first inquiries were about her. The nurse answered me, "Oh, sir, she is light-headed, and talking nonsense." I hastened to see her, and found her lying on her back, with her eyes looking upwards. To keep her head cool, all her hair had been cut off, whilst one of the under nurses was holding a bag of ice to her head. She muttered something about her children; and every now and then, with a sweet, low, musical voice, she sang, "Oh, that will be joyful." I saw there was no hope, and turned down the ward with eyes full of tears. I visited her again late in the evening, she was then sinking rapidly; her face wore an expression of calm happiness, whilst her lips moved silently, as if, had she possessed strength, she would have still chanted her favourite hymn.

The next morning her bed was empty.

A short time after, one of the patients said



to me, “How happy that woman died in No. 13!”—(In hospitals the beds are numbered, and the patients are frequently called by the number of the bed.)—“She must have lived a good life to go off so quietly.”

At that time the light of the truth had by the grace of God just dawned upon my mind. I then knew that her own good deeds had not produced her quiet resignation, and her happy end; and subsequent light and knowledge taught me that she had died happily in full confidence of eternal salvation, because, by God’s grace and the operation of the Holy Spirit, she had faith in the blood of Him who died to cleanse us from all sin.

May all who read this true narrative pray for the same grace as was obtained by this woman, recollecting the promise, “Ask, and ye shall receive;” so that even when the awful change of death is coming close upon them, they may think upon it calmly, and even call it as she did, “joyful.” But may all remember that the approach of death can only be joyful to those who, knowing their own sinfulness, look for salvation to Him who humbled himself even to the death of the cross for us miserable sinners; to the end that we



might with true faith and trust come unto God by him, and not perish, but have everlasting life.

Years have rolled away since my first teacher—even this poor afflicted woman—left this world; but the lesson she taught me has never been forgotten. By her means I first learned that God will surely give his Holy Spirit to those who ask him. Through her I first learned to prize the unspeakable love of Christ, who came into this world to bear our sins and punishment.

Many a time since then have I walked, during the quiet and solemn hour of night, in the court-yard of the hospital; but though I still know that pain and bodily anguish are fearful things, yet I no longer look upon them as I used to do. I now know well that suffering is often blessed, to show the unawakened how weak and uncertain are health and strength, and to lead the soul to Christ as the sinner's only refuge.

And I also now know that to those who, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, have sought God with all their heart, even sickness and pain are often blessings. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," Heb. xii 6. These



chastenings, these afflictions, sanctified by Divine grace, send our thoughts more to God; they teach us to rely on his providence, and to look forward with hope and faith for that time when, through the merits of our gracious Saviour, we shall enter into the place where sin and misery, pain and sickness, are no more; while even now we may say, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me," Ps. cxix. 75.

"When languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away.

"Sweet to look inward and attend  
The whispers of His love;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.

"Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own.

"Sweet to reflect how grace Divine  
My sins on Jesus laid;  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
My debt of suff'ring paid."



## THE MERCY OF GOD IN CHRIST TO THE PENITENT SINNER.

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LUKE xv.

“**T**HEN drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him. And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.

“And he spake this parable unto them, saying, What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

“Either what woman having ten pieces of



silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbours together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, I say unto you, There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

“ And he said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as



one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry. Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and entreated him. And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. And he said



unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.”

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ISAIAH lv. 7.

“ Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.”

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2 CORINTHIANS v. 19, 21.

“ God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.

“ For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.”

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ROMANS v. 1.

“ Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

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## SALVATION BY FAITH IN CHRIST.

ROMANS iii. 10—31.

“IT is written, There is none righteous, no, not one: there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways: and the way of peace have they not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes.

“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. Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin.

“But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference: for all have sinned,

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and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

“Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay: but by the law of faith. Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law.

“Is he the God of the Jews only? is he not also of the Gentiles? Yes, of the Gentiles also: seeing it is one God, which shall justify the circumcision by faith, and uncircumcision through faith.

“Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law.”

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ROMANS iv. 1—8.

“What shall we then say that Abraham, our father as pertaining to the flesh, hath found?

“For if Abraham were justified by works, he hath whereof to glory; but not before God. For what saith the Scripture? Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness. Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but



believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.

“Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin.”

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ROMANS v. 1, 2.

“Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.”

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GALATIANS ii. 16—21.

“Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ, that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified. But if, while we seek to be justified by Christ, we ourselves also are found sinners, is therefore Christ the minister of sin? God forbid. For if I build again the things which I destroyed, I make myself a transgressor. For I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live



by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. I do not frustrate the grace of God: for if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain."

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GALATIANS iii. 6—14.

"Even as Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness. Know ye therefore that they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham. And the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed. So then they which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham.

"For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God, it is evident: for, The just shall live by faith. And the law is not of faith: but, The man that doeth them shall live in them. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree: that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith."



REGENERATION BY THE HOLY  
SPIRIT,  
AND  
SALVATION BY FAITH IN CHRIST.

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JOHN iii. 1—21, 36.

“THERE was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

“Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

“Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother’s womb, and be born?

“Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the



flesh is flesh ; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

“ Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be ?

“ Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things ? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen ; and ye receive not our witness. If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things ? And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up : that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

“ For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world ; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned : but he that believeth not is condemned already,



because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.

“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.”

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PSALM li. 1, 2, 9, 10.

“Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

“Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.”

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EZEKIEL xxxvi. 25—27.

“Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your



filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them.”

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TITUS iii. 3—7.

“For we ourselves also were sometime foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another. But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.”

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# FORGIVENESS.

ABRIDGED FROM DR. OWEN.

**T**HERE is a way whereby sinners may come to be accepted with God: For "there is forgiveness with him, that he may be feared," Psa. cxxx. 4. Now that you may see how great a privilege this is, consider, that IT BELONGS TO YOU IN AN ESPECIAL MANNER; it is your peculiar advantage.

It is not so with the angels that sinned. There is no way of escape provided for them. Having once sinned, as you have done a thousand times, God spared them not, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment, 2 Pet. ii. 4.

It is not so with those who have died in their sins. Their time is past. As the tree falleth so it must lie: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment," Heb. ix. 27. After death there are no terms of peace, nothing but judgment. The living, the living, he alone is capable of this advantage.

It is not so with those to whom the gospel is not preached. The terms of reconciliation, which some fancy to be offered in the shining of the sun and falling of the rain, never brought souls to peace with God. Life and immortality are brought to light only by the gospel. This is your privilege who yet live, and yet have the word sounding in your ears.

This word then is to you: these terms of peace are proposed to you.

Therefore consider further, BY WHOM THESE TERMS ARE PROPOSED TO YOU, and BY WHOM THESE WERE PROCURED FOR YOU. By whom are they proposed?



It is God himself who proposes these terms ; and not only proposes them, but invites, exhorts, and persuades you to accept of them. This the whole Scripture testifies. It is fully expressed in 2 Cor. v. 18—20 : “ And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation ; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them ; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us : we pray you in Christ’s stead, be ye reconciled to God.” And in Isa. lv. 1—4 : “ Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread ? and your labour for that which satisfieth not ? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me : hear, and your soul shall live ; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.” Oh infinite condescension ! Oh blessed grace ! Who is this that thus bespeaks you ? It is he against whom you have sinned, of whom you are justly afraid ; he whose laws you have broken, and whose name you have dishonoured ; he who needs not you, nor your love, nor your friendship, nor your salvation. It is he who proposes to you these terms of reconciliation and peace. Consider the exhortation of the apostle upon this consideration, Heb. xii. 25 : “ See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh from heaven.” Woe will be unto your souls, and that for ever, if you refuse him.

Consider again, **BY WHOM WERE THESE TERMS PROCURED FOR YOU, and BY WHAT MEANS.** Remember that the proposal now made to you cost no less than



the price of the blood of the Son of God. It is the fruit of the travail of his soul. For this he prayed, he wept, he suffered, he died. And shall it now be neglected or despised by you? Will you yet account the blood of the covenant to be a common thing? Will you exclude yourselves from all benefit of the purchase of these terms, and only leave your souls to answer for the contempt of the price whereby they were purchased?

Consider THAT YOU ARE A SINNER, A GREAT SINNER; it may be, worse than innumerable of your fellow-sinners were, who are now in hell. God might long since have cast you off everlastingly. Or he might have left you alive, and yet have refused to deal with you any more. He could have caused your sun to go down at noon-day. He could respite your lives for a season, and yet swear in his wrath that you should never enter into his rest. It is now otherwise. God declares that there is forgiveness with him. There are yet terms of peace proposed to you. Methinks it cannot but seem strange that poor sinners should not in the least stir up themselves to inquire after them. When a poor Israelite in ancient times had sold himself, and his children, to be servants, and parted with the land of his inheritance to another, because of his poverty; with what heart, do you think, did he hear the sound of the trumpet, when it began to proclaim the year of jubilee, wherein he and all his were to go out at liberty, and he was to return to his possession and inheritance? And shall not poor servants of sin, slaves to Satan, who have forfeited all their inheritance in this world and that which is to come, attend to the proclamation of the year of rest, of the acceptable year of the Lord?

Consider that when the angels came to bring the news of the birth of our Lord Jesus, they said, We bring tidings of great joy to all people, Luke ii. 10. WHAT ARE THESE JOYFUL TIDINGS? Why, "Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," ver. 11. It is only this: a Saviour is born,



a way of escape is provided. Yet this is indeed a matter of great joy to every burdened, convinced sinner, a matter of unspeakable joy and rejoicing. Oh, blessed words! "A Saviour is born."

God, who is infinitely powerful, justly provoked, and able to destroy poor sinners in a moment, when now he is not very far off, but at the very door, sends himself an embassy with conditions of peace. And shall he be refused by you? Will you yet neglect his offers? How great then will be your destruction!

But you may say, Why, what great matter is there that you have in hand? Why is it urged with so much earnestness? We have heard the same words a hundred times over. The last Lord's day, such a one, or such a one, preached to the same purpose; and why need it be insisted on now again, with so much importunity?

But is it so indeed that you have thus frequently been dealt with, and do yet continue in a state of irreconciliation? It is painful to think of your woful and almost remediless condition. If he that "being often reprov'd, and yet hardeneth his neck, shall perish suddenly, and that without remedy," (Prov. xxix. 1,) how much more will he do so, who being often invited to peace with God, yet hardens his heart, and refuses to treat with him? Methinks I hear his voice concerning you, "Those mine enemies shall not taste of the supper that I have prepared."

But now, if any of you shall begin to say in your hearts, that you would willingly treat with God: Oh that the day were come wherein we might approach unto him! Let him speak what he pleases, and propose what terms he pleases, we are ready to hear.

Then consider, THE TERMS PROVIDED FOR YOU and proposed to you, are equal, holy, righteous, yea, pleasant and easy, Hos. ii. 18, 19. They are not such as a guilty sinner might justly expect, but such as are meet for an infinitely good and gracious God to propose; not suited to the wisdom of man,



but full of the wisdom of God, 1 Cor. i. 18, 19. The poor convinced wretch, thinking of dealing with God, (Micah vi. 6, 7,) turns over in his mind what terms he is likely to meet with, and fixes on the most dreadful, difficult, and impossible terms that can be imagined. If, says he, anything be done with this great and most high God, it must be by rivers of oil, thousands and ten thousands children, first-born; whatever is dreadful and terrible to nature, whatever is impossible for me to perform—that is it which he looks for. But the matter is quite otherwise; the terms are wholly of another nature; it is a way of mere mercy, a way of free forgiveness. The apostle lays it down, Rom. iii. 23—26; it is a way of propitiation, of pardon, of forgiveness in the blood of Christ; the terms are the acceptance of the forgiveness that we have described. Who would not think, now, that the whole world would run in to be made partakers of these terms, willingly accepting of them? But it proves for the most part quite otherwise. Men like not this way of all others. It had been something, says Naaman, if the prophet had come and done so and so; but this, “Go, wash and be clean,” I do not like it, I am but deluded. Men think within themselves, that had it been some great thing which was required of them that they might be saved, they would with all speed address themselves thereto; but to come to God by Christ, to be freely forgiven without more ado, they like it not. Some rigid, austere penance, some compensatory obedience, some satisfactory mortification or purgatory, had been a more likely way. This of mere pardon, in and by the cross, is but folly, 1 Cor. i. 18, 20. I had rather, says the Jew, have it as it were by the works of the law, (Rom. ix. 32, and chap. x. 3;) this way of grace and forgiveness I like not. So say others also. So practise others every day; either this way is wholly rejected, or it is mended by some additions; which, with God, is all one with the rejection of it.



Here multitudes deceive themselves, and perish. I know not whether it be more difficult to persuade an unconvinced person to think of any terms, or a convinced person to accept of these. Let men say what they will, and pretend what they please, yet practically they like not this way of forgiveness.

But, on the other hand, a poor convinced sinner may here find encouragement. You would willingly come to acceptance with God, and so attain salvation: Oh, my soul longs for it! Would you willingly take that course, for the obtaining those ends which will bring most glory to God? Surely it is meet and most equal that I should do so. Behold, then, the way which he himself has fixed on for the exaltation of his glory; even that you should come to him, merely upon the account of grace, in the blood of Christ, for pardon and forgiveness; and the Lord strengthen you to give up yourself hereunto.

This way is free and open for and unto sinners.

This is the voice of God, even the Father: Come, says he, to the marriage, for all things are prepared, no fear of want of entertainment, Matt. xxii. 4, 5. Whence the preachers of the gospel are said, in his stead, to beseech men to be reconciled, 2 Cor. v. 20.

And it is the voice of the Son: "Him," saith he, "that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," John vi. 37. Whoever he be that comes shall assuredly find entertainment. The same is his call and invitation in other places, as Matt. xi. 28; John vi. 37.

And this is the voice of the Spirit, and of the church, and of all believers. Rev. xxii. 17: "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." All centre in this, that sinners may come freely to the grace of the gospel.

And it is the known voice of the gospel itself, as Isaiah lv. 1—3; Prov. ix. 1—5. And it is the voice of all the saints in heaven and earth, who have been



made partakers of forgiveness ; they all testify that they received it freely.

Again : this way is safe. No soul ever miscarried in it. There is none in heaven but will say it is a safe way ; there is none in hell can say otherwise.

Consider that this is THE ONLY WAY AND MEANS to enable you to obey, and to render what you do therein acceptable to God.

All that you do without this, however it may please your minds or ease your consciences, is not at all accepted with God. Unless this foundation be laid, all that you do is lost ; all your prayers, all your duties, all your amendment, are an abomination unto the Lord ; until peace is made with him, they are but the acts of enemies, which he despises and abhors.

Further, this alone will give you such motives and encouragements to obedience, as will give you life, alacrity, and delight in it. You perform duties, abstain from sins, but with heaviness, fear, and in bondage. The service of God is the only drudgery of your lives, which you dare not omit, and delight not to perform. From this wretched and cursed frame there is nothing can deliver you but this closing with forgiveness. This will give you such motives, such encouragements, as will greatly influence your hearts and your souls. It will give you freedom, liberty, delight, and cheerfulness in all duties of gospel obedience. You will find a constraining power in the love of Christ, a freedom from bondage, when the Son truly hath made you free. Thoughts of the love of God, of the blood of Christ, of the covenant of grace, and a sense of pardon in them, will enlarge your hearts, and sweeten all your duties. You will find a new life, a new pleasure, a new satisfaction, in all that you do.

Again : it is such a way, so excellent, so precious, so near the heart of God, so relating to the blood of Christ, that the neglect of it will assuredly be sorely avenged of the Lord. Let not men think that they shall despise the wisdom and love of the Father, the



blood of the Son, and the promises of the gospel, at an easy rate.

Consider seriously, whether it be not high time for you to look out for a way of deliverance and escape, that you may save yourselves from this evil world, and flee from the wrath to come. The Judge stands at the door. Before he deal with you as a judge, he knocks with a tender of mercy. Who knows but that this may be the last time of his dealing thus with you. Be you old or young, you have but your season, but your day; it may perhaps be night with you, when it is day with the rest of the world. Your sun may go down at noon; and God may swear that you shall not enter into his rest.

Choose then this way of forgiveness only, choose it in comparison with and in opposition to all others. Say, you will be for Christ, and be so accordingly. Here venture, here repose, here rest your soul. It is a way of peace, safety, holiness, beauty, strength, power, liberty, and glory. You have the nature, the name, the love, the purposes, the promises, the covenant, the oath of God; the love, life, death, the mediation and intercession of Jesus Christ; the power and efficacy of the Spirit, and gospel grace, administered by him to give you assurance of the excellency, the oneness, the safety of the way whereto you are engaging.

If now the Lord shall be pleased to persuade your heart and soul to enter upon the path marked out before you, and shall carry you on through the various exercises of it, unto this closure of faith, God will have the glory, the gospel will be exalted, and your own soul shall reap the eternal benefit of this exhortation.

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## THE LAST TIME.



“**H**E didn’t think it was the last time!” said the weeping widow of a labouring man who had met with sudden death the day before. “He got his breakfast as usual and went out to his work; he didn’t think it was the last time!” No, poor widow, he did not think so; nor did you, or the neighbours, or the men he worked with. There was nothing to make any one think his end was so near; for he was not past the prime of life, and was



as strong and healthy as most men. Yet so it was; a few hours after the husband and wife parted at the cottage door, he was brought home to die. A heavy stone slipped, the plank on which it rested broke in the middle, one part flew up and struck him on the forehead; in an instant he lay senseless on the ground and never spoke ten words more.

Such things make a sensation, as well they may. The change is so great (greatest of all to the poor man himself, but great also to wife and children and all belonging to him) that neighbours and work-mates for the time can talk of nothing else; and much real feeling is drawn forth. But the thing that chiefly strikes all is that it was so *unexpected*; “He didn’t think it was *the last time*,” they say.

Yet how often do such *unexpected* things happen! You cannot take up a newspaper without reading of them. Just before writing this I saw an account of five persons killed by a railway accident. How little they thought, when they stepped into the train, that they were doing so *for the last time*!

A fire happened lately in London, and no fewer than eight of the people in the house



were burned to death. Little did they think, as they lay down in bed that night, that it was *the last time* ! A fishing-boat went out one fine morning from one of the ports on the eastern coast of Scotland : before night a squall came on, and the boat was never heard of again : the poor men, who had been used to fishing all their lives, little thought that this was the last day's fishing they would ever have.

These however are what are called *accidents*, rare and unexpected things, which happen only now and then, and surprise all who hear of them : this is not the usual course of things. But, reader, does it ever strike you that there will be a last time for every one of the *common* things which you do day by day ? It may not come suddenly, as it did in the cases here mentioned ; but come it will. You will rise some morning and go to your work for the last time : some evening you will go to rest for the last time : the day will come when you will eat your last meal, take your last walk, read your last book. There is not a thing you are doing now, that you will not some day do *for the last time*. And this, whether the things be good or bad. Do you frequent a place of



worship? Some day you will go there for the last time. Do you neglect the house of God? Some Lord's day you will hear the bell ringing, and, as usual, pay no attention to it, and never hear it again. Are you a *drinker*? The day will come when your foot will cross the threshold of the beer-house for the last time. Do you *swear*? Some day an oath will pass your lips, and, little as you may think so, it will be your *last*.

Would that these words might come true in another way! That you might be *changed*, and so never swear again, never more set foot in a beer-house, never again neglect God's house! But, remember, should no change take place,—should you go on sabbath-breaking, drinking, swearing,—still you will some day do each of these *for the last time*.

Now, reader, you know all this. Every body knows it. But many forget it; perhaps *you* do. There is much to make us forget it. Things generally go on in a very even course; one day is much like another; what you did yesterday you are doing to-day, and are very likely to do to-morrow. This is what made those people scoff, of whom the apostle Peter



writes: "Where," said they, "is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation," 2 Pet. iii. 4. But turn to your Bible and see how the apostle answers them: "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men [those very scoffers themselves] count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night," etc. 2 Pet. iii. 8-10. Yes! however appearances may be against it, "the day of the Lord *will* come;" and equally sure it is that though you may have done the very things you are now doing a thousand times before, yet you will some day do them all for the last time. It is very likely that you will not know it is the last time, just as it happened in the cases before-mentioned; but whether you know it when it comes or not, *the last time will come*. May God give you grace to be ready.

Oh! reader, when you have slept and risen



and eaten and drunk for the last time, when you have looked your last, and breathed your last, where will you be? Have you thought of that? Do you think of it every day, and make it your first concern?—Ah! do not live as though you were never to die. Do not let day after day slip by as if your days were never to end. Remember that solemn parable of our Lord in Luke xiii. 6–9: “A certain man had a fig-tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down.” Perhaps *you* have been like that fig-tree, without fruit; and perhaps another year’s trial has been allowed you, and *this*, it may be, is that last time of grace obtained for you, and when *this* is gone no more will be granted.

Oh! instead of fancying that because things



go on as usual the end will never come, thank God that it has not come while you were unprepared. It was mercy that kept it back, His mercy who “is long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.” But for this, where might you have been now?

But what if it should all be in vain? What if this should be your last time of grace, and you should neglect it? What if the end should be close at hand, and you should remain careless and hard, impenitent, unpardoned? I beseech you, dear reader, whoever you are,—I beseech you by the mercies of God, do not turn away from these thoughts, but think now of *the last time*. Think now while you may, for the end may be very near. He who has borne with you so long still waits to be gracious; the Saviour who died for you still pleads for you and loves you, and is even now knocking at the door of your heart. “Behold,” says He, “I stand at the door and knock.” But it may be the last time. Open and let him in. Harken, yes, harken to this gracious and loving Saviour! He *is* a loving Saviour. He loves *you*, though you



have never loved *him*. He has shown that he does, again and again. If he had not loved you, *the last time* would have come to you long ago, and found you not ready. If he did not love you, he would not send you so many kind messages; warning you of danger, telling you of mercy, inviting you to look unto *him* and be saved. Even this little tract comes to you with a message from *him*.

But, oh! let there be no more delay! “That thou doest, do *quickly*.” You have slighted messages enough. You have long enough tried the patience and love of Jesus, Try him no longer. Open and let him in,—at once—without delay; or he may never knock again.

And *then*, dear reader, at peace with God through Christ, joined to the Saviour by a living faith, sprinkled with his blood, washed, pardoned, accepted, justified; and, by the Spirit’s help, walking in the way of everlasting life,—*then* you need not fear to think of *the last time*, for even if the Lord Jesus come suddenly, he will not find you sleeping.



## COMPLETE IN CHRIST.

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NOTHING could be more important to THE CHRISTIAN than the statement of the apostle Paul, "Ye are complete in him," Col. ii. 10. Amidst all his infirmities and imperfections, his fears and cares, his consciousness of sin and mourning for guilt, he, believing in Christ, is still complete. He wants nothing. He may finish his pilgrimage with joy; he may look forward without fear; he may rest in hope he may rejoice in hope of the glory of God. What an encouragement it is to him, in his dark and trying days! What a joy in looking forward to his departure! The whole work of his salvation is accomplished. The Saviour has undertaken and finished the amazing task; and to the struggling, faithful servant it is given to believe, and hope, and triumph in him. Soon, may he say, my earthly warfare will be completed, and I shall come to the last hour of my trial. Then Christ must be my all. He has always been so. He will not cease to be so still. I am complete in him.

He is all my *strength in life*. The life that I now live is by faith in him. I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. His perfect righteousness furnishes all my peace; his secret strength gives me power for every conflict; his Divine power carries me through every trial; his gracious presence fills me with



thankfulness and joy. Thus far has he led me on. All his ways concerning me have been gracious. His blood alone can cleanse me from my sins; he alone can set aside my guilt; and in him only can my works appear acceptable in the sight of God. But in him all this is possible and provided. Though I am wholly weak, I cannot fear, because his strength is made perfect in weakness. Though I am completely vile, I cannot despond, because his merit triumphs over my unrighteousness. Though I have done nothing worthy of acceptance, I cannot doubt, because he can present me blameless before the Father. I want nothing, because he has everything. Though memory tells of nothing but guilt, faith tells of a Saviour who has blotted it out, and will not mention it again for ever.

He is *all my hope in death*. When I come to that hour he will sustain me. He is perfectly able to do it. My confidence is in him alone. I shall finish my pilgrimage just as needy as I began it. Not one thing have I ever been able to lay up for myself. I shall come to its close in his own way; I know not, and I have no reason to care how. He has ordered it. But whatever may be the instrument, or the method, he is the hope and the strength of my soul. When I stand on the margin of the river, and look across, I will mention no other name than his. When I close my eyes upon every earthly relation, I will not despond. He is more than all, and



cannot forsake me. Is my mind dark? I will look up to him. Is my conscience unhappy? Is my spirit fearful? Is my soul downcast? Oh let me look up to him! In him I am complete. Who can enrich me more? No; I will calmly, thankfully lay me down in death, and take my rest, for he maketh me even there to dwell in safety.

He is *all my prospect for immortality*. I shall live for ever, because he has died. It would have been eternal death, but for him. I look forward with joyful confidence. I know that I am wholly guilty. The law would condemn me. The holiness of God must cast me out. Heaven could not receive me. I can offer no one reason from my own life, to set aside this fearful result. And yet, acknowledging it all, whom should I fear? Christ has magnified the law for me; he has answered every charge against me; he has prepared a robe of righteousness to cover me; he will claim for me the reward of his own obedience; he will certainly be justified; and I shall be justified in him. Thus a blessed immortality opens to me, and I am complete in him. Not a tongue can rise against me in judgment which he cannot set aside; not a demand can be made of me which he cannot answer. I will humbly, but boldly, stand in that great day, to plead his spotless excellence, and to rejoice in the hope of his salvation.

He is *all my glory in eternity*. The day



will never come to me, that Christ will not be all. I must stand for ever in grace. I must rejoice for ever in the work of his hands. His presence is my heaven. His favour my life. Communion with him my happiness. Obedience to him my employment. Likeness to him my recompense and my joy. Oh how glorious will be that everlasting day! I shall see him as he is. I shall be separated from him no more. I shall be made able to enjoy his glory. I shall be taught for ever in the school of his Spirit. His countenance will be my book of study. His Spirit my unceasing teacher. The Father's glory shining in him, the great subject of my contemplation and my learning. Yes; it is glory—inconceivable glory! But all this glory is complete in him. Who else brings a single ray? What other name is ever mentioned in connexion? To whom else is any portion of the honour to be ascribed?

This is the happy *issue* of my present journey. All its provision is in him. I am complete in Christ. As I travel onward, he is my strength. As I come to the end, he is my hope for acceptance. As I look forward, he is all my glory. Yes; he shall be so. I will mention no other name. I will not doubt his sufficiency, nor question his power. I will strive, with my whole heart, to cleave to him.



## THE SABBATH OF THE LORD.



ONE of the most painful subjects of contemplation to a Christian mind is the great amount of sabbath-breaking which prevails in our land, and which appears to be spreading rapidly and extensively on every side of us, not only amongst the ignorant and degraded classes of our population, but those of more respectable name and character.

This melancholy result may be traced to various causes; but chiefly to the *low and unworthy view which is too generally taken of the sabbath itself, and of the nature of the law on which its observance rests.*

The opinion has been widely diffused of late, and advocated by popular authors, that the sabbath is a Jewish institution only; that it forms part of the Hebrew ceremonial, not of the moral law for mankind; and that, although a day like Sunday may be legiti-



mately set apart by ecclesiastical or other authority, for purposes of public worship, yet the sabbatic rest, as such, is to be numbered with the obsolete observances of the Old Testament ritual, which are of no force in New Testament times. Hence the keeping of the day is lowered from the eminence which it ought to occupy ; the Divine authority of the command ceases ; and all that remains is a conventional form, or ecclesiastical ordinance, dependent on human will and human convenience.

But a dispassionate examination of the Bible (the only standard of appeal) shows that such an opinion is groundless ; and it is the design of the present tract to sum up briefly a few of the Scriptural arguments which prove that *the law of the sabbath is still valid, demanding for God one day in seven, as a day of rest undisturbed by the business of the world, and claiming the obedience of mankind universally and perpetually.* The moral duty which we would thus establish is one which perhaps, more than any other, is connected with the interests of religion, the well-being of society at large, and the growth of piety in each individual soul ; but, like every other duty, its observance can only be based on one principle—even the gospel principle of love. In asserting the claims of this or any other law, therefore, we do not teach it in whole or part as a ground of justification (for by the deeds of the law no man living can be justified) : but we teach it in all its spirituality and strictness, first as a schoolmaster bringing us to Christ that we may be justified by faith ; and then as a rule of life, constraining us to practical holiness—producing on the one hand the deep conviction of sin, and whispering on the other, as if from Calvary's cross, the language of pardoning and sanctifying mercy, “Neither do I condemn thee : go, and sin no more.”

I. The first claim which the sabbath has to perpetual and universal observance arises from THE TIME AND CIRCUMSTANCES OF ITS ORIGINAL APPOINTMENT,



WHEREBY IT TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER EVERY OTHER EXPRESSED LAW OF GOD. It was established in Eden as soon as man was created, and appears to have been the very first duty to which Adam and Eve were called, when they came into existence. "God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made," Gen. ii. 3.

We can scarcely fail to perceive that an ordinance thus solemnly instituted for the observance of our first parents in the beginning, when they stood as the representatives of the whole human race, must have been intended to continue obligatory on their descendants for ever. The appeal made by our Saviour in the New Testament to the original law of marriage, as the rule for Christian matrimony, warrants our appeal to the original law of the sabbath as the rule for the Christian observance of the Lord's day. Even were there no injunction afterwards repeated, this should suffice to settle the question. It may well be argued: Have you not read that God, at the creation, appointed the sabbath to be kept holy, that he consecrated it in paradise, and made it a day of sacred rest? What, therefore, he has hallowed and separated from every profane and common use, let not man presume to desecrate. There must be a moral efficacy in such a law, so given, which renders it essentially needful to the well-being of mankind in all generations. Invested with a preeminence above every Levitical ordinance—established long before the Mosaic ritual had existence—it survives the decease of the ceremonial law, as it had independent authority before its birth; and comes down to us now claiming all the reverence and respect which God's first primeval command to his rational creatures has a right to obtain.

From the fact, moreover, of the institution of the sabbath whilst man was in a state of innocence, we learn its paramount necessity and importance in all succeeding time. For, if one day in seven was re-



quired for religious purposes before the fall, how much more after it? If Adam needed the rest of that holy day, for his bodily and spiritual refreshment, when there was no sinful world without, nor evil heart within to trouble him; how much more do his fallen posterity need it as a pause in the midst of earthly toil, giving them relief from labour, and affording them an opportunity of attending to spiritual concerns, whilst harassed by the temptations of a fallen nature, and surrounded by a world that “lieth in wickedness!”

II. A second argument for the perpetuity of the sabbath arises from THE CONTINUED OBSERVANCE OF IT WHICH WE FIND INTERWOVEN WITH THE HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF GOD, IN ALL AGES—INCORPORATED INTO THEIR NOTATION OF TIME; AND REFERRED TO, BOTH IN THE RECORDS OF THE PAST AND THE PROPHECIES OF THE FUTURE. This is a point so plain to every careful reader of the Bible, that it is needless to multiply proofs of it. There seems always to have been a response in every good man’s conscience to the primeval appointment, testifying that the world could not go on without a sabbath; and that earth, if deprived of that holy day, would become a scene of misery and confusion. The very name of weeks, and the counting of time thereby, in the case of all to whom a Divine revelation has come, is a standing evidence of the respect paid to the sabbath. For a *week* has nothing else to distinguish it. Other portions of time have their natural marks. A day is marked by the rotation of the earth on its axis; a month is marked by the moon’s periodic change; a year is marked by the revolution of the earth round the sun: but a *week* has no natural mark—nothing to signalize its beginning and ending but the interval between sabbath and sabbath. Take this Divine ordinance away, and no such beneficial division with its blessed alternation of a day of rest succeeding six days of labour would remain. We might go back to the calends, nones, and ides of pagan Rome; or to the



decades of the French atheists; and with what result to the well being of society—to civilization, morality, and religion—let the true page of history bear witness. But we are not at liberty to try such an experiment. God himself has settled the arrangement of weeks and sabbaths; and though unmarked by natural signs in heaven or earth, it is recognised by the eye of faith and honoured. Noah, and Jacob, and Moses, (see Gen. viii. 10—12; xxix. 27, 28; Lev. xii. 5; Job ii. 13); and every pious soul in succeeding ages, in reckoning their time in this way, showed that they had respect to the Divine institution of the day of rest; and the same reckoning, descending to us with Scriptural sanction, carries along with it the duty of sabbath observance, and proves its permanence. When we read in prophecy that God “reserveth unto us the appointed *weeks* of the harvest,” Jer. v. 24, in evident reference to the covenant made with Noah; or when we read of *weeks* in the New Testament as the established division of time in Christian days, we are never to forget that this phraseology, common and unimportant as it may appear, conveys a truth of weighty moment. It reminds us that the sabbath is incorporated into the arrangements of nature as appointed by God—that it stands on the same footing as the covenant of the seasons—and that as surely as summer and winter, cold and heat, seedtime and harvest, day and night, shall not cease; so surely shall the week with its sabbath continue to be a witness for God in the world whilst that world endures.

III. Another claim which the sabbath has to universal observance, and that a most indisputable one, consists in THE PLACE WHICH IT HOLDS AMONGST THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THE MORAL LAW, WRITTEN BY GOD’S OWN HAND ON TABLES OF STONE. Not only was it the first and earliest injunction announced in paradise—not only was it observed by the patriarchs, (as appears from the reckoning of weeks just noticed,) and thus distinguished both in date and



character from the Levitical ordinances with which it has been mistakenly confounded—but when the era arrived for the delivery of the “ten words” from Mount Sinai, it had its place in their number. The difference between the two kinds of laws, the ceremonial and the moral, or the temporary and the permanent, was strikingly manifest in the mode in which it pleased the Almighty to promulgate them. The ceremonial was uttered privately, as it were, to Moses, to be communicated by him to the people: the moral was proclaimed publicly and solemnly by the voice of God himself, and was indelibly recorded on tables which were “the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables,” *Exod. xxxii. 16.* The one came to the ears of the Israelites through the lips of a human teacher: the other proceeded immediately from the mouth of the great Lawgiver himself, who “spake unto all the assembly in the mount out of the midst of the fire, of the cloud, and of the thick darkness, with a great voice: and he added no more,” *Deut. v. 22.* Such was the awful solemnity attached to the giving of the ten commandments—a solemnity which no other part of God’s revealed will possessed; as if to intimate their enduring nature and unchanging excellence, as a transcript of the mind and character of Him who is “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” And when we find the sabbath law included in their number, and written amongst them by God’s own hand, it follows beyond doubt that it is a perpetually binding moral appointment like the rest; and that the same necessity exists for observing it, as for observing any other precept of the decalogue. As well might we form excuses for idolatry or blasphemy or any other forbidden crime, as for sabbath-breaking. As well might we deny the obligation of the commandment which says, “Thou shalt not kill,” or “Thou shalt not steal,” as of that which says, “Remember that thou keep holy the sabbath day.” The same finger of the Almighty has



engraven all these precepts together—the same solemn delivery has consecrated them—the same tables of stone contained them, and all must be alike obligatory on the children of men throughout all generations.

IV. A fourth argument for the continual observance of the sabbath is to be deduced from THE TERMS IN WHICH IT IS SPOKEN OF THROUGHOUT THE BIBLE ; SUCH AS CAN ONLY CONSIST WITH ITS FORE-ORDAINED PERPETUITY AND ITS INDISPENSABLE IMPORTANCE TO ALL MANKIND. See how it is spoken of by Moses to the children of Israel, before the delivery of the law at Sinai : “The Lord hath given you the sabbath,” *Exod.* xvi. 29—given it as one of the most precious boons he could bestow ; and surely not to them only, but to all his believing people in every age. See how it is declared to be “a sign” between God and his worshipping servants for ever, *Exod.* xxxi. 17, (and, therefore, intended to exist as long as there is a visible church on earth,) and how the breach of it is laid to the charge of the Jews again and again, as one of the chief causes of their national ruin : “My sabbaths they greatly polluted.” See how Isaiah, in chapters full of gospel promises, and, therefore, applicable to Christians as well as Jews, dwells on the right observance of the holy day : “Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it ; that keepeth the sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil,” *Isa.* lvi. 2 ; and again, “If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day ; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable ; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words : then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord,” *Isa.* lviii. 13. See how our blessed Saviour gave testimony to the fact that “the sabbath was made for man,” thus intimating that there is a moral fitness in it for the wants of our nature, and a moral adaptation to our temporal and spiritual welfare in every age



of the world. See, moreover, how the same Divine Teacher took to himself the title of the "Lord of the sabbath," Mark ii. 28, as if to show that the religion which he came to establish, so far from superseding, would be inseparably connected with that sacred day. Consider all these marks of perpetual sanctity affixed to the sabbath both in the Old and New Testament, and learn what reason we have still to hallow its precious hours, and say with the psalmist, as we hail its weekly return, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it," Psa. cxviii. 24.

V. Still further, we have to remark that THE TYPICAL CHARACTER OF THE SABBATH PROVES ITS PERMANENCE. It was intended to foreshadow the heavenly state of happiness reserved for the righteous; and as a type of coming glory, it must exist till the glory itself is revealed. The rest of the sabbath is a harbinger of the everlasting rest which remaineth for the people of God. The apostle, in speaking of this future rest, calls it by the very name of a *sabbatism*, (Heb. iv. 9, in the Greek,) to show that heaven is as it were a prolonged sabbath, consisting in the perfect communion of the soul with its Maker, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; and that the best idea which can be obtained on earth of its blessedness is that which a well-spent sabbath affords. The one thing, then, which of all others gives us the truest conception of heaven; which brings us nearest to that blissful abode, and imparts the sweetest foretaste of its holiness and happiness; which dawns on the darkness of this world as the pledge of a better, can never cease to fulfil its office till that better world itself has come. Never, till the era of perfect restitution arrives, when the sabbath of earth shall be swallowed up in the eternal sabbath of heaven, shall this Divine ordinance fail to preserve the true and spiritual worship of God, to maintain the preaching of the gospel, to bring instruction to the ignorant, comfort to the afflicted,



and rest to the heavy laden. Never shall its sacred rest be unnecessary; never shall its typical fore-shadows of glory to be revealed cease to be precious; never shall its solemn hours striking on the clock of time, cease to give warning to mankind,—till the mystery of God shall be finished, and the great voice out of heaven shall proclaim, “Behold, I make all things new.”

VI. Another argument remains, which, though of a negative kind, is of conclusive force: namely, that NO REPEAL OF THE SABBATH LAW HAS EVER TAKEN PLACE BY THE AUTHORITY WHICH ENACTED IT; SO THAT ITS CONTINUED VALIDITY SEEMS UNQUESTIONABLE. We may challenge every opponent to produce any proof of this law's abrogation; or to show any passage of Scripture countermanding its observance. And until this be done we are bound to maintain the original command as God has given it. What was so solemnly announced at the creation, renewed at Sinai, and enforced by the prophets, must, of necessity, be still binding, since there is no intimation given of its repeal. When we consider how plainly Christ and his apostles taught the abrogation of every part of the Jewish ritual that was intended to come to an end, we may infer from their silence respecting the sabbath, that it, on the contrary, was intended to be permanent. They who took such pains to show the temporary nature of circumcision and sacrifice, would doubtless have taken equal pains to teach the same of this, had it too been temporary. The apostle in particular, who dwells at so great length on the final cessation of priesthood and altar offerings, would surely have been as careful to tell us that the sabbath was to cease; if it, like them, had been a mere Levitical ceremony. The absence of all proof of its repeal shows that it is still in force; and we are left to conclude (what indeed the very position of the original law in the first pages of our Bible seems to intimate) that the sabbath, given at the commencement of human history



for man's good, is to be man's companion throughout that history to the end ; that, starting from paradise, it is to run the whole history of time till paradise be restored ; and that it forms a connecting link through the long and dreary ages of the fall, between the world which in the beginning was pronounced to be "very good," and that coming world when the same declaration shall be pronounced once more—when "the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and he will dwell with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away."

Such are some of the considerations, briefly stated, which seem convincingly to prove that *the hallowing of the sabbath is still a moral duty incumbent on all men ; and that the demands of the creation law respecting it, are unchanging and unchanged.*

But here an objection occurs (and perhaps it is the only thing wearing the semblance of a scriptural argument which an objector can urge) that St. Paul in the 14th of Romans, and still more in the 2nd of Colossians, teaches an opposite lesson, when he says, "Let no man judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath days." Does not this (it is asked) imply that the sabbath stands on a ground similar to the Levitical rites which are abolished under the gospel ; or at least that it is a matter of indifference ? In answer to this, we must bear in mind that there were other sabbaths kept by the Jews, besides the weekly one ; and quite distinct in their character. Such were the days of convocation connected with the great day of atonement and the feast of tabernacles, which were called sabbaths, because no servile work was done in them, and because they were days of solemn temple worship (Lev. xxiii. 32, 39, etc). These sabbaths, indeed, have come to an end, inasmuch is



the Jewish services to which they belonged have ceased. But no argument whatever can be thence drawn for the cessation of the weekly creation-sabbath, which rests on a totally different foundation. The distinction between the two is expressly stated in the law itself (in the above chapter of Leviticus, ver. 37—38): “These are the feasts of the Lord, which ye shall proclaim to be holy convocations,—*beside, the sabbaths of the Lord;*” thus placing in contrast on the one hand the ceremonial sabbaths of the Jewish feasts; and on the other, the permanent sabbaths hallowed by God in the beginning, and enjoined in the moral law at Mount Sinai. And where St. Paul speaks of sabbaths that were no longer binding on Christians, he evidently refers to the former, and not to the latter. Just as we find him elsewhere blaming the Galatians (chap. iv. 10) for observing “days, and months, and times, and years;” and for returning to the “weak and beggarly elements, whereto they desired again to be in bondage:” so, in like manner, he warns the Colossians against the same error of observing the holidays of the Jewish ceremonial law which were now brought to a close. His meaning plainly is—Let no one judge or condemn you for non-compliance with Jewish ordinances. Let no one blame you for not attending to rites now altogether useless, since the substance is come of which they were shadows, and worse than useless when bound upon the necks of Gentile converts as indispensable conditions of salvation. Continue to adhere to the simple forms of Christian worship sanctioned by our Lord and his apostles. Let your sabbaths be not the Levitical days of convocation, but the weekly sabbath handed down from the beginning, and now to be observed with new and additional sanctity on the first day of the week, in honour of the resurrection of Jesus our Lord from the dead.

This brings us to consider *the nature of the change* that has taken place; at which many are staggered, as



if there were something in the transition from the so-called seventh day of the week to the so-called first, inconsistent with the Divine appointment and subversive of the original commandment. The Romanist would fain extract from hence an argument for tradition and church authority, as having power to change times and laws; whilst latitudinarian Protestants are not wanting to make it an excuse for getting rid of the sabbath altogether. But both are wrong: for the change in no way vitiates the commandment, and in adopting it we follow not tradition, but Scripture. It is most important for us to bear in mind that *there is nothing in the original law tying the sabbath to a certain set of twenty-four hours, or to a certain unalterable day*. If this had been essential, some directions would have been given to fix the precise hours, and prevent the knowledge of them from being lost. But whatever information Adam may have possessed respecting the beginning and ending of the first sabbath, not a trace of it has been left on record, and we have no means of even guessing at it. Who can tell what line of the earth was on the meridian when the six days' work of creation ceased? As if to baffle any such vain inquiry, the precise locality of paradise is so far doubtful as to prevent our proceeding with any certainty in our calculation. In the absence, then, of all distinct specification, we argue that no certain set of hours was made unalterably obligatory; and that it was not at all required that the precise day, or set of twenty-four hours, of the original sabbath should be kept always and everywhere without variation. In fact, such a thing would be physically impossible; for though we speak of the same day, literally and exactly there cannot be the same day in any two distant parts of the world. Every one acquainted with geography knows that on account of the earth's rotation, days and hours vary according to the position of places, or longitude of meridian on its surface. When it is noon in any given place, it is midnight at the anti-



podes; and when the sun is setting in one locality, he is rising in the opposite hemisphere with the light of a new morning. Thus the European day is the Australasian night, and the Englishman's Sunday is advanced into the New Zealander's Monday. If then we suppose the creation rest to have commenced on the close of God's work at a particular moment in Eden—say at sunset on the evening of the sixth day—in the opposite part of the earth there would be twelve hours' difference, and the seventh day of the former would be counted as the first day of the week of the latter. The attempt, therefore, to coerce the sabbath into an unnatural identity over all the globe is vain. Even the Jews, with all their scrupulous attention to minute points, did not aim at such strictness, but were necessitated to observe a different set of hours on each different meridian. Those devout men out of every nation under heaven—Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the rest—who assembled at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, kept the sabbath in their respective homes on different days or hours, yet without doing violence to the commandment in the slightest degree. A variation as to the exact time of sabbath observance must in the very nature of things be admitted; for, fix on whatever day you may, the people at the antipodes must of necessity observe another. If a ship starts from our coast, and sails round the world eastward, by the time she comes back she will have gained a day in her calculation; and her crew will find themselves twenty-four hours in advance, so that our Saturday is their Sunday. The contrary will take place if she sails round the world westward. And suppose, what is no strange or improbable case, that two pious captains of vessels sail east and west from the same port at the same time. Both are anxious for the spiritual interests of their crews; both diligently observe the sabbath on board: and yet in reality they are soon observing it on different days altogether. When they have sailed round



the globe and met again where they started, the one will be keeping his sabbath on our Saturday, the other on our Monday, or at an interval of no less than two days asunder. Yet who will deny that these captains are all along hallowing a true sabbath, and yielding due obedience to the law? Or, suppose again, (a case which has actually occurred) that in a solitary island in the sea, inhabited by the descendants of wandering mariners, through some defective calculation the proper day of the week is lost; shall it be said that the simple-minded and pious people of that island are not sanctifying a sabbath acceptable unto the Lord, because, through a confused reckoning, they have fixed on a mistaken day? No: all this is a matter capable of variation, without at all affecting the moral force of the commandment. The day and hours may be changed, either by the necessities of nature, or the interference of competent authority, under Divine direction, whilst the sanctity of the sabbath institution itself remains perfectly inviolate. The morality of the precept does not consist in any stress laid on the fluctuating circumstances of time or place, but on the *actual bonâ fide consecration of a seventh day to God*: and if this be honestly done, call it by what name you may, Sunday or Saturday, number one or number seven, whether it begin at six in the evening or twelve at night, the substance is there, and the creation-law is obeyed.

The state of our argument then is briefly this: We know not the exact day or set of twenty-four hours of the paradise-sabbath; nor, if we knew them, would it be possible to observe the same all over the globe. The law neither commands such strictness, nor supposes it to be needful. It does not say, Thou shalt keep holy such and such a particular day of twenty-four hours; but a seventh day—*so as after six days of work then to have a sabbath of rest*. Therefore there is nothing, as far as the law is concerned, to make Sunday a less proper day than Saturday, and the ar-



rangement is left dependant on circumstances. We are far, however, from asserting that the sabbath may be observed on any day at random, or that either a nation or individual is free to choose or change the day at will. There must, we repeat, be either a valid necessity of nature or competent authority for such an act. A necessity of nature is exemplified in the case above mentioned, of a captain of a ship, who finds it indispensable, on his return from circumnavigating the globe, to change the day which he has hitherto kept holy; and a competent authority is exemplified in Moses to the Israelites, and Christ to the Christian church, (the only two instances apparently in which it has ever been exercised,) arranging the sacred day by Divine direction for the edification of the people and the glory of God. It would appear that when the Israelites were brought out of Egyptian bondage, their Saturday sabbath was fixed by Moses in memory of the day of their deliverance (Deut. v. 15). This was the day which our Lord found existing as a sabbath when he came on earth, and which he carefully observed up to the period of his crucifixion; but we do not read of his observing it afterwards. Thenceforth the first of the week, or Sunday, became the Christian sabbath, even as it is now observed by all Christian nations throughout the world. It was inaugurated at Christ's resurrection in honour of the dispensation then commencing—a dispensation connected not so peculiarly with God the Creator, whose work was finished on the seventh day, as with God the Redeemer and Sanctifier, whose work was completed on the first. Some learned men indeed suppose (not without reason) that the Christian sabbath was only a return to the original sabbath of paradise, which, without doubt, was the first day of man's life, and probably counted as the first also of man's week. But however this may be, the old Jewish sabbath was left buried, as it were, in our Saviour's grave, and the new one consecrated in his rising from the dead, when



he became the Head of a new and redeemed world. As the first great act of the first Adam's existence was to hallow the sabbath, so the first great act of the second Adam's resurrection-existence was to hallow that sabbath anew, under a better covenant established with better promises. In the types of the Old Testament, "the morrow after the (old) sabbath" was the appointed day at the feast of the Passover for waving the sheaf of first fruits; and at the feast of Pentecost for presenting the loaves of meat offering to the Lord (Lev. xxiii. 11—16). So on this very day, being the first day of the week, Christ rose and became the first fruits of them that slept: and the Holy Spirit descended at Pentecost to set his seal to the complete work of redemption. The old Jewish sabbath being past, "the morrow after" became the Christian sabbath with higher privileges, and more glorious inauguration. On this day, our Lord during his stay on earth subsequent to his resurrection, met his assembled disciples, and gave them his blessing (John xx. 19, 26). We no longer find him keeping the Saturday sabbath, as he did among the Jews before his death; but he changes it to the Sunday sabbath, in which he manifests his presence to his waiting people, and says "Peace be unto you." On this day the Christian dispensation was fully established by the outpouring of the promised Comforter who came to abide with the church for ever. On this day, Paul at Troas, after delaying his journey a whole week apparently for the purpose, kept his sabbath in the public congregation of the disciples, (Acts xx. 7,) thus intimating that not the seventh, but the first day was then observed by apostolic usage for religious services, for preaching and prayers and breaking of bread. On this day the Corinthians in their assemblies (1 Cor. xvi. 2) were directed to make collections for their poorer brethren, and to combine with their devotions charitable efforts to do good to their fellow creatures. On this day, called emphatically "the Lord's day," John on the



desolate isle of Patmos (Rev. i. 10) kept his sabbath all alone, and yet obtained a sabbath blessing by revelations of Christ, such as prophet's eye had never seen before. Since then, by warrant of the Lord to whom the sabbath belongs, we have this day signalized as the day which he delights to honour—since we have it specially and uniformly distinguished with a pre-eminence as the day of his resurrection and commencement of the Christian dispensation, as the day in which he met his disciples in religious exercises, as the day of the Holy Ghost's descent, as the day of public worship, of united prayer and praise and collection for the saints;—such a day, though different in its relative position amongst the seven from the one hallowed in the Old Testament by the Jews, must certainly now be THE SABBATH OF THE LORD.

It remains only to observe that even if we concede what some contend for, namely that the apostles and early Christians did not at first use the Lord's day as a sabbath or a day of rest, (many of them being Jews and probably retaining their prejudices in favour of the so-called seventh day, as they did in favour of other Jewish customs which they were slow to renounce,) but only as a prayer day and preaching day, still the practical result is now the same. We have seen that the creation law of the sabbath is still in force, having never been repealed; and whatever may have been the views with which Sunday became the day of general Christian worship, it is now the established and only weekly holy day of all Christian people—the one in seven consecrated to God, with which no other comes into competition, and by observing it the law of the sabbath is sufficiently and satisfactorily obeyed. This is as good a day for the purpose as any other; no other can have a better claim, as has already been shown; it has the warrant of Christ for its devotional character, and possesses public and universal sanction. So that whilst the law demands obedience, and the means of compliance are thus at hand and in operation, the



obligation of every Christian to adopt these means by keeping the Lord's day as the sabbath rest is manifest.

Let us hear, then, the conclusion of the whole matter: God has mercifully given us his holy sabbath; given it as a precious boon to promote our best interests in time and eternity; given it for his own glory and our good. He has enjoined the observance of it by the most solemn command, and if we neglect or abuse it, we do so at the peril of our souls. Who can tell how many lost souls will ascribe their perdition to sabbaths heedlessly profaned, and means of grace slighted and despised? To neglect the sabbath is to neglect the Lord of the sabbath, of whose mercy and love it is a statedly recurring memorial; and who has appointed its sacred hours as a season in which we can best attend to the great business of our existence, by laying hold of the hope set before us in the gospel, and becoming acquainted with the things belonging to our peace before they are hid from our eyes. As we value our salvation let us employ this season of grace aright.

But how employ it? 1st, Let it be made a day of *complete cessation from worldly business*, a pause amidst the harassing pursuits and struggles of life, a sacred enclosure of time to be carefully preserved from every thing tending to its desecration by ourselves, or to the encouragement or sanction of its desecration by others; so that neither earthly amusement nor earthly toil may interfere with what is chiefly to be attended to—the worship of God and the care of the soul.

2nd, Let it be a day of *Bible-reading and of meditation* on the truths of God's word, on our state as sinners, on our total inability to deliver ourselves from the curse and condemnation under which we lie, on the rich provision made for our redemption and recovery from the fall; on the atoning blood which alone secures our pardon, and the quickening Spirit



which alone renews to faith in Jesus as the way of salvation, and, as its certain result, to righteousness of life.

3rd, Let it be hailed as affording opportunities of *public worship*; of drawing nigh to God in the assemblies of his saints; of hearing the gospel faithfully preached and the word of truth expounded; and thus of honouring the Lord in the ordinances of his own appointment, and deriving from them the spiritual benefits they are intended to convey.

4th, Let it be a day of *family and domestic religion*, in which we shut our doors as much as possible from the intrusion of vain and worldly company, and with our children and household around us learn more and more of that knowledge in which eternal life consists—the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ whom he has sent; seeking to imbibe the spirit of that heavenly sabbath where all will be love, happiness, and peace throughout eternity. A sabbath thus hallowed ever brings a blessing along with it. Sir Matthew Hale was right when he said that a well-spent Sunday shed a benign influence over the whole of the following week; as, on the other hand, a Sunday of profaneness is sure to be succeeded by a week of vexation and remorse. Greatly are they mistaken who connect the sabbath with moroseness and gloom. On the contrary, it is the source of cheerfulness, comfort, and prosperity. Like that Divine wisdom of which it is the handmaid, its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace. To a Christian mind, on that day even common objects seem to have acquired new and unusual charms. And why? Because it is the day which has more of heaven mingled with it than any other; and which leads us to see by anticipation amidst the tokens of God's forbearance and goodness and love to man on earth, how inconceivably great and glorious must be that kingdom reserved for the righteous beyond the grave. Oh for a fuller experience of the blessedness of such a day, so beautifully spoken



of by the psalmist: "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness," Ps. lxxxiv. 10. Oh for more of a sabbath spirit such as Isaiah described and John in Patmos realized! No better prayer can be offered up for those who read, and him who writes this tract, than that we may enter into this full experience, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, and changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord; that waiting on him in the refreshments of his own day, we may renew our strength, may mount up with wings as eagles, may run and not be weary, may walk and not faint. So when the sabbaths of time shall be ended, and helps to devotion shall be required no more, when ordinances shall be exchanged for the Lord of ordinances, when faith shall be swallowed up in sight and hope in full fruition, we shall enter on the sabbath which knows no end, and join the blood-bought company of the redeemed in the services of that upper sanctuary, where "there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever," Rev. xxii. 3—5.

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## THE WAY TO BE SAVED.

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**T**WO things are necessary to a man's salvation :

1. That he should see his danger.
2. That he should know the means by which he may be saved.

The word of God teaches us both these things. A man will not care for the salvation of which the gospel tells him, unless he knows and feels first that he is in danger. It is the sick man who values the physician. It is the condemned criminal who rejoices in the pardon. But, alas ! in his natural state, man is blind to his danger, or does not believe it when pointed out. The difficulty is so to rouse him as to make him see and feel it. Indeed, nothing but the power of the Holy Spirit can do this. The full extent of that danger is seen only when man, through the Spirit, is brought to the knowledge of the means by which alone he is saved.

You judge of the value of an article by the price paid for it ; and you learn the heinous nature of sin, the awful danger in which man lies, the worth of the soul, and the surpassing love of God, by seeing what has been done for man's salvation. The Son of God died on the cross to save sinners. When you tell me this, you tell me some-



thing which shows far better than anything else could do how dreadful is my sin.—How fearful my danger, when to save me it was needful that Christ should die!

The way of salvation is plain and simple, and the object of this tract is, by God's grace, to make it very clear to you. May the Holy Spirit enable you to understand it.

As we have said, you are not likely to care for salvation unless you know that you are in danger and under condemnation. We will suppose, then, that by God's grace you have been roused to a sense of your sin and your peril. You know and feel that you are in a lost state, and justly liable to condemnation. Having been "born in sin" you have grown up in sin, living without God in the world, neither fearing him, nor loving him, nor serving him. A dreadful thought! Yet is not this true of all men without exception before they become believers in Christ? Were you to die in this state you feel assured that you would perish for ever; hell would be your just portion. Now God be praised if you feel alarmed at this your state of danger. The jailer at Philippi was never so near salvation as when he thought himself on the brink of destruction. We say, then, God be praised if you are in this state of fear, though may he forbid that you should always continue in it. The gospel is in fact "good tidings of great joy;" and if you really feel the burden of sin, and are terrified at the wrath of God which must be poured out on impenitent sinners, you



will say, "That is indeed good news which tells me how I may be saved."

The gospel is well described as "the grace of God that bringeth salvation," Tit. ii. 11. Now doubtless you have some idea of this salvation. You have at least heard of Christ and that he died for sinners; and have some notion that you must believe in him, that you must come to him, that you must love him and keep his commands. But what this coming to him really is, what this faith in him means, how you are to love and how obey him—of all this you have a very indistinct and imperfect idea. You know not where to begin or what to do first. You think perhaps that you must keep his commands before you may venture to come near him; you fancy you must love him in order to make him love you, and, according to a very common, but very dangerous notion, you think that by doing your best to obey him, you will prevail on him to pardon your sins and admit you to heaven. Oh may the Holy Spirit clear your heart and mind from all these vain thoughts, and teach you the plain way of salvation!

Now listen to our words, for we are about to tell you the very first and the only thing which you must do in order to be saved; and remember, nothing must come before this. Nothing must be done, or tried to be done, by way of preparation, and no time is to be lost in doing it. You must not wait; no! not an hour!—not a minute!



## GO TO CHRIST.

What! you say; such a sinner as I am go to Christ at once?

Yes, go to Christ just because you are a sinner.

But must so great a sinner as I am go?

Yes, and for this very reason, because your sins are so great.

But must I go as I am?

Yes, for why should you wait till you are worse? are you not bad enough already? and certainly the longer you keep away from Christ the worse you will become. Of all your many sins the chief sin has been the not going to Christ for salvation after hearing the gospel.

But must I not repent of my sins?

Yes, and therefore go and ask him to give you repentance. He is "exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins," Acts v. 31.

But I feel so little love to him.

Go to him for more; it is just because you have kept away so long that you have had no love to Christ. The more you see and know, the more will you love him.

But surely I must first try to please him by keeping his commands?

And how shall you ever keep his commands till you have gone to him? for he says, "Without me ye can do nothing."

But is there indeed nothing to be done before I can come to Christ? May I go to Christ just as I am?



Yes, dear reader, just as you are, with that one only title—a sinner seeking salvation; without anything whatever standing between you and your Saviour. Go at once, sinner as you are, and because you are a sinner; and cry mightily, “Lord, save me: I perish!”

Now I can well imagine you to ask, What is meant by going to Christ?

It means *believing in Christ*; and if it meant anything else, then it could not be that gospel which Paul preached to the Philippian jailer in answer to his earnest inquiry, “Sirs, what must I do to be saved?” “Believe,” said the apostle, “on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” To “believe” in Christ, and to come to Christ, mean the same thing, as we read in John vi. 35: “Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.”

Let us explain this coming to Christ in a simple way. Suppose that our Lord were now upon earth in that land of Judæa where he once lived. Far away from him, you have heard that he was able and willing to save sinners; your first thought then is, “I will go and seek him out, seek him till I find him.” After a weary journey you set your foot on that distant shore.

You see him at his merciful work, “receiving sinners.” How great is the joy of your heart in being thus near to Him whom your soul loveth—you come into his presence—you fall before his feet, clinging to the hem



of his garment; and when Jesus, in his own gracious manner, says, "What wouldst thou that I should do unto thee?" you cry, "Lord, that my sins may be forgiven me!" To this prayer—the prayer of simple faith, Christ has but one reply, "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee; I came to die for sinners, to seek and to save that which is lost; my blood cleanseth from all sin."

Oh! "the blessedness of the man whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered!" Oh! the joy of your heart that this is now your happy state! To you who now believe he is truly precious, and nothing shall separate you from the love of Christ.

Now, how simple and plain is this coming to Christ or believing on him! Have you any difficulty in understanding it?

No, you will say; if Christ were still upon earth, I could indeed go to him and put my trust in him. But, do you suppose that Christ, who is "God over all, blessed for evermore," is ever absent from that world which his own hands have made?\* "Lo," said he to his disciples, "I am with you alway even unto the end of the world," Matt. xxviii. 20.

Are you not indeed in a far better position for "going to Christ" than if he were now dwelling in one small portion of this earth? How should we not envy that land! how should we not vainly fancy it were better to be there! How could we ever feel satisfied with

\* John i. 3; Col. i. 16, 17; Heb. i. 2.



his spiritual presence when a journey thither might give us his bodily presence? Yet how could the necessary business of life be then carried on? Truly it was indeed "expedient for us that Christ should go away," John xvi. 7; for thus only could the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, be given to us; thus only could Christ by his Spirit be present with all at the same moment in every part of the world. You have no long journey to take, you have no dangers nor difficulties to encounter; even where you now are you stand in the very presence of Christ. Open the eyes of faith and see him before you; speak to him even now with the same earnestness and the same hearty belief, as you would if you held him by his garments and looked upon his face. Oh! doubt not this great truth. Realize the glorious fact that you have but to put forth the hand of faith to touch the Lord of life. Nothing, positively nothing, would be gained by Christ's personal presence as respects your salvation. He himself said, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed," John xx. 29; and it was said by an apostle to some, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls," 1 Pet. i. 8, 9. Oh! then, friend, do just what you would, if, as we supposed, Christ were still visibly upon earth; go to him, kneel before him, offer up the same prayer in



the same way, with the same faith, and believe with your whole heart that he makes to you the same reply, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace." Still may you in effect do the same as if Christ were on earth; you may hang upon his lips, reading and hearing his gracious words in your Bible; you may there contemplate and admire his wondrous miracles; you may study his holy will there revealed; you may pray for grace to keep his commands. And then you will love him because he has shown you that he has first loved you, and because your sins, which are many, are all freely forgiven you, Luke vii. 47. Then your repentance will be full and sincere, when you see those wounds which your sins have made in his body, when you look on Him whom you have pierced, and are taught that his blood alone could wash those sins away. Then you will keep his commandments and lead a holy life because of his Spirit which he will give you, and because you are "created in Christ Jesus unto good works," Eph. ii. 10; and because every man who hath that glorious hope of dwelling with Christ hereafter which you will then have, purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

Be assured that every thing will fall into its proper place if only you begin aright by going first to Christ. This is the plain way, and it is the only way of salvation!



## AN HONEST AND GOOD HEART.

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**F**EW things are more frequently insisted on in the Bible, as needful for all mankind, than a change of heart. This change is sometimes spoken of by the name of "conversion," sometimes by the name of "repentance," sometimes by the name of "regeneration," or new birth; but whatever be the language used to express it, the change itself is invariably represented as so indispensable, that without it no man living can be saved.

Reader, if in turning over the pages of the Bible you meet with such texts as the following:—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God:"—"Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out:"—"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new:"\* do you lay to heart the truth therein contained, and consider that you yourself, personally and individually, must thus be changed, or you cannot be saved? The revolution is so great that a man cannot fail to be conscious of it, and its effects are so plain that they can scarcely be mistaken. There never was a Christian yet who went to heaven without

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\* John iii. 3; Acts iii. 19; 2 Cor. v. 17.



having experienced it, and there never will be till the end of time. Men have lived and died and been happy in the favour of God, without riches, without learning, without rank in the world—but none without conversion. Wherever Christians are found they must answer in some degree, at least, this test which Scripture has given to us respecting Christian character. The fruits, indeed, may not grow or ripen in all alike—talents may vary and opportunities may be wanting: but the root of the matter must exist; and as occasion offers, the effects must be visible: such effects as love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, Gal. v. 22: such effects as “denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, and living soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world,” Tit. ii. 12: such effects as putting off “the old man, which is corrupt,” and being “renewed in the spirit of the mind,” and putting on “the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness,” Eph. iv. 22, 24.

“Oh that I could realize such a change,” perhaps some anxious soul will cry, “then should I be happy!” And why should you not realize it, dear reader, if you apply in humble faith to that Saviour who came both to pardon what is past and to renew unto holiness for the time to come; and whose unfailing promise is, “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out?” John vi. 37.

The great point is to be duly sensible of our disease, and to be satisfied with nothing



but the thorough and efficient remedy. In the parable of the Sower, which our Saviour spoke to teach us the nature of true religion, as contrasted with mere nominal profession, the seed which alone brings forth fruit unto salvation is represented as falling on the soil of "an honest and good heart," Luke viii. 15. So, then, before any saving results can follow, the heart must be made the direct opposite of what it was before. By nature, its character is "deceitful and desperately wicked," Jer. xvii. 9; by grace it must become "honest and good." Observe the complete contrast. "Honest" is the opposite of "deceitful;" "good" is the opposite of "wicked." What Satan has turned into the habitation of devils and the hold of every foul spirit, must be converted into a holy temple for the Lord to dwell in; the old possessors being dethroned and subdued, and grace made to reign ascendant. Not that the evil nature which we bring with us into the world shall be altogether extirpated, or the motions of sin altogether prevented from stirring within us as long as we are in this life; but the affections and desires must receive a new impulse, and be turned into a new channel, so that even though they may be often (too often, alas!) drawn back towards evil, there shall be an influence operating on them which will not allow them to settle at ease in sin, but lead them to move, like the needle to the pole—it may be tremulously and unsteadily, but certainly



and habitually, towards heaven and holiness. When the enemies rise up against us, they are overcome by the help of the Lord; and though the Christian soldier must not lay down his arms but with his life, yet he is taught to say, "Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ," 2 Cor. ii. 14: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," Phil. iv. 13.

In all this work of conversion God must have all the praise. Man by his own unaided efforts can no more change a heart (either his own or another's) than he can create a world. But God does the work. He who at first said "Let us make man in our image," is engaged again in imparting a new birth—a recovery from the ruins of the fall, and a restoration of the Divine image once more. He "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. iv. 6.

Man is like a complicated machine that has gone out of order, and that must come back to its Maker to be repaired; his heart being disordered, must be brought back to Him who made it, as the only being that can renew and restore it. Who else could attempt to take such a case in hand but the Almighty himself? None but He "searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts," 1 Chron. xxviii. 9.

The prophet Jeremiah was directed on one occasion to go down to the potter's house



(chap. xviii. 3.) to hear the word of the Lord. "Then I went down" (he says), "and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it. Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying, O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel." This affords an apt illustration of Almighty power and sovereign mercy exercised in the conversion of a sinner. The whole mass of mankind is like a vessel of marred clay: broken and shattered by the fall, it lies ruined and good for nothing, until God, the great artificer, takes it up, and in his mercy and patience and loving-kindness begins the work of creation again, remodels the shattered fragments, forms the ruined heap into a new vessel as seems good to him to make it—stamps his own image once more in a way not to be effaced, secured by the engagement of covenant love in Christ Jesus; and leaves not the work of his hands till in another and a better world he shall have perfected that which concerns it, and "changed 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. iii. 21.

All other attempts at improvement in the human character short of this are vain.



Learning may come and teach us all the wisdom of the world;—philosophy may come and unfold to our view all the secrets of earth, air, and sky;—morality may come and polish the surface of the outward behaviour, and make it look fair in the eyes of our fellow men: but unless God's regenerating Spirit takes up the work, no real good is done. The heart must be changed; the nature must be renewed. What is "deceitful and wicked" by the predominance of evil, must become "honest and good" by the predominance of grace—otherwise the sinner continuing in the unregenerate state in which the fall of Adam has left him, remains a stranger from the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world; and dying in such a state, must have his portion with the unbelievers in outer darkness for all eternity.

It is often said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," and, properly understood, the saying is true. But who is the honest man? Not the mere worldling who pays his debts to his fellow-creatures, and never thinks of the debts which he owes to his great Creator;—not the outside moralist who keeps his word in the concerns of this life, and fails in the concerns of the life to come;—not the Pharisee who makes his boast, "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican," Luke xviii. 11, whilst in the sight of Heaven his prayer is an abomination. The only man that can



rightly be called "honest" is one who sees himself in his true colours, confesses his sins to God, finds pardon through the blood of Jesus, and walks henceforth in newness of life. This is "the honest and good heart," which God approves of, for it is his own workmanship; and it is indeed his noblest work. To create man at the first was glorious; but to new-create him now that he has fallen is more glorious. To infuse life into the unconscious dust was a mighty exercise of power; but to infuse new and spiritual life into creatures sunk in depravity, is mightier still. Therefore let God have all the praise. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them," Eph. ii. 8-10.

Reader, have you ever laid to heart these truths, and do you know anything by experience of this change? If not, you have no time to lose. Death and judgment are near; and without a new heart you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. "Wherefore make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die?" Ezek. xviii. 31. Thus saith God himself, and do not presume to cavil at it. Do not begin to say within yourself, I have no power to make myself a new heart. That is true. But God gives the power when he speaks the word effectually to the soul. There was no power in the man



with the withered hand to stretch it out ; but power accompanied the word spoken by our Saviour ; and he stretched it forth, and it was restored whole as the other. There was no power in dead Lazarus to rise from the grave, but he that said “ Lazarus, come forth ” gave power with his call, and the dead was raised to life. Just so, though there is no power in you to new-create your heart, “ yet faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it.” Only take hold of the strength of the Lord. Obey his gracious call. Believe his word. Arise and shake yourself from the dust of death, and you will find a merciful Father ready to pardon, a loving Saviour willing to receive you, and a sanctifying Spirit waiting to take up his abode within you, and seal you unto the day of redemption.

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## THE DECEITFUL AND WICKED HEART.

A SAD and humiliating description is given in Jeremiah xvii. 9, of the human heart, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" Words can scarcely be conceived more strongly expressive of total and complete depravity. When we want to draw in darkest colours the character of any man, we say he is "*deceitful*." When we want to describe a person sunk in the lowest depths of corruption, we say he is "*desperately wicked*." And yet just such is the character given of "the heart,"—that is, of human nature with all its affections, habits, and desires, as it exists universally in all mankind. The description, we see, is *general*, not referring to any particular case, or the case of only a few individuals. It is not said, the heart of this man or of that,—not the heart of a Pharaoh or a Herod—of a Nero or Caligula—of a Danton or Robespierre: but the heart *generally*, of *all*—of every human being naturally engendered of fallen Adam, without a single exception, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."



And who is it that makes such an accusation? If it were some gloomy misanthrope overflowing with unkindness, and testifying against beings whom he hates; or some malicious satirist, vexed with the world, and venting his spite indiscriminately on all around him to gratify his own morbid feelings, there would be little weight in the charge. But it is far otherwise. God himself—the God of love—holds the pen and writes the condemning record; He who is too wise to be mistaken, and too merciful to overrate the failings of his creatures; He who made man and knows what is in him, is the author of the testimony. And when we consider how willing he is to discern anything good in his creatures rather than anything evil—when we think how he is represented as anxiously looking down on earth again and again to see if any righteous persons could be found, we may be well assured that if one virtuous or redeeming quality were discoverable in human nature, he would not be slow to acknowledge and record it. The evidence of such a witness in such a cause, even whilst it humbles man in the dust, must be received as indisputably true.

Nor is it one single passage of Scripture alone that contains such a statement. Before the flood, we read that “God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually,” Gen. vi. 5. After the flood, the same declaration is



repeated, "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth," Gen. viii. 21. In the Psalms we read, "God looked down upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, that did seek God. Every one of them is gone back: they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one," Psa. liii. 3. In the Gospels our Saviour declares "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, etc.," all the "things which defile a man," Matt. xv. 19. And Paul, in the Epistle to the Romans, (chap. iii. 10—19,) goes into particulars, and fills up the outlines of the melancholy picture of human nature's universal corruption in thought, word, and deed, proving alike of Jew and Gentile that they are all under sin, "that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God."

What! some one will say, is this *my* picture? Is *my* heart to be thus stigmatized? I that maintain an unblemished reputation, and am true and just in all my dealings; I that make uprightness and integrity my guide—am I to be stamped as deceitful and desperately wicked? Yes, friend, even so. In the sight of your fellow-mortals, and in your own sight, you may perhaps appear worthy and good; but the case is different when judged by that pure and holy God with whom you have to do. He "seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." And those dispositions and actions which seem



to human eye so fair and blameless, when weighed in the balance of Heaven with all their motives and circumstances taken into account, are found miserably wanting. The judgment of the world may be satisfied, but not the judgment of Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

Beware of setting up your own dreams of self-righteousness in opposition to the testimony of the all-seeing God. In answer to the question who can know the heart? the answer is "*I the Lord.*" None but he can probe and search its recesses. None but he can fathom the depth of evil that lies hid within it. There is a deviation from rectitude in every child of Adam, the extent of which nothing but the plummet of Heaven can adequately detect. Man's own plummet is a false one. It will adapt itself to all the inequalities of our nature, and flatter to his ruin the unhappy mortal who trusts to it. It will suggest peace when there is no peace. But God's standard of measurement, when he "lays judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet" (Isaiah xxviii. 17), brings us in guilty, reveals our deficiencies, and shows that however we may fancy ourselves to be "rich, and increased with goods, and to have need of nothing," we are in reality "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," Rev. iii. 17.

And how is it possible that beings thus depraved, and far removed from original righteousness, can be admitted into that



heaven where nothing impure or unholy can enter? Blessed be God, He who detects the disease, himself brings health and a cure. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John i. 7. The voice of mercy proclaims from the lips of Him who hung on the cross, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." As many as believe in his name are justified and accepted before God; and not only so; they are made new creatures, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. For this is the covenant which God makes—"I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.—For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities I will remember no more," Heb. viii. 10, 12.

Behold then our disease and its remedy—our ruin and our hope! On the one hand a wretched wanderer plunging straight forward to destruction—on the other an arresting voice of mercy stopping the fatal career, and saying, O sinner, "thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help," Hosea xiii. 9. On the one hand, guilt, pollution, death—on the other, pardon, holiness, eternal life.

Reader, do you know what this means? Have you felt the plague of your own heart, and sought relief where alone it is to be found? Have you been made sensible of the evil that dwells within you—of the deceit and desperate wickedness bound up in your



very nature, and have you come to Christ like the diseased leper, crying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," Matt. viii. 2. Have you learned the psalmist's prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me?" Psa. li. 10; or that other similar one, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting?" Psa. cxxxix. 23, 24.

If you have been led sincerely to put up such a petition, it is well; for God never gave such a desire without intending to answer it; and he who has taught you your need will "supply all that need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," Phil. iv. 19.

But if you are living contentedly in an unregenerate condition, with this deceitful and desperately wicked heart within you, without one anxious wish for renewal or change, without one feeling of repentance towards God or faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, without one desire to be cleansed from sin, either as to its guilt or power, the footing on which you stand is awfully dangerous. It may be the way of the world, and there may be thousands to keep you company; but whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, be it known to you that if you go on to live and die in such a state, it were better for you if you had never been born.

Reader, hearken ere it be too late to the



voice which calls you. It is the voice of your Maker, Redeemer and Sanctifier,—“Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light,” Eph. v. 14. Cast yourself on the free mercy of a pardoning God. Plead the atonement of Him who died to take away the sin of the world. Give yourself up to be new made and reformed by his quickening Spirit. Bring your old nature to him, to have the wicked heart changed, and a new heart given you, renewed after the Divine image in righteousness and true holiness. Do this, even now; and you will find that promise verified, “I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes; and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them,” Ezek. xxxvi. 25—27.

Above all things, avoid a state of carnal security. “Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!” It is not for man, with such a heart uncleansed and unchanged, to dream of peace and safety. What hast thou to do with peace, O unconverted sinner, when sudden destruction is at the very door? Far more suitable is the cry of danger and alarm. Just as we would sound an alarm to the sleeping garrison placed over a mine ready to



explode; or to the crew drifting on the hidden rock; or to the travellers about to take the fatal step that will plunge them over the precipice: so would we sound our alarm to you who, with such a load of guilt weighing you down, continue to take your ease in fancied security whilst wrath from heaven is suspended over your head.

Again, give heed to the warning voice which bids you awake to a sense of your true condition. Let not the words be disregarded which speak to you from the lips of Him who is now a Saviour and is soon coming to be a Judge—"Ye must be born again." "Except ye repent, ye shall perish." Take refuge in his redeeming love, and "FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME."

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THE  
LOST PIECE OF SILVER.

BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER.

A TRUE STORY.

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“I will seek that which was lost.”—EZEK. xxxiv. 16.

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“IT is but a small piece of metal, sir, which I have just found in turning up the earth of this field.” Such was the reply of the labourer. He had stopped his horses to pick up something which had caught his eye in the fresh earth, and had been standing beside his plough closely examining the little piece of money in his hand. “Perhaps you can tell me what it is, sir?” It was a thin piece of metal, of a greenish black colour, and seemed at first sight

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to be of no value, but there were lines and figures upon it of an ancient character, and we soon discovered the head of a king, wearing a royal crown, and the gleam of silver beneath the discoloured surface. It was a silver coin, a lost piece of silver of rare value; for many hundreds of years it had been buried there, and now, after that long, long space of time, it had been found. "Well, sir," said the man, "keep it if you please, you are right welcome to it, but I must not lose my time." So saying he went steadily to work again. I called after him to say that I should of course give him the value of the coin, and I afterwards did so; but he did not heed me: his heart was with his work. Reader, we may learn from a ploughman: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." I turned away, thinking not only of that parable but of another—admiring the wisdom and the love of that adorable and gracious Lord, who thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but who was found in fashion as a man, and spoke as never man spake, and who from the simplest objects, the most common events in the open fields, or by the way side, could raise the thoughts of his hearers to high and spiritual subjects. I saw him before me in the field, directing attention to the hand and the eye of the ploughman, and in a few striking words turning our thoughts to the kingdom of God; and then I saw him in the lowly cottage, pointing to the woman lighting her candle and sweeping her floor, and searching with anxious diligence for the lost piece of silver, and even from that cottage floor raising our thoughts to the courts of heaven and the radiant forms and the glad songs of angels striking their harps of gold and rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth.

My thoughts turned to the piece of silver then in my hand. Long it had been lost; perhaps eight hundred years had passed away since it had dropped from the hand of its owner. The earth of centuries has gathered over the mortal frames of those who peopled this place and neighbourhood in those days. And now the solitary token of their presence in this place is this piece of silver; long has it lain tarnished and forgotten beneath the clods of the field; it is now raised from its earthy bed; again it shines forth, for it is still precious. I thought of those beautiful words, "Though ye have lain among the pots,



yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold;" the figure is different, but the meaning is the same. I thought of one, who, like that piece of silver, had been lost, but who was sought and found, and over whose repentance there has, I believe, been joy in heaven.

She was known to very few; she will scarcely be remembered but by her own relations, and by the few Christian friends, who grieved at one time over her lost state, and were at last permitted to rejoice that "she who had been dead was alive again, she who had been lost was found."

A lady who is now no more among us on earth, was at that time a district visitor in my parish, and she first informed me that a young woman had taken an upper room in an old house near the church, and that she seemed to be almost friendless. She felt interested for her, but there were circumstances, she added, about her way of living which gave ground for suspicions that she was light-minded, and imprudent, if not worse. I endeavoured to see her, but she was absent.

Two lodgers there, elderly women, who were sisters, spoke very kindly to me of Amy. They begged me to recommend her to a place as a servant; they said that she had been selling for food the few articles of furniture which her mother had left her, and that she had no other means of subsistence. These two sisters, persons of eccentric habits, and themselves in a state of poverty, seemed to feel deeply for their young neighbour, and one of them a few days afterwards brought her to my house, that she might speak to my wife. We hoped to be able to send her to the matron of our Servants' Home, and to recommend her to a place; but we saw at once that Amy could not be recommended as a servant. There was a look and manner about her not to be easily mistaken, and it was not long before we learned from good authority, that though seldom seen abroad, she had quite lost her character. She was also out of health. Her half-bold, half-sullen manner inclined us to feel prejudiced against her, but partly on that account, as unwilling to yield to prejudice, and chiefly from her extreme wretchedness, we determined not to lose sight of her, and to find out in what way we could best befriend her.



She had been, as I afterwards learned, the spoilt child of her family. Her father had at one time kept an inn, but had fallen into reduced circumstances; her mother had a small annuity on which she lived after her husband's death, but which expired with her life. Amy was her favourite child, and resided with her. The other children, I believe, went to service, or were taken by some of their relations. Amy was indulged, and lived in idleness, and, owing to her wilfulness and vanity (for she had all the faults of a spoilt child), she was a favourite with no one but her foolish mother. On her mother's death Amy was left almost destitute. Her relations were willing to assist her, and I believe did so for a short time, but rumours of her light behaviour and improper conduct at length reached them. She denied the charges brought against her, but gave no heed to their remonstrances.

They were respectable persons in their station of life, and when written to on her behalf, they again offered to send her clothes and money, on her going to service, but repeated, that they would do nothing to support her so long as she continued in the course of life she was then leading.

I was absent from home for a few weeks. On my return, I found that Amy had quitted her lodging and taken a room in a distant part of the town. But I was told also, that, whatever she might say to the contrary, there could be now no doubt as to her profligate life.

I could not bear to leave the lost woman to continue in her downward course, without making some effort to rescue her. I determined to seek her again, and to speak to her of that gracious Being who manifested such divine compassion, even to the wretched women of her degraded class.

It seemed, however, a hopeless effort to attempt to make any impression upon her mind. She heard me with a dull ear, and turned with a kind of stupid surprise when I spoke of her sinful course of life, and she almost led me to doubt whether the reports I had heard of her character, well grounded as they were, could be true. I had undertaken, indeed, a difficult and a delicate task. I could say but little, and even that little I hesitated to say. Proud, sullen, and even repulsive in her manner, I felt my prejudice against her increase, and my interest in her lessen. But she was poor, friendless, and very ill—so seriously ill that she needed not only medical advice, but the attendance



and the comforts which she could not find in her forlorn condition, and in her cheerless room. We had intended to send her, if she would consent to go, to a Female Penitentiary. She was, however, too ill to be taken in there, and an in-patient's ticket was offered her for the infirmary. She seemed very grateful when the ticket of admission was given her. She had been there, I afterwards learned, before, and had met with such kind and tender treatment that she was glad to avail herself of the offer made to her. On the morning of her admission I was at the infirmary, and in the hall when she entered. One of the visiting surgeons, under whose care she was to be placed as his patient, said that she could only be admitted into the Magdalen ward, the rooms which are set apart for women of loose character. Her pride of heart instantly rose, and she refused to go to that ward, declaring, though with a low voice, that she did not deserve to be sent thither; adding that she was not the sort of person we took her to be. Mr. H—— was a truly kind and Christian man: he spoke to her with much gentleness, but he told her, firmly and plainly, that to that ward and to no other could she be taken. For a long time she resisted all that we said to her, with a quiet sullenness; at length she gave way, not, however, without appearing to feel that she was an injured person, and that it was unkind and unjust to send her up to that separate ward.

I was sorry for her, but doubtless every step in her humiliation was needed to bring her to herself,—to that self-knowledge and that deep consciousness of sin, without which there can be no real feeling of the need of a Saviour, no heartfelt love for our gracious and forgiving Lord, Jesus Christ.

Amy conducted herself with quiet propriety during her stay at the infirmary. At the end of a few weeks she was sent up to the penitentiary, as being sufficiently restored in health to be admitted. There I had promised to see her, and I did so. She was either ignorant of the real character of the asylum, or affected to be so when she arrived. With her usual half sullen and half stupid look, with her eyes cast down and with a low voice, she said she would not stop in such a place and in such company. Some two or three of the kind and gentle Christian ladies who belong to the committee of management of that house



of penitence, and who were almost daily visitors of its inmates, were present, and one of them said, with grave mildness, that she feared Amy could not be admitted, as it was against the rules of the house to admit any one except at her own earnest request. Amy, however, made no earnest request, but sullenly refused to stay there. With much anxiety of heart, I said that if not then admitted, she would be quite lost; but I was told, and truly, that it was contrary to the spirit of the institution to persuade any person to enter there if the least unwilling, for it had been always found that a reluctant inmate unsettled the minds of her companions, and scarcely ever remained. I felt the truth of what was said, nor would I attempt to over-persuade her. But when I saw her standing up in her proud, self-justifying spirit, still keeping her resistance, and still seeking to be looked upon as a person of fair character; and when I feared that, if she went away, she would be almost beyond hope, both in body and soul for ever, I dealt with her as with one on the extreme edge of some frightful precipice, and about to throw herself down. I do not remember to have used at any time stronger and more severe words than those I then spoke to that wretched young woman. I felt that it was necessary, and I trusted that that unseen but gracious Being, to whom I turned in earnest, secret prayer, might give his blessing to my efforts to snatch her from destruction. I feared, however, that I was speaking, and should speak, in vain, for there was neither word nor look to encourage the hope that her proud spirit would yield, and that she would express, or even allow herself to feel a desire to enter that house of mercy, and seek the shelter it afforded from the scorn and the misery which her sin had brought upon her in the world. She was, indeed, desolate in every sense. There was no other roof but, perhaps, that of the poor-house, where she could gain admission. She was friendless, and without health or strength sufficient to earn her bread. She had but the clothes she wore, for the shawl and bonnet in which she came through the streets had been lent her by the wife of the only one among her early acquaintances who had not given her up. He was an elderly man, and had been at one time the ostler at her father's inn, but he was very poor, too poor to offer her a lodging or to render her any assistance; even that shawl and bonnet he was



waiting to take back to his wife. He would willingly have given them to her he said, with much kindness in his manner, but his poor wife had no others, and she could only lend them.

How then did I rejoice to find that God had answered my prayer, and caused my words, every one of which was a wound, to prevail. When I left off speaking, Amy begged to be admitted, and with so much earnestness that she was not refused. Almost against the judgment of those excellent and experienced ladies, her request was granted. The bonnet and shawl were returned to the poor ostler, and he and I departed leaving Amy an inmate of the penitentiary.

Her proud heart, however, was not yet humbled; she had been brought, like the prodigal son, to the extremity of want and wretchedness, but she had not yet been brought to herself. She had earnestly entreated to be admitted to that house of mercy, but she looked down upon the other women with scorn, and wanted again to know what she had done to be placed in such company. Yet the time was at hand when she would become the humblest and the most penitent among them.

For some days I feared that I should hear that Amy had again declared her unwillingness to stay, and had been dismissed, but I thank God my fears were groundless; a change was beginning in her, that vital and wonderful change by which the guilty and self-justifying sinner passes from death unto life, and becomes indeed dead unto sin, and alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The account was read to her of a young woman of profligate life, named Jane Thring, who had become a truly converted character. She listened with earnest and serious attention, and when the touching narrative was concluded, she said to another young woman who was present, "I do believe that God has sent this clergyman to seek me, just as he sent the minister after poor Jane."

A decided alteration now took place in her look and manner. She meekly acknowledged that she had been leading a very bad and profligate life, and seemed deeply convinced of the guilt, not only of her sinful course, but of her repeated and resolute denials of the fact. She felt, and she confessed with a contrite heart, that she was a poor and unhappy sinner.

Her whole demeanour from that time forward was very



quiet and humble, and she seemed willing to receive instruction from the youngest inmate in the penitentiary. She expressed to one of the ladies her gratitude for having been received into the asylum, and I learned from the same lady that during the time when she read the Bible to the young women, and instructed them, as she did, on the Lord's day, Amy appeared deeply interested, and learned with pleasure whatever she endeavoured to teach her. For some time things went on in the same way. Her health, however, was evidently gone, and she herself sinking under a complication of diseases; she became, indeed, rapidly worse, and was a great sufferer. Some time before she died, the lady above mentioned, who usually went to the institution on the Sunday afternoon, found that Amy was gone to lie down, and was told that she was very ill, but was anxious to hear the reading. The lady felt assured that there must, indeed, have been a strong wish to hear, for dropsy had spread so entirely through her frame, mounting even to her eyes, that poor Amy could not see to join in the reading. But she came down, walking with great difficulty, either sat or knelt the whole time, and seemed quite alive to what was going on. Her throat was soon after in a frightful state of disease; she appeared in constant danger of suffocation, and every breath she drew was with difficulty; but she uttered no complaint, though her sufferings were deeply distressing only to witness.

Some days after she was asked if she really felt that she was a sinner in the sight of God? She answered with earnestness, that indeed she did. "And what do you think your sins deserve?" After pausing a little she replied, "The worst that can be done to me." After some further conversation on the evil and danger of sin, she turned and said, with much anxiety of manner, "I am frightened! I am very much frightened!" Her friend replied, "We have just reason to be frightened when we look at our sins, for God would be just in sending both you and me to hell for our sins; but you know there is a passage in Scripture which says, 'God is just to forgive us our sins.' Now we can easily understand how God is just to punish sins; but how is it that he is just to forgive sins?" and she then endeavoured, as plainly as she could, to show her how Christ, having borne the punishment due



to sin; God had promised to forgive all who should believe in him. She seemed to lay hold of the doctrine of the *substitution of Christ for the sinner who believes in him*; it was, indeed, blessed to her soul; it gave peace to her troubled conscience; and the promise, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," was a stronghold to her; the word "whosoever" was a great comfort to her. On its being said to her, "You must say, 'Lord, save me, or I perish,'" she replied, "Oh I do say that; I say it very often." On parting with the lady, she said, with much feeling, "Thank you, I hope we shall meet in heaven." A few days after she expressed a strong wish to see the same friend; she had then become exceedingly deaf, and it was very difficult to make her hear; but she was still quite alive to the word of God. On reminding her of the thief on the cross, her countenance expressed a satisfaction beyond what words could declare. After again confessing herself to be a helpless sinner, she was asked, "And do you think you can do anything to save yourself from this ruined, miserable state?" She paused to consider, and then said, "I am afraid not." The friend replied, "No, I am quite sure not;" but again pointed her to the Saviour.

On the lady leaving her, Amy said, with a feeling and manner quite affecting, "Good bye, dear, kind lady, you have been as an angel of light to me"—referring, it is believed, to the comfort God had granted her in the view of Christ as her substitute. On one occasion she said, "When man has a work to do he takes years, or months, or weeks, or days to do it; but Christ can do his work in a moment." At another time she said, "Oh! to think in hell there is not a drop of water to cool the tongue; but, Satan, I do not fear thee; I am looking to Jesus; he will not let me perish;" and she then attempted to sing—

"Jesus, refuge of my soul,"

and dwelt on the words

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,"

and repeated them several times with strong emphasis.

She was grateful to everybody about her, wondering at their kindness. "It was a miracle," she said, "for only God could have put it into their hearts to be so kind to such a creature." She warned her companions, as she



looked upon them, to be mindful of the instruction that was given them, and seek the Lord. She requested that when she was dead they would sing

“Jesus, refuge of my soul,”

and that, as her coffin should be carried out they would sing

“Oft as the bell with solemn toll.”

Her sufferings must have been intense; every breath she drew was with pain and difficulty; dropsy pervaded every part of her frame; her throat was in a dreadful state, and she had large wounds on the body; but her mind seemed as active and alive to spiritual things as if the body had been free from pain. It was wonderful to see the energy, the interest of her countenance and manner. Only a few hours before her death, on being asked, “How do you feel now?” she replied, with a smile, “Oh, I have nothing to complain of.” On its being said to her, “If you get some sleep it would be a great thing for you”—she said, “No, I will not go to sleep.” “You are afraid of going to sleep,” said another, “lest you should never awake.” “Oh no,” she replied, “I am not afraid, but I want to see my Saviour before I die.”

The hymn,

“When languor and disease invade,” etc.

was a great favourite with her, and, when repeated to her, she would say, “Oh do let me hear it again.” She was told of the happy mute, who had thought he saw a great book, and on the top of one page his own name, and underneath written all the sinful things he had ever done, but that Jesus Christ wiped the page with his bleeding hand, and then God could not read it, though he held it very near the sun. She appeared to enter into this account, and said, “Oh, that is beautiful!”

The change in her appeared in all things. She had much dreaded being sent away from the penitentiary; but on suspecting that some conversation which she could not hear had reference to her removal, she observed, “Well, if they do send me away it will not signify, if Jesus Christ is with me.”

Thus were submission, humility, gratitude, and patience manifested in her. Almost her last words were, desiring the companions who were sitting up with her to intreat



the women to be sure and mind the instructions they received. And thus she died, a humble but rejoicing penitent.

Perhaps, humanly speaking, a person more unlikely to have become a meek, earnest, and intelligent child of God never entered that penitentiary. She was utterly ignorant of the first principles of the Christian faith, yet apparently self-satisfied and proud with regard to herself, and despising the other inmates. She appeared to be dull and stupid in no common degree, and insensible to the kind interest which others felt in her; but when, by the grace of God, she was brought to the knowledge of Christ Jesus, the change which seemed to take place in her intellect, in her countenance, and even in her way of expressing herself, was really marvellous. But the lost piece of silver had been found, and not only did it shine forth with a soft, pure lustre, but the image of the King, even of Him who is King of kings, and Lord of lords, was to be traced, faintly and imperfectly it might be, but according to the true impress and pattern of the sanctuary, upon that fragile and long tarnished piece of metal.

Since this account was written, I have received, in answer to a request of mine, the following additional particulars concerning poor Amy, in a letter from the lady above alluded to, who was one of the visiting committee, and who saw more of Amy than the others. I give an extract of her letter in her own words.

“Not to comply with any request of yours, would be painful to myself; therefore I will try to write anything that occurs to my memory, respecting that interesting creature who died in our penitentiary, though I think I can furnish you with very little more than you already know.

“What seemed to give her most comfort was her seeing so clearly how God was just to Christ in forgiving sins, for which he had borne the punishment.

“Once when the medical man had ordered her a teaspoon-full of gin in a glass of water, she was unwilling to take it, and said, ‘Oh! I never thought you would have offered me that here;’ and begged for cold water only, adding, ‘Oh, to think in hell there is not a drop of water to cool the tongue!—but I have nothing to do with hell; Jesus has pardoned my sins, and saved my soul.’



“As you have truly stated, her mind, after her change, was always alive to spiritual things. Indeed, her deep interest in them was surprising when her bodily suffering was considered. She was a striking instance of the power and grace of God, and if there were no other fruit from the penitentiary than this, surely the rescue of one precious soul from eternal ruin would be ample compensation for all that has been done and expended. But we are not without fruit in living characters; some who are adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour, and proving the change in them by a total change of life, while they also trust only in Christ Jesus for pardon of their past sins.”

Poor Amy was, however, the most remarkable instance of conversion by the grace of God which we have ever witnessed within the walls of that asylum.

The excellent woman, who was at that time matron of the penitentiary, had been present when Amy was brought there for admission, and though she said little, I had seen that she was decidedly opposed to her being admitted among the inmates. She was a person of deep spiritual piety, but of a sound judgment, and had learned much as to the class of persons entrusted to her charge. She had a keen insight into character, and the experience of many years.

“It had been contrary to my opinion,” she said to me, after the death of Amy, “as you know, sir, that poor Amy should be taken into the house; but, sir, it has been a grief to me that I was ill, and confined to my chamber, when she was dying. I should have deemed it a great privilege to have been permitted to be taken from my bed, and placed on a chair by her bedside, that I might learn from her, for she was then more able to teach me than I was to teach her.”

Are you, my reader—perhaps you are—one of those by whom the account of poor Amy would be read with the deepest interest, because your interest will be that of fellow feeling, because there was a time when you also were as fair in character and in appearance as she was in her early youth, when perhaps you were also the spoilt child of some indulgent parent? But as she fell, so you, poor child of sorrow and of shame, have also fallen, and



you are now as wretched—though not, it may be, as penitent as she was. You will not—oh, I trust you will not—turn away from the lesson which is taught you in the sad story of poor Amy; and yet it was not altogether sad, but it might have been very sad, hopelessly sad, had it not been for the tender compassion of that gracious Being, who came to seek and to save that which was lost. That Being was God our Saviour; but he was man as well as God, that he might take the guilty sinner's place, and might suffer and die in his stead. It was this doctrine of *substitution*—one taking the place of the other, and that one the Christ of God,—Emmanuel, God with us, taking the place of his guilty and perishing creature, of such a one as I or you; yes, taking your place, and suffering the agonies of death in your stead—it was the doctrine of substitution, brought home to the heart of Amy by the Holy Spirit, that first brought the gladness of hope and assurance into her desolate heart—that hope sure and steadfast which maketh not ashamed. 2 Cor. v. 21; Isa. liii. 5, 6, 12. She heard his word, the word of gospel truth, and she believed in Him who sent his own Son to be her Saviour; she believed with that faith which is the substance of things hoped for; and the love of God was shed abroad in her heart; and thus by the grace of God she became a new creature; for to as many as receive it, and believe in his name, to them he giveth power to become the sons of God.

She entered upon a new existence; old things passed away, and all things became new; to her it was Christ to live, and this was new to one who had lived in sin.

There was one of old, a guilty woman, as vile, perhaps more guilty and more vile than she or you; she was brought to Jesus, not by those who looked with sorrow, but with scorn upon her state. She stood exposed and abashed before him, and the same word that Jesus spoke to that poor guilty woman, came home in all its power and comfort to the heart of poor Amy: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." Why should not that word bring hope and comfort also to your heart? why should you not pray, that to you also it may come with the same power? Repent of your sin and trust in this Saviour, and you too shall be pardoned and saved.

I have said it before, but let me say it again—let me say



it pointedly and especially to you, let me entreat you to keep the fact always before you, for surely such goodness may lead you to repentance; Jesus regarded with compassion persons of that very class to which you belong. Perhaps you were not aware of this, but you may know it well, if you will but read, and judge for yourself, in that Holy Bible, which you, I fear, have long neglected. Do not neglect it now; you have done so long enough, but not *too long*, if you will take it and search it at once. Do not be afraid to open it; it is the word of life, the only word of life—life to the guilty, dying sinner, death only to your sin. Have you a Bible? I fear you have not; go to any faithful minister of Christ, and ask him to give you one; Turn to the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel by Luke, and read there that it was said of Jesus, “This man receiveth sinners;” and that when *He* had said, in the last words of the foregoing chapter, “He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,” “Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him.” Read the account that he gives of the shepherd, who having a hundred sheep but losing one of them, left all the others, to seek that one.

Read of the woman who had ten pieces of silver, and lost one of them, but thought most of the one lost piece, and searched diligently till she found it; and then read and understand, as you may easily do, for Jesus explains what he means by these two parables, that in like manner he seeks for the lost sinner till he finds him. And then consider what you have read, and pray for the Holy Spirit, whom God will give (see Luke xi. 13) to them that *ask Him*; pray for the Holy Spirit to apply to your own case what Jesus said of the lost sinner, and surely you will see that you are yourself the one described as the lost sheep and the lost piece of silver, and that he who seeks the lost soul until he finds it, is no other than that same Jesus, from whose gracious lips that assurance of pardon and of life was given. You may take home to your very self, on the sure warrant of his word, the words that follow, for He is the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever—“Likewise, I say unto *you*, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” Go at once to him, my poor unhappy sister, after you have read and considered with prayer these Scriptures, go to him and ask in earnest prayer, Lord give *me* repentance, and grant *me* pardon.



He heard the prayer of Amy, whom he had sought as the lost piece of silver, and angels rejoiced over her; He will hear your prayer, and there shall be also joy in heaven over you.

But I would address a few more words to another reader: Have you never in your past life had the opportunity of recovering from shame and misery some fellow creature, some immortal being like yourself, and have you used or neglected that opportunity? You best know how you can answer this question before God. If you have been yourself sought and found of Christ, and if you are now rejoicing in that love and grace which he has manifested towards you, surely you will seek some opportunity of rescuing others from misery. There are many ways, and you will seek to find one of them, by which you may prove your deep and heart-felt thankfulness to God for his mercies to you. You cannot perhaps, you may truly say, in your peculiar position, go yourself and seek out such lost and degraded sinners as poor Amy in their haunts of vice and profligacy. But you may send others, or contribute something towards an object of such unspeakable importance, and you can help with your prayers. Until you have done what you could in this way, do not suppose you will stand excused in the sight of God. Ah, there are many others in the state that Amy once was; many a lost piece of silver, lying, if I may use the figure, in the gutters of our streets; trampled under feet, hid in the dirt and mire; many a one who might say in her piteous desolation, "No one careth for my soul." It had been so with poor Amy. No one cared for her, inquired for her; all had forsaken, deserted her; she, the only one that had deeply, fondly loved, and cherished the poor girl, was gone to her account, and laid in her grave; and it had been owing to her mistaken indulgence that Amy had been the spoilt child that she was; all the others—uncles, aunts, sisters, brothers, cousins—were never even heard of by her again; they had given her up, cast her off, as, what she was indeed, a poor fallen, degraded, and disgraced creature—degraded in herself and a disgrace to them. There was not one of those who had formerly known her, not one but the generous-hearted man, who had been her father's ostler, that cared to help or to befriend her, and even he, perhaps, thought little



of her soul, but chiefly of her bodily and temporal wretchedness. But surely she was a *lost piece of silver*, and He, who had never lost sight of her in all her wanderings in the ways of sin, and who had pitied her while yet proud, and self-willed, and rebellious, He moved the hearts of his servants to go forth for his sake and seek in his name this lost piece of silver till they found it.

The case of poor Amy in her sin and her wretchedness is, alas! a common case; but is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Does not He who himself came down from heaven to earth, to seek and to save that which was lost, call upon each of you to be active yourselves, and to be diligent in assisting in every effort for rescuing those unhappy outcasts from misery and ruin, by bringing them out of their wretchedness and sin, to the salvation and holiness and peace which are only to be found in Jesus Christ the Saviour?

Who can describe the joys that rise  
Thro' all the courts of paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born?

With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love;  
The Son with joy looks down and sees  
The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul he form'd anew:  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King.

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## THE WOUNDED; OR, A TIME TO THINK.

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**Y**OU have been brought very near to death; you have been to the very brink of the eternal world: you have seen death all around you. Many whom you have known have been laid low, but you have been spared. And now what is your duty as you are obliged to lie quietly on your bed? When you were in the field, it was your duty to advance steadily, and to fight boldly; but now, although you can do nothing for the service of your country, still you need not be quite idle. That was a time to fight, *this is a time to think.*

It is a time to think of *God's mercy in delivering you.* If you believe that there is a God in heaven, who rules over all things, you cannot think that it was by chance that the ball which struck you, or the sword or lance which wounded you, did not enter some vital part, and cause your death. Such was the case with many. Think to yourself, "Why was it not the case with me?" It was because the Lord had mercy upon you, and protected you. You may say to God with David, "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle," Psa. cxl. 7; and the Lord says, "See now that I, even I, am he; and there is no god with me: I kill, and I make alive; I wound, and I heal: neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand," Deut. xxxii. 39. The Lord Jesus Christ also tells us that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our heavenly Father, and that the very hairs of our heads are numbered, Matt. x. 29, 30. Therefore you may depend upon it, that every ball or weapon struck only where God permitted it. Do not speak of your escape as "good luck," but lift your heart in gratitude to Him whose protecting providence prevented your wound from being mortal. In mercy to your immortal



soul he has spared you, and given you time to think.

This is a time to think *of the past*.—Recall to yourself your past life, ever since you can recollect. Perhaps you may remember your mother teaching you to pray, or to repeat hymns to her, or some texts of Scripture, learned from her or at school. Perhaps you may recollect, as a child, feeling afraid of offending the great God, and wishing to go to heaven when you should die. What have become of these thoughts since?

This is a time to call to mind *the mercies* you have received, and *the sins* you have committed. Many sins committed years ago, you may have tried to put from your mind, and may almost have succeeded in forgetting; but they are as fresh in the mind of God, as the first moment that they were done; and unless they are forgiven, they will appear against you at the day of judgment. Reflect on what the Bible says of sin. We are there told that “sin is the transgression of the law,” 1 John iii. 4. By this, you see that sin is not only any act which may injure your fellow-creatures, but anything which is contrary to God’s holy law; and this law takes notice not only of outward actions, but also of the inward thoughts and feelings of the heart. When you take this view of sin, how awful and solemn is another declaration of God’s word, “The wages of sin is death,” Rom. vi. 23.

Do you not feel in looking back on your past life, that you cannot stand before God’s holy law, and that you have been living forgetful of him? His word declares that “The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God,” Ps. ix. 17. It teaches us that man is born in sin, and shapen in iniquity, and that “every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil continually,” Gen. vi. 5. And our Lord Jesus Christ declares, “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God,” John iii. 3; that is, except a man receive a new heart. Thus is this great change set forth; “If any man be in Christ, he is a



new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new," 2 Cor. v. 17.

Reflect on these words, and then ask yourself, what would have become of your soul had you been amongst the slain. If your conscience tells you that you are not born again, then it would have been impossible for you to "enter into the kingdom of God," and you would at this moment have been suffering God's just displeasure. Great has been the mercy of God in sparing you, and giving you time to think. Will you not now resolve to make a good use of this time?

This is a time to think *of the future*. For what purpose have I been delivered? seems a natural and reasonable question for a man to ask, when he has passed through such scenes of death as you have witnessed. You have been delivered, in order that you may now seek the salvation of your soul; and this salvation is freely provided for you.

Attend to the gracious declarations of God's word. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" Ezek. xxxiii. 11. If you have looked honestly into your own heart, and at your past life, you must feel that you deserve nothing but condemnation; but God offers you free pardon and eternal life, through his Son, Jesus Christ. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," 1 Tim. i. 15. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 16. and Christ declares, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," John vi. 37. Will you not hearken, and come to the Saviour with the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner?"

You will find that that prayer is never uttered in vain. You are now laid aside from fighting for your country, but you have a battle to fight in your own



heart against sin, and against the devil. The enemies you have met in battle could only kill the body; but sin and Satan can destroy both soul and body in hell. You cannot fight against these enemies in your own strength, but God has promised to give the Holy Spirit to all who ask him. Pray for the Holy Spirit, and determine now by his help, to avoid the temptations, and the evil company which used to lead you into sin. The Lord Jesus Christ, who died upon the cross for you, is called in the Bible, "the Captain of our salvation." Will you not now enlist under his banner, and become henceforth "a good soldier of Jesus Christ?"

Think of the future *beyond this life*; you have been preserved from death now, but who can tell for how long? The next time you are in face of the enemy, you may receive your death wound; or you may sink under disease; but if you now indeed become a soldier of Jesus Christ, he will give you certain victory over the enemies of your soul, and you will be welcomed as a glorious conqueror into the presence of the King of kings. The apostle Paul said, shortly before he was going to die, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing," 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8; and Jesus Christ declares, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out;" and "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne," Rev. iii. 12, 21. Think of these promises, and pray: "O Lord, grant me thy Holy Spirit, and make me now a soldier of Jesus Christ, and hereafter a partaker of his eternal victory, for his name's sake."



## OUR ENGLISH BIBLE: IS IT THE BOOK OF GOD?

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READER, this is a very important question. Can you answer it? If you say *Yes* to it are you sure that you have good reason for saying so? I call it an important question, because there are some who say they do not believe the Bible to be the book of God, and, therefore, do not believe anything that is written in it. There are others, again—I mean the Roman Catholics—who say that the English Bible, which is found in nearly every cottage in our land, is not the true and real book of God, but contains many errors, and, therefore, ought not to be read. I think I can show you, if you will attend, that the Bible is the book of God; and that our English Bible—our common authorized version of that Bible—is, on the whole, a true and correct version of the book of God. You will then be able to give an answer to those who would persuade you that it is not. You will be able to tell the infidel why you believe the Bible to be the book of God; and you will be able to tell the Roman Catholic why you believe your English Bible to be a true version or copy of the book of God.

Now, in order to make this matter as plain as possible, I will put down before you the two questions, which I intend to answer. They are these:

First. Is that book, which is called the Bible, really a revelation from God?

Secondly. Is our common authorized version of that Bible, on the whole, a true version?

*First, then; Is the Bible really a revelation from God?*

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Before we can arrive at a satisfactory answer on this point, there are three previous questions to be noticed. They are these :

1. What is a *revelation from God* ?
2. Is such a revelation *possible* ?
3. Is such a revelation *probable* ?

Now to reveal anything is to make that known, which from some cause or other was secret or hidden before. A Divine revelation therefore, or a revelation from God, is making himself and his will known to mankind, as to such particulars as could not be discovered by the light of nature or the power of human reason.

*Is it possible* then for God to make such a revelation of himself and his will to mankind ? None but “the fool who hath said in his heart there is no God,” would pretend to deny it. God can do it, and do it in any way he chooses, because he can do all things. He could speak in a voice to be heard by every one of his creatures, and thus make his will known. Can he not equally cause one man or any number of men to understand his will, and, directing them to write it down, make them the means of telling it to mankind at large ? The possibility of this we shall at once allow when we remember the ease with which *we* can make known our thoughts and feelings one to another. We can do it by words which strike upon the ear. We can do it by writing which strikes the eye. I am now doing so to the reader. Every letter you receive from a friend is an example of it. Nay, we can make our minds known even by a mere sign. Why cannot He then, who planted the ear and formed the eye, fix what ideas he thinks fit upon the mind of whomsoever he chooses, and excite whatever thoughts he desires to produce within him ? It is possible. When, therefore, a person, having written down certain sentiments, declares that in what he has written he was directly taught and instructed by God, he declares nothing which is in itself impossible. The only ques-



tion is, can we be sure that he has been taught and instructed by God? If we can be, then this person was inspired; and what he has written is as fully a revelation from God, as if God had spoken it to you or to me.

But granting it to be possible, *is it probable* that God would make a revelation of his will? He could do it, but is it likely he would? To this the infidel says, "No." Why not? I ask. "Because," he replies, "whatever is necessary for man to know, his reason is sufficient to find out." If this be true, then certainly there is no need of a revelation. But it is not true. The histories of ancient Greece and Rome furnish us with examples of men of as high an order of power of mind as any which our own times can furnish. Their architecture and sculpture are models to the present time. Their philosophers were famous for knowledge and wisdom. And yet their great intellectual capacity, mental cultivation, refinement and knowledge, did not rescue those enlightened men from idolatry and superstition, or prove sufficient to discover to them the great landmarks of eternal truth. Can reason then do for us what it could not do for them? They needed a revelation; so do we. If the modern infidel of England does not hold and advocate the same superstitions, and if his superior intelligence satisfies him of the folly and error of many of their notions, it is not because his intellectual capacity is greater, but because in a land where Christianity prevails his education has had the advantage of the light of that revelation which he professes to despise. How little of his superior knowledge has come to him by the light of reason! Parents and teachers have instructed him. His judgment has been formed under the guidance of others. But if education and experience had been withheld from him, how far would natural and unassisted reason have supplied him with correct notions of religion, and how far would it have influenced him in the choice of virtue rather than vice? I do not say that reason will not instruct us



in the existence of God, and furnish us with some right notions of his character and attributes. But I say, that with respect to his relation to us and ours to him ; our responsibility, hope, and way of being accepted with him ; the origin of evil in our world ; our state after death ; the final issue of all visible things ; and with respect to other points of the deepest interest to us, *we need a revelation*. Reason convinces us of his eternal power and Godhead, but it does not bring us near and close to him. The world by wisdom cannot know God. We may safely, therefore, leave the infidel to weary himself with his own arguments, and to reconcile the countless inconsistencies into which those arguments lead him. Our consciences tell us, that man's present moral condition, however caused ; the imperfection of his faculties ; and, not least, the sensuality of his affections, constitute an absolute necessity for a revelation, and make it almost certain that if there be a God, he has made a revelation of his will to mankind.

These points being settled, we naturally ask, If God has given a revelation of his will to man, where is it ? There is before me a book, which I have always been told is that revelation. I open and examine it, and find that the outline of its contents may be stated as follows : It tells me that the first parents of our race were created in the image of the Supreme Being, and were intended by him for an eternal life in happiness and glory. That their Creator made their condition to depend upon their obedience to a law, which he then gave them. That they broke this law, and so forfeited the Divine favour and the life he intended for them : but that God, in his grace, gave them a promise, in the fulfilment of which, their lost privileges should be more than regained, at the same time that his own law should be vindicated and his authority upheld. I find that this promise was of a Saviour called "the Seed of the woman," who, in the nature of man, should keep and do the law and



will of God perfectly, and become obedient to suffering and death, thereby to make atonement to God for man, so that every one who should believe and trust in this Saviour should be pardoned and made holy and happy for ever. I find that this promise is shown not to have been fulfilled till many hundred years after it was given, but that it was renewed from time to time ; and that the meaning and intention of it was declared in types and ceremonies, of which God himself is stated to have been the author. I find that at the fixed time this promise is said to have been fulfilled. The Son of God took the nature of man. One was born at Bethlehem in Judæa, who is said to have been the Son of God, and the subject of this long-given promise. When about thirty years old, he went about for three years doing good, working miracles, preaching salvation, and showing how prophecy was fulfilled in himself. At the end of those three years, he was crucified ; was taken off by the kind of death, which certain parts of this book, said to have been written many years before, declared he should suffer. These same writings, called Prophecies, tell also that he should rise from the dead, which in the history of this person is said actually to have taken place ; and, further, after remaining forty days longer upon earth, during which time he was seen by many persons, he ascended into heaven in the presence of those who had been his constant followers and companions, where he will remain till an appointed day, when he will return to judge the world.

This is the outline of what is related in this book. It makes known a plan of wonderful mercy to mankind. And though the book professes to extend over at least six thousand years of our world's history, there is throughout it a most striking consistency in the account ; for while that part of the book which is called the Old Testament, speaks of the nature, office, and work of Him who is the subject of the original promise, and relates, besides, many minute particulars



of his life, that part which is called the New Testament supplies four histories of the person in whom it is said that these ancient prophecies were fulfilled. Of these four histories, two, namely, the first and fourth, were written by persons named Matthew and John, who were his constant companions, and eye-witnesses of what they relate. The second was written by one named Mark, who was the friend and companion of Peter, one of his followers. The third, likewise, was written by Luke, who associated with Paul, a great, though not original follower of Him whose history he gives; and the writer declares that, though not an eye-witness, he had perfect understanding of all things from the very first. This same writer, Luke, also gives, in a history called the Acts of the Apostles, an account of what took place after the ascension of Jesus Christ into heaven. But besides these histories, we have also a number of letters, or epistles, written by apostles of Jesus Christ, to different societies of persons who, living in different places, had embraced his doctrines. In all these letters, Jesus Christ is referred to, and what he taught is made the subject of their instruction.

Now it is evident that the question, whether or not that book which is called the Bible be a revelation from God, must depend upon the claims of Jesus Christ; in other words, upon the truth or untruth of Christianity. Most persons allow this. Jesus Christ declared himself to be the person spoken of in the part of the book called the Old Testament. In support of this declaration, he is said to have performed most astonishing miracles. To the fact of these miracles, we have the evidence of those who witnessed them. If, therefore, the truth of Christianity, and, consequently, of the Bible as a revelation from God, depends upon the fact of these miracles having been performed—which miracles we did not witness, and only know from the accounts of those who declare they saw them—the only question is, whether those



who thus relate them are worthy of being believed ; or, to extend the subject of inquiry, the whole strength of the argument may be said to rest upon fair answers to two questions, namely :—

1. Were not the writers of the New Testament themselves deceived and imposed upon with regard to the several facts which they delivered to the world? Or, 2. Might they not on purpose deceive others? that is, Were they not either imposed upon or impostors?

In answer to the question, *whether they were not themselves imposed upon*, I do not see, upon calm reflection, what reason we can have for supposing this to be the case. Their writings show them to be men of clear and sound understandings, and do not discover the least evidence of their acting under the impulse of unsound minds. They calmly relate what they saw with their own eyes, or heard from those who had seen them ; events, we should remember, which others also had seen, into whose hands their writings first came. It is a well-known fact, that of the eight persons whose writings form what is called the New Testament, five, at least, were constant companions of Jesus Christ. How could they, then, be possibly imposed upon in the things which they relate? Moreover, they were not the only persons who saw them. How could they, then, possibly have imposed upon others a story which was untrue? A whole nation knew what was done by Jesus of Nazareth. Could the apostles, then, have dared to relate things which were untrue, and which, if untrue, whole multitudes would be prepared at once to contradict ; and which, we may add, they had already done their utmost to contradict?

If, therefore, it is unlikely they could themselves have been imposed upon, it is much more *unlikely*, nay, quite *impossible*, *they could impose upon others*. What advantage could they have expected in doing so? What inducement was there to



attempt it? The things they taught exposed them to shame and insult, to torture and death: these are things which men who love the ease of life do not covet, much less willingly incur for the sake of spreading a falsehood. By not teaching the things they did, they might have escaped the sufferings which we know they underwent. Besides, the very doctrines they taught condemned fraud; if, therefore, they were attempting to deceive others, they were condemned upon their own principles; they would, consequently, have been madmen as well as impostors to attempt it. But if they had attempted it, what possible hope could they have had of succeeding? most of them were only fishermen and unlearned men. With what prospect of success could they have opposed the obstinacy of their countrymen, the Jews, and the learning of the enlightened Greeks and Romans? No. Persons who sought to impose upon mankind would not have related such things as we find in these books, if they were false; unless we maintain that wicked men are commonly at great pains to establish a system which shall condemn their own wickedness, and tend to uproot the practices upon which their own success depends.

The conclusion therefore is plain. The writers of the four histories of Jesus Christ—to speak only of those which concern our present question—were honest, sound-minded men, convinced of the truth of what they relate, neither impostors nor imposed upon. Thus it is established that we possess true histories of the character, works, and doctrine of Jesus Christ; and the remarkable agreement of these histories with the declarations of certain books, which we know were written many hundred years before he was born, at once proves the truth of his claims, and also establishes the fact that those ancient books are Divine predictions, or prophecies, that is, that the writers of them were instructed and guided by God to announce these things to the world; in fact, their fulfilment in the



person and work of Jesus Christ is itself a miracle which is quite convincing to me. But, besides this, Jesus Christ himself wrought miracles, in such a way, under such circumstances, and to such an end, as to make it quite evident he was the glorious Person he declared himself to be ; and especially, in connexion with this fact, I must remember, that while miracles have been pretended to be wrought in support of other systems of religion already believed, Christianity, amongst enemies, began with, and is based upon miracles.

Can I doubt, then, whether that book is a revelation from God ? Must I not believe that those who wrote it were inspired ? We have seen this to be both possible and probable. They themselves assert that God told them and taught them what to write. The evident fulfilment of prophecy proves, as we have seen, the inspiration of the writers of the Old Testament ; for the principal things done in the person and work of Christ and his apostles were foretold. If this is so, and the apostles themselves are worthy of credit, are we wrong to believe them when they say they were taught by God ? If Christianity be not a fiction of their own brains, if they relate facts, they are as worthy of credit in this assertion as in any other ; and especially since, in proof of what they taught, they themselves were enabled to work miracles, even to the conviction of their most bitter enemies.

I have to consider, in conclusion, the fact that the religion taught in the Bible, and for which Jesus Christ and his apostles suffered, has been established in the world ; has spread against the strongest opposition, and produced the most blessed effects : and this, moreover, as well as many other events in the history of the world, is so plain a fulfilment of prophecy, as to establish the Divine authority and character of the book in which those prophecies are found. The whole Bible, therefore, harmonizes, and hangs together. One part establishes the truth and inspiration of another ; and being proved to be a



revelation from God, it is, of course, the most precious volume in the world.

Such, then, briefly, is the evidence to the authority of that book. It is, necessarily, only an outline, which, did space allow, might be enlarged into a volume. It is possible that many who read it may say, "We knew these things before." If so, I am heartily glad that you did, and I hope this knowledge has led you to value and read the Bible. But there are many who do not know them. I want to show such persons that the Bible is not a "cunningly devised fable." I desire especially to arm every young man and young woman with a few plain arguments against the sophistries of infidelity. I want them to see that to prove the truth of the Bible is no very difficult thing after all. I want all to see that we have reason to bless God for the gift of the Bible; and that we have the strongest grounds for assenting to those mysteries of redemption, which are necessarily beyond the comprehension of our mere natural reason. It is surely of the utmost consequence to have a well-grounded conviction that the Bible is the revelation of God. Well assured of this fact at the outset, with what humble submission shall we follow the gradual unfolding of Divine truth! With what reverence shall we hear God speak! With what joy shall we contemplate the wonders of his revealed love!

But I must go on to the second question.

*Is our common authorized version of that Bible, on the whole, a true version?*

To this question, some persons, and especially Roman Catholics, answer, "No." The priests and others of that church are constantly asserting this, and wherever they can, are trying to make Protestants believe it. I remember seeing, a short time ago, the account of a Roman Catholic priest in Ireland, who refused to be sworn in a court of justice upon the Protestant version of the Bible, declaring that he should not consider an oath taken upon that book to



be binding, because it was not the word of God. Now I am sure we all desire to have a true copy of God's book; and if the Roman Catholic church can give us one which it can prove to be more correct, we shall be very glad to receive it. But before we consider the claims of any copy of the word of God from that quarter, let me just point out to you the claims of our own translation.

Remember then at the outset, that the original language in which the Old Testament was written was Hebrew, while that of the New Testament was Greek. The first person who translated the Bible from the Hebrew and Greek into English was William Tyndale, in 1526. There were several translations after this, but these I need not notice. Our present version was made in the reign of king James I. It was commenced in 1607, and took nearly three years to complete. But what I want you to notice particularly is the care which was taken that it might be a correct translation. Mark then. The work of translating the original Hebrew and Greek of the Bible into English was intrusted by James to fifty-four of the most learned men in the kingdom. This number, by the death of seven, was reduced to forty-seven. The whole number of translators was divided into six divisions, to each of which a separate portion of Scripture was given, and every member of each division was to take the chapters appointed for the whole division. Then the whole division was to meet, compare what they had done, agree upon any differences which might exist, and then pass their work on to the other divisions to be further considered. In case of any difference of opinion after this, the ablest men of each division were chosen to decide. And lastly, the whole was revised by most learned men chosen for the purpose. Now let any one say, whether the result of such care and of the employment of such talent would not be on the whole a correct translation of the word of God. Such is our English Bible. Each



part of it has undergone the careful attention and approval of at least forty-seven of the most learned men of that time, who had the additional help of five or six translations which had been previously made. I think you will agree with me, that the claims of any translation which the Roman Catholic church or any other person can offer us must be pretty strong to be better than this. Let us see.

Now, in the first place, it must be remembered, that the Roman Catholic church has never given a translation of the Scriptures *from the original Hebrew and Greek* to any people in their own language. The Roman Catholic version of the Scriptures, which is occasionally met with in the hands of members of that church, is not a translation of the original Hebrew and Greek, in which languages the Scriptures were written. But, let me explain. In the year 384, Jerome, a monk of Palestine, translated the Hebrew and Greek originals into Latin. This Latin version was called the Vulgate, or common translation. In 1582, when the Romanists found it impossible to keep the Scriptures from the people, they published at Rheims a translation of the New Testament into English, not made from the original Greek, but from this Latin version. And in 1609, they published at Douay, a translation of the Old Testament into English, not made from the original Hebrew, but likewise from this Latin version. These form the present English version of the Scriptures in the Roman Catholic church. While, therefore, our version of the Bible is a direct translation from the original languages under the favourable circumstances above mentioned, the English version of the Scriptures offered you by the Roman Catholic church to take its place, is only *a translation of a translation*. Common sense decides which is likely to be the most correct. A simple illustration, however, will prove it clearly. Suppose a person wrote you a letter in a language which you did not understand. You want to have it correctly turned into



English, your own language. Would it satisfy you to find a person, who could turn it into some other language, and then again to find another, who could turn it from that language into your own? Would this round-about method be so likely to secure to you the correct meaning, as if you found a person, who, understanding both the original language of the letter and English, could turn it for you at once into English? Common sense, I say, decides.

But the Romish church would not have such an aversion to our translation if a few expressions in it had been translated differently; for instance, if instead of the word "repent," we would allow the expression "do penance." But if we gave way in such particulars as these, there is still the further objection, that we will not allow the Apocryphal Books to be part of the Bible, or God's inspired word. The following reasons, amongst others, why we do not, are sufficient:—  
1. They were never regarded as inspired Scriptures by the Jews; 2. They were never quoted by our Saviour and his apostles; 3. They were not admitted into the canon of Scripture during the first four centuries of the Christian church. The truth is, that not one of these Apocryphal Books is in the Hebrew language, nor does any one of them give internal evidence of being inspired. It was the Council of Trent, held in 1545—only three hundred years ago—which added the uninspired Apocrypha to the word of God.

But if we were to yield even in these things—put our version away altogether and adopt theirs, we should not find that the Roman Catholic church would be so very ready to supply us. The Saviour of mankind has given the commandment to search the Scriptures, and he reproved one sect of the Jews, saying, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures." In the Acts of the Apostles, also, the people of Berea are praised as being "more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily,"



Acts xvii. 11. Yet no layman in the Roman Catholic church is permitted to read in his own language their own Scriptures (of course not ours), without a written license for that purpose from his bishop or inquisitor, and if he ventures to do so without license, he is refused absolution till he deliver up his Bible. In Great Britain, which, thanks be to God, we may call the land of Bibles, this prohibition cannot be carried out; for copies of the word of God are in the hands of everybody, and it would be inexpedient as well as useless to attempt to enforce it. But in Roman Catholic countries, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, and even Italy, whenever practicable, it is enforced, and that strictly: we may remember late events in Tuscany, the imprisonment of the Madiari and others. I do think when the Roman Catholics are venturing to abuse our Protestant version of the word of God, the whole truth of the case should be known. You can now judge for yourselves. I only want to arm you against assertions, which you may not otherwise be able to meet. This is sufficient to show you that our authorized version is on the whole a true version of the word of God.

I must now add a few observations of a more practical nature. Dear friends, can there be a greater privilege and at the same time a greater responsibility than the possession of the Bible? We live in an age when infidelity greatly abounds. Its efforts are more open and avowed. We possess the revelation of God. He does not now appear to us as he did to mankind of old, in visions, and dreams, and miracles. Why not? Because we have the written word of God. He speaks to us in the Bible. We have his will in our houses. We have it in our hands. Oh that we had it more in our hearts! And whose fault is it if we have not? Whose but our own? I have endeavoured to prove to you that the Bible is a revelation from God. There is yet a better and stronger proof of this than I have given you. The



infidel has no chance with the poor man, who has got the truths of the Bible in his heart. Such a man feels himself to be a poor lost and perishing sinner. He is convinced he can do nothing to deserve the favour of God; and that he wants some one to make peace for him, some one who is worthy and able to do it. The Bible tells him of this very person. It makes known to him a Saviour, the Son of God, who made peace by dying in his stead and atoning for his sin; and that God's promises of love and favour are made to him through the work of that Son: in a word, that pardon and life are offered to him freely, by grace, and that he is made a son of God by his believing in God's Son. Such an offer of mercy exactly meets his wants, and he adores the wisdom and love of God, who has made known such a way of salvation. And, moreover, the believing view of such mercy constrains him to live to God's glory, in holy obedience to his will. The infidel has no chance with a man who has such a faith as this. "You may argue against the Bible," says the poor man, "but I feel it to be true, and if you felt it, you would believe it too." Dear friends, this is the best kind of evidence. May more of us every day feel it to be true.

It is now rather more than 300 years since, in the providence of God, the Bible was restored to England. Get an idea of the value that was then set upon it by a remark of a historian of that time:—"It was wonderful to see with what joy this book of God was received, not only among the learned sort, but generally all England over among all the common people; and with what greediness God's word was read, and what resort to places where the reading of it was. Everybody that could, bought the book or busily read it, or got others to read it to them, if they could not themselves. Divers more elderly people learned to read on purpose; and even little boys flocked among the rest to hear portions of the Holy Scriptures read."



How is it now? It may be less valued by ourselves, but is it less valuable? The destruction of England's commerce; the disruption of her colonial empire; a century of scarcity and famine; plagues like those of Egypt; any visitations of an offended God would not be so severe as the withdrawing of his blessed word. It was the circulation and reading of the Bible which led to the glorious Reformation. The religion of true Christians is the religion of the Bible. An open Bible for everybody to read without license, and the fact that it has been read, have been the cause of all the blessing which has come upon England since that period. May God preserve us from that darkness of error and superstition which exists in every country where the Bible is taken away from the people and they are not allowed to read it. Thank God then that we have plenty of Bibles ourselves; and let us be earnest to provide plenty to send to countries which have none.

The truths of that blessed book have given support to millions and millions of our fallen race. If we will, those truths will prove the same to ourselves. Oh! dear friends, if we will! and, shall we not? Read, then God's book. Many do not read it. Read God's book. Read it daily. Read it with a real desire to learn. Read it, above all, with prayer—with such a prayer as this: "Grant me, O Lord, the teaching of the Holy Spirit to enable me to understand and receive the truths of thy word, and dispose my heart at all times to obey thy blessed will; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Never open the Bible without silently offering up such a prayer as this. Then God by the Holy Spirit will guide you into all truth, and give you that eternal life, which is to know him "the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent."



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## LITTLE NELLY.

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**ELEANOR SIMMONS** was born in the parish of W——y, in the year 1816. The mother of this poor infant was a woman of the most profligate and abandoned habits. Her child was the offspring of her licentiousness, and became, in consequence, as is frequently the case, the object of her mother's abhorrence. That she might be relieved from the charge of her support, she, more than once, attempted to take her life; and, in addition to more open violence, has been known to leave her for two or three days together in barns and outhouses, while she was pursuing her occupation as a seller of matches, &c., about the neighbourhood. During these periods the child has sometimes been found in such a state of helplessness as to be unable to defend her scanty pittance of food from the rats and other vermin that infested the place. Her unnatural mother, however, was frustrated in these attempts at her destruction. The end of this woman was most awful. She had kindled a fire, as was her custom, by the side of the public road, and while preparing to cook her victuals, fell into the flames, and was burnt so as to cause her death within a short time after. The subject of this memoir, then about seven years old, was the only witness of this dreadful occurrence; her cries attracted some persons to the spot, but too late to render any effectual assistance.

Little Nelly, as she was usually called, was removed, on the death of her mother, to the parish poor-house, an abode in which she was appointed to remain during the brief period of her life. Here she derived her first instruction in that knowledge which, we trust, made her wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. She had been rendered incurably a cripple by her mother's violence; and deprived of the sight of one eye, and nearly so of the other, by her mother's neglect. Though her capacity was equal to that of most children, she was, up to this period, totally unacquainted with the very first principles of religion. Though, on her entrance into the poor-house she was



carefully taught these, by the mistress of that establishment, it does not appear, for some years after her admission, that any serious impressions were produced. It is only from her conduct and feelings during the latter part of her life, that we are enabled to trace the workings of Divine grace in her heart.

Little Nelly had been about four years in her new habitation when the formation of an abscess, in addition to other diseases, threatened soon to bring her to the grave. She lingered, however, in this condition about two years, during the whole of which time, three days only excepted, she was confined to her bed in a state of almost entire helplessness. It was under these circumstances that she first attracted the notice of the writer, who has often borne witness to her patience and resignation under her complicated disorders, and with delight recognized the power of that gospel by which she was supported. Though she seldom mentioned her own sufferings, yet she would sometimes burst into tears at the thoughts of the wearisome attendance, which, from her weak state, she necessarily required from the mistress of the poor-house, by whom she was ever treated with the kindness of a parent. When asked whether she suffered much pain, she would reply, "Yes, I am in pain, but I can never suffer so much as my dear Saviour suffered for me." She would sometimes add, "If it is not wrong, I could wish that it might please the Lord to take me to himself, but I am afraid of wishing it, for fear he should be angry with me for being impatient." To an ignorant person who once said to her, when she was expressing sorrow for her sins, that it was not to be supposed that one so young could have any sins to answer for, she replied in a way that at once discovered great tenderness of conscience, and a deep sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin in the sight of an infinitely pure and holy God. She knew that "the wages of sin is death," and though she had joyfully fled for refuge to Him who came to save sinners, yet the offences even of her childhood, when brought, in after years, to her recollection, kept her humble, and penitent, and self-abased. Her having formerly listened with complacency, and without rebuking it, to the evil language of her wicked companions, was a sore burden upon her conscience, as she thereby considered and confessed herself to have been a partaker of their sins. Among her other evil habits was that of falsehood, to



which indeed she was in a manner compelled by the commands of her mother—commands too often enforced by personal violence. Yet her having yielded to this sin was a source of much subsequent uneasiness, and a painful subject of her frequent thoughts. Oh! that those to whom God has given children, would duly consider the responsibility incurred by them, lest, by training up their offspring in the forgetfulness and contempt of God, they become the instruments of Satan, for the eternal ruin of their souls.

Little Nelly most delighted to talk about the love of Jesus Christ in dying for poor sinners. A boy, three or four years younger, and, like herself, an inmate of the poor-house, used kindly to read some hymns to her by her bedside. Many of these she thus committed to memory, and would take delight in repeating. Among these hymns was that beautiful one beginning, "Jesus! lover of my soul." About three weeks before her death, she was overheard by the mistress of the poor-house endeavouring to sing one of her favourite hymns. After repeated attempts, she felt herself unable, from extreme weakness, to go through with it. At last she exclaimed, as if grieved at her want of power to lift her voice in praise, "I cannot sing; but you know, my dear Saviour, I can pray." She then, fancying herself alone, (as indeed she was, for the mistress was in the room adjoining,) proceeded to express, as well as she was able, her thankfulness for the comforts she enjoyed in her present condition, contrasting them with the painful deprivations of her early childhood. She declared also her humble confidence in the Saviour of sinners, and her joyful hope of acceptance through his redeeming blood.

Her whole thoughts, for some time previous to her death, seemed to be absorbed by this delightful subject. It pervaded her whole conversation, and she would take occasion, from the most trifling circumstances, to direct the attention of those who conversed with her to the love of Christ, and the way of acceptance through him. To an aged inmate of the poor-house, who was much attached to her, she would frequently say, as she entered her chamber, "That door, you see, is the door of this room, but whenever you enter think with yourself that Jesus Christ is the door to heaven." She taught this poor woman, who, like herself, was almost blind, some of the hymns from which she herself had derived much comfort, and would never be satisfied till she had heard her



perform her devotions, observing, at the same time, that it was useless to pray to God with the lips only, for that he demanded the service of the heart. "Remember," she would say to those who attended her, "that you always pray, and not with your lips only, but think in your heart what a sinner you are, and what a holy God you are addressing."

The time was now approaching when she was to sing the praises of Him whom her soul loved, in company with the multitude of those who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. She became too weak to pray as usual, and lamented it to her mistress, begging her to pray for her. She was anxious for the prayers of her minister, and this, not only in private, but in the public congregation; not, however, from any wish or expectation of her recovery, but from a sense of the spiritual benefit it might please God to afford her from the sincere and persevering prayers of his believing people. The day but one before she died she was visited, for the last time, by the writer. She was in much bodily pain, yet not a murmur escaped her lips. Though too weak to converse, except in short and broken sentences, she desired prayer to be offered up to God for her; and when her request had been complied with, concluded by saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner, for Christ's sake." These were the last words the writer heard her utter, and He who inspired the prayer has doubtless, of his infinite love, condescended to answer it. She died, aged fourteen years, on the 26th of August, 1830.

Little Nelly was poor, and ignorant, and uninstructed as to all human learning, yet she obtained, through Divine teaching, the knowledge of herself as a sinner, and of Christ the Saviour of sinners. Jesus Christ said, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him!" How earnestly, then, should we pray for this promised blessing! Little Nelly was a poor and friendless outcast; yet "she glorified the Lord in the fires;" and the thought of her Redeemer's sufferings made her own trials appear as nothing.

Let us learn that nothing but faith in Christ can save and support the soul, and that he is able to save unto the uttermost them that come unto God by him.



NARRATIVE SERIES.

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THE MINER ;

OR,

THE DYING HOUR OF STEPHEN KARKEET,

OF NEWLYN,

*Who was buried alive by the falling in of the shaft in  
which he was at work.*

---

ALAS ! how frail is humble life,  
How vain our earthly trust !  
How rapidly we pass away,  
And perish in the dust !

The clock of time is striking loud,  
Its wheels how fast they fly !  
Its fingers, as they onward move,  
Point to eternity.

Then let us haste to know the Lord,  
As on our way we go ;  
And turn our eyes to heaven above  
While here on earth below.

I now will take my pen in hand,  
With serious thought opprest,  
To tell you of a strange event,  
And warn the thoughtless breast.

It is indeed a solemn truth  
That round the heart should twine,  
O reader ! while the tale I tell  
Let it sink deep in thine.

Oh would that men of every land  
Believed with one accord  
That all, in danger's darkest hour,  
Are safe who love the Lord.

---



No gift like that of Jesus' grace  
To mortal man is given:  
No hope, though bright, of earthly bliss,  
Is like the hope of heaven.

Where'er thy wandering hope may roam,  
Whatever hopes may rise,  
I charge thee still to keep the fear  
Of God before thine eyes.

For who can tell how soon thy life,  
Misspent, may pass away!  
And none but Christ can cleanse thy heart,  
And cheer thy dying day.

I've mingled with my fellow-men  
On mountain, stern, and steep;  
And watch'd the seamen in the storm  
Amid the raging deep.

And I have delved in caverns dark  
Of coal, and earth, and ore,  
A hundred fathom deep beneath  
The level ground, and more;  
And thought, while gazing on the scene,  
Amid the glooms, alas!  
How strong in God should be their trust  
Who through such dangers pass!

Few men, of all the sons of earth,  
Where'er they may be found,  
In greater perils live than those  
Who work beneath the ground.

It makes me shudder when I mark  
Their dangers dark and dire,  
Of damps, foul air, and falling earth,  
Of water, and of fire.

But let me tell my wondrous tale,  
And, reader, keep in view  
Through every verse and every line,  
That what I tell is true.

It was in Newlyn parish where  
The strange event befell,  
And Stephen Karkeet in that place  
For years was known to dwell.



Now Stephen was a miner bold  
 And work'd with good intent;  
 And every morn, at break of day,  
 Down in the pit he went.

Among the miners some were bad,  
 And slow to understand  
 The ways of God; nor seem'd to know  
 Their lives were in his hand:

While others, led by grace Divine,  
 Made God their only stay,  
 And thus, through every earthly hour,  
 Went on their heavenly way.

Stephen most humbly sought the Lord,  
 Nor his rich grace withstood;  
 Convinced that none but Christ alone  
 Could do a sinner good.

At morn and eve he bent the knee,  
 And offer'd praise and prayer  
 To God, for all the wondrous proofs  
 Of his paternal care.

The sabbath was his favourite day,  
 All other days above,  
 For then he heard the heavenly news  
 Of Christ's redeeming love.

Thus day by day, and hour by hour,  
 His views of heaven were clear;  
 Nor doubted he when death was past,  
 That God would take him there.

For though a thousand earthly ills  
 Around his head might roll,  
 Yet hope, and confidence, and joy,  
 And peace were in his soul.

One morn he left his father's house,  
 There never to return;  
 And may you, reader, from this fact  
 A serious lesson learn.

The sun rose bright above the earth  
 And gilded all the plain:  
 Alas! for Stephen's eyes were ne'er  
 To see that sun again.



With cheerful heart he reach'd the pit,  
And with a mind content,  
His working tools he quickly took,  
And down the shaft\* he went.

But while he labour'd all alone,  
The frail and treacherous ground  
Above him, and on every side,  
Began to loosen round.

Unconscious of the danger near,  
Poor Stephen toil'd amain;  
And now he work'd with all his might  
And now he paused again.

Another stroke—the earth gave way,  
And ruin widely spread,  
Till swift the thundering mass came down  
Upon his hapless head.

Oh, what a loud and fearful crash!  
And what a sudden cry!  
And what a dreadful place was that  
Wherein to droop and die!

Who lingers on a dying bed  
Midst friends may breathe his sighs,  
Who smooth his pillow, wipe his tears,  
And close his aching eyes.

And sweet it is to find a friend,  
With tenderness and care,  
To comfort the departing soul,  
And pour a fervent prayer.

But Stephen, in that horrid pit,  
Where he in vain might groan,  
Without a friend, or ray of light,  
Alas! was left alone.

In that sad hour of agony,  
In darkness, doubt, and fear,  
I said he was alone; but no!  
His God was with him there.

Oh think a moment on the thread  
Of life so frail and weak,  
And ponder in thy inmost soul,  
How soon that thread may break.

\* The entrance to the mine.



'There's not a man who treads the ground,  
Though now alive and well,  
But he, before the clock shall strike,  
May be in heaven or hell.

I charge thee, reader! leave thy sins  
While thou hast health and breath,  
And seek the Lord of life and grace:  
Flee from eternal death.

A season pass'd in silence by:—  
At last a comrade came  
To labour in that frightful pit,—  
*Trevarrow* was his name.

He started when he marked the spot  
With fear, and cried, "Hollo!"  
As loud as he could raise his voice,  
"Is any one below?"

A cold sensation chill'd his heart,  
When thus an answer broke  
Up through the rubbish of the pit,—  
'Twas *Stephen's* voice that spoke:

'Oh yes, there is indeed, and I  
Can hardly draw my breath;  
Already gathering round my heart  
I feel the pangs of death.

"If human arm or human help  
Can save, oh quickly say;  
And if there be no earthly hope,  
Tell me without delay."—

"Oh no, there is no earthly hope,"  
His comrade quick replied,

"The shaft is closed around; the earth  
Has parted from the side.

"Four tons have fallen down, and more  
Seem ready now to roll;  
No power can save thy life! the Lord  
Have mercy on thy soul!"—

"All's well," then *Stephen*, peaceful, cried,  
"With Christ my soul shall dwell;  
It is the Lord; whate'er he does  
Is right, and all is well!"



“ My flesh and heart are failing fast,  
 But still, whate’er befall,  
 My Saviour is my strength alone,  
 My portion, and my all.

“ The rubbish presses on my limbs,  
 And drowns my faltering voice ;  
 Yet, buried in this dismal grave,  
 My soul can yet rejoice.

“ Oh tell my mother, mid her tears,  
 And tell my father too,  
 In hopeless sorrow not to mourn  
 As worldly mortals do.

“ Though dangers gather round, enough  
 The heart with fears to fill,  
 In this tremendous hour of death  
 The Lord is with me still.

“ In early youth my feet were led  
 To seek his heavenly face,  
 And now I feel the strength’ning power  
 Of Christ’s redeeming grace.

“ I know from every earthly ill  
 His hand can set me free ;  
 And that my soul, adoring him,  
 In heaven will shortly be.

“ O Lord my God ! thy power alone  
 Can raise me from the dust ;  
 To thee my spirit I commend,  
 In thee is all my trust.

“ My body to the grave is lent ;  
 To thee my soul is given :—  
 Oh let thy will on earth be done,  
 As it is done in heaven !”

His pulse—his bosom, feebly beat ;—  
 His struggles soon were o’er :—  
 His faltering voice grew faint and low,  
 And then was heard no more.

In speechless fear his comrade stood—  
 There seem’d a fearful gloom  
 Upon the spot : that scene of death  
 Was silent as the tomb.



Recovering from his sudden fright,

*Trevarrow* ran for aid,

And soon the fearful tale he told

A strange confusion made.

The rumour spread, for every tongue

The fearful tidings gave,

That *Stephen Karkeet* in the pit

Had found a sudden grave.

No time was lost; the workmen ran,

And dug with might and main,

And clear'd away the rubbish round:—

Their labour was in vain;

In vain they urged each other on

With efforts prompt and bold;

When *Stephen's* face at last they saw,

His limbs were stiff and cold;

His body, bruised and motionless,

Before their eyes lay dead;

His happy soul, in peace and joy,

To heaven above was fled.

A moment there the fearful throng

Bent o'er his lifeless clay;

Nor will they e'er forget that scene

Until their dying day.

Then gently lifting from the ground,

With grief in every breast,

They took him to his mournful home,

With solemn thoughts imprest.

His friends around condoling met

To mourn his hasty doom;

To gaze upon his face, and bear

His body to the tomb.

And oft at nightfall gathering round

That place of death in view,

The miners tell the dreadful tale,

As I have told it you.

There many a sire exhorts his son,

While he has life and breath,

To seek the Lord in time, lest he

Should die a sudden death.



While thus they raise their thoughts above  
 And pour a fervent prayer,  
 That God may guard them all their days :  
 Reader ! let us prepare !

Oh think on *Stephen Karkeet's* end,  
 And ponder on the Power  
 That could his sinking soul sustain  
 In that tremendous hour.

It was the power of grace alone,  
 By sinners often tried,  
 When closely clinging to the cross  
 Of Jesus crucified.

If thou art in thy sins, beware !  
 Some swift and sudden rod  
 May summon thee to meet the wrath  
 Of an offended God !

But if thy humbled soul has sought  
 The Lord to be thy stay,  
 And fled for refuge to his cross,  
 Go fearless on thy way.

A thousand ills on every hand  
 That move, shall pass thee by ;  
 Thou need'st not fear ten thousand deaths  
 That round thee fiercely fly.

Though like the lightning from above,  
 Or whirlwind wild they come,  
 The Lord shall be thy steady Friend,  
 And heaven will be thy home.

Thy soul shall reign in endless bliss,  
 Secure from life's alarms,  
 And smile at all the pains of death,  
 Safe in thy Saviour's arms.



## THE NEW ZEALAND GIRL.

**MR. RICHARD DAVIS**, missionary at Paihia, in New Zealand, an island in the Pacific Ocean, gives the following particulars, in a letter dated September 25, 1830.

It has pleased Almighty God to take to himself the soul of my native girl, Betty. I send you the following narrative, which was drawn up by my daughter Marianne, at my request. About five years ago, Betty was left at our house by a Kaipara chief, who had fled away from his enemies. When first brought to the house, she was a sickly-looking slave girl; but regular living had a good effect on her constitution.

For some time previous to the baptism of Peter, Feb. 7, 1830, and others, Betty appeared unusually thoughtful and steady. A few days afterward she went to my daughter, and told her, that it was her wish to give her soul to God that night; at the same time requesting Marianne to meet her and the other girls who were living with us, and converse with them on the exceeding great love of Christ in dying for sinners. This request was agreed to; and they have been regularly met by my daughter twice a week, in a private room, from that period; and I have no doubt their meetings have produced mutual benefit. She appeared always much affected when the agony of Christ previous to his last sufferings was spoken of.

On the 11th of April she was baptized. Soon after she became poorly, and symptoms of consumption appeared. She was very fond of two of the native girls who were living with us, and prayed with them every evening for a long time previous to her death. She exhorted them to turn to God ere it was too late. She would very often cry over one of the girls, whose name is Tuari, and say, "O Tuari! Tuari! it will not be long before I shall be gone from you; and why do you not believe? Do you think that God will not listen to your sorrows and prayers? Yes; he will listen gladly to all who pray to him from their hearts. His love is great it is not like the love of the world which soon dieth away



but it lasteth for ever and ever." She has been frequently heard to say to Tuari: "Tuari, go you and try the good things of God. I know, if you go the right way to find Christ, you will love him too much to leave him again. He will hide your sins in his sepulchre; he will wash your heart in his blood: and when you are washed from your sins you will be happy, and not till then."

A little before she took to her bed, she requested that the men and boys who were thinking on good things, and who wished to have Christ for their Saviour, might visit her, when she tried to impress on their minds the necessity of seeking the Lord while they were in health. She entreated all to turn to God, to pray that he would take the deceit out of their hearts, and wash them, and make them clean through the blood of Christ.

On the 21st of July she was much worse; and was obliged to keep her bed. Her conversation now became more heavenly, and she seemed to enjoy much peace in her soul. When the other girls were talking on trifling subjects, or were noisy around her, she would say, "Why do you continually talk of those things? they will afford you no comfort when Christ comes to judge the world. You are always talking about, and doing for your bodies; but you forget your souls."

She was always anxious for prayer-time to come, that she might, to use her own words, get food for her soul. "I am," she would say, "very hungry; come and read to me David's prayer," meaning the 51st Psalm. "Tell me what St. Paul said about death, and its power. I am not afraid to die." She was asked why she was not afraid of death? "Because," said she, "Christ died for me. He passed the lonely road before me, and he will also be with me. It is only now that I have seen the great love of Christ in giving himself to die for my sins." About this time a native girl died in the settlement, after a short illness. When Betty heard of it, she anxiously inquired whether she had sought and found Christ previously to her death; and when she was told that she had died in a cold, careless state, she sighed, and said, "It is very good to be afflicted with a lingering illness, because there is more time to think and pray." Being asked whether she would not like to recover again, and live longer, she answered, "No; because I should sin again, and make God angry. When I think of



my former sins, it make my heart very dark and sorrowful; but then, if I pray, God hides my sins from me, and puts his Spirit into my heart, and that makes it light again."

In the beginning of August, I presented her with a copy of the translation of portions of the Scriptures; this she valued very much. About three days after the book was presented to her, the other girl, Rama, being jealous on account of the gift of the book to Betty, said it was thrown away upon her, a sick girl. As these words were spoken in her hearing, they affected her very much; so much so, that she wished me to take the book back again. When I heard what had taken place, I went and reprimanded the girl who had made use of the expression, and endeavoured to comfort Betty. In the evening she was asked by my daughter, why she took so much notice of the words which were spoken by the girl. She answered, "Because I had not prayed in the morning, and, consequently, not having been fed with food from heaven, I was not strong; but as Rama prays for me, why did she say those bad words to grieve me?" My daughter asked her if she was angry with Rama. She said, "No. God has forgiven my sins, and shall I be angry with my friend for one word? No, no! I forgive her." A few days after, my daughter found her in tears, and asked her why she wept. Her answer was: "My path is almost trodden, and my love for companions is great; will they repent and be sorry for their sins? Will they think on Him who died for them? Will they pray to him for his assistance?" My daughter told her to pray earnestly for them. She said, "Yes; I often pray for them."

The remainder of the narrative I will give in my daughter's own words:—

Towards the latter end of August, a serious change took place in our poor Betty; her pain became more severe, and her cough much more troublesome; but, through mercy, she was so strengthened from on high, that I never heard her repine; on the contrary, she would frequently rejoice in the prospect of a happy release from all her bodily pains. On the 14th of September we saw but too plainly, from the poor girl's appearance, that she would speedily be taken from us. I went and stood by her bed, and asked how she was. She said, "Sit down by me." I did so. I said, "Betty your pain is great." She said, "Yes, my pain is very great, but it is nothing to what my Saviour suffered; I feel happy."



I asked how she felt in the prospect of death, and if she was not afraid to die. She said, "No, I am not afraid; Christ is waiting at the end of the road. I want to go. Do not let the girls make a noise to rouse me, and I shall soon be gone." She then gave me her book, and requested me to read to her. I did so; but while I was reading, she fell asleep. When she awoke she said, "Why did you let me go to sleep? It is but a little while, and I shall hear you read no more." Seeing me much affected with her affectionate manner of expressing herself, she said, "Marianne, do not grieve; we shall be separated but for a short time." I was so affected, as to be obliged to leave her. When I returned to her, she said, "Do not leave me; come, sit down and talk to me about heaven."

On the morning of the 17th, death was plainly near. But although her bodily pains were very great, she bore them with a great degree of composure. During the afternoon, she took leave of my mother and sisters, and of her companions. In the evening, as I was walking in the garden, a messenger came to tell me that Betty was dying. I immediately hastened to her. While I stood by, looking stedfastly at her, she opened her eyes; and seeing me, she stretched out her hand, took hold of my hand, and, in a faint whisper, bade me farewell. In a little time, I endeavoured to draw my hand from her; but she continuing to grasp it tight, I said, "Farewell, Betty; you are now going to Jesus." She said in a whisper, "Yes: I am light, light." After this she spoke no more. I now went to my father, and acquainted him with her state; he returned with me, and prayed; but her marble features were now fast setting in death. We had not long risen from our knees, and were standing waiting the awful, or rather happy moment, when her soul should leave its tenement of clay to join its gracious Redeemer, when one deep drawn sigh informed us that her immortal part was fled. I took hold of her clay-cold hand, but her pulse had ceased to beat, and her happy soul had, we trust, winged its way to glory.

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MEMOIR OF EDWARD S.—

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IN the month of February, 1830, I was informed that a poor man of the name of Edward S. living in the neighbouring village of G. T. was dangerously ill, and desired to see me. He was spoken of as one who had received no religious instruction; an almost total stranger to the word of God; and consequently ignorant of those great truths which are the happiness of the humble and sincere Christian. A neighbour had, it is true, sometimes read a chapter to him from that blessed book, but his heart was in a state of darkness, he rested on his own merits, and knew not that it is only by faith in a Saviour's blood we can enter the kingdom.

On entering the humble dwelling, I found his wife, now far advanced in years, and her two daughters, sitting below; the sick man was not yet come down stairs. In a few minutes he came down, wrapped in a great coat, and pale and trembling from pain, owing to a large cancer, which had been for some months forming in his stomach, and which occasioned the greatest agony. After a few inquiries respecting his health and circumstances, I began to question him about his prospects as to another world. He replied that he had been a sober, honest, hard-working man, who had injured no one, and that he trusted God would be merciful to him.

"This," I answered, "is not enough to secure your eternal safety. You will have to do with a heart-searching Judge; one whose law is holy, just, and true. Every one of us shall give account of himself to God, Rom. xiv. 12. not of actions merely, but even of our very words and thoughts. Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment, Matt. xii. 36. Only consider," I added, "that you will stand exposed singly to the piercing eye of God, as much as if you were the only individual in the world to be judged;



only consider what a black and fearful catalogue of sins will be brought against you! God's law demands perfect obedience. God's law says, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and strength;' and that, neither you nor I have done for a single half hour of our lives. Our sins and iniquities have been more in number than the hairs of our head, and the whole catalogue of them will be brought out against us at the last day."

The man seemed deeply attentive, and replied, "Then I shall come badly off indeed! sir."

"We are naturally disposed to think far too lightly of sin," I continued, "and to imagine that God will be satisfied with an obedience far more imperfect than we have any warrant for in Scripture. It is true that God proclaims himself in his own blessed word, 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin,' but then it also speaks of Him as one who 'will by no means clear the guilty,' *Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7*. You have been accustomed to look upon your sins as few and trifling; but will that God 'who is of purer eyes than to behold evil,' *Hab. i. 13*, thus regard them?"

The poor man appeared to be in deep thought, and much alarmed at this statement of truth.

"Did you never hear anything of this kind before?" asked I.

"No one, sir," he rejoined, "has ever talked to me just in this way."

"Still," I added, "do not despair. There is One who is able and willing to 'save to the uttermost them who come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them,' *Heb. vii. 25*. Yes; Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, such as you. Go to him in deep self-abasement, and humble faith, and you shall not be rejected. From the creation of the world to the present day, no poor, contrite, repenting sinner ever applied for pardon in vain. 'Him that cometh unto me,' our Saviour says, 'I will in no wise cast out,' *John vi. 37*. Do not imagine, as many falsely do, that you can make yourself fit to be saved. You might as well endeavour to create a world as to make yourself fit for the salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Only cast off all hope of saving



yourself in your own strength, and be thoroughly in earnest for mercy, and you shall assuredly obtain it. Seek daily for the influences of the Holy Spirit, to renew and change your heart. Strive earnestly with God in prayer, that you may have them shed on you abundantly through Jesus Christ, and pray to God to create in you a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within you."

After more conversation to the same purport, I prayed with the family. All seemed deeply touched and affected. I do indeed trust that a Divine power was present amongst us. The poor man was urgent in his request that I would repeat my visit.

As I reflected, in going home, upon what had passed, I could not help hoping that some impression had been made; and that Divine grace was at work in the heart of this poor man. Still all was at present uncertain. Many are brought to some degree of alarm and anxiety who stop there, and make no further advances in Divine things. The world again presents its alluring charms, and those good impressions which had been made during the hours of languor and suffering, vanish "as the morning cloud, and as the early dew." But there appears reason to bless God that this was not the case in the instance now before us.

A week after I repeated my visit. Mrs. W. accompanied me. We found his wife in much distress, though evidently cheered by our arrival. The rapid progress of disease had now confined her husband to his bed. He was suffering much pain. He had not slept during the past night. I found him most anxious to see me. What I had been permitted to say on my first visit, appeared, under the Divine blessing, to have produced a deep effect on his mind, and he was extremely desirous of receiving further instruction. I inquired whether he was beginning to feel at all conscious of that lost and sinful state in which by nature he lay.

"I think," he answered, "I feel a little of it; but not so much as I could wish. I am a poor ignorant creature. I want more instruction."

"Seek earnestly," I replied, "of God to give you that broken and contrite heart which he will not despise. You are invited in God's own word to come to the throne of grace; but then you must bear these things in mind—the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the unsearchable riches of Christ. You must not look to yourself, or to your own



endeavours and resolutions. They will do nothing for you. You must look with a single eye to that dear Saviour who died upon the cross to save you from your sins. If you come in this state of mind, you will not be rejected. Christ is willing to receive every returning penitent.

I then prayed with him; my time being too short for a longer conversation. He joined most fervently in every petition. Mrs. W., in the mean time, by the request of his wife, who seemed peculiarly grateful for my visits, marked with her pencil such chapters in the Bible as she deemed calculated for his state, and which the poor woman said a neighbour would be glad to read to him. I called again at the cottage three days after the former visit. I found him in much the same state of suffering as before, only weaker. But the work of grace had evidently commenced. The first feeling of anxiety had, in this case, proved something more than a mere transient emotion. A secret but sure operation was going forward. He had been led to look to the only Physician of souls.

In answer to my inquiries respecting the state of his mind, "I feel, sir," he replied, "very differently from what I ever did before in all my life. I feel I am a sinner, a very great sinner before God. I want a Saviour. I have been going wrong, sir, throughout the whole course of my past life. I have been guilty of sins of which I was before quite unconscious; but I trust I am now beginning to get right. I have been crying very earnestly for pardon and forgiveness."

Wishing to ascertain more clearly his views of sin, I said, "But of what sins my friend, can you be guilty, now that you are lying on this bed of sickness?"

"Oh, sir," he replied, "it is sins of the heart which I feel. It is for these that I am praying for forgiveness. I now find, sir, that every word which you spoke to me about the evil of sin is true, perfectly true; but I was before ignorant of it. J., the shoemaker of S., whom you know, used sometimes to read a chapter in the Bible and talk to me, but I never took the matter up, or thought about it as I ought to have done."

"Do you think that you have effected this change of views in your own strength?" I inquired.

"Oh no, sir! he rejoined, "It is God alone who has wrought the change. It is a greater work than I could do."



“What do you now think,” I asked, “of Christ? Do you believe he has died for you?”

“I can hardly think that,” he replied; “he must have died for better persons than I am. I am so great a sinner.”

“Christ,” I said, “came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. He hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, 1 Pet. iii. 18. The invitation is, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,’ Matt. xi. 28. Do not you feel yourself thus laden?”

He replied, he thought he did, and that sin was now hateful to him. “Then you,” I continued, “are just the person to whom Christ will extend mercy.” In the course of further conversation, he said he hoped he might be spared for a few more days, that he might have a little longer time for prayer and preparation for death. “Should death,” I said, “come now, could you, do you think, commit your soul into the hands of your Saviour, and say, ‘Lord Jesus, receive my spirit?’”

“Not yet,” he replied, “but I hope soon to be able to do so.”

I then knelt down by his bed-side, and besought Almighty God to carry forward that work of grace, which he had, I trusted, commenced in the soul of this poor man, and to fill him with that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation. He joined aloud in every petition with all the fervour which his declining strength admitted, and expressed the deepest gratitude for my visit. The humility which characterized all poor S. said, his willingness to listen to the plainest statement of truth, the delight which his wife assured me he experienced whenever the Bible was either read or spoken of, together with that deep sense of sin under which he now mourned, appeared to me a safe and sufficient evidence that a change was indeed taking place in his heart; and I inwardly rejoiced in the thought, should I never be permitted to see him again in this world, that we should assuredly meet before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

Notwithstanding the weakness to which he was reduced, it pleased the Lord to prolong his life for several weeks, and to give me two more opportunities of visiting him. The first of these interviews took place on the 30th of March, six or seven weeks after my first acquaintance with him. He was much reduced in strength, and spoke



with extreme difficulty. His sufferings were intense. I was much struck with the calmness of his mind. He was exceedingly delighted to see me once more. The secret operations of that Spirit which is confined neither to time or place, or outward means, had been carrying on, during my absence in London, the work which I had every reason to believe begun previous to my departure from home. On my speaking to him respecting the pain he suffered, he replied, "Oh this is nothing. It is all for my good. My great concern is my eternal salvation. Religion, sir, is a far greater work than many people imagine. I have found it a very hard work; the hardest work of my life; but, blessed be God, he has at length broken my stubborn and hard heart, and brought me as a contrite sinner to the foot of the cross. I have been talking to my daughter, and urging her to attend to these all-important matters."

I took up a Bible which was lying on a little table by the side of his bed, and was beginning to read a few verses to him, when the doctor came in. On his departure the sick man said to me, "Ah, sir, I do not want him. He can do nothing for me. I have a greater and higher business in hand, and I bless God for what he has done for my soul."

After a few minutes spent in reading the Scriptures, and in commending the poor sufferer to Him who is able and willing to save, I took my leave for this time.

I would here observe that mistakes may easily arise among those unaccustomed to visit among the poorer classes respecting the expressions which they make use of, in describing their religious progress and experience. I have sometimes been startled for a moment at the expressions, "It is a great work, sir; I am doing all I can," and others of a similar nature, which would at first lead one to imagine that the individual in question was seeking to work out his own salvation, when in fact, nothing more was meant than an earnest seeking for mercy through the grace and merits of Christ. That this was the case in the instance before us, I feel fully assured.

The last time I was permitted to see this poor suffering servant of God was on the 7th of April. He appeared to be gradually sinking under the weight of his disease, and the time of his departure from the scene of trial could not in all human probability be far distant. I was delighted to witness the evident ripening for glory which had been going



forward since our last interview. Though racked with agonizing pain, and almost too feeble to speak, his mind was at peace. He perfectly knew me when I approached his bed-side. On my inquiring how he felt, he replied, "I never felt so happy in all my life. I have no longer any doubts on my mind. I feel an assurance that Jesus is near to me, as my stay and support. Divine grace has led me to seek earnestly for pardon and salvation, and I have found them." He had, evidently, some measure of "peace and joy in believing," and the serenity and calmness of his countenance and manner, during the intervals of intense pain, told of a mind at peace with God. After a pause he said he had been praying to be released from his sufferings, if it were God's will; that he longed to be with Jesus. "Ah sir," continued he, lifting his emaciated hand from the bed, and clasping mine, "it is to you I owe all this."

"God," I replied, "has in infinite mercy made me the instrument of bringing to you the glad tidings of peace and salvation through a Saviour's blood. To him be all the glory."

A few days after my last interview with S., the man who had first asked me to visit him in a pastoral capacity came to inform me of his decease. He had quietly passed through the valley of the shadow of death, to enter, I trust, into those joys which await God's redeemed people.

He was fifty-six years of age when he died.

Some perhaps may be inclined to question whether the time granted for the evidence of this change in S.'s heart might not be too brief for forming any solid opinion as to the reality of the work. I can only say that to my own mind, the change was marked and decisive. The patience and cheerfulness which he exhibited under sufferings the most acute, formed a striking contrast to the depression and murmuring too often manifested in similar cases, and served to indicate that he was sustained and supported by something more than mere human strength. The testimony, too, borne by his wife and family, to the decided change that had taken place in his carriage, (his temper having been formerly rather irritable,) since I had been in the habit of visiting him, and to the happiness which, even amid the severest agonies, he was permitted to enjoy, confirm the view which I have taken. During the few last weeks of



his life he was never out of humour ; the word of God was his constant delight, and even when under extreme exhaustion he would revive and appear quite invigorated when it was either read or spoken of. Even those who cannot to this day understand the principle of that Divine grace which produced so great a change, do yet bear witness to the outward alteration, and feel assured that something must have taken place in their departed relative beyond what they can feel or understand.

Let us praise God, Christian reader, for this instance of redeeming mercy. Let us ascribe all the glory to him whose free grace alone can create us anew in Christ Jesus, and lead us to hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Let it be an encouragement to the poor trembling sinner never to despair of God's mercy. Even at the eleventh hour may the heavenly word reach the heart. Even at the eleventh hour are pardon and forgiveness granted to the greatest of sinners.

But let none take encouragement from this consideration to continue in sin. "Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid:" for while here and there a brand is plucked from the burning, how many are left to die in their transgressions! Whilst one such instance as that before us occurs, in which the conscience is aroused from its state of stupor and indifference, and the heart awakened in time, hundreds, yea, thousands of immortal souls are perishing in their sins, despising the offers of pardon, till the door of mercy is closed for ever.

Lastly, let the moral, decent, and respectable outward professor learn from the instance before us how defective is his present state. Ah, dear friends, deceive not yourselves. All your outward morality will not avail you at the last solemn hour. There must be a great and thorough change wrought within. Speak not peace to your consciences when there is no peace. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts," Heb. iii. 7, 8. "Seek then the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him while he is near," Isa. lv. 6.



## NARRATIVE SERIES.

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SOME ACCOUNT  
OF  
JOHN KNILL;

WRITTEN BY HIS FATHER.

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MORE than fourteen years have rolled away since the cholera, like a desolating scourge, has been depopulating the earth. It first made its appearance in India, where its fatal influence spread rapidly. It turned nearly every house into a house of mourning, and many totally lost their inhabitants. The rich were not spared, but it raged chiefly among the poor. Foreigners, as well as natives, became its victims; and, after it had hurried multitudes to the grave, it travelled westward to Persia. From Persia it crossed the Russian frontier, and, in 1824, it commenced its ravages in Astrachan. About the month of July, 1830, it broke out a second time in Astrachan, and in a few weeks carried off several thousands of its inhabitants. The chief men of the city died of it. When the disease was at its height, more than five hundred persons died in one day.

At the close of the same year, the cholera reached Moscow, and its effects produced a dreadful panic on the minds of the people. In this season of deep distress, the emperor of Russia hastened to console and aid his afflicted subjects; and, after continuing with them until the malady began to abate, he returned to St. Petersburg, and was restored to his anxious and loving family in peace.

When the disease was raging in Moscow, great fears were excited respecting it in St. Petersburg, and great preparations were made to prevent its entrance, or to stop its progress if it came; but no symptoms of it appeared for



many months. At last it came, and an awful visitation it has been to many.

It broke out in St. Petersburg on the 14th of June, O. S., 1831. In the evening of that day it was reported, that a man belonging to the barks which trade with the interior had been attacked with cholera. This was the commencement of the malady, and it increased at a fearful rate, until its ravages became tremendous. For a time business of every kind was nearly at a stand. In some streets scarcely any thing was seen moving but funeral processions; "man going to his long home," and a few, very few, mourners following their friends to the house appointed for all living. About the beginning of July, the number of deaths gradually diminished, and at the latter end of that month the disease had nearly disappeared.

John Knill, whose death is here recorded, was three years and eleven months old. It will be seen that the cholera had been raging in the city for several days, but we had no fears respecting our children being affected with it, for we had been informed that it was chiefly confined to adults; but painful experience has since taught us that it is not confined to any sex or age. The prince and the peasant have fallen beneath its fatal stroke.

On the evening preceding his death, John retired to rest in his usual health. When the cholera attacked him, it seemed to seize his heart, and to oppress the vitals with increasing violence until he expired. His hands and feet almost immediately became cold; his sparkling eyes sunk deep into their sockets; the pulse nearly ceased, and a peculiar degree of languor seized his whole body. In this state of exhaustion, he looked around upon his affectionate mother and friends with indescribable tenderness; until, amidst our tears and sighs, and prayers, and efforts, of no common nature, he ceased to breathe. He was attacked in the morning, died at noon, and in the evening was carried to his grave. Thus suddenly was the flower cut down. Thus quickly did death execute his commission. Thus in one short day all our early hopes respecting him were blasted; but we have hopes that will flourish for ever.

His bereaved parents have a thousand fond recollections of what he did and said, but there are six things which we trust will be beneficial to some who may read this short narrative.



1. His early co-operation in circulating the holy Scriptures and tracts.

He was not quite two years old when the following circumstance took place. A glazier was mending my window, and John, and his brother, and their nurse stood by looking at him. While the man was busy at his work, this little darling pulled him by the apron, and said to him, "Brother," the usual salutation among Russians, "brother, can you read?" At first the man took no notice of the child, but finding him continue his prattle, he said to the nurse, "Does the child speak to me?"—"Yes." "What does he say?"—"Listen to him." The child then repeated the question, "Brother, can you read?"—"Yes," replied the man. "Have you a New Testament?" said John.—"No." As soon as he found that the glazier had not a Testament, he walked to the room in which they were kept, and, having obtained one, carried it to him immediately. The nurse perceiving what was done, remarked, "John, you have not done this properly; you ought to have found a verse for the man to read."—"Yes, yes," said he, and in turning over the leaves he promiscuously pointed to that striking passage, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and, when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly," Matt. vi. 6. "Well," said the man, "this is strange indeed!"

These questions the child frequently heard addressed to persons who came to our house, but we had no idea of his adopting the same plan unsolicited. It shows us at what an early age children are capable of imitating the examples around them; and fathers and mothers may learn from it what a tremendous responsibility is attached to the parental character.

Since the above period, many hundreds of people have come to our house, some for books, others for clothes, &c., but I do not recollect that John ever saw any of these people without asking either his mother or myself, "May I give that person a tract?" and sometimes without our knowledge he has supplied them.

Only the day before he died, I received a package of French and German tracts from the Tract Society in London, and one of his last acts was to assist his brother in bringing these tracts to me to the place where I wished to



put them. His words still sound in my ear as he approached me with his arms full, and his face flushed with animation, exclaiming, "Here, papa, see how many I bring!"

Parents who read this will, we trust, be encouraged and stimulated to initiate their children early into those ways which lead to usefulness as well as happiness. Impressions made on the minds of children are generally deep and lasting. Good habits early formed are of incalculable advantage through life. The voice of Wisdom says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This may be considered as a general rule; and daily observation confirms it as an interesting fact. We wished to be guided by this rule in the education of our offspring. Our hearts' desire for them was that they might always be occupied in diffusing the knowledge of God; and now John is removed from our feeble instruction to a higher school, we are thankful that he had begun, though unconsciously, to do something for the good of mankind.

2. I shall state his manner of giving reproofs.

John was very playful and noisy, while his disposition was exceedingly sweet, though resolute and determined. He had two brothers, one younger, and the other older. To his younger brother he would easily yield up any thing, and say, "O Joseph! he is only a baby; he must have it." But with his elder brother there was frequently an argument respecting their playthings, and, when John thought that his brother was wrong, he would say very gravely, "O Samuel! God does not love that, Christ does not love that."

Every morning when they came to the breakfast-table, they repeated the commandment, "Honour thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee;" and, when they perceived anything in each other's conduct which was contrary to this command, they would frequently remind each other by saying, "Honour thy father and thy mother."

It is a solemn thought, that almost every action of some men's lives is displeasing to God. Had these persons a kind and faithful monitor near them, he would say to them a thousand times in a day, "Ah, sir! God does not love that,—ah, madam! Christ does not love that." And is it not dreadful to live a life of constant rebellion against our



Creator and Redeemer? Dear reader, try yourself by this touchstone; ask yourself often, Will God be pleased with this part of my conduct? Will Christ approve this conversation? Shall I be able to give a good account of this act before the judgment-seat? and if conscience says, No,—if your Bible says, No,—then reject it; put it away from you; flee from it as from a serpent. The cholera morbus is dreadful,—the plague is dreadful,—but sinning against God is much more dreadful, for that will ruin both body and soul. Hear the words of the Saviour on this point: “I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that can kill the body, but after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear; fear him, who after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell: yea, I say unto you, Fear him.”

3. His observations respecting a departed christian.

Mrs. Chapman died four days before this dear child. She was formerly the mistress of a Lancasterian school in Canada. About three years since she came to St. Petersburg, to take charge of a school on the same system, in which she gave great satisfaction. Her heart was much set on doing good to the children of her charge, and we hoped that she would long be spared to be a blessing in her important sphere; but on Friday, June 26, O. S., she was attacked with cholera; a fatal day in St. Petersburg; for, among the hundreds of persons who were this day attacked, it is supposed that scarcely one recovered. She struggled until four the next morning, and then entered into the joy of her Lord. She left a delightful testimony to the love and faithfulness of God. Her Saviour was very precious to her. His rod and his staff comforted her. In the evening of the same day she was buried in the ground appointed expressly for those who died of cholera; and my dear little boy was afterwards placed with her in the same grave. I mentioned some particulars respecting this pious woman to my family. John listened, and, after pausing some time, he said to me, “Papa, is Mrs. Chapman dead?”—“Yes, my dear.” “Then she is gone to heaven, papa.”—“Yes.” “Then she is with Christ, papa.”—“Yes, my dear.” “Oh that is very good.” These were delightful observations for a child under four years of age; yet I have no idea that he knew anything about the nature of religion as a system. He frequently made remarks to his mother and to his pious



nurse, and sometimes he came and clasped me round the neck, and said, "Papa, I love God, I love Christ;" and then walked off, singing,

"Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high."

These things I consider merely as good habits, the seeds which by the grace of God would have sprung up if he had lived; but he knew nothing doctrinally of man being a sinner, and Christ being the only Saviour, and he could not comprehend this as older persons do. The observations I have made are to show how far good teaching and good example will go to form good habits and good modes of thinking in a child; and I pray that every parent who may read this, may feel a fresh stimulus to sow good seed in the minds of their offspring, before the soil is preoccupied. Parents, remember that to instil one good thought, to produce one good desire in the heart of your child, is infinitely more important than the discovery of a gold mine. No mortal can conceive what blessings may flow from it, both in this world and in that which is to come.

4. The last thing I shall notice respecting this dear child is,—the gracious providence of God overruling the solemn event of his death, for a peculiar blessing to a young man who witnessed his agonies. The evening before he died we had two friends with us, one from America, and a young friend from England. On retiring to rest, John came and embraced his American friend, and, with a sweet smile, said, "Good night, my dearest Mr. ———;" and he shook hands with our other friend. They never saw him again until he was seized. When the alarm was given that he was attacked with cholera, we were watching around the bed of his brother Joseph, who had been dying all the preceding night, but now the necessities of John called for every help that could be given him; therefore I was left with the dying child, to moisten his parched lips, while his mother and the servants hastened to John. Our young friend perceiving the child in great distress, sat down by his bed-side, and for some time assisted in rubbing his hands, then he ran to the apothecary's for medicine, but on his return he found that medicine could be of no service; the spasms had ceased, the sufferings were over, the heart no longer palpitated; the spirit of our darling was gone! The suddenness of his death produced amazement and



alarm. The scene was truly awful; the shock which it gave to every one of us cannot be described. At this moment our young friend returned, and so deeply impressed was he with what he saw, that he entered into his closet, and shut the door, and cried unto that God and Saviour whose redeeming love and mercy he had never truly sought before.

I repeat his own words which he spoke to me almost the last time before he left this country: "Ah! sir, the day on which your John died will ever be a memorable day to me. It will form a new era in my existence. I shall look back to it as the time when I became truly in earnest about my soul. I had often seen the importance of religion before, but then I felt the absolute need of it. I have been brought up with religious people, and have read, and seen, and heard much on religious subjects, but I never felt it before. This was a penetrating work; indeed, I was greatly afraid. I thought, It is not improbable I may be cut off as suddenly as Johnny, and then what will be the consequence? Where shall I appear? I have no hope. I must trifle no longer. I then sought retirement; I went into your study, and there remained for about two hours; and I trust I was sincere in seeking mercy of the Lord, and in yielding up myself to be his servant for ever."

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"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!" Our child had been the subject of our constant prayers, but we never once implored riches, or honours, or earthly glory for him. Our prayer was, that, like John the Baptist, he might "be great in the sight of the Lord," and be enabled to "turn many of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just;" and such is our conviction of the worth of souls, that we should have considered it an unspeakable privilege if, after a long life of arduous toil, he had been the instrument of bringing one sinner to Jesus. Oh then what a consolation to our wounded spirits to be permitted to hope that this work so glorious—a sinner brought to Jesus—was in any way accelerated by his early death! To God be the glory for ever. Amen.

It is a very alarming circumstance, that vast multitudes live day after day like the young man just mentioned, without



paying any regard to their precious souls, and, though conscious that this important point is neglected, yet still go on procrastinating until it is too late. Dreadful infatuation! perhaps some persons, both young and old, may read these pages, who are precisely in this state; they are not prepared to meet their Judge; they know not the blessedness of the man whose sins are pardoned; they are not justified by faith, and consequently have not obtained peace with God through Jesus our Lord; and can there be a case more alarming than this?

Dear reader, suppose that in this unprepared state you should be seized with some affliction which should bring you suddenly to the grave. Oh what consequences must follow! When infants die we know that they are happy; but, when a man or woman dies, the case is very different: we must look for evidence of repentance and faith before we can entertain hope respecting them; and where would you appear? Ah! you would be left without a friend, without a remedy, without hope. Listen, then, oh listen to the voice of friendship; delay not another moment; let the great work of religion, from this day, become the grand business of your life. Salvation you must obtain, or you will perish: salvation is offered to you freely; Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; he casts out none that come to him. Oh then study the character and work of Christ; behold the necessity and the suitability of his atonement; embrace this adorable Saviour; give up your souls to him, cleave to him, believe on him, and you shall be saved.

Finally, I beseech you do not put off the momentous concerns of eternity. You may be attacked with sudden illness of some kind; you will have no time then; therefore "let your loins be girded, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men who wait for their lord, that, when he cometh and knocketh, they may open to him immediately. Blessed are those servants whom their lord when he cometh shall find watching."

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## THE THREE ENGLISH SAILORS.

ON the 23rd of November, 1831, as I was passing through the streets of a city in the north of Europe, I saw three young English sailors. The sight of them filled me with apprehensions that some disaster had befallen them, for it is not usual to see British sailors in a northern port at this late season of the year. Therefore I hailed them; "What ship, my lads?" "The Vigilant." "Where is she?" At this question they all shook their heads, and George, the mate, answered, "Indeed, sir, she lies a wreck near Hogland." "All the crew are saved, I hope." "Yes, all." "Well," said I, "this is a call for devout thanksgiving to God, your preserver. You might have found a watery grave? you might have been hurried into the presence of your Judge. Yea, you might have been in hell. Where are you bound now?" "We arrived here two hours ago, from Fredericksham, and to-morrow morning we shall depart for Cronstadt, where we hope to find a ship to take us home." "Have you seen the consul?" "O yes, and he has been very kind to us." "Well, my lads, all these things should fill your hearts with praise. Have you a Bible?" "Yes, we have one amongst us." "That will do. Read it with prayer, daily. That book is a safe chart; no mariner ever steered his course by it, but arrived safely at last in that happy state where all is purity and bliss. Have you any other book beside the Bible?" "No, not one." "Would you like to have some?" "If you please." "Then come along with me." So I took them to my house, and furnished them with the Saint's Everlasting Rest; the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul; the Annals of the Poor; a copy of Dr. Watts's Hymns; and some beautiful English and American tracts.

George stopped to dine with us, while Robert and Andrew went to their lodgings.



I was anxious to find out whether these fine young men were acquainted with the laudable exertions of the present day for the spiritual improvement of sailors. And when I had George alone, I said to him, "Do you know any thing about the Bethels?" "Know any thing about them, sir!" said he, "why, we had a Bethel flag on board our own ship. This last summer we were at Archangel, when about three hundred sail were lying there, and every Sunday you might have seen three or four Bethel flags flying at once. About seventy men once came to our ship to hold Divine service." "Who officiated?" "Several captains and sailors took part in the service." "Well, George, this is delightful! This is wonderful! You who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, see many of the wonders of the Lord in the deep. But to see the Bethel flag waving at Archangel, and to see twenty ships' companies meeting together for prayer, is the greatest wonder of all. After this who will say any thing is too hard for the Lord? Now we may well hope to see every ship manned with pious sailors!"

At last the hour arrived for chapel, and I said to George, "Will you and your shipmates go with us?" "By all means, sir."

As we were walking along together to the house of prayer, I confess I felt very deeply for these shipwrecked mariners: and in my sermon I mentioned the case to the congregation, and several of my friends felt a peculiar pleasure in furnishing them with a few guineas for pocket money. As I put the last sum into the hands of the mate, he exclaimed, "Indeed, sir, we shall have so much money that we shall not know what to do with it."

A little before their departure I called upon them at their lodgings, and found them in their bed-rooms, each one reading the precious volumes with which they had been furnished. It gave me great joy to see them so occupied.

I said to them, "My young friends, it is rather singular that we should ever have met."

"Yes, indeed, sir," they replied, "it was a kind providence for us."

"And now we are going to part. Perhaps we shall never meet again until the voyage of life is over. How ought we to part? Should we not go to prayer?"

"If you please," they all replied.

We then kneeled down before the throne of grace, and a



more solemn and affecting season I have seldom witnessed. When we arose from our knees, the big tear was rolling down Robert's manly cheek, and though he tried to conceal it, he could not. Perhaps, thought I, the angels are beginning to rejoice over him as a sinner brought to repentance.

Andrew also showed evident marks of deep inward emotion, when we spoke of the need of pardon, and of the danger of neglecting the precious soul. I was happy to see his cheek moisten too. The mate and myself, though our hearts seemed harder than our neighbours, were not without feeling at this interesting scene: and, I hope, we shall never forget it.

Since I shook them by the hand, a thousand thoughts have passed through my mind respecting them.

First. I thought on the moral improvement of sailors.

These young men were in the very bloom of youth, just at an age when the passions are strong, and when, among sailors, it too frequently is the custom to indulge in swearing, cursing, and obscene conversation; and I could not help contrasting the conduct of these young men with the conduct of many whom I knew in former times.

Second. I thought of the unspeakable blessing which will surely result from attention to the souls of sailors.

Every scriptural method which is adopted to lead sinners to repentance is sure to be blessed. Heaven does and will smile upon it. It is the work of God. It is the Saviour calling men to flee from the wrath to come. They hear the inviting voice of the Son of God, saying, "Repent, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." Since attention has been given to the souls of sailors, we can find scores of pious captains, and hundreds of pious seamen. Formerly it was not so. It was thought almost impossible. Sailors were considered very sinful and very hopeless creatures; and therefore no efforts were made to save them. Oh that was a happy day on which the first grand effort was made to evangelize the multitudes who plough the mighty deep. May the choicest blessings of Heaven rest on all of every denomination who labour in this important work!

Third. I thought how desirable it is to meet the warm hearts of sailors with kind and generous treatment.

I have almost shed tears of joy at the providence of God which brought me into contact with these three shipwrecked mariners; and I would not have missed the joy and delight



which have flown into my own heart from it for a ship load of silver. Reader, if ever you should fall in with a sailor in distress, O be kind to him, comfort him, help him; give him a Bible if he has none. Speak to him of a Saviour. Direct him to Christ. It may be of advantage to him. I am sure it will be of advantage to you. The finger of Providence often brings things in our way, which if rightly improved, may be of eternal benefit to many. It may hide a multitude of sins, and save a soul from death.

Fourth. How important it is for sailors to be prepared to meet their God!

Ah! my brave tars! there is no time for repentance when the ship is going down! If your sins are not pardoned, you are not ready. And are yours pardoned? Have you ever applied to Christ, the sinner's Friend, to grant you forgiveness? Have you ever, under a feeling of your danger, committed yourself into the hands of this mighty Saviour, that he might keep you from all evil, and bring you safely into his heavenly kingdom?

Fifth. I thought of the happiness of that sailor who has obtained peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ. Yes, he must be happy, indeed. That man is prepared for every event. Though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the depths of the sea; though the waters thereof roar, and be troubled, and the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, yet the Lord of hosts is with him, the God of Jacob is his refuge; and how desirable is this for you?

Beloved reader, do not rest day or night, until you can say, as one said, who was shipwrecked before you were born, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," Rom. v. 1. "God commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life," Rom. v. 8—10.

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## THE FALSE HOPE.

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**G**OD often produces great effects from little causes, but it has seldom been more strikingly displayed than in the circumstances about to be narrated.

Many years ago I was addressing a strange congregation, and took for my text the words of the apostle, "Good hope through grace." In opening the subject, I introduced the following narrative:—

A student for the Christian ministry was brought, in the course of Providence, into the company of a young lady who was just recovering from a dangerous illness. She was still very weak, but liked, as most persons do when recovering, to tell how much she had suffered, and how wonderful was the preservation of her life.

Among other things she said, "At one time I sent for my aged parents, and my beloved brothers and sisters; and took, as I thought, my last farewell of them. Both the physicians had given me up, and my friends expected to see me no more."

As she finished this sentence, the student said to her, "We seldom meet with a person who has been so near to death as you have been. Pray tell me what were your feelings when you were on the verge of eternity."

"I was happy," she replied.

"And will you please to tell me what were your prospects?"

"I hoped to go to heaven, of course."

"Had you no doubts, no fears, no suspicions?"

"None."

"Perhaps almost all hope to go to heaven. But I fear," said the young man, "there are very few who have a good foundation for their hope. Pray on what was your hope founded?"

"Founded!" she replied. "Why I had never injured



any person; and I had endeavoured to do all the good in my power. Was not this sufficient?"

"It is a delightful reflection," said the student, "that you have never injured any person; and it is still more delightful to think that you have done all the good in your power. But even this is a poor foundation for a sinner to rest upon. Was this the foundation of your hope?"

She seemed quite astonished at this question, and eagerly inquired, "Was not this sufficient?"

The student did not give her a direct answer, but observed, "I am very thankful that you did not then die."

"What! do you think I should not have gone to heaven?"

"I am sure you could not in the way you mentioned. Do you not perceive that, according to your plan, you were going to heaven without Christ? This is what no sinner has done since Adam fell, and what no sinner will be able to do while the world stands. Be very thankful that you did not go out of life resting on this delusive foundation. Jesus says, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me,' " John xiv. 6.

God carried home this word to her soul. Light broke in upon her mind. From that day a decided change took place in the young lady's views; and a corresponding holiness, and love, and zeal, and usefulness adorned all her future life.

Before I had finished this short narrative, there was a mild, sedate looking person in the congregation deeply affected. The tears were streaming down his placid cheeks, and, although he tried to conceal them, yet he could not. He was unknown to me at that time, but he has since proved one of my most affectionate and devoted friends. Not many weeks passed before I received a visit from this friend, when the following conversation took place:—

"I am come, sir, to tell you what the Lord has done for my soul."

"Welcome, welcome," said the preacher. "There are no visits so much to be desired as those which refer to eternity. Then tell me what the Lord has done for your soul."

"Oh," replied the happy man, "he hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad. My experience is much like



that described by St. Peter, 'Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory,' 1 Pet. i. 8.

"This is happiness indeed, sir; may it ever continue. Have you been long favoured with it?"

"Not long," said he. "Alas! more than forty years passed away before I knew any thing about it. I often had serious thoughts of eternity. I often meditated on the character of God. I often thought of the state of man; and I saw such infinite perfection in the Creator, and felt so many evils in myself, that at last I concluded it was impossible for man—polluted, guilty man—to be admitted into heaven! and I sought for peace in the doctrine of annihilation:—I say, I sought for peace in this doctrine, but I found it not. The thought would often occur, Suppose, after all, you should be mistaken; suppose there should be a resurrection of the dead; suppose you should be judged for the deeds done in the body, what then? What will become of you? These thoughts, and thoughts like these, broke up all the system in a moment, and made me uneasy; and it is very strange, that all this while the doctrine of Christ's atonement was hid from my eyes. I must have heard of it, and read of it, times innumerable. My parents were religious people, and brought me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. When I was young, I regularly attended the ministry of the word; and all the grand outlines of the Bible have been familiar to me from my childhood, and yet I was as ignorant of the way of salvation as if I had never seen a Bible! I had no conception how God could be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. Yes, it was on this point I was completely in the dark; and so it remained until the morning when you related the anecdote about the young lady."

"And what effect did the relation of that anecdote produce?"

"Indeed, sir, it was wonderful. While you were showing the fallacy of her hope, and declaring that Jesus Christ is the only hope of the lost; that none can come unto the Father but by him; a flood of light burst upon my mind. I saw the whole plan of salvation, with as much distinctness as if I had studied the subject for a thousand years. All that I had read and heard on the subject seemed to rush on my memory at once. I could have explained it to all the world



I was overwhelmed with joy. I saw the fulness, the freeness, the all-sufficiency of Christ, in such a clear and glorious manner, that if I had possessed ten thousand souls, I could have committed them all into his hands; and I did embrace him with joy unspeakable. Indeed, I could have rejoiced that moment to have escaped from this earthly tabernacle, and to have entered the happy world 'where Jesus is incessantly adored.' ”

Such impassioned language coming from a young man of warm temperament would have almost excited my fears; but here I saw a model of meekness, and prudence, and thoughtfulness, and sedateness; a Christian opening his mind for the first time in his life on the subject of experimental religion, and in such a way as filled my soul with praise.

Reader, is there not a power—secret, invisible, omnipotent—which often accompanies the pious conversation, and the preached word?

Pause—consider. Hast thou felt it?

Is not this power absolutely needful to drive the sinner from delusive hopes, and to bring him to rest entirely on the merits of Jesus? Dost thou see the need of it as it regards thyself, and all thy dealings with the souls of others? Then ask it of God.

May it not be feared, that many will read this paper whose hope of heaven is not better than the young lady's was at the moment when she said, "I hoped to go to heaven, of course;" and why? Because she had not injured any person, and because she had endeavoured to befriend her fellow creatures! O reader, away with all such hopes. "Behold," saith the Lord God, "I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation, and whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed," Isa. xxviii. 16; Rom. ix. 33. This foundation is Christ. Rest here, and you are safe.

Why is it that even pious people have not more joy in their experience? Because their views of Christ are not sufficiently clear; or else their faith in him is mingled with some secret trusting to a broken reed.



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## THE BACKSLIDER.

WRITTEN BY A SURGEON.

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HAVING dressed the wounds of ———, and smoothed down his pillow, I seated myself at the bedside, purposing to examine the state of his mind, and direct his thoughts to the Fountain of mercies. He had passed a painful and restless night, yet was sufficiently calm for conversation. I said, "Well, what think you of this matter? What a narrow escape you have experienced from the jaws of death!" "Do you, indeed, think, sir," replied the poor man, looking up into my face with an expression of painful anxiety, "that I shall get over it?" "Yes, I feel rather confident that you will." He closed his eyes and whispered fervently, "Merciful God, I thank thee!" and for a while seemed wrapped in silent meditation.

He had, on the morning before, fallen from a great height along with some heavy scaffolding, which had broken two of his ribs, and so crushed him as to leave him for a long time apparently lifeless. He might be about forty-five years old; had a mild, thoughtful, and care-worn countenance; his accent and manner bore evidence of a better education than is usually met with in a cottage; there was about him that which secured your respect at first sight, and cautioned you, if you would seek his confidence, to exercise much delicacy and discretion.

After another silent pause, I again ventured to put my former question, "What think you of this matter, my friend—this accident I mean?" "Accident, do you call it, sir?" And then with a look of bitterness, he added, "I have had many such accidents—such visitations, as I should call them. Ah! I have been stunned with shock after shock, and 'broken with breach upon breach;' but why am I astonished at this, for I might have expected it? I ought rather to be astonished at the folly and perverseness, which can dare the uplifted hand of a justly offended God, and after all, continue to provoke such judgments." "But yet," I replied, "it is satisfactory to observe that you are quite



aware from whose hand the blow has fallen ; and the subdued and contrite feeling you appear to possess, would incline me to hope that the Father, 'who chastens every son whom he loveth,' is working graciously upon your spirit, and means the whole for your eternal welfare. If I am not too inquisitive, pray favour me with such passages in your life as may appear to you indicative of a Divine discipline."

"Well, sir, as you seem to take an interest in my case, I will do so. It may not be necessary to take up your time in relating the occurrences of youth ; let it suffice to state that I am the son of respectable Irish Protestants, and that I received what many would term a good education. I read a great many books, and became a sort of original thinker ; studied politics, and attained a conspicuous station in some clubs in Ireland. As for religion, I had read a few books of that cast, and heartily despised them ; so that by the time I had fully attained manhood, I was, in my own eyes at least, a complete philosopher, but at the same time a thoroughly dissolute character. I was arrogant, impetuous, and impatient of contradiction, fond of captious disputation, and, most likely, was looked upon as a very unpleasant companion. My vices and extravagance soon reduced me to the necessity of enlisting in a regiment of foot, but my pride led me to feel a supreme contempt for all my comrades.

"It happened, one day, while our regiment was quartered at Nottingham, that some pious individuals visited the barracks and left certain tracts. I was absent at the time, and when I returned found some of the men of my company, debating about what was to be done with the tracts. They had just decided upon burning them when my approach gave another turn to their decision ; knowing my sentiments upon such subjects, they expected, from my scoffing and sarcastic spirit, a rich harvest of sport. The little books were put into my hands : they begged me to preach them a sermon, and with many gross and profane speeches told me of the pious remarks which the methodists had addressed to them. Feeling somewhat fatigued at the time, I said I would look the things over at my leisure, intending all the while to pick out matter for ribald jest and infidel mockery.

"When evening came, I seated myself near a light, and began to look over my tracts, glancing my eye superciliously first over one and then over another till the 'Swearer's Prayer' came under hand. Swearer's Prayer ! muttered I



to myself: what sort of a thing can this be? I'll read it. Do you know that tract, doctor?" said the poor man, looking up wistfully. "Oh yes, perfectly well: a most remarkable one it is, and has been made exceedingly useful." "Well," continued he, "I began to read line by line, and felt puzzled, uneasy, and embarrassed. As I proceeded, my flesh seemed to creep upon me, and my heart to wither with dread; I could not bear it. Throwing down the tract, I tried to shake off the unpleasant impression; but it seems the barb had fastened itself too firmly to be so easily dislodged. Again I was constrained to take up the little book, and, lest any of my comrades should detect my uneasiness by my looks, I shifted my seat to a more retired quarter, and recommenced the perusal. Oh, sir! word by word I shook and trembled. I looked around me with dismay: all was still and peaceful without: the men had fallen asleep, and silence reigned on every side, but there was a storm within. My heart melted like wax, and a horrible dread overwhelmed me; and what made the sensation more dreadful was, that I felt convinced, at the time, my impressions were derived from some great spiritual Power that was acting upon me. Sir, I have had severe trials and dreadful sufferings, both mental and bodily; these I could at all times reason upon and in some degree bear up against, but a wounded spirit, I am convinced, no man can bear. I never felt before or since such intense and protracted horror as I did throughout that long and terrible night which I spent in musing upon the black catalogue of my sins. One while I would fling down the tract; at another I would snatch it up and pore over it as though I were spell-bound. I cannot define my feelings further than that I expected sudden destruction coming upon me. In this state of mind the morning dawned upon me. All around awoke refreshed, cheerful, and careless, and I was soon surrounded by a merry group of my companions. 'Now, R—— —' said they, with a shout, 'now for the tracts!—Now for the sermon.' I scarcely know what I said or how I looked; but I suppose they spied something about me unfavourable to jesting. They pressed me more and more. I turned fiercely upon them, desiring they would not annoy me with any more of their nonsense, and rushed out of the building.

"That day passed over; and when night returned, and all were asleep, I pulled out the 'Swearer's Prayer' from my



pocket, and pored over it through another watchful night; if I withdrew my eyes or turned my face from the printed page its fearful words seemed written on the wall, and every attempt to resist or reason down my feelings was utterly vain. I longed to pray, yet hardly knew to whom I should pray: I longed to pour out my soul, for I was bursting with emotions; but I had confidence in no one. Another day began, and parade being over, I hurried into the neighbouring fields, glad to escape from man. Whither was I to go? I roamed about with a spirit weighed down by unutterable woe: when I groaned, no voice of sympathy responded to my complaint: I felt that man was out of the question; he could do nothing for me. Not daring to look up, I threw myself upon the grass, and poured out my confession and complaint to the Lord of hosts: melted and subdued, I cried unto the Redeemer—to Him whom my sins had pierced; I laid my burden at his feet; for, indeed, I was 'weary and heavy laden.' In due time my chains fell off and my freed spirit leaped within me, and I sprang up as it were to liberty and life. Oh! how did my soul then magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoice in God my Saviour. Sir, it is impossible for language to describe the change in my feelings; it was a passing from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Now, every opportunity that could be snatched from the bustle of duty, was devoted to happy communion with Christ, for I had no one but Him to commune with. In these endearing and hallowed pursuits the open fields were my home, and beneath the shelter of a hedge or an old shed I have often enjoyed more of the luxury of prayer than in the most comfortable abode of man. Everything made me happy: if I cast my eyes abroad upon the earth, all seemed to bear evidence of his love; I saw that the earth was full of the goodness of the Lord! Did I look up to the skies—

'The opening heavens around me shone  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
When Jesus said that he was mine,  
And whisper'd I was his'

But it is not so now."

My poor patient stopped, and the muscles of his face quivered—he bowed his face upon his breast, and the big tears oozed from between his closed eyelids, chasing each other down his cheeks—he sobbed aloud. We were both silent for



some time. "The heart alone knows its own bitterness;" and in this case, at least, it was not for me to intermeddle with it. When the tide of feeling had subsided a little, he resumed his narrative.

"You may be sure that the change which had come over my habits and conversation was too remarkable, especially in a man of my previous character, to pass unobserved. Whispers went round among my comrades that I was turning either mad or a methodist. At first a little forbearance was shown to me, under an impression that my notions and fancies would soon evaporate, and that I should become as before, a leader among the merriest and most sinful; but seeing that weeks and months produced no alteration, and that I continued to estrange myself from their sinful pursuits; that instead of answering jest with jest, I only returned expostulation and reproof; and after having got the worst of it in many discussions upon our respective courses of life, their pity soon hardened into contempt and their contempt into hatred. Plots were laid to entrap me into acts of falsehood, dishonesty, drunkenness, and uncleanness: even some of our officers thought it no bad joke to join in these kind of tricks; but I held fast my integrity, or, I ought rather to say, the Lord sustained me; for being awake to their devices, I felt the need of help, and, of course, was often at the throne of grace, and by this means came off more than conqueror.

"Officers and men were obliged, contrary to their former suspicions, to confess that I was sincere; henceforth I gained ground in their good opinion, and all went on smoothly. My circumstances became known to several very respectable individuals, and I was much caressed. Being a well educated man for a common soldier, more deference was paid to me than might have been expected: as I was always ardent in mind, fluent in conversation, capable of argument, of a warm manner and ready zeal, no wonder that I was made much of. By the assistance of friends, I procured my discharge and began to teach and preach in private, and for a considerable time went on well. But ah! sir, that which the open and avowed malice of ungodly men could not achieve, was but too easily effected by an enemy that lurked unseen. As society smiled upon me and took me by the hand, so did my watchfulness relax: as the kindness of man was reconciling me to myself, so was the Lord deemed less necessary to my wants. Besides, the recollection of my former victories



inspired me with sufficient confidence against all future assaults: I was but a child before; now I had, as I foolishly thought, become a man in Christ Jesus. Self-sufficiency and worldly-mindedness gradually stole over me, and the fumes of my own vain mind at length so intoxicated me, that I stumbled and fell. Yes, sir, I did things which a year before would have filled me with horror to have contemplated. I was not permitted to remain insensible of my folly: peace was gone, the light of heaven shut out, the blackness of darkness covered my spirit, and a horrible dread overwhelmed me. It was impossible to remain quiet under such complicated sufferings: I saw and felt my guilt: humbled and ashamed I again sought the Lord in the language and spirit of the 51st Psalm, and was heard and answered; for the Lord restored unto me the joy of his salvation, and afforded me inward testimony that he had put away my sin; had healed my backsliding, and that he still loved me freely.

I arose from this shock which sin and Satan had inflicted upon me, as I hoped, a more humble and vigilant Christian: but ah! I had yet to learn that my heart was deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. I will not enter into particulars, but simply state that many such things I have passed through: I have but too often grieved the Holy Spirit, and I never failed to suffer some heavy rebuke in consequence. Many times I have been brought to the brink of the grave; my comforts have been blighted, and my prospects, in relation to either world, sadly clouded. The enemy of souls for long seasons has succeeded in stupefying me with sin, and rendering me quite reckless, so that I have often, in fits of despondency, tossed aside my armour and yielded my breast an open and ready mark for his arrows. Then would come upon me some severe calamity, which would rouse me for awhile to a painful sense of my condition: on such occasions I would call to mind the former times, when the candle of the Lord shined upon me; when I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste: how often I have been awakened, and how often relapsed into sin! How often, alas! this wretched heart has wandered from the Lord. I am ever writing bitter things against myself; I feel doomed to go mourning all my days; I have sinned away all earthly comforts—property, respectability, usefulness, character, health, and dearest connexions. I have so often repeated the same



transgressions, that, now, I have no confidence in my own purposes; and so often have I grieved the Comforter, that it seems a mockery to solicit his sacred influence any more. I have lost all freedom in prayer, and the throne of grace is, as it were, fenced off from my approach; and to adopt the language of a pious writer, those precious promises which once were the joy of my soul, which I could boldly plead at the throne of grace, and say, All these are mine, have no longer any power or sweetness: I read them, but I cannot feel them; and my trials and sins, which once I could cast upon my Saviour and find instant relief, are now a heavy burden too great for me to bear. Mercies have lost their relish, and afflictions seem to have lost their usefulness; often, when I would pray, a sense of sin and sinfulness stops my mouth; often, when I would take the Lord's part, the recollection of my misdeeds shuts me up; and when I would share with the people of God in their happy communion and fellowship, something whispers, 'What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth, seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee?' When I would exhort others in his name, conscience significantly hints, 'Thou that teachest others, teachest thou not thyself?'"

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Reader! I shall not state the remarks I made to my poor patient; I shall not attempt to give any opinion of his case and character, but I shall seek to turn his painful history into an admonition to you. Beware of the beginnings of negligence, self-dependence, and pride; for bitter experience has often shown the truth of the Scripture declaration, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool; but whoso walketh wisely, he shall be delivered," Prov. xxviii. 26. Oh guard against the deceitfulness of the human heart, the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." Live a life of watchfulness and prayer, constantly depending on the atonement of Christ, and seeking the influence of the Holy Spirit. Let the prayer of the psalmist be continually yours: "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe: and I will have respect unto thy statutes continually," Psa. cxix. 117.

Perhaps this tract may have fallen into the hands of one, who formerly professed to know the blessedness of God's people, but who has ceased to take any interest in their



pursuits; one, who has suffered his heart to be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin; one whose conscience still slumbers, and who, because the uplifted hand of God has not yet descended upon his guilty head, dreams on secure and undisturbed. Allow me to ask you a question or two. Have you no misgivings? Does the future reveal a satisfactory prospect? Is it as a Judge, or as the Saviour of your soul that you are preparing to meet Christ? Be honest, and confess your low estate; that hope glimmers but feeble before your anxious eyes; that you have ceased to employ the endearing language in which your grateful heart was wont to pour forth its tribute of praise. What are you about, that you should *invite* the stroke? Think you that God will not be as faithful to his threatenings as to his promises? Consider the sufferings, and reflect upon the candid confession of the poor man, whose case has just been related. Supposing that there be, within you, a latent hope of ultimate salvation, can it be by coldness and persevering disobedience, by alienation of heart from God, and contempt of his word and commandment, that you will “make your calling and election sure? If you value the favour of God, and would cherish a lively hope of eternal life, oh return to the “Fountain of living waters;” quit your own broken cisterns; say not within yourself, As yet my heart is too cold and hard for penitential feeling. Hasten to Christ. He will take away the heart of stone, and put within you a heart of flesh.

Oh may this promise be fulfilled in your experience: “I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn,” Zech. xii. 10. God invites you by your appropriate name, saying, “Return, ye *backsliding children*, and I will receive you;” and “though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” “The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin.”



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“NO ONE EVER TOLD ME THIS BEFORE.”

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IN the summer of 1838, I spent a few days at W——, and went out alone to enjoy the pleasures of a quiet walk. My pockets were stored with religious tracts, that the means of doing good might be added to the pleasure of looking on the beautiful country which God has made to delight our eyes and to instruct our minds. The day was very fine; the light clouds softened the heat of the summer sun, and all nature was at peace. It was near the time of harvest. I remembered Him who gives both the seed-time and the harvest. I saw the corn ripening in the field. I thought of those who had sown the seed. I asked, How many of those who had been sowers would be reapers? how many who had ploughed these very fields, and had sown the seed whose fruit was now ready for the sickle, would sow no more? how many might reap in these fields who would be gone for ever before the next harvest? “One soweth,” and perhaps “another reapeth.” One generation passeth away, and another cometh; but God remains, and sees the sowing, and the gathering, and the death of all generations. When looking on the fields white unto the harvest, who would not say, “Thou crownest the year with thy goodness?” Thus, in a frame of quiet meditation, I passed on. The wild flowers smelled sweetly, and the quiet around me seemed to agree with the calm within me.

And is there no sower but the husbandman, and no seed but that which he sows? Oh yes. There are sowers who go forth to sow, and their seed is the word of God. How patiently does the husbandman till, and sow, and wait for the fruit; and shall the sower of the better seed be less patient? Look at the farmer, he ploughs his field, he sows his seed, and he eats his bread in the sweat of his brow. Some say his labour is part of the curse of sin; yet surely the curse is not in the labour, but only in the pain and weariness; for God never meant man to be idle, since He put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.



This was his work ; he had something to do even in innocence ; and, even now, moderate labour is a blessing, it renews the strength, it makes the farmer healthy and happy too. He is blessed in his toil, and is satisfied with the fruit of his labour. And so it is with the sower of spiritual seed ; I mean it is so with the Christian who tries to do good to others. The Scripture says, “He that watereth shall be watered himself also ;” that is, he who tries to bless others shall himself be blessed. We may rest assured no Christian is so happy as he that is working for the good of others. He never enjoys a lovely walk so much as when he makes it an occasion for sowing the seed, mindful of the precept, “In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand : for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good,” Eccles. xi. 6.

I passed some persons in the fields who were gathering the produce of the land. I offered them tracts, and spoke the feelings of my heart, and told them of the fruit of righteousness ; and then, going on, spoke also to others.

The enjoyment of the scene before me, the stillness of the air around me, the sweet peace within me, led me to lengthen my walk, till at last I had turned so many times that I knew not my way back. Having made inquiry, I was returning home by a different road. As I passed a quiet lane, I saw an old woman coming towards me with a tattered cloak, and with a basket on her arm. I crossed the lane to meet her. She curtsied, and I offered her a tract. She shook her head, saying, “Many thanks to you, sir ; I would take it, and be glad, but I can’t read.” We then spoke something as follows :—

“What ! not read at all ?”

“No, sir, not a letter.”

“But, suppose you take the tract, cannot you get somebody to read it to you ?”

“No, your honour, I am a stranger ; a poor friendless woman : they don’t know me, and the people at the lodging-houses don’t care about reading to a poor woman.”

“Did you ever hear any one read ?”

“Sometimes ; not often.”

“Did you ever hear any one read a little book something like this ?”

“I don’t know that ever I did.”



“Should you like to know what is in it?”

“Yes, if any body would tell me.”

“If you can spare time, I will read it to you now. Will you stay?”

She seemed to think the offer was kind, and she expressed her gratitude and her willingness to stay. We stood by the bank at the side of the lane, and at once began. I was so anxious that such an ignorant woman should understand, that I did not think the tract half plain enough, and therefore stopped to ask if she knew what it meant, and to explain it as I went on. She listened with great attention, and I noticed that she curtsied every time the name of Jesus was mentioned. When I had done reading, I told her of this, and asked her if she could tell me why she did so. She seemed rather puzzled with the question, and said, “Why, you see, sir, in our country (Ireland) they always do; when the priest reads the name of Jesus,” (and again she curtsied,) “then the men bow, and the women curtsy.” I said, Perhaps I can tell you more about that; so I quoted the passage in which the words are found, “that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow,” etc. Phil. ii. 10, and I tried to show her that such mere outward worship would not do; that we must confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father, verse 11; and that we must love Him and worship Him with our heart. “I suppose then,” said I, “that you know who Jesus Christ is, since you bow at his name?”

“Oh yes, he is the second Person in the blessed Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.”

Her knowledge of this seemed to me somewhat surprising. I quoted the other part of the passage in Philippians, and tried to show her how much love to sinners was in Christ Jesus, “who, being in the form of God, thought 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 man;” and not only so, but being found in “fashion as a man, He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross,” Phil. ii. 6—8.

I told her that Christ came into the world to save sinners. “Yes,” said she, “He was born of the blessed virgin.”

“Now then,” said I, “do you think Christ is your Saviour?”

“Well, ’tis to be hoped He will be.”

“I suppose you think yourself a sinner?”



“God knows I am.”

“So am I; we are both sinners: but how do you think we can be forgiven?”

“Well, sir, you see I go to the priest and he gives me absolution.” (She was a Roman Catholic.)

“Do you think that is enough?”

“Why, no, sir; we must do penance when we have done wrong.”

“Is that all?”

“Why, no: you see we must do good works to please God.”

“That is your way; now I will tell you what I think about it. You have heard of the Bible?”

“Yes.”

“Do you think the Bible is God’s word?”

“Oh yes, I believe it is.”

“Well, I have read the Bible, and I never read in it about going to a priest to get absolution. The Bible says, that Jesus Christ died for our sins; and teaches us that it is for his sake that God forgives us. The Bible teaches us to confess to God, but says nothing about confessing to a priest. It says, that ‘if we confess our sins, He (God) is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness,’ 1 John i. 9. The Bible says nothing about our doing penance, but that ‘Christ suffered for us,’ which means, instead of us, when He, ‘his own self, bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness,’ 1 Peter ii. 24.

“The Bible teaches us, that we must do good works, but that our good works will never save us. Now, you see, it is not going to the priest, or doing penance, or doing good works that will save us, but Christ alone; and we must confess to God, believe that Christ suffered for us, and ask God for Christ’s sake to forgive us.”

“Well, sir, but we must have good works too, to make up, you know.”

I found it very hard to convince her that our own good works would not save us. I told her what God’s law said she ought to do, and asked if she had done all, or could do it all; and I tried to show her that all the world is guilty before God, and that no priest, or penance, or good works can save any body. She seemed at last to have some new thoughts on the subject; for she clasped her hands, lifted



up her eyes, and cried out in the most piercing tone, “Oh, what is to become of us all?”

I replied, “I will try to tell you; God will have mercy upon sinners, but we must receive mercy in his own way. It is because He is so kind and so good that I ever hope to be saved, and there is the same way for you. The same Bible that tells us of God’s law, tells us too that ‘God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life,’ John iii. 16. And Jesus said he came to seek and to save that which was lost, meaning just such poor sinners as we are. He was made a curse for us, and it is only by faith in his blood that we can be saved. So there is nothing for us to do first but to believe in Christ; and it is because Christ bore the punishment for us that we can be saved.”

She seemed to have been so taken up with notions of confessing to a priest, and doing penance, and getting absolution, and doing good works, that she could hardly make any thing of Christ’s suffering for us. In trying to make her see my meaning, I continued, “Christ saw that men were wicked sinners against God. He knew they could never save themselves, and He came to save them. He died for us on the cross, and so now God offers to pardon us—to give us absolution for his sake. We cannot hear God speaking, but He has given us his book, and that is as good as if we could hear him; and there it is written, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,’ Acts xvi. 31. It says, that ‘we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace,’ Eph. i. 7. There is nothing about going to a priest, and there is no need of it: the Bible says, ‘He that *believeth* shall be saved,’ Mark xvi. 16. We must go to Christ as our Priest, and He has said, ‘Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,’ John vi. 37.”

The old woman had been most deeply attentive. Oh that some congregations did but pay half so much attention! She seemed to have got something quite new. The tears stood in her eyes; she raised her hands, lifted her streaming eyes to heaven, and then cried, “Lord bless your honour, no mortal creature ever told me this before.”

It is long since I have seen a face half so joyous. I have never preached the gospel with more anxiety, never with more pleasure; and I have never seen any one who appeared



to listen with so much attention, or receive it with so much thankfulness. She stood and wiped away the tears with the corner of her ragged apron: she said she should like to have the tract, and would try “any how” to get somebody to read it to her. I gave her several tracts. I repeated to her the simple first truths of the gospel, and some passages of Scripture, which she thought she should remember. I told her to confess her sins to God, and to take Christ for her priest, as I had taken him for mine. I bade her remember that though we cannot see God, yet God can see us; and though we cannot hear him, he can hear us wherever we are. When I had given her a trifling alms, and commended her to God and to the blessing of the Saviour, I went away, followed by her warmest thanks and blessings.

It is not likely that, in this world, it will be known to the writer what were the effects of this conversation: they may have been like the “morning cloud and the early dew,” or like a “nail fastened in a sure place.”

The poor woman is gone; her dwelling-place, her family, her name are all unknown to me. I never saw her before. I may never see her again in this world. But in the awful revelation of that great day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and the Lamb shall open the books, then we shall meet, and that poor unknown, almost unnoticed outcast will stand among the crowd of all nations, before the throne of God, not unnoticed, not unknown. The quiet lane, the time, the place, the conversation, will all be remembered, and the thought of these things will have something to do with the sentence which will then be passed. Yes! and then, too, the writing and the reading of this tract will not be forgotten. Oh, my friends, what you read can never be lost; the words and the warning you receive you will have to account for. They may be forgotten for a time; but when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, then they will be remembered, and it will be found that they are stamped on your conscience in characters which will last as long as the soul itself, and then the calling to mind of what you now read will have something to do with the sentence which is passed on yourselves.

Let me ask each of my readers, Have you received the gospel? Are you a believer in Christ? It will be of no use for you to boast of having more knowledge than this poor woman, if you do not improve it. Perhaps you do not



go to the priest, you may not do penance, you may say you know better; but do not forget that it is not denying a false religion that will save you, but it is receiving the true religion. Go then at once, if you have never gone before, to the “Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,” John i. 29.

Learn to value the blessings of the gospel. Whether you have received it or not, it is wisdom, and you will find that “her ways are ways of pleasantness,” and that they are never more pleasant than when they lead you to work for the good of others. There are thousands like this poorwoman who know indeed the name of the Saviour, but who do not know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; they are taught to bow the knee at the sound of his name, but they are never taught to bow their heart to love and obey him. They are brought, as it were, to the gate of the gospel kingdom, and then they are kept from going in. They are satisfied with the form of religion, while they know not its power. Try then to spread the light that is in you. Remember that the light is only living whilst it may be seen: do not hide it “under a bushel.” Remember that if religion lives it must move, and that if your religion be shut up in your own bosom, it is buried there, like the talent wrapped in a napkin and hid in the earth.

If you possess superior light, remember that, if you neglect the gospel, these people whom you pity will rise up in judgment against you; and then how dreadful it will be to see many saved who had less light than you; to see “that many shall come from the east and the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God,” while you yourselves are thrust out.

Alas! how carelessly are many living, who even now hear, yes, they do hear the sound of the gospel, but they do not know it as a joyful sound. It gives rise to no serious thought—to no anxious seeking for their souls’ eternal welfare.

“Their days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment’s stay;  
Just like a story or a song  
They pass their lives away.”

Go then, my reader, go on your knees before God, and breathe for yourselves the prayer of Moses, the man of God,  
“So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our



hearts unto wisdom," Psa. xc. 12. Pray God for Christ's sake to give you wisdom, and He will give it; and when you have learned to know Jesus Christ, "whom to know is life eternal," then you will find wisdom; and you will experience that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," Prov. iii. 17.

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Heal us, Emmanuel, here we are,  
Waiting to feel thy touch:  
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,  
And, Saviour, we are such.

Our faith is feeble, we confess,  
We faintly trust thy word;  
But wilt thou pity us the less?  
Be that far from thee, Lord!

Remember him who once applied  
With trembling for relief;  
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,  
"Oh help my unbelief!"

She, too, who touched thee in the press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,  
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Concealed amid the gathering throng,  
She would have shunned thy view;  
And if her faith was firm and strong,  
Had strong misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come  
To touch thee if we may;  
O send us not despairing home,  
Send none unhealed away.



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THE  
WANDERER WELCOMED HOME.

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AFTER the services of one Lord's day in the course of the winter of 1839 had come to a close, and I had watched the congregation slowly retiring until all had disappeared, I observed a tall young man coming forward to address me. On requesting to be pardoned for the freedom which he supposed he took, he said :

"My wife, sir, is on her dying bed, and is exceedingly anxious for a minister to visit her; as the distance is not great, I have used the liberty to ask whether you would gratify her wish." I instantly complied, and accompanied him through several streets until we came to his residence. As he cautiously knocked for admittance, my soul sank within me; for we seemed to stand on the very threshold of eternity. The message of God had come to that abode requiring a soul to hasten into his presence. To awaken the first accusations of conscience within it, perhaps, how difficult! To minister, even through ignorance or inadvertence, to its self-deception, how dreadful! My heart seemed to leap from my bosom as I entreated God to grant me his assistance. When the door opened, we ascended a narrow staircase to a small chamber in which a single light burned dimly. It revealed an interesting looking person, apparently about twenty years of age, sitting in a stooping posture in bed. Immediately, my conductor turned and said he would now leave me. He accordingly went down stairs, and we remained alone. On sitting down, I remarked to the poor invalid that she appeared very ill. She burst into a flood of tears, and exclaimed, with an expression of great agony, "My body suffers nothing, sir, in comparison with my soul!" I observed that every unforgiven sinner had reason to feel as she did; for God was a Being of perfect justice. "Yes," she rapidly added, "he is not all mercy, and my sins cannot be punished enough." "What," I inquired, "makes your sins appear so great?" "Oh," she



answered, "I have refused all his offers of mercy. From my childhood I have heard the gospel, and have until now rejected it. Three years ago, he laid me on a bed of sickness: then I vowed I should serve him; but I have sunk deeper into sin than ever. I have forsaken public worship for every trifling reason. I have hardened myself in sin!" Tears choked her further utterance. On her becoming composed, I inquired why, since she knew of the Saviour, she did not apply to him for pardon. "I do! I do!" she replied; "but every time I look to him he seems to turn frowning from me. I have grieved him too long. He is determined now that I shall suffer. Oh that I could recall my past life! Oh that I could bring back but a single sabbath of the hundreds I have broken!"

Nothing but the tones in which these words were uttered could convey to any one the impressions which they made on me. I had earnestly prayed that my natural feelings might not prompt me to offer any consolation except such as should spring from a believing reception of the gospel! but I soon perceived that it was not in the power of the kindest earthly friend, or of the most confident priestly absolution, to convey peace to such a wounded spirit. Conscience was already too much aroused, and was scrutinizing the past life with a too piercing inquiry, to admit of any consolation which did not arise from a view of satisfied justice combined with infinite mercy. I therefore continued, by observing that her sins did indeed seem to be very great; that it was not wonderful she should be alarmed at the probable consequences of them; but that she should not increase their number by questioning the truth of what God had said, namely, that he would pardon every sinner who humbly applied to him through his own beloved Son. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 16. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," Isa. i. 18. On hearing these words, she fixed her eyes upon me with a look of great earnestness, and said, "Are not my sins too great to be forgiven?" It was my infinite privilege to answer, "They are not; for of Christ it is said, His blood 'cleanseth us from all sin' " 1 John i. 7. An expression of wonder seemed to



pass across her features for a moment, and then, with a tone of considerable firmness, she put this question.

"Do you know of any instance of a person being pardoned after having sinned against knowledge and light, as I have done?" I answered, that the word of God informed us of Saul of Tarsus, that he was well instructed in the Old Testament Scriptures, and had actually seen the first martyr Stephen die, while giving testimony to the power of the gospel; and that even, when in the very act of persecuting believers, he was pardoned and saved, and afterwards much honoured by God.

A considerable pause ensued, when she appeared lost in meditation. I left her to break the silence, when with equal anxiety she remarked, "But Saul committed his sins against the people of God, whereas I have slighted and despised Christ himself; that alters the case."

"The persons," I replied, "who crucified with their own hands the very body of Christ, received, according to his own command, the offer of mercy; and when Peter preached to them, he called on them to repent. It is very probable, that some of these very sinners are now in heaven; for they were as many as three thousand individuals pricked in their hearts when they were told that it was the Son of God whom with wicked hands *they* had "crucified and slain," Acts ii. 36—38.

"'Tis very wonderful!" she exclaimed with growing interest. "I cannot understand it! It seems to me impossible! What! can I be saved? Why, my life is almost done! I now am of no use to God! Pray does the Bible inform us of any one who had spent a life of sin being saved at the last moment?"

I observed, that I thought it was sufficient to know that God had expressly offered to save every soul, under any circumstances whatever, which came to him through Jesus Christ; that it was sinful in any one to discredit what he had so solemnly and repeatedly said; at the same time, that such was his great forbearance with the unbelieving, that he had given a remarkable example of the kind referred to; for, at the time Jesus was dying, there was a thief expiring too, who called out for mercy, saying, "Lord, remember me;" and that Christ, even although he knew that the person who addressed him had been a wicked man, and had only then a few hours to live, returned from



the one cross to the other the gracious answer, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise," Luke xxiii. 43.

"It is wonderful!" she added; "I must believe. The recollection of my sins makes me waver; but how can I doubt when Christ has such love and such power? Lord, strengthen me! Oh, wilt thou yet take me? What! me?"

She continued for some time expressing herself with great fervour, and in a manner which led me to hope that the blessed Spirit was indeed unfolding to her the way of life. As the interview had now lasted for a considerable time, I proposed to close it by prayer. When we had concluded, she stated that she could now trust in the Saviour with a confidence altogether new and peculiar.

On retiring from the solemn chamber, I could not but admire the goodness of God in permitting me to convey the tidings of salvation to one who had been made so anxious to hear them. The subject to which the attention of the congregation had been directed on that evening was founded on the questions of the prophet, "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?" Jer. viii. 22; and it was a refreshing privilege to see that question so triumphantly answered in the manifest adaptation of the gospel to the wounded spirit of a dying sinner. But the sense of gratitude thus produced was much deepened when I came to perceive the various steps by which the hand of Providence had led me to that interview. The poor sufferer had had a dangerous illness a few years before, when a gentleman visited her, and felt much concerned for her spiritual welfare. On her recovery to health, and when her husband's engagements required them to leave the metropolis, and to remove to a distant town, that friend requested her, if possible, to attend the ministry of the only minister with whom he was acquainted in that place. They sincerely promised compliance; but, alas! those terrors of conscience which do not lead onwards to a full acceptance of the gospel have no lasting influence! The companions and gaieties of a new sphere led her astray. Love of dress, as she repeatedly assured me, fostered vanity, jealousy, and many kindred evils. Oh, how I have longed that some Christians who are scarcely aware of the influence of their example in this respect, had heard these confessions of a broken heart! I do think that they would ever afterwards, if not for their own sakes, yet for the sake of others, have studied the utmost simplicity of attire. As if the



enemy of souls had been determined to try her to the utmost, she was led into an acquaintance with a Roman Catholic family, who induced her frequently to attend the Romish worship, and almost to embrace its deceitful doctrines. It was whilst standing in the crowd, amid the splendours of one of their festivals at the close of the year, that the hand of God arrested her. She was taken home, and laid on that bed of sickness from which she never arose. Immediately the voice of conscience rolled like thunder over her trembling spirit. Her friends sent for the Romish priest, who visited her and pronounced her sins forgiven. Vain and blasphemous act! The soul of the sinner loathed the treacherous consolation. The power of God was upon her, and she panted for some other balm. For the first time since the beginning of her course of folly, the name of the minister to whom she had been recommended came to her recollection, and she anxiously entreated her husband to try and discover him; but he knew not how to comply with her wishes. He was therefore entreated to seek for the attendance of any minister who would willingly come. Accordingly on one Lord's day he went abroad, to go into the first place of worship he could find. After entering one where he found the service not yet begun, he passed by another, into which he saw an individual entering, of whom he inquired whether it was probable that the minister would visit a sick person. On being answered in the affirmative, he waited until the close of the service, and by a most singular providence, found the very individual to whom his dying wife had been directed, and who immediately accompanied him as I have already described. This circumstance much encouraged me in praying that God would have mercy on her soul.

In my succeeding interviews, it became more and more evident to my own mind that God had in his mercy plucked her as a brand out of the fire. Her convictions of sin were most deep and powerful, and yet accompanied with an humble and thankful reliance on Him who died "the just for the unjust."

"Am I right," said she, on the following morning, "in supposing that neither the pains of my body, nor my great sorrow for sin, can procure my salvation?"

"Yes," I answered. "And," she continued, "that they do not even help to save me; but that it is only for the sake of Christ?"



“Yes,” I repeated. “Oh, how wonderful,” she exclaimed, “how wonderful that I never saw this before! It is so simple, yet so convincing!”

Grief for the sinfulness of her past life, instead of becoming less, grew deeper and deeper as her hope of pardon became more established.

“Do Christians,” she inquired, “ever doubt their interest in the love of Christ? for when I consider the infinite holiness and justice of God, I cannot but tremble and cease to hope.” On being reminded of the perfection of Christ’s offering, she added, “If God declares he is satisfied, that is enough for me; but, oh, that must be an astonishing ransom which can not only atone for such sins, but break such a heart as mine!”

Indeed the progress of humility was one of the most interesting features of her apparently renewed character. Had there been a disposition to overlook the unfavourable points of her case, or to indulge in a mere general expectation that all would be well beyond the grave, there would have been little ground for satisfaction. But even the most joyous sentiment she expressed was beautifully clothed with penitence.

On one occasion, she inquired whether it was my belief that there were different degrees of glory in heaven; and on being answered rather in the affirmative, she said that she had formerly been told so, and now found that the consideration was a great relief to her mind. I inquired, how it was so; and she answered, “I cannot conceive myself placed beside those who have faithfully served God during all their lives. I have forgotten and offended him all along until I came into this extremity. I have only served myself by trusting in him now. But if I could get even the meanest office in heaven, so that I could just hear the Saviour’s voice, and be sure of his favour, I should feel that it best suited me, and it would be a surprising privilege.” These sentiments, often expressed with a remarkable natural eloquence, were strangely contrasted with the external misery of her situation. One evening, rather late, I took a friend with me for the purpose of seeing her, when we were met at the door by her female attendant, trembling with fear. We asked what was the matter, when she could scarcely reply, but muttered, that it was “dreadful to be alone with death.” “Where is her husband?” we asked. “He



has not been at home since morning," was the answer. Until that moment, it had not struck me that her only earthly protector was rushing rapidly down the path of ruin. How truly desolate and deserted was she in all that related to the present world! We went up stairs, and found that she had awoke from one of those distressing slumbers which persons under the influence of medicines of a peculiar kind are called to endure. A thousand glittering knives seemed to have been pointed towards her with a view to her destruction, and from which escape appeared impossible. After such a struggle, it may be conceived how haggard, wan, and anxious she appeared. The spectacle indeed can never be erased from the memory of those who saw it. After making what arrangements we could for her comfort through the night, and, above all, commending her to that God who had appeared gracious to her in her low estate, we turned to depart. But what was our horror, when we met on the threshold the intelligent young man who had appealed to me on behalf of his dying wife, coming in—intoxicated! In such a scene, and at such a time! In what dark colours did it picture the wretchedness of sin!

Her charge to him, from her dying bed, was a peculiarly affecting incident. Calling him to her side, she entreated him with the greatest earnestness to "flee from the wrath to come," saying, "Oh, if you knew the regrets of a death bed repentance, you would not put off the question of your salvation for a single hour! Here did I lie, racked with bodily pain, distressed out of measure by the recollection of past sins and broken resolutions, having my memory filled with frivolous songs and exciting scenes at the theatre—all making my salvation next to impossible. God may not have mercy on you as he had on me if you trifle with the blood of Christ. You never can meet me," she added slowly and thoughtfully, "unless you come to heaven. I never can be among the damned; I love Jesus!" This address left a deep impression on his mind; for he was afterwards very attentive and tender. He has since followed her to the judgment!

The ravages of disease continued to advance, and rendered her existence exceedingly painful and burdensome; and it would have been strange if her hopes had not varied with the state of her sinking frame. It was delightful, however to see them ever reviving and resting upon the sure



foundation. Much of her time was now spent in meditating on the love of Christ, and in expressing infinite obligations to him. "If the happiest hour of my past life," she expressively said at this period, "were spread over all eternity, I would not resign for it the short time which has elapsed since I knew the Saviour. Nothing can be compared with the happiness of his friendship. It is more precious than a thousand worlds." In such a frame she continued until life slowly ebbed away, and it became evident to those who loved her, though late, yet tenderly, for Christ's sake, that she had "fallen asleep."

Reader, does not this short account prove how full and free is the salvation of the cross? Whom has the Saviour ever turned away? Where is the sinner who has perished at his feet? Hell can boast of no such victim. The world never witnessed such a wretch. No! Christ declares, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," John vi. 37. Hast thou then ever come to him?

Perhaps these lines may fall into the hands of one who has lived a life of much rebellion against God, and is now laid upon the couch of sickness, without hope for eternity. Oh, be entreated to make immediate application to Him who alone can forgive thy sins. See how promptly, how perfectly he pardons. Hear his tender voice chiding your delay—"Come unto me; come unto me;"—"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," Matt. xi. 28; John vii. 27; Rev. iii. 20.

It may be, reader, that thou art in the midst of health, spending thy days without thought, storing up for a dying bed materials of self-reproach; perhaps for the flames of hell fuel for bitter remorse! Oh! be warned to repent without an hour's delay. No season, even of sickness, may be granted thee for reflection; by some sudden accident, by some secret breaking asunder of the cord of life, thou mayest be hurled into eternity. Flee, then, as if already standing on the brink of eternity—as if already in the arms of death. Flee unto the only Saviour of guilty sinners. "Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 16.



POOR BUTEVE.

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ALL who love to hear how the work of God goes on upon earth, will feel glad to learn how much of late years has been done in the islands of the great South Seas. When the servants of God first went to these islands to preach his word, and to make known the way to heaven, they had to spend a long night of toil, and no doubt of grief. The heathen would not obey the voice of the Lord their God, nor walk in his ways. But, the grace of God can melt the heart of stone, and change the wayward will; and in his own good time, God gave his word free course, and blessed the labours of those who left their homes to preach his word in these dark places of the earth.

One of these men of God, the Rev. John Williams, has written a book, in which he tells us what it pleased God to do by his means in many of these islands. He says they are lovely to the sight, and that when the natives began to know and to serve God, these distant lands grew dear to his heart. In one of them, called Rarotonga, he long took up his abode, and here a rich share of the favour of God rested on his work. Amongst many proofs of this, he tells us of the work of grace wrought upon the heart of a poor cripple, whose name was Buteve.

Let me now tell you where Mr. Williams found Buteve, and also what they said to each other. "There is," said Mr. Williams, "a good road round the island, which the natives call 'The parent path,'"



both sides of which are lined with chesnut and other trees, whose wide-spread branches shade you from the rays of a very hot sun, and give you, even in mid-day, cool shady walks, some miles in length. The houses of the natives were placed from ten to thirty yards or more from this pathway, and some of them were very pretty. The path which led up to the houses, was always strewed with white and black pebbles; and on either side were planted the tufted top ti tree, and the tall taro with its pea-green leaves. Six or eight stone seats were ranged in front of the houses, by the side of the 'parent pathway.' These were remains of old times, some of which were looked on with much respect by the people, who, while they pointed to them would say, 'Here my father or the great chief so and so sat.' Most of these seats were formed of two smooth stones, the one made a seat, and the other was sunk in the ground to form the back. Here, when it was cool, at the close of day, and their work was done, with a wreath of flowers on their heads, and anointed with an oil of a sweet smell, sat the owners of the houses to chat with any one who went by, about the affairs of their own little world. It was thus I met with Buteve.

"As I went along this path one evening, I was struck by seeing a man get off one of these seats, and walk upon his knees into the middle of the pathway, when he shouted, 'Welcome, servant of God, who brought light into this dark island; to you we owe the word of salvation.' His hands and feet were eaten off by a disease the natives called kokovi, and he could only move along on his knees. Though this was the case, I found that his industry was very great; his ground was kept in the best order, and he raised food enough to support his wife and three children. What he used for a spade to till the ground was a tool called the ko, which is a piece of iron wood, pointed at one end. This he pressed firmly to his side, and, leaning the weight of his body upon it, pierced the ground, and then



scraping out the earth with the stumps of his hands, he would clasp a taro plant, place it in the hole, and then fill in the earth. The weeds he pulled up in the same way.

“In reply to what he had said, I asked him what he knew of the word of salvation. He said, ‘I know about Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners.’ On asking what he knew about Jesus Christ, he said, ‘I know that he is the Son of God, and that he died in great pain upon the cross, to pay for the sins of men, in order that their souls might be saved and go to be happy in the skies.’

“I asked him ‘if all the people went to heaven after death.’ ‘Surely not,’ he said, ‘only those who have faith in the Lord Jesus, who cast away their sins, and who pray to God,’ ‘You pray, of course,’ I said. ‘Oh yes, I very often pray as I weed my ground, and plant my food; but always three times a day: I pray, too, with my family, morning and evening.’ ‘What do you say when you pray?’ ‘I say, O Lord, I am a great sinner; may Jesus take my sins away by his good blood. Give me the righteousness of Jesus to adorn me, and give me the good Spirit of Jesus to teach me, and make my heart good, to make me a man of Jesus; and take me to heaven when I die.’

“‘Well,’ I said, ‘that, Buteve, is very good; but, where did you learn what you know?’ ‘From you, to be sure, who brought us the news of salvation but yourself?’ ‘True,’ I said, ‘but I do not think I have ever seen you come to hear me speak of these things, and how have you learned them?’ ‘Why,’ he said, ‘as the people come back from the services, I take my seat by the way-side, and beg a bit of the word of them as they pass by, one gives me one piece; another, another piece; and I gather them together in my heart, and by thinking over what I thus get, and praying to God to make me know. I understand a little about His word.’

“I felt much interest in what had passed, as I had never seen the poor cripple before, and I could not learn that he had ever been in a place of worship in his life; yet,



all he knew made me wonder and rejoice, and after this, I seldom went by his house without speaking to him.'

This poor cripple was rich indeed, for he was taught by the Holy Spirit to be a man of faith and of prayer a lover of God and diligent in his work, though many would say, 'No one could have blamed such a poor cripple if he had been idle.' Buteve was as careful to get food for his soul, as he was for his body; both seemed out of his reach, yet in his case we see the old saying to be most true, 'Where there is a will there is also a way.' His zeal to learn the truth of God, may well put to shame many, who, from one Lord's day to another, hear the word of God as they sit at ease in his house, but do not care to lay up its holy truths in their hearts.

How many go each Lord's day to the house of God, yet if they were asked, 'How do you hope to be saved?' they could not say, with truth, as Buteve did, 'I know about Jesus Christ, who came to save sinners!' How many, if asked what they prayed for, could not repeat such a prayer as his, much less say it from their hearts! It is so good a prayer that you should read it over a few times till you know it well; and do not fail to offer it up to Him who tells us that all who ask in faith shall have, and all who seek shall find. This is poor Buteve's prayer:—"O Lord, I am a great sinner; may Jesus take my sins away by his good blood. Give me the righteousness of Jesus to adorn me, and give me the good Spirit of Jesus to teach me, and make my heart good, to make me a man of Jesus; and take me to heaven when I die."

"Grant these requests, I ask no more,  
But to thy care the rest resign;  
Sick or in health, or rich or poor,  
All shall be well, if Thou art mine."



## THE BLIND WARRIOR.

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**I**N one of those islands of the South Seas, where the natives have learned to know and serve God, there lived an old blind warrior called Me. He had been a terror, not only to the people of his own island, Raiatea, out to those of other islands which lay around it: but, it pleased God to check Me in his course of sin and bloodshed; for in the last battle that was fought before the men of this island became Christians, Me got a blow which made him blind. The Rev. John Williams, who took much pains to win the souls of these poor lost heathens, gives us a very pleasant account of old blind Me, after he was a convert to the truth. He says, "A few years, after I went to live at Raiatea, Me's heart was brought to believe the gospel, and when our church was formed, he was among the first to become one of its members. Though blind, he was most diligent in going to the house of God. Some kind friend would lead him there, taking one end of his stick while he held the other. The most respectable women amongst us thought this no disgrace; and I have often seen some of the first chiefs, and the king himself, leading him in this way to chapel. He came also to our schools for the elder people at six o'clock in the morning, and by saying over again and again, what kind friends had read to him, and laying it up in his mind with much care, he learned to know very well the truths of the New Testament. And here, I may say, that the natives are almost always truly kind to blind and aged persons, in reading to them parts of Scripture which they wish to lay up in their minds; and I do



not know a more pleasing sight, than that which is at times seen in our schools for the elder people. Here, you will see a pious female, with three or four old women round her, bent double by their great age, to whom she is reading, and telling the meaning of some parts of the word of God which it is most useful for them to know. There, you may see one of the first chiefs and his wife busy in the same way. In one place you would find a little boy, in another, a nice little girl, sitting among old warriors, teaching them their letters, helping them to spell, or reading over some parts of the word of God."

Let us stop here to ask, if Christians amongst ourselves may not learn lessons from such teachers ; lessons of kindness to the blind, the aged, and to those who, late in life, are willing to learn to read ? Although many who read this tract, may be so poor that they cannot spare money to clothe and feed others, yet by now and then giving them half an hour of their time, they may teach them the truths of God's word by reading it to them, and thus lead a blind or aged neighbour to seek the mercy of Christ.

After Mr. Williams had been for a time away from the island, he tells us—"On the first Lord's day after my return I missed old Me, and the warm shake hands with which he used to welcome me. I asked where he was, and was told he was so very ill that it was not thought he could live long. I went at once to see him. On reaching the place where he lived, I found him lying in a little hut away from the dwelling-house, and on going into it I spoke to him, saying, 'Me, I am sorry to find you so ill.' Knowing my voice, he cried out, 'Is it you? Do I really hear your voice again before I die? I shall die happy now; I was afraid I should have died before you came back.' I at once asked him how he got a supply of food; for, in their heathen state, it had been their custom, as soon as old or infirm persons became a burden to their friends, to put them to death in the most cruel way. They would pre-



tend they were going to carry the poor aged person to a stream of water to bathe, and then his relations would throw him into a hole which they had before dug for this end, and cast a heap of stones on the body. Even for a long time after they became Christians, we found it right when we went to see the sick to make strict inquiry as to their being taken care of. He said, in answer to my inquiry, that he had often much to suffer from hunger. I said, 'How so? you have your own farm;' for though blind, he was diligent in raising sweet potatoes and other food. 'Yes,' he said, 'but as soon as I was taken ill, the people with whom I lived seized my ground, and I am, at times, very much in want.' I said to him, 'Why did you not complain to the chief, or to some of the Christian friends who come to see you?' His reply was, 'I feared lest the people should call me a tell-tale, or speak ill of my religion; and I thought I would rather suffer hunger, or death, than give them cause to do so.'

"I then asked what brethren came to read and pray with him. He named some, and said, 'They do not come so often as I could wish, yet I am not lonely, for I have frequent visits from God; God and I were talking when you came in.' 'Well,' I said, 'and what were you talking about?' 'I was praying to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better.' Having said that I thought his sickness would end in death, I wished him to tell me what he thought of himself in the sight of God, and what was the ground of his hope. 'Oh!' he said, 'I have been in great trouble this morning; but I am happy now. I saw an immense mountain, with very steep sides, up which I tried to climb; but, when I had got a good way up, I lost my hold, and fell to the bottom. Worn out, and anxious, I went a little way off, and sat down to weep, and while I wept I saw a drop of blood fall on that mountain, and in a moment it was melted.' Wishing to have his own ideas of what he had in fancy seen, I said, 'This was, indeed, a strange sight; what meaning do you draw from it?' After showing his surprise that



I should be at a loss for the meaning, he cried out, 'That mountain was my sins, and the drop which fell upon it, was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away.' I told him I was very glad he had such a sense of the greatness of his guilt, and such high thoughts of the power of the Saviour's blood, and that, though the eyes of his body were blind, he could see, with 'the eye of his heart, such a glorious sight.' He then went on to state that the sermons he had heard were now his companions when alone, and gave him comfort in sorrow. I said, when leaving, I would go home and get ready some medicine for him, which might give him some ease; he said, 'I will drink it, as you say I must; but I shall not pray to be raised to health again, for my desire is to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better than to stay longer in this sinful world.'

"In my visits after this, I always found him happy and cheerful, longing to depart, and be with Christ. This was the constant burden of his prayer: I was with him when he breathed his last. During this visit he repeated many precious texts from the word of God, and having cried out with strength, 'O death! where is thy sting?' his voice failed, his eyes became fixed, his hands dropped, and his spirit went to be with that Saviour whose precious blood had melted away the mountain of his guilt. Thus died poor old Me, the blind warrior of Raiatea. I went home, praying as I went, that my end might be like his."

Reader, may God grant to us, as he did to this poor blind man, a clear sight of the great burden of our sins, and a strong faith in the Saviour's blood.



O L D V A R A.

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THE Bible tells us, that "God is love," and His ways are made known to us as "ways of peace." It tells us, too, that Satan has been a murderer from the first, and that the dark places of the earth where he is served, are full of cruelty. Well might king David say, that their sorrows shall be many who hasten after another God, and add, "Their drink offerings of blood, will I not offer," Psa. xvi. 4. The natives of the South Sea islands were once in this state of sorrow and of sin; but the grace of the gospel has now made many a fierce heart amongst them meek like the dove and the lamb.

Old Vara, a chief, or leader in battle, in one of these islands, was one who, in those dark times, was chosen to find out sacrifices for their gods; not a lamb or a kid, such as God bade the Jews of old to offer, to teach them to look to Christ the Lamb of God; but these children of the evil one, used to kill human beings, and offer them to their gods. Now, Vara's king one day told him he was at once to provide one. Vara, rather at a loss, went to look for a sacrifice; his own little brother followed him a short way off, and cried after him. As soon as he saw him, he turned round, struck his head with a stone, killed him, and having put him in a large basket of cocoa-nut leaves, sent him to the king. When Vara's mother wept and mourned over



the loss of her child, and told him how very cruel it was to kill his brother, he scolded her and said, "Is not the favour of the gods, the pleasure of the king, and the safety of our goods, worth more than that little fool of a brother? Better lose him than the rule over our land."

Another office which Vara held, was to stir up the minds of those who were going to war; and many a night has he walked from house to house, to rouse the spirit of these fierce people, by telling them before hand of their success in the next battle; and this he would pretend to have been told by some god.

But the heart of this fierce and cruel heathen was not too hard to be melted by the grace of God; for he was led to become a servant of the Prince of peace. Vara was taught of God to repent of his sins, and become a true and humble servant of Christ. His heart being changed by the grace of God, for the rest of his life, which was for many years, he walked in a way worthy of that holy name by which he was now called. How many evil habits he must have had to fight against! But God helped him, and led him in the right way, and he found that sweet promise true, "Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs I will carry you," Isa. xlv. 4.

Vara's sight was so bad he could not learn to read, but his great love of God's word led him to lay up in his heart a great deal which he had heard read from the Bible; and, by this means, he came to know very much of what it was most needful for him to learn. Once, when the teachers of the gospel came to Aimeo, Vara, who was still chief in those parts, was so glad to hear what the word of God had done in the islands, that he got up and said—"Though I am almost



always dumb, I must speak now, for my heart is warmed within me. I am very sorry that I am not a young man to carry the message of mercy to others. I think I never felt more joy than I have done in listening to the teachers." Then, turning to the teachers, he said, "Do not despise these islands because there are not so many people in them as in some of the other groups; but take great care of these churches, and let them supply brethren to bear the news of salvation to the lands where there are many more people."

This was almost the last meeting that Vara ever went to, for even then he was sick with that illness by which, soon after, he was called to his rest.

When the day drew near that Vara must die, one of the teachers went to see him. "Seeing," said the teacher, "that his end fast drew near, I said to him, 'Are you sorry that you cast away your false gods by which you used to gain so much wealth?' These words quite stirred him up, and, with tears of pleasure sparkling in his eyes, he cried out, 'Oh no, no, no. What! can I be sorry for casting away death for life? Jesus is my rock, the strong tower in which my soul takes shelter.' I asked, 'Tell me on what you found your hopes of future blessedness.' He said, 'I have been very wicked; but a great King, from the other side of the skies, sent his messengers with terms of peace. We could not tell for many years what these messengers wanted. At length, our king, Pomare, gained a victory, and invited all his subjects to come and take refuge under the wing of Jesus, and I was one of the first to do so. The blood of Jesus is my foundation! I grieve that all my children do not love him. Had they known the misery we felt in the reign of the



devil, they would gladly take the gospel in exchange for their follies. Jesus is the best King! He gives a pillow without thorns!

“A little time after I asked him if he was afraid to die, when, with almost the strength of a young man he said, ‘No, no; the canoe is in the sea, the sails are spread, she is ready for the gale. I have a good Pilot to guide me, and a good haven to receive me. My outside man and my inside man differ. Let the one rot till the trumpet shall sound; but let my soul wing her way to the throne of Jesus!’”

What words of faith and joy are these! Who can despair that God will blot out their sins, and help them to live a life of holiness and peace, when they see the once fierce Vara, the murderer of his helpless little brother, thus changed, and meeting death with his robes made white in the blood of the Lamb? Yet let none presume; Vara was brought up as a heathen, and had not been taught better.

What made this mighty change in him? He tells us with his dying lips the secret, in a few striking words: “The blood of Jesus is my foundation.” Faith in the death of Christ made him so love the Saviour, that, by the help of the Holy Spirit, who showed him the things of Christ, he lived for many years a holy life, and died a happy death. If you would die the death of Vara ask of God to give you his faith, and never rest till, like him, you can say from the heart, as he did, “The blood of Jesus is my foundation.”

“OTHER FOUNDATION CAN NO MAN LAY THAN THAT IS LAID, WHICH IS JESUS CHRIST,” 1 Cor. iii. 11.



## THE BLESSED BOOK.

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A GOOD king, who lived many years ago, speaks much of a blessed book, which did such wonders for his own soul, and for the souls of others, that he says it is of more worth than gold, "yea, than much fine gold." It is, he says, "better unto me than thousands of gold and silver," Psa. cxix. 72. But what had it done for the soul of king David? His mind, like that of all men, was dark, but this blessed book had given him light. "Thy word," he says, "is a lamp unto my feet," Psa. cxix. 105. It showed him God's goodness and his glory; it showed him his own heart; he saw by its light his sin and his shame; it showed him the path of his life; he saw where he was to walk, and what he was to shun. All this it did for him, and it could, he well knew, do quite as much for the souls of others. By taking heed to it, the youth might "cleanse his way," and the grown up man would find it a delight, and be made to prosper as the tree whose root is fed by streams, and whose leaf does not fade. Yet no man loves and values the blessed book king David prized, till taught of God to do so. And God loves the soul of man so well and so wisely, that when men turn a deaf ear to the voice of his love, which says "Search the Scriptures," John v. 39: "Lay up my words within thy heart," Deut. xi. 18, He often sends



them his rod to teach the lesson men are so slow to learn. So it was in the case of an ungodly man, who lived in the south of Ireland. In the next parish was a school where the Bible was read, and he sent his son to the school. No doubt this man thought his son had a long life before him, and as he troubled himself but little about the world to come, his whole care was to fit his son for doing well in this. He was not one of those who obey the Saviour's rule, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and all things else, that ye need, "shall be added unto you," Matt. vi. 33. This is a rule which should guide parents in all their plans both for themselves and their children. Perhaps this father had in his own mind what he thought a good place for his son, as we may suppose from his great wish that his child should learn figures; for, some time after his son went to school, he told the master not to teach his child the Bible, for he wished that he should give up his whole time to learning to work sums. When the father found that such a wish could not be granted, he sent his son to what is called in Ireland a hedge school. At such places, though the poor Irish boys are taught to read, to write, and to work sums, yet the word of God is not to be found; for that blessed book casts a bright light around it, too bright for those who cannot bear the light of truth because their deeds are evil. The masters of these hedge schools are too much afraid of the anger of their priests to let the word of God be read by the boys whom they teach.

Now the father of the child of whom we speak did not belong to the church of Rome, and so was the more to blame in sending his son to a hedge school.



He found after a time that he had not gained his point; the child did not improve in working his sums, and he sent him back to his first school. There he not only got on well in his learning, and in working his sums, but it was the good will of God to bless his holy word to the saving of his soul.

A short time after this the child fell from a cart, and was so much hurt that he only lived thirty hours after his fall, and died at a lodging-house near at hand. When he felt that his death was near he sent for his father that father who had once said he should not read the Bible, and spoke to this effect. "Father, the word of God I was taught at school was blest to my soul. I am now dying happy, for I know that I am going to my Saviour; but, father, I have a last request, which is, that you will daily read the word of God with prayer. He will bless it to the saving of your soul; for bear in mind, father, that to call ourselves Christians, and to say we believe in Christ, will not save us. No, we must have that faith in Christ which is wrought by the Holy Spirit in our souls, and which alone can convert us, and bring us to heaven."

The dying request of the child went to the heart of his poor father; he could now no longer oppose the reading of the blessed book which had been so dear to his child, and on the evening of the day when his son was laid in the grave he sent twenty shillings to the school, as a proof that he felt grateful his child had there been taught the word of God, and had died in such a happy state.

The writer does not know any thing more of the father's history, but hopes he did as his son asked him that he read the word of God, and prayed that



the Holy Spirit might be given him. How well it would be for all who love their souls if they would daily use this short prayer, "O God, for Christ's sake give me thy Holy Spirit, to make me a child of God and to fit me for glory."

May this short story lead the parents who read it to prize above all things the time which their children spend in reading God's word. When they choose a school for them, let it be one where that book is not merely read as a form, but with care. And as all good parents will read it with their children when they are at home, let them often pray that He, whose word it is, would make its sense plain to them and to their children. Let them show their children that they love it much, that it is more prized by them than their daily food, that it is their guide on earth, and that they rejoice to think death shall not deprive them of it: for in the courts above its truths will be ever on their minds, and the Saviour to whom it points will be their light, their glory, and their great reward.

"Thy testimonies," says king David, "have I taken as an heritage for ever; for they are the rejoicing of my heart," Psal. cxix. lli.

"Search the Scriptures," says Christ, "for they are they which testify of me," John v. 39.



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## THE POWER OF DIVINE GRACE

ILLUSTRATED IN

### THE CONVERSION OF M. H.

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**I**T has been frequently remarked that, it rarely happens that a work of real spiritual conversion takes place in those who are very far advanced in years. Those who have spent the vigour of life in the disregard of Divine things, are seldom found, at the close of it, to pay any serious attention to the important realities of an unseen world. Now, although the truth of this statement is not to be denied, it is, happily, not without its exceptions. It would seem to the reflecting mind, as though God, by thus, in most instances, leaving to themselves those who have so long undervalued or disregarded his grace, would teach us the danger of delay and trifling in the great concerns of eternity; while by his leading others to the knowledge of salvation, even at the eleventh hour, he would have us understand that the work is His own; and that, in the performance of it, he is not bound by any prescribed limits or rules.

The subject of the following brief memoir, M. H., afforded a most remarkable instance of the manner in which the Great Head of the church is thus pleased at times to display his own power, even in circumstances which appear to us the least hopeful; and may serve to encourage those who are engaged in the great undertaking of winning souls to Christ, to believe that no case, in a scriptural and prayerful use of appointed means, is beyond the reach of promises held out to us.

I first became acquainted with M. H. in the year 1831, in one of my visits among the poor of my neighbourhood. I was attracted to her residence by observing a volume of smoke rising from what I had hitherto considered a neglected barn; but which, on inquiry, I was told was the abode of an aged female, who had early in life received the advantages



of a liberal education, but was now, in the decline of her days, at nearly eighty years of age, reduced to a state of extreme wretchedness and misery. Anxious to ascertain the spiritual condition of one under such circumstances, and who, from her advanced age, was necessarily standing on the verge of eternity, I proposed visiting her; but was a little discouraged in my purpose to do so, by a relation living near to her, who stated that she was strongly prejudiced against Scripture truth, averse to all society, and had lived for the last thirty years in the entire neglect of all religious ordinances, and in such total seclusion, that, for a long time past, she had not even crossed the meadow in which her dwelling was situate. Such objections only tended to increase my anxiety to impart instruction to her; and therefore I resolved to call upon her. Imploring the Divine assistance, I descended the hill, and approached her abode. "Good morning to you," I said, as I endeavoured to open a door which was evidently pushed against me. "You have mistaken your house and acquaintance," answered a harsh masculine voice, "your business is with some one else." "No," I said, "it is with you. I come as a friend to inquire after your welfare. I am sorry to see you so infirm." She surveyed me with an incredulous look, but on my advancing further into the room, if such it could be called, "This is no place for you," she said; "I have not a chair to offer you." The smoke which filled the place prevented me from accurately discerning her features, but I perceived that her voice trembled while she said, "This is my wretched abode." "I hope you can look forward to a better home," I observed; "life is short, and we are all hastening to our latter end." "I know that without being told," was her reply. "And the judgment that follows death is awful," I rejoined. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "that I must chance as well as others." "But," I remarked, "let us not venture our eternal interests on chance; let us seek the better foundation, that which is already laid, the true corner-stone, our Divine Redeemer," Isa. xxviii. 16; Eph. ii. 20; 1 Pet. ii. 6. The result of this my first interview with her, was of the most discouraging and painful nature. All that I advanced seemed to be in vain. She distinctly told me that she did not in the slightest degree believe that Jesus was the Son of God; declaring, in the strongest terms, that she was deter-



mined not to believe. I anxiously entreated her not to repeat what she had said ; and at the same time offered up my earnest prayers at the throne of grace for her, that the Holy Spirit would guide her into the way of truth, by convincing her of sin, and leading her to the Saviour, John xvi. 7-13. I asked if she possessed God's Word. "I have a Bible," she said. "Do you believe in it?" "I regard it as I would any other historical volume." Finding that her understanding had been cultivated, and that her mental powers were of a superior character, I thought it desirable to direct her attention to some texts of Scripture which referred to the divinity of our Lord ; and requested her to place the Bible before me. After considerable reluctance, and some little expression of irritation at my persevering in the request, she said, "If you will see it, there it is ;" pointing to a large family Bible covered with the dust of years and which bore evident marks of having long lain where I found it, unopened and disregarded. She noticed my surprise, and seemed confused. I expressed my deep regret at what I had observed, advised her to begin to read that holy book, and entreated her to pray that God's Holy Spirit would unseal its contents to her soul, John xv. 26. "I never pray at any time," she said, "and I shall not begin to pray to an unknown God. I do not believe there is a Holy Ghost. I think there is one Supreme Being, whose mercy is as great as his power, and if he chooses to save me he will effect it without any interference on my part." The more we conversed, the further we diverged from each other. I offered to bring my own Bible and read to her. "I can read without your assistance, and am perfectly acquainted with its contents," she said. "But it is a pleasure to me to read the Scriptures to a fellow-creature," Mal. iii. 16-18. She smiled somewhat contemptuously, and said there could exist no mutual feelings between such opposite beings. "Sorrow," I said, "has always a claim upon sympathy. You appear friendless, and if I could impart any comfort to you I should rejoice." This expression of kindness seemed to win upon her. She extended her hand, and shed tears. Still all which I advanced on the subject of religion appeared to produce none, or, at the best, but a transient effect. The Divine light on the page was wanting, and I had another practical proof that the quickening power is God's prerogative, Zec. iv. 6, 7 ; Luke xi. 13 ; Jas i. 5. I bowed



my head and heart at his footstool, earnestly imploring for his name's sake that he would make known his saving grace to this benighted soul.

From this time I visited her almost daily, in humble confidence that my prayer would be granted; resting on the Divine assurance that nothing is too hard for the Lord, Gen. xviii. 14, and that with Him all things are possible, Luke i. 37. Having, as I have stated, fallen from better circumstances, her mind was often disposed to revert to subjects with which her early days had made her familiar; and although this seemed very natural, I endeavoured as much as I could, without wounding her feelings, to check it, as having a tendency to defeat the great object I had in visiting her. At times I was at a loss how to proceed with her. On one occasion she told me my devotion was exclusive and erroneous. "Your prayers," said she, "are imaginative. You entreat the Spirit, in whom I do not believe. You supplicate the Redeemer, whom I consider merely a Teacher sent from God. You bring discredit to the Supreme Being by describing yourself—the work of his own hands—as a guilty creature, without possessing any inherent goodness." See Gen. vi. 5; Psa. li.; Isa. liii. 6; and Rom. iii. 9–20. "This is the enthusiastic scheme of your deluded imagination." I was taught by all this that faith, and not reason, was to be kindled into exercise; and that all her powers within her must be prostrated at the foot of the cross, before she could receive its humbling truths as a little child.

Months rolled away before any evidence of change could be discerned. I saw no outward sign of inward grace; and the only material alteration which I discovered in her was a softened manner, and greater civility. Her cavilling powers were so shrewd that I found it expedient to lay aside all arguments, and rest simply on the word of God and prayer. When any passage powerfully asserted the divinity of our Lord, she would turn away her eyes, and not unfrequently make some remark of a discouraging nature. In this state things went on, my hopes and fears for her alternately prevailing, till at length, in one of my accustomed visits, while I was reading to her the sixth verse of the ninth chapter of Isaiah, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Coun-



seller, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace,"—evincing by her manner the deep workings which were going on within, she exclaimed, "Then Christ is God, and I am a lost, undone rebel: I have sinned against the Holy Ghost, committed the unpardonable sin, trodden under foot the blood of the covenant, stifled conviction, and quenched the Spirit, which shall not always strive with man. That holy book condemns me, and calls loudly for vengeance. You are one of God's children; I belong to the evil one." We wept and prayed together. My heart was full. I felt that angels were rejoicing over her, Luke xv. 7 and 10; and, as I walked home, seemed as though I could call on the inanimate creation to "magnify the Lord with me."

From this time she required all the consolations and fulness of the gospel. As she became increasingly acquainted with the depravity of her nature, she was lost in admiration of the freeness of Divine grace. She saw and felt the suitableness of the great remedy, though, at first, totally unable to apply it to herself. The Divine agency was further needed; and how graciously was it at last granted! The Sun of righteousness had dawned in her heart, Mal. iv. 2, but great and long was the conflict before he rose fully on the glorious horizon. The great enemy, who had long held her captive, perceiving that his prey was about to be rescued from him, now assumed another form, in which he came in as a flood, Isa. lix. 19. Often for successive days and nights would she deplore the darkness of her understanding, the deadness of her heart, and the coldness and indifference of her feelings. These regrets were accompanied by floods of tears. The Scriptures were invaluable to her; and most bitterly did she condemn herself for having so long neglected them. "I have one ray of hope," she used to say, "which arises from the first prayer which you offered up in this abode being granted. God has shown me my sins; and if one petition be answered, it encourages me to supplicate again and again."

Eager now to visit the hitherto neglected courts of her God, she availed herself of the first opportunity; and was drawn there, through frost and snow, in a little chaise provided for her. This was a great effort for her, as it was a public acknowledgment of the errors of her known former life and opinions; but, under the influence of Divine grace,



she became weaned alike from human applause and human censure. She continued to write bitter things against herself, lamenting her want of faith, love, and genuine repentance; sometimes exclaiming, "I have sinned away the day of grace, and a holy God will never admit so unrenewed a soul into his immediate presence." At the same time the Scriptures became still more precious to her, and, as far as her great age and infirmities permitted, were constantly read by her. I advised her to treasure them up, and to pray over passages committed to memory in her childhood; which, surprising to say, after slumbering so long, neglected and forgotten, in her mind, were now brought to recollection, John xiv. 26.

After a continued period of much despondency, she received me one morning with a countenance illuminated with joy. "I have hope from the Lord," she said, "he hath met me in the history of Manoah." She repeated the twenty-third verse of the thirteenth chapter of Judges, and begged me to read it to her. I did so. "Surely," she said, "God would not have sent you to me, if he had purposed to condemn me." She wept, but they were tears of gratitude. Henceforward, everything she did seemed increasingly accompanied by prayer. She earnestly prayed that her guilty soul might be cleansed from all sin in the blood of Jesus. The Bible was everything to her, and it now whispered peace. "I have laid help upon one that is mighty," Psa. lxxxix. 19, was a passage peculiarly blessed to her soul. In this manner did she receive support from the Giver of all consolation. The same Holy Spirit, who had convinced and converted her, now manifested Himself to her as the Divine Comforter, John xiv. 16. She continued to go up to the courts of the sanctuary, and approached, with an overflowing heart, the table of her Lord. She took great pleasure in hymns, learning by heart many that I repeated to her. She especially delighted in one, I believe of Toplady's,—

"Surely Christ thy sins has borne."

And now the period arrived when she was called upon to give full proof of the stability of her faith. I trembled; and besought the Lord on her behalf. Her son, Edward H., a professed infidel, was brought in a dying state to her forlorn abode. Great was his indignation upon finding his aged mother no longer a willing recipient of his erroneous



principles; and all the artillery of his wit, sarcasm, and irony, were levelled against what he called hypocritical cant. But no one could pluck her out of her Father's hand, John x. 28, 29. The feeling manifested by him against myself was so violent, that, at her request, I discontinued, for a period, my visits to her, and left her to rest exclusively on the Divine arm. Upon parting she said, "I deserve all this, and much more, for have I not reviled the Son of God? but let us meet together daily at our usual hour, and plead at the throne of grace for my wretched child, who is so violently opposed to the means used for his spiritual instruction. When the church clock strikes ten at night we will pray for each other." After some weeks had elapsed her son died. On my first visit to her afterwards, she was watching for me at the gateway. "Is there any hope?" I said. The anguish depicted on her countenance induced me to add, "Yes, for the living. Your own soul must be the object of your solicitude." "You are right," she replied, "one soul is lost for ever. As a parent I am responsible for it; God forbid I should again trample under foot 'the blood of the covenant,' " Heb. x. 29.

The poignancy of her grief visibly affected her health, but the interest she felt in the spiritual welfare of all around her became still more manifest. I have heard her rejoice over sleepless nights as affording favourable opportunities of uninterrupted prayer for herself and others. She often requested me to enumerate the sick and afflicted whom I visited, that she might supplicate for them at the throne of grace. At this time she was visited by a clergyman who was incredulous as to her renewed heart, and asked who, or what, had wrought this wonderful change? "May I not answer," she said, "in the words of my Saviour, 'Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven,' Matt. xvi. 17. 'Lord, I believe;' she added, 'help thou mine unbelief,'" Mark ix. 24.

Increasing infirmities now made it manifest that the time of her own departure was at hand, and I became anxious that the peace imparted to her might be visible in her dying hour; but this desire I submitted to Him who best knows how to glorify his own name. Her kindness to those about her, and confidence in her blessed Saviour, seemed more and more to abound. Calling upon her one day when the



rain was falling heavily, she addressed me with peculiar affection, fearful lest my exposure to the inclemency of the weather, on her account, should be injurious to me, adding, that as she had found Christ, the pearl of great price, she felt assured that neither "things present, nor things to come, would separate her from Him," Rom. viii. 38. Shortly after this interview, in one of my usual visits to her, I perceived that her end was very fast approaching. She was alone; a kind and pious nurse who had volunteered her services to attend upon her, being, for some necessary occasion, absent. She turned her head at the sound of my voice, but was unable at the moment distinctly to articulate. "You know me?" I said. A motion of her head expressed her assent. "Do you know your Saviour, and feel his presence?" She raised her eyes and hands to heaven, and bowed her head. I knelt in prayer; and praised God. How much cause had I to do so! Her speech afterwards returned, and in answer to a remark I made, she exclaimed, "'He can save to the uttermost,' Heb. vii. 25. 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus,' Rev. xxii. 20. Gracious Christ! gracious Christ!" This was my last interview with her. After I left her, she requested her kind nurse to read the third chapter of St. John's Gospel to her, and dwelt with much delight upon the sixteenth verse, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." She repeated a verse of the hymn—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me"—

took an affectionate farewell of those around her—and in the course of the night, retaining her faculties to the last, at the advanced age of eighty-three, sank to rest. Hallelujah!

Thus died this aged penitent, a marvellous instance of the power of Divine grace upon the soul—another trophy, to be added to the countless number before the throne, of the Redeemer's triumph over the powers of darkness. Her history affords one of the many proofs which time in part discloses—which eternity shall fully unfold to view—that, in the covenant of redemption, all power is committed to Jesus in heaven and in earth, Matt. xxviii. 18. He declares, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," John vi. 37. Cheering and delightful truth to those who, amid trials and



temptations from within and from without, are pressing on to their future rest.

But while the history is thus full of consolation for the Lord's people, it abounds with lessons of instruction to persons of a different character. It seems scarcely possible to read it without observing in it a remarkable illustration of the working of those principles which, under the name of Christianity, are, in truth, diametrically opposed to all its essential and distinguishing doctrines. The foregoing account provides us with no details as to the early views and life of M. H. ; but from what is made known respecting her, and what is stated in reference to her unhappy son, the necessary inference is that she had long lived an avowed unbeliever in the great doctrines of revelation: she did not believe in the divinity of the Son of God, and denied altogether the existence of the Holy Ghost. Her religion at the best, if deserving the name, was a mere system of natural theology. And what was the fruit of it? Though acknowledging, in a general way, the being of God, she did not enter his courts, or bow the knee before Him. Though professing to believe in Jesus as a Teacher sent from God, she utterly disregarded his precepts. Though yielding an abstract assent to the Bible as God's word, she did not peruse it. She lived, in short, without God and without Christ in the world. And how melancholy the result. Ignorant of the essential holiness of the great Ruler of the universe, before whom angels veil their faces while they cry one to another, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts," Isa. vi. 3, she dared to rest on her own miserable character for salvation, and so to abide the scrutiny for eternity—exemplifying the truth of the poetic assertion,

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Uninformed of her true character in the sight of God as a fallen and depraved creature, dead in trespasses and sins, she was heedless of the great remedy for sin. Unacquainted with the darkness and deadness of her spiritual understanding, she disregarded the teaching of that Holy Spirit whose office and prerogative it is to take of the things of Christ and reveal them unto us; and so, in truth, she rejected the invitations of mercy and the blessings of salvation together.

But if the history under review teach us all this, how striking and convincing the testimony which it bears to the



suitableness of the gospel dispensation, rightly understood, to the necessities of man; and to the truth of one of its fundamental doctrines, namely, that man, as a sinner, must be made the subject of a Divine change in his principles and his actions, in order to his becoming meet for his future inheritance; in other words, he "must be born again." No sooner did it please God, by his Holy Spirit, to convince M. H. of sin, than she perceived and admitted the truth of all which had been advanced to her. She condemned herself, but confessed that her kind instructress was right. "You are one of God's children; I belong to the evil one." The very first spiritual intimation to her soul that she was a lost sinner, told her, at the same time, that in the doctrines which she had so long despised and rejected was the only remedy suited to her circumstances. Her experience became that of the great apostle, and, in truth, of every awakened and converted character: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," Acts iv. 12. Her conduct, in substance, resembled that of the jailer at Philippi, who, though he had shortly before thrust the apostles into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks, no sooner experienced the converting power of God than he fell down at their feet, and brought them out, and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Acts xvi. 25, etc. It is true she could not at first lay hold of the hope of the gospel. She continued to write bitter things against herself; but, having been taught by the Spirit of God the danger of her condition, she saw and felt that there was no other way of escape. Her visionary scheme of salvation by the uncovenanted mercies of God—the deeds of the law—was scattered to the winds, and her language and her confidence alike were, Lord, save, or I perish.

But this is not all. When it pleased God, after a while, to impart his comforting influences to her soul, what an admirable instance did she become of the renewing and restorative character of the gospel remedy! Truly might it be said of her that she became a new creature in Christ Jesus, 2 Cor. v. 17. Her whole soul was turned to God. She desired to live only to promote his glory, and do his will. The image of God, defaced and destroyed in her, was marvellously restored. From living without God, and without hope in the world, she came to acknowledge Him in all her ways,



and to seek his presence in all she did. Her Bible was her constant companion, and its sacred contents her daily food. She breathed an atmosphere of prayer and communion with God. Destined by sovereign grace to be the future inhabitant of a world of purity, and holiness, and love, she was now in everything training for it. Though in her former unconverted state heedless about the salvation of even her own soul, now, in her renewed condition, her Christian sympathies embraced all around her. The poor and afflicted, unknown to her in person, were remembered by her, in the wakeful watches of the night, at the throne of grace. The courts of the sanctuary, hitherto entirely disregarded, became her stated delight. "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go up to the house of the Lord," *Psa. cxxii. 1.* The table of the Lord, before disregarded, she now highly valued; and the world which, even in her wretched condition, had, in other days, exercised an influence over her, now, in her awakened and renewed state, had no power to attract or control her; and to crown all, the Saviour in whom, as the Son of God, she formerly did not believe, under her altered principles, in the last trying conflict with the powers of darkness, was regarded by her as the great object of her confidence and hope, and confided in as her only Deliverer. "Come, Lord Jesus. Gracious Christ! gracious Christ!"

How stupendous and marvellous the change! how happy and blessed the result!

But one other remark must not be overlooked. What encouragement does the history afford to those of the Lord's people, whether ministers or others, who are engaged in the great work of winning souls to Christ, to be instant in season and out of season, and in the use of appointed means, and in humble prayer for a blessing upon them, to go on, notwithstanding every discouragement. The work of conversion in the sinner's soul, it must be admitted, is God's, and His only; and he is pleased at times to effect it in a sovereign way, without the use of any human means; but such instances constitute the exception, not the rule of his proceedings with his creatures. When the Lord was about to manifest his purposes of mercy towards his future church at Macedonia, "a vision appeared to Paul in the night: there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us," *Acts xvi. 9.* And in like manner, when the time had arrived, in the purpose of God,



for raising up the church at Corinth, “the Lord spake to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city,” Acts xviii. 9, 10. God honours his servants by making use of them; and inasmuch as his secret purposes are hidden from us, it becomes our duty to be diligent in the use of means, and to leave results with him. Nothing could possibly be more discouraging for a time, than the circumstances which have been detailed. Every effort seemed unavailing. Had not the love of Christ, and the consequent love of souls, powerfully influenced the mind of the benevolent and devoted individual whose instructions and prayers were the appointed means of the conversion of M. H., she would have retired from her work in sadness and despair. But, happily for the soul of the object of her solicitude, she was not permitted to yield to discouragement. Against hope she believed in hope. And let it be borne in mind how she went on, and finally succeeded. Not in her own strength, but like David when he went forth against Goliath of Gath, her dependence was upon the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel. She soon found that all other confidence was vain. She brought God’s word under review, and prayed for Divine illumination on the sacred page. She directed the mind which she sought to enlighten to the only source of light, an Almighty Saviour; but at the same time, knowing the great office of the Spirit in the covenant of redemption, she implored that Spirit on her behalf, to convince her of sin, and lead her to the Saviour; and having been practically taught that the quickening power is God’s prerogative, she bowed her head and heart at His footstool, earnestly beseeching Him that His saving grace might be vouchsafed—and her prayer was heard. That it was so, to God be all the glory; while to all who may be led to peruse the wonderful manner in which it was accomplished, let it be added, “Go, AND DO THOU LIKEWISE.”

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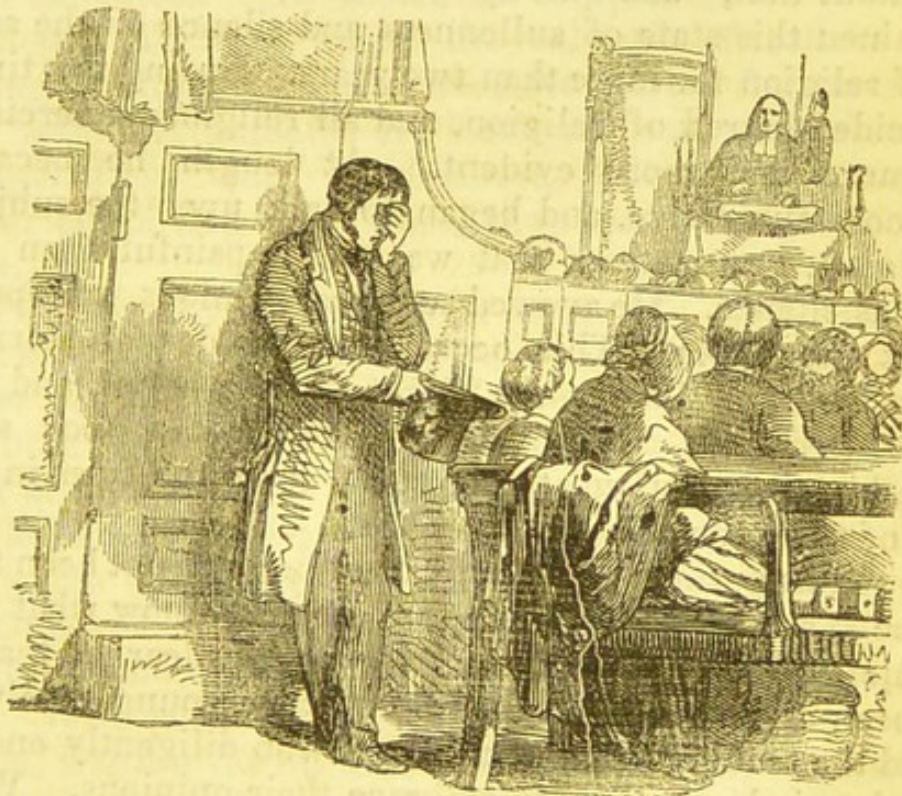
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**THE INFIDEL CONVERTED**

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**AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.**

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**J**OHN C. was the son of pious parents; and under their care he received a religious education. At a very early age he showed great readiness in committing to memory large portions of the sacred Scriptures. He was accustomed to accompany his father and mother to the house of God, cheerfully, up to the age of eighteen.

When he had arrived at that age he showed a growing disinclination to attend the means of grace. The sabbath and the worship of God appeared irksome to him. The cause of this change from his earlier character and conduct was anxiously sought for, by his parents, with urgent and

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kind inquiries. Their efforts to ascertain it were for a long time altogether fruitless. The minister, who had been accustomed to see this young man so regularly in his place on the sabbath, noticed his absence, and sought opportunities for conversing with him alone. He treated the questions and observations of parents and minister alike, by listening with apparent attention to all they had to say; but giving no reply. He usually maintained a sullen silence, except on one occasion, when the minister said, "Shall I pray with you?" He replied, "I think we can do without that," and quietly walked out of the room. He maintained this state of sullenness and silence on the subject of religion for more than two years. During this time, his decided hatred of religion, and all religious exercises, was more and more evident. At length he became more communicative, and began to talk upon the subject of religion, in a manner that was more painful than his previous silence. He avowed sceptical opinions, and spoke against the Bible. This occasioned the deepest sorrow to his parents. It was the blight of their hopes, and the bane of their joy. They had tried to sow the good seed of the kingdom, but what enemy had sown the tares in the mind of their son, they could not tell.

Up to this period his father and mother had not been told how he spent his leisure time, nor did they know what was the chief direction of his pursuits. They now learned that he had been allured into the society of some young men who denied the truths of Christianity, and who diligently endeavoured to induce others to embrace their opinions. With them he spent a part of every sabbath-day, and united with them in reading the works of the most notorious infidel writers, and in ridiculing the written word of God. The sentiments he was accustomed to hear on these occasions, agreed too well with his own depraved nature, to call forth any resistance from him. On the contrary, according to his own confession, subsequently made, they appeared for the time to afford him a means of quieting his restless conscience. He assigned this among his principal reasons for embracing infidel notions.

He soon became zealous in spreading the principles he had taken up. Many times he attempted, by his specious reasoning and insinuations, to shake the confidence of his aged father in the truths of the everlasting gospel. And



on some occasions he succeeded in distressing the minds of other Christians, though he could not destroy their faith.

He determined to leave his parents' house. He soon married a young woman, who had never given evidence of personal piety. This union was, as might be expected, anything but a happy one. A household without God is, not unfrequently, the abode of misery. "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked: but he blesseth the habitation of the just," Prov. iii. 33. His wife was left to much loneliness. He visited his companions on the week evenings, and they spent the sabbath afternoons and evenings with him. These were the seasons for resuming their favourite pursuits, for fortifying each others' minds with quotations from D'Alembert, Diderot, and Voltaire, and for perverting those whom they had seduced into their circle.

Thus employing his time and his thoughts, the effect on his character was more and more hurtful. His temper became increasingly morose, his natural affections were blunted. Neither kind words, nor kind actions, produced any subduing or softening effect on his mind. A stern hardness of heart seemed to come upon him. Afflictions which would have bowed down some hardy men, left him unmoved. He witnessed the long illness and peaceful death of his most affectionate mother, with seeming indifference. With perfect apathy he saw his father, like another Simeon, waiting for his departure; heard him express his reliance on the righteousness of Christ, and in the immediate prospect of death and eternity declare, that he would not part with his hope in Christ for a thousand worlds. When his father was visited by his pastor, he would generally remain in the room, and listen to the conversation between the aged saint and the minister; but he would invariably retire as soon as reading the Scriptures and prayer commenced. He did so when the last visit was paid, only a few minutes before his pious father committed his soul into the hands of Christ, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! I know thou wilt."

This solemn event seemed to be noticed by the son without one emotion. At a future period, referring to this occasion, he said, "No one can imagine what violence I did to my own feelings, in resisting the conviction of my



conscience that the gospel was no cunningly devised fable, since it produced in my father such peace and immovable hope amidst the conflict of the last hour."

He attended the funeral of his father, but refused to accompany the other members of the family to hear the funeral sermon. The text the aged Christian had chosen for that occasion, was 1 Cor. xvi. 13, "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." And in assigning his reason for selecting that text, he said, "I have been taught, by painful experience, the value of that portion of God's word. It has been the means, in the hands of the Spirit, of making me very watchful over my temper and conduct, lest I should damage the cause of Christ in the esteem of those around me; and it has made me very prayerful for Divine aid, that I might be able to hold fast the truth, and stand firm in the ways of the Lord."

Among those who heard this funeral discourse, was the wife of the subject of this narrative. To her it was an hour never to be forgotten. Her heart was deeply affected. The truth was applied with Divine power. The Holy Spirit convinced her of sin, brought to her remembrance many things she had heard from the lips of her departed relative, and led her to cast herself wholly upon Christ for life and salvation. Though she laboured under many disadvantages, and had many difficulties to encounter, yet she gave very satisfactory proofs that she had been renewed by the Spirit of God. She at length made a public profession of Christianity, and of her personal hope in Christ.

Her temper and conduct were becoming the gospel. Now that she had been taught to pray, she not only prayed for herself, but earnestly pleaded with God for the conversion of her husband and children. The conversion of her husband was the primary and special object she sought in all her approaches to the mercy seat. She said, "If God will be pleased to hear my prayers, and renew the heart of my husband, I shall then have additional means and increasing hope for the salvation of my children." She combined exertion with prayer. By all that was kind and persuasive she endeavoured to induce him to give up his present associates, and to attend the preaching of the gospel. She taxed her invention to the utmost to make his



home as comfortable as possible, in order to keep him from spending his evenings in the company which had already been so very hurtful in its influence.

After much prayer and patient perseverance, she had the pleasure of seeing him regularly spending a few of the evenings of every week at home, though there were no signs of any real change in his character. Her ultimate object was far from being attained. She continued meekly, but unceasingly, to entreat him to accompany her to the house of God. Among other arguments, she urged the influence of his example on the minds of their children. At one time he would listen to her persuasions with so much attention, that she began to think he would comply with her wishes, by promptly abandoning his present Sunday practices, and by keeping holy the sacred day. At another time, he would meet her entreaties in the most repulsive manner; as on one occasion, he said with a surly tone, "Religion may do very well to keep women and children in order." Though thus often discouraged, yet she said, "The hope that I shall live to see my husband a sincere disciple of the Lord Jesus, never leaves me. In this hope I pray, and in this hope I strive for the salvation of his soul."

Her hope, on one occasion, greatly revived, when he of his own accord said, "I think next Sunday evening I shall follow you, and hear your preacher for myself." This remark his wife gladly took as a promise, and engaged to remind him of it on the coming sabbath. But though he several times repeated this promise, he as often availed himself of some trifling circumstance, as an excuse for not fulfilling it. The most frequent excuse was, that he had been detained by some one of his Sunday visitors.

The sudden death of one of his associates furnished his wife with an additional plea, and, in the hands of God, it proved availing to induce him to give up his Sunday company. Some little time after this was accomplished, to the astonishment of many, but of none more than of his own wife, one sabbath evening, soon after Divine service had commenced, he came into the house of God. He was not observed by the preacher, who therefore could not intentionally make any remarks which might be purposely applicable to his new and unexpected hearer, and the discourse had been previously prepared, and was not



extempore. The happy result shows, that He, whose "ways are not as our ways," had wisely arranged the circumstances of that evening. There was this unhappy man for the first time, after the lapse of nearly twenty years, in the house of God, and there was the preacher with a message from God to his soul. The text on that occasion was the first clause of the 47th verse of the 7th chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, "Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins which are many, are forgiven." The boundless forgiving grace of the Saviour was the theme.

The avowed infidel listened with fixed attention, and with deep emotions, which he could not conceal. The Holy Spirit roused his conscience from its wonted sleep, pierced his soul with the arrows of conviction; made him tremble at his own dangerous position, and implore the forgiving mercy of Christ to be extended to him. The exhibition of Christ's love subdued his enmity. The readiness of Christ to forgive, made him feel the enormity of his sins against the merciful God, who is Love. He returned to his house greatly humbled. He retired to weep and pray. He now read the word of God with the scales of prejudice removed from his eyes. "I seem," he said, "as if I had just been released from a most powerful infatuation. Every argument I have ever used against the gospel, with a view to undermine its foundation, now appears to me so absurd and fallacious, that why I should have ever entertained any one of them, can be accounted for only by the admission of the painful fact, that I was the willing dupe of Satanic delusion."

In this state of mind he sought frequent interviews with his minister, and other Christian friends, that he might be instructed more perfectly in the ways of the Lord. To them he freely made known the progress of error in his mind, confessed that he had sinned against knowledge and the warning voice of conscience; made a full renunciation of his infidel notions, and declared his readiness to rest his immortal hope on the atonement of Christ. "But," said he, "if the forgiving grace of Christ can reach my case, then no sinner need despair."

His former unbelief was now a source of constant grief to him. It long prevented him from enjoying the peace of God, which passeth all understanding. His regret for his past conduct was often of the most distressing character.



At times he appeared inconsolable. The injurious influence he had exerted on the minds of others, continually occupied his thoughts, and at times almost overwhelmed him with sorrow. He was particularly affected with the fact, that some of those whose minds he had poisoned with infidel views, had been called into eternity, and their destiny been unalterably fixed. Others were yet living. In reference to these, he used many efforts for their conversion. To some he wrote, to others he gave books on "the evidences of religion," or sought opportunities of conversing with them: and for all he most importunately prayed, that they, like him, might be brought to see their sin, and embrace "the truth as it is in Jesus." On one occasion he said, "I shall think I have lived for some purpose, if I may be permitted, by the blessing of God, to undo some of the mischief I have done, if it may be in relation to only one soul."

By his consistent conduct, by his zealous and judicious conversation, and by his liberal aid to religious institutions, he diligently laboured to promote that gospel which he formerly endeavoured to destroy. On any application being made to him for contributions to the support of the cause of Christ, he freely gave, saying, "I owe much, for I have had much forgiven."

The extraordinary change which had been wrought in this man, was an event that awakened the attention, and engaged the conversation of the neighbourhood in which it occurred. This change was apparent in his individual character, and in his conduct towards others. Though he had acquired a good deal of knowledge, yet he was as humble as a child in seeking and receiving instruction in the truths of the gospel. His reading and his conversation were regulated with a view to spiritual improvement, and were calculated to secure this end.

His moroseness, which had become proverbial, gradually gave way, and he became meek and gentle. His observance of the means of grace was exemplary. He enjoyed meditation and prayer, and gave increasing evidence that he had passed from death unto life.

The principles of the new nature produced a most delightful change on his domestic character. He was now an affectionate husband and a kind father, tenderly caring for the present and eternal happiness of his children. He



took much pains in educating them, and in guarding them from the baneful influence of irreligious companions. For more than ten years he maintained a consistent profession, and continued to walk as an established spiritually-minded believer.

He was very fervent in petitions for the salvation of his children, and had much encouragement to continue his prayers. He had the happiness of seeing his two elder children partakers of the renewing operations of the Holy Spirit. And the facts of his own history forbade him to entertain a doubt of the efficiency of prayer. He said once, when conversing with the writer, "In the days of my gloomy scepticism, the thought often crossed my mind, that a day would come when my mother's and my father's supplications for me would be answered, and now I am a living monument to prove that their prayers were not in vain."

Christian brethren, you have in the preceding facts strong evidence in favour of faithful prayer. Mothers, continue to plead with God in behalf of your unconverted children. Give him no rest. The answer may be deferred until after your earthly career is closed, as in the case of John C., and yet the desired blessing be bestowed, and at length increase your joys, and add fervour to your praises in heaven.

Fathers, cease not to kindle the morning and evening fire on the domestic altar. Pray without ceasing for your children. Pray with them, as well as pray for them in retirement. God will hear your prayers, and answer them in his own way, and in his own time. The influence of parental devotion is not unfrequently a means in the hand of God, of promoting the result desired.

The records of eternity will present this occurrence oft repeated, "Faithful prayer answered, and the infidel converted."

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THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY :

56, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRL AND HER FATHER.



HANNAH PRICE, a poor girl, had been taught in a Sunday school. The serious impressions made upon her mind were soon visible, and led to her saving conversion to God. This was an important event as it regarded herself: but the good effects of her going to the Sunday school did not stop here. Her father, though in his earlier years he had received a better education than the most respectable of the poor usually have, had become the



companion of the most profligate men in his native village, and, step by step, as bad as the worst of them. The ale-house at night received most of the earnings of the day; and if any remained after the guilty revels of the week, they were nearly all spent on Sunday in the same haunt of vice. His wife never reproached him, and only endeavoured to lure him from such society and such practices by the comforts of home, such as she could provide out of her hard earnings. But his home was the place of his greatest misery: for there he had time to reflect, and there he was surrounded by the wife and children whom he was daily injuring.

He had long pursued this wicked course, when one Sunday evening, after drinking and gambling all the day, and having lost all the earnings of the week, he turned from his companions, and, scarcely knowing what he did, took the road homewards. One of them called on him to return, entreated him to have one more game, and added, "You will be sure to win it all back, you know."

He stopped: "Why, if I could get it all back," said he to himself.

"Come, come," said his companion, "one more game, only one."

"No," said Price, "I have lost all my money, and so I can't, if I would." But at that moment it occurred to him, that the money for his quarter's rent, saved by his wife, except what was to be made up out of his last week's work, had been put in a cupboard in the kitchen at



home; and that if he could get that, he should be sure to win back all he had lost. The money was to be paid in a few days, and, hardened as he was, he trembled at what he was going to do, and was terrified lest his wife and children should see him.

He came near the house, then ventured to look in at the window, and seeing no one, he entered the kitchen, and went hastily up to the cupboard. It was locked—and he felt a momentary relief in the thought that he could not get the money. But again he said to himself, “I shall be sure to win;” and he hastened softly up stairs to look for the key, thinking he knew where his wife had put it. As he passed the room in which his children slept, he thought he heard a slight noise, and listening, he heard several sobs—and then a voice. It was poor little Hannah, praying that her father might see the error of his ways, and that God would change his heart, and make him a comfort to her mother, and to them all. Her sighs and tears seemed almost to hinder her utterance; and when he heard her call him her dear, dear father, and felt how ill he had deserved such a name, he could scarcely forbear from groaning aloud, in the anguish of his feelings. He forgot the key, crept to his bed-room, and fell on his knees. He did not utter one word, but the language of the heart is always heard by the ears of Divine mercy; and that evening, for the first time, it might be said of him, “Behold, he prayeth.”

After some time he went down stairs, where



Hannah was rocking her little sister Betsy to sleep. She started with astonishment. She did not remember having seen her father at home on a Sunday evening for many months, or even for years. He went up to the children, and kissed them both. This was a mark of affection they did not often receive, and Hannah was as much pleased as she was surprised.

"Dear father," said she, "mother will be so glad to see you at home, and we shall be so comfortable. You won't go out again to night, will you, father?"

"No, dear," he replied. And as she went to put Betsy into bed, he heard her say to herself, "Father called me dear."

The return of his wife and boys from public worship, Price had been dreading. He knew not how to endure their looks of amazement; but it was soon over. The children at first looked at each other with fear, as though their usual Sunday evening's pleasure was over, for they always sat up later, and told their mother all that had happened at the Sunday school, and what they could remember of the sermons they had heard during the day. Hannah had prepared supper, and there was a nice little fire, and a clean hearth. Price felt, at that moment, that if he were innocent, he should indeed be happy.

"Father," said Hannah, as she entered the room, "here is a nice new-laid egg. It is my very own. Mother gave me such a pretty little hen, and this is the first of its eggs that has ever been eaten: and you shall have it, father."



Price could not speak, but he kissed his child, and he saw the tears in her eyes. He thought it was the nicest egg he had ever tasted. When supper was over, Hannah said, "Father, you have not heard me read a long time."

"Well," said he, "will you read something to me out of your reward book at the Sunday school?" He knew that this was the Bible; but had not courage to say so.

Hannah was almost perplexed. She looked first at her father and then at her mother. Two hours ago, the sight of a Bible in her hands would have insured oaths, which she shuddered to hear.

"Come, dear," said the father, "why don't you fetch it?"

Hannah obeyed, though not without trembling. She read the 51st Psalm. Price hid his face and wept. The first part seemed made on purpose for him. He restrained his feelings sufficiently to say, "Thank you, dear, you are very much improved. Read something else."

She turned to the 103rd Psalm. "Surely God made her choose those two," thought Price. His wife beheld, with astonishment, the conduct of her husband, and the emotion which appeared to agitate him.

"Hannah, my dear," said she, "you had better be taking the boys to bed."

Their mother kissed them, and told them they had been good boys; and then they turned to Hannah, as if to ask if they should go to their father.

"Come, dears," said she, "wish father good night, and be quick into bed." He kissed them, and they left the room.



"You will have a glass of our gooseberry wine, John," said his wife, "you have had no beer to night."

"Oh," said he, "I hope I shall never taste beer again."

With unutterable joy she started from her seat, and throwing her arms round his neck, burst into tears. For some minutes they wept together. Price tried to speak, but could not; at length, recovering some degree of composure, he seated his wife by him, and hiding his face, he told her all the occurrences of the evening.

"Can you ever forgive such a wretch?" said he, "Oh, Hannah, can you?"

"Forgive you, my dear husband," she replied, "I never loved you half so well, nor ever was half so happy before. Don't ask *me* to forgive you; ask God to forgive you, and he will." And then she talked to him of the infinite mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, and again begged him not to ask pardon of her, but of him.

"I have, I have," said he; "but till I heard what our dear child read, I did not think he could ever forgive such a wicked sinner as I am."

"It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the *chief*,"\* said his wife.

"Does the Bible say all that? Does it say the *chief*?" he asked.

"Indeed it does," she answered.

\* "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief," 1 Tim. i. 15.



"Then that must mean *me*," said he.

"Let us kneel down together, my dear John," said his wife, "and ask God to fulfil his promise to you."

"I cannot pray," said he.

She took his hand, and made him kneel down beside her; and in the language of sympathy, and faith, and affection, she recommended him to the mercy of that God who had been her father and friend. After this prayer the mind of her husband became more quiet; and expressing his hope that he should never lose the remembrance of *this evening*, he began to think what was to be done about the rent, for almost a pound was wanted to make up the sum.

"Don't be uneasy about that," said his wife; "I know I can borrow it."

"That comes of having a good character," said he; "nobody would trust me."

The next evening nothing was talked of in the village, but that John Price had been at his work all day, and had hardly spoken, and had not used a single oath, and at night went home instead of going to the ale-house. And at first came one neighbour, and then another, to his house, to see if he were really there. What was their surprise to find him reading a religious tract to his wife and children, which had been given, the day before, to one of his little boys at school.

The change was as lasting as it had been remarkable. From that time his old companions were forsaken, and the ale-house abandoned.



To the former he only spoke, to entreat them to turn from their wickedness; and the latter he never entered but once, with his wife, to pay to the landlord a debt he had contracted, for some broken windows, in an affray with one of his depraved companions, while in a state of intoxication.

The advantages of Sunday schools are shown more and more every day, not only in the happiness of the children who attend them, but also in the benefits derived by many families in which their influence has led to comfort and peace. Many parents have been brought to a knowledge of their sinfulness, and to repentance and belief in Jesus Christ, and to a new life with the enjoyment of real and lasting happiness. The foregoing simple narrative, showing the happy change produced in the mind and life of a wicked father through the instrumentality of his little daughter, a scholar in a Sunday school, is only one out of many instances which might be given in proof of the value of such institutions. May every one who reads this account be, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, the possessor of a true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and live to his glory.



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## DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

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..... **A**FTER they had sung, the soldier who was now leading their devotions said, "Comrades, please to sit down, and I will give you some particulars that may be profitable to us all, respecting the last two lines we have just been singing. Some of you have heard me say that, during the last war, I belonged to a foot regiment in which there were a few Christian soldiers, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and were not ashamed to confess him before men. William, my beloved friend, was one of that number." The soldier wept.

"Excuse me, comrades," he continued; "you know it is no disgrace to a British soldier to shed a tear over the memory of a loyal, Christian, and faithful comrade. Oh! his memory is dear to me, for he was a friend indeed, and such a friend as I hope to meet in the world of glory. Our regiment was in barracks at Portsmouth and other places, and we met as regularly as we could, for prayer and praise; and as William generally conducted the meetings, he would often close the service with holy joy and rapture, singing—

‘Then we’ll march up the heavenly street,  
And ground our arms at Jesus’ feet.’

"When Lord Wellington took the command of the British army in the peninsula, our regiment was ordered to embark in transports for Lisbon, in Portugal. We had many blessed meetings on board,



amidst all the scoffs and sneers of swearing sailors, who wondered to behold privates, in a depraved regiment, come out from among their poor thoughtless comrades, and worship God as we did, I trust, in the beauty of holiness. After a few storms in running over the Bay of Biscay, we disembarked at Lisbon, and were ordered to Belem Tower. Here we had many opportunities in that superstitious dark country of proving that Jesus Christ is in every place, and is specially present with any two or three soldiers, as well as others, who are gathered together in his name, to strengthen each other's faith and hope and joy in believing.

“Other regiments arrived also, and as we had a prospect of marching up the country, if we could force the enemy out of Portugal, we were the more earnest in our prayers that God would have mercy upon all the officers and soldiers in the British army, and graciously prepare every man for the events of his providence, through which we might be called to pass in ‘the tented field,’ or the murderous trenches of a besieged city, or on the ramparts of a conquered town. We have often stolen away to a retired spot, near Belem Tower, and William would cheer us all up, by saying, ‘Fear not, comrades, whether we live or die, in camps or hospitals, or on the field of blood itself, we’ll sing with joy;’ and here he repeated his favourite lines—

“Then we’ll march up the heavenly street,  
And ground our arms at Jesus’ feet.”

“But not to keep you too long, I should say that we marched through Portugal and Spain over the very bodies of our comrades, driving the enemy before us; and notwithstanding all the drunkenness, blas-



phemy, and licentiousness so common in the army, God was pleased to give us success in almost every battle ; so that the Duke of Wellington, as you know, was generally victorious. Many a day, after a long and harassing and fatiguing march, when we halted in the evening, fainting with hunger, as the commissariat came up, and bread and meat were served out for our rations, we hastily prepared our refreshment with the camp-kettle, and then, at ten o'clock, withdrew to the bank of some river in Spain, and by the light of the moon held our prayer-meetings, and praised God that we were yet alive, and kept together in the ranks of faith by his almighty power and grace. William would often address us at the close of the meeting, saying, ' Ah ! comrades, we shall soon have done with marching and countermarching, with fatigue-parties and trenches, with fields and camps, and blood and slaughter, and then, oh ! then, to depart and be with Christ. Oh ! what glory ! washed in his precious blood, justified by his glorious righteousness, and accepted in the Beloved. Oh, comrades ! look up, for your redemption draweth nigh !'

" At length we were hurried, pell-mell, into the battle of Barossa. It was a day of blood, indeed, that will long be remembered by every survivor. At the close of the sanguinary conflict, our company had advanced to some short distance from the field of battle ; and when the word was given to halt, a soldier ran up to inform me that my cousin was badly wounded, and bleeding on the field. I asked permission of my captain to fall back, and get my cousin into some hospital waggon to save his life ; and as I was threading my way between dead horses and dead and dying soldiers, a dragoon galloped past me, who



knew our praying company, and he called out aloud to me on the field of battle, as he sprang over the dead corpses, 'Briery, there's your comrade William dying by the side of that dead horse,' pointing with his sword to the spot. I instantly hastened thither, and found him lying on his back, with his right hand upon his left breast, and the paleness of death overspreading all his anguished features.

"I eagerly grasped his left hand, and called out, 'William, William, comrade William!' He opened his dying eyes, and looked upon me, and exclaimed, faintly at first, 'Ah, comrade! is that you? how could you have found me out in this slaughter-house of groans and blood; you have only just come in time.' I grasped his hand with warm affection, as a friend and brother in the Lord; and as the tears rolled copiously down my cheeks (for even war, you know, with all its horrors, cannot destroy a soldier's best feelings of humanity and tenderness to a beloved Christian friend in the agonies of death), I said, 'Where are you wounded, William?'

"He rolled his eyes in anguish, and replied, 'Oh, I've a musket-ball through my left breast, and I feel it will not be long before my soul will leave this agonized frame; life is ebbing fast, and stingless death, through Christ my Lord, is coming upon me.'

"'Are you in much pain, William?'

"He pressed his hand to his breast, and cried out with bitter anguish, 'Oh, comrade! the pains of my body are greater than I can possibly express.'

"I paused and wept over him; and waiting a moment until he could recover, as his breath became shorter, while the blood was oozing out of his wound, I said, 'William, how is it with your soul? Are you



happy in the Lord? Is Christ now precious to you? We have fought in many battles, we have marched over many a waste-howling wilderness, we have encountered many enemies, we have held many blessed meetings in Spain; you often told us the Lord was with you, in camps, in trenches, on guard, or on the march; is Christ with you now, William? Is your soul comfortable in the enjoyment of his love, and the foretaste of heaven?

“To my great surprise he made a mighty effort, and sprang up so as to occupy a sitting posture, partly leaning on my shoulder, and taking his hand from the wound, while the blood spirted out upon a dead horse, he lifted up his hand to heaven, and cried out, ‘Ah! comrade, the joys of my soul are greater than all the pains of my body;—yes, indeed, He is precious, and I now prove that having loved his own, he loves them to the very end.—Farewell, comrade, I am now indeed going to be with Jesus!’ and then waving his hand, and gazing round him, he cried out with a peculiar tone of voice that I shall never forget, while I held my hand to his wound—‘Farewell, marches and trenches!—Farewell, fatigue-parties and midnight revellings of drunken comrades!—Farewell, fields of battle, and blood and slaughter!—and farewell sun and moon and stars, and’—he paused, almost exhausted with his feelings; but turning to me, he cried, ‘Yes, farewell, beloved comrade in Christ Jesus!—meet me in glory, for oh! in a few minutes more my soul must depart, and then, yes—

‘Then I’ll march up the heavenly street,  
And ground my arms at Jesus’ feet!’

His head sank upon my shoulder; and suddenly the



bugles sounded to call in stragglers from the field on some special duty. I was compelled hastily to run to our company and fall in for duty; but after firing a short time at some renewed attack, we grounded our arms; and, in a little while, a soldier from the field came up to me, saying, ‘Briery, I dug a small pit, and have just put your comrade William into it. He was a good fellow; I could not bear to see him lie there without a grave.’

“Ah, comrades, I was immediately like David when he had lost his friend and brother in the war, and I cried out in his mournful language of deep sorrow, ‘How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!’”

The soldier finished his simple and heart-affecting tale, and we all kneeled down, while he poured out his soul before God for the army and the navy in particular, that sailors and soldiers might choose William’s God, and enjoy William’s triumphs, as they were infinitely greater on the field of death than ever the Duke of Wellington enjoyed in quitting that field for all the glory that could be conferred on him by his country. I never remember anything told with more simplicity, and ease, and command of words, Christian feeling, and humility, in my life, so that it left a deep impression on my soul; and, indeed, for many weeks afterwards, I occasionally felt a sort of ardent desire, mixed with inexpressible delight, to die like William, taking leave of all earthly objects, and proclaiming the same language of triumph to friends and foes, to family and kindred, in the prospect of full redemption by the blood of the Lamb.



Reader, there was something more than peace in William's death ; there was triumph—triumph over strong temptations—triumph over deep afflictions—triumph over death itself ; he fell like a soldier of Christ, “ more than conqueror through Him who loved him.” The eye of the Lord was upon him, and “ precious in the sight of the Lord ” was the death of this saint. Now his happy spirit is with Christ ; he has “ passed from death unto life ; ” he has joined the grand army whose wars are done for ever. No marble marks his grave. No human hand can point to where his dust is lying, yet he sleeps in Jesus ; and the time is coming when, in the name and by the power of this same Jesus, who is the “ resurrection and the life,” he shall rise with a body transformed, beautified, and glorious, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

Reader, whether you be a soldier or a sailor, whoever you be, you are a dying man—death is coming upon you. Your death also may be (as William's was) stingless death through the same Saviour ; you may share the same glory ; you may claim the same God. Then, reader, if this be so, “ lay hold on eternal life.” Christ has paid the penalty for your sins ; and the benefit may be yours by your believing in him. Why should you pay the penalty yourself, in “ the fire that never shall be quenched,” by refusing to trust in Christ as your Saviour ? Is there not a seat in heaven purchased, dearly bought by the blood of the covenant, for every repenting and believing sinner ? why not go up and possess it ? Is there not a white robe, a harp, a crown, prepared for every such penitent believer ? Does not Christ say, “ Come, for all things are ready.” Oh, reader ! why will



you die? God invites you to live for ever. Pray earnestly that God may open your eyes to see the way of life in Jesus, the beauty of holiness—the beauty of the death of the righteous—the beauty of the “glorious things which He has laid up for them that love him.” While it is yet offered, seize upon your soul’s salvation; “seek the Lord while he may be found;” while you are still spared, and, ere it be too late, “flee from the wrath to come!”

Reader! if you can say of Christ, “He is mine and I am his,” then, as for the perils of a soldier’s or a sailor’s life, whatever they may be; as for all the scoffs and temptations of ungodly comrades; as for fields of battle, blood, and slaughter; as for pestilence and famine; as for death itself;—let one come—let all come. None of these things “shall be able to separate you from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”



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THE HOME MISSIONARY  
AND  
UNBELIEVERS.

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ALEXANDER PATERSON was a home missionary in Canongate, Edinburgh. He was eminently devoted to God and his work, and was greatly owned of the Spirit in his labours among the morally depraved of that part of the city. Many are the instances of

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THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, INSTITUTED 1799;  
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conversion by his instrumentality. The following interesting facts are from the Memoir of him by the Rev. John Baillie.

“Your husband, I understand, is very ill,” said Mr. Paterson, as he knocked at a door, one day, in Holyrood-street, where he had heard that a professed infidel was very ill; “I am anxious to see him.”

The woman who had opened the door shut it with great violence, and hastened to a neighbour's house. Mr. Paterson, however, went in. He found the sick man in bed, reading a newspaper.

“What do you want?” said the man, in a surly and somewhat sneering tone.

“You and I are strangers,” replied Mr. Paterson, mildly, “but I hope we shan't be long so. I am a missionary; and as I was just going round among the neighbours, I heard you were in distress, and I came in to see you.”

“I don't want you,” said the man, gruffly.

“But I want *you*.”

“And what do you want with me?”

“I want you to come to Jesus, the Saviour of sinners; and HE wants you to come to him. Let me tell you it's a serious thing to die.”

“Oh! I've made up my mind to that; so you need say no more to me about it;” and, taking up the newspaper, he resumed his reading.

“What have you made up your mind to?”



"Oh! to die, to be sure; there's nothing for me but death."

"Well, but how is it to be with you after death? You know after death comes the judgment?"

"Oh, I want no more of you. God is merciful, and I've no fear of him damning me; He never made man to damn him."

"I know that; it is man that damns himself. The Lord says, 'Thou hast destroyed thyself;' and he adds, 'In me is thine help,' 'Look to me,' says God, 'and be ye saved.'"

"Oh, I've plenty of you; I want none of your talk."

Finding he could make nothing of him, he said, "Will you allow me to pray for you?"

"Oh, if you like; I don't much care about your prayer."

The missionary prayed, but the moment he began, the man took up his paper, and read.

"I'll come back and see you," said Mr. Paterson, when he had finished praying. "You may if you like," rejoined the man; "but I don't care about your coming." And the missionary went away.

He returned next week. The invalid's wife opened the door, and, as before, left the house when he entered.

"How are you to day?" said the missionary, as he entered and found the man again in bed at the newspaper.



“No better, and never shall be.”

“Hadn't you better go to the infirmary?”

“Oh, I've been there already.”

“Were you long there?”

“No, just a day; I didn't like it. There's no use about it; I shall never get better.”

“Well, that may be, but it is right to use the means which God has put in our power, and to look up to him for the blessing”—

“Oh! I see what you're to be at again,” he said, hastily interrupting him—“religion.”

“I want you to come to Christ Jesus, the Saviour, who alone can save your precious soul.”

“Oh, you needn't trouble yourself about that; I've no fear.”

“Perhaps not; but I have great fear that you may die out of Christ, in your sins, and then there is no salvation after death. Jesus came into the world to seek and to save sinners, even the chief.”

“Do you think that *I* am the *chief* of sinners?” said the infidel.

“Do you think yourself a *sinner*?”

“Yes, but not the chief of them.”

“Well, you say you're a sinner. Then you need a Saviour, you need salvation; and there is no other name given under heaven whereby you can be saved, but the name of Jesus. And I have to tell you that heaven is a holy place, and nothing that defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, shall enter into heaven. Jesus has said, Except



a man be born again, he cannot enter into heaven."

"Oh, I've enough of that; I've made up my mind; you needn't say another word to me; I'll take my chance."

"Ah! my dear sir," replied Mr. Paterson, "there is no chance in the matter. Jesus says, 'Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again.' And what's more, Jesus said, 'Except ye repent, ye shall perish.' 'He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life: but the wrath of God abideth on him.' Think, my friend, of this. Your soul is so precious, that nothing can redeem it but the blood of the Lamb. Jesus, at this moment, stands at the door of your heart, and is knocking by his rod, and word, and Spirit, saying, 'If you hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to you, and will sup with you, and you with me.' He is at the door of your heart, with a free, full pardon, ready to forgive you all your sins, willing to wash you in his own blood, and to clothe you with his righteousness, and to put you among his children." Paterson then left the house.

The third visit was like the preceding; again the wife fled, and the man was at his newspaper.

"Well, have you been thinking about what I was saying?" inquired Mr. Paterson, after a question or two about the sick man's health.

"No, I haven't," he replied, angrily.



“I am grieved to think, my poor man, that you are dying, and yet unconcerned about an interest in Christ.”

“I told you before, that I had made up my mind, and so you needn't trouble yourself.”

“I cannot do that, my friend, I am greatly troubled about your state. Oh, if you would lay down these papers and go to your Bible, you would see what you are as a sinner, and what you are exposed to. You are within a step of death and hell, where the mercy of God is not to be found. Now is the day of salvation. To-day if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart. Let me tell you, Satan has got hold of your heart, and he is blinding your eyes lest you should believe and be saved. Oh! hear the Lord saying, ‘Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live.’”

As Mr. Paterson went on in this strain, setting forth Christ to him, the man laughed in his face.

“Well, I'll pray for you,” he said, “that the Lord may bring you to a sense of your state. Oh that he would quicken you!” He prayed. All the time the man read the newspaper. Having finished praying, Mr. Paterson again left the house.

The next visit was the turning-point. As he entered, the wife was pressing past him as usual, to get away.

“Oh, don't go out,” said the missionary,



kindly, laying his hand upon her shoulder; "I'm sure it's from the best motives I come to see your husband. If I could do any good, either to his body, or to his soul, I would willingly do it; just sit down." She sat down: and Mr. Paterson began to speak to her husband a little; but he found the man as hard-hearted as ever.

"I'll pray for you once more," said Paterson. And as he began, the poor man resumed his newspaper. But before he had prayed many minutes, the paper fell from the man's hand. When the prayer was concluded, he was bathed in tears, and so also was his wife.

"Oh!" he said, with a faltering voice, and grasping the missionary by the hand, "will you come back and see me?"

"I will, with all my heart," said Mr. Paterson, and he left them both in tears.

"Come in, I'm glad to see you," was the joyful welcome of the dying man, as Mr. Paterson entered, the next day, and found him poring over the Bible.

"I am glad to see that book in your hands," said he; "what has led you to lay aside the newspaper and turn to that?"

"Oh, sir, it was your last prayer. I felt my heart melted; and ever since, I've felt myself to be in an awful state. Oh, what a sinner I've been! All that you've said to me as a sinner was true."

"Well, I have said just what that blessed book says of every one who is out of Christ.



But Christ died for the chief of sinners; his blood was shed for you and for me. Hear what he says: 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' And once the Lord forgives, he also forgets. Hear again what he says: 'I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more;' and again, 'He will cast all your sins into the depths of the sea.'"

"But," said the man, "I feel as if the Lord would not receive me, after the way I have been living. I had no thought I was such a sinner as I am. The more I think of myself, and of the way I've spent my days, the more I wonder I'm out of hell. How had you such patience with me?"

"Surely I should have patience," said Mr. Paterson, "when I think of the patience and long-suffering of my God. He waited long on me."

"Did he?"

"Yes, he waited and called again and again upon me; but at length he made me willing in the day of his power. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *you* shall be saved. Just go to him as a poor condemned sinner, and he will give you an instant pardon."

"Oh! do you think so?" he rejoined, earnestly.

"Yes, I do, because he says so. He says, 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call



ye upon him while he is near.' Now, at this very moment, he is near you by his word. Then he adds, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' Now, will you think of these truths till I call again, for they are God's truths?"

The man took hold of him by the hand. "I can't let you go away," he said; "you will pray for me." The missionary prayed.

"Oh! don't be long in coming back," said the man, "I weary for your coming."

"Well, will you ponder what I have been saying? and remember, pray to God, that, by his Spirit, he would make you know these truths and feel their power."

"I will."

And with difficulty Paterson got away.

"Well, how are you to-day?" asked Mr. Paterson, the next time he called.

"Much weaker, but much happier. I think I can now lay hold of Jesus as my only Saviour. I can trust on him now. I can cast on him all my sins. I believe that he died for ungodly me. Oh, those were precious words you last spoke to me about. I've been looking at them, and praying over them."

"Are you suffering as much pain as you did?"

"Yes, but, do you know, I can bear it better now."



“Oh, sir,” said his wife, “every time you come, he seems to get more patience and submission. Do you know he’s just another man. He never prayed before, neither did I; but now he’s often praying in the night, and also through the day.”

“What do you think of Jesus now?” said the missionary, turning to the dying man.

“I’m sure I can say he is my Friend, my Saviour, my Redeemer, for he has redeemed my soul from sin. Yes, he has given me to hate it, and to love him whom I once hated. Oh, that blessed book!” he added, taking up the Bible; “I once hated it, but now I love it; and its sweet promises, how they comfort me in my affliction! Blessed, sweet Jesus! None but Christ for me!”

“He lingered on,” says Mr. Paterson, “in this blessed state of mind for several weeks, rejoicing in Christ. At intervals he fell into darkness, but it was only when he looked in upon himself. The moment he looked to the Saviour he got light and peace.”

Another infidel was found “sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind.” The case occurred at a village near Edinburgh, where Mr. Paterson had begun to hold a weekly meeting.

“Your labours,” said a lady to him one morning, about three months after the meeting was begun, “have been very much blessed at that meeting.”



“I did not know that,” said Mr. Paterson, “I have seen no fruits of it as yet.”

“I have seen the fruits of it,” she said, “upon poor John D——. I have visited him for fifteen years, and he was a confirmed infidel. Any time I called upon him I found him reading infidel books; and he at all times treated me with the utmost contempt, scoffing in a manner which made me shudder, whenever I mentioned the name of Jesus. Knowing the meeting had been held in his house, I went in one day, and to my great surprise I found him reading the Bible. ‘John,’ I said, ‘what is this you are reading?’

“‘Oh!’ he replied, ‘it is the word of God—the Bible I’ve so long neglected and despised.’

“‘What do you think now of Jesus?’

“‘Oh, what a sinner I’ve been!’ he exclaimed, bursting into tears.

“‘What led you to look at the Bible?’

“‘Twas that first night the meeting was here. I shall never forget that night. I got such a view of myself that my heart condemned me; and God, you know, is greater than my heart; He knoweth all things. What I heard about the carnal mind, that it was enmity against God and against Christ, and against his word, and when I heard of the love of God to such sinners as I, and of the love of Jesus to die for such sinners as I—oh, when I heard all that, my hard heart was broken! Oh, I cannot think of Jesus but my heart melts!’”



From that time he read no more of the infidel books. Like the converts of Ephesus, he put them into the fire. The Bible became his daily delight and companion. Before, he had been a very discontented man—nothing which they could give him would please him; but now he became like a little child—he was contented with everything. He seemed to be wholly a new creature; old habits were given up, all things became new.

At the time when this change took place, he was above seventy years of age. "You see," he often said, "what grace can do; it is by the grace of God I am what I am."

Our missionary, Mr. Paterson, never debated with infidels. His one weapon was the word of God. That weapon was always ready and he found it mighty, through God, to the pulling down of Satan's strongholds.

He had a happy way of disarming the hostility even of the most fiercely prejudiced. "I'll fight you," said a scoffer to him one day, whom his plain speaking had at a former visit greatly enraged. "Stop, then," replied the missionary, good-humouredly, "stop till I get out my sword." He took his Bible from his pocket. "This," he added, "is my sword; I never fight with anything but this." The man was subdued in an instant, and began to listen most attentively to the word.



## THE WORLD AND THE SOUL.



**WE** live in busy times. Almost every one tries to get on in the world. "More money" is still the cry. Some toil for it at home ; others go far away to dig it out of the earth. All hope to be more happy, if they find what they seek.

It may be that you have not much of this world's goods. But few of the things which others enjoy fall to your share. You think if you had only a *little* more than you have,



it would be much better for you. Now, this desire for a "little more" is found in the hearts of most men. It is felt by the rich, as well as the poor. He who has money would like to be a little richer. If his barns are full, he thinks he must build larger ones. If he has fields and houses, he seeks to add to their number. So he goes on, till it seems as if there would be no end to his wishes.

Our Lord Jesus Christ saw the danger in which men are from this spirit. He said, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" \* He well knew what is in the world, and what it is all worth. He also knew the value of the soul of man, and what is its danger.

Here are two things spoken of—the WORLD and the SOUL. One is that which some wish to get; the other is the price they are wont to pay for it.



Each reader of these lines has a soul. God made the body of man ; but without the soul it could only have been used for the same ends as the bodies of animals. God made the body out of the dust of the earth. But he put the soul into it in a way which showed how great was its value: he “breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.”\* The body will sicken, die, and return to the dust. The soul can never die. God has given to the soul great powers. Man by it can think, feel, plan, and act, in ways in which other living beings cannot. It can enjoy and suffer much.

But if we would learn more of its value, let us see what has been done to save it. It has become sinful and guilty; and it must have been for ever lost, had not God sent his Son to save it. Surely it is of great value, since it could not be saved at

\* Gen. ii. 7.



a less price than the death of Jesus Christ. He would not have died on the cross to save all the wealth of the world from the flames. Yet he did submit to death, to save the souls of men.

The soul is what many a man gives or trades away. But what for? The things of the world? Your soul for the world! Did you ever think of this? Did you ever ask, For which do I most care? For which do I think about and labour most?

The world, as God made it, was "very good." But sin turns the things of this world to a bad use. Satan works by them to lead us astray. So that now we read, "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."\* Men love the world more than they love God. The world they live *in* is the world they live *for*. What will they not

\* 1 John ii. 16.



do to get only a small part of it? No one thinks he will gain the “whole world.” But even if it could be so; if it were *you* who had gained it all—if you were its king and owner—if its hills and vales, its gold and silver, its pomp and glory, were all yours; great and rich, then, as you would be, with crowds ready to serve and praise you; still just think for a moment: Are you sure that all this would make you happy—quite happy—happy at all times?

You may be sure it would not, for the soul was made for a better object than to find its rest in the things which perish. It cannot find rest in gold and silver; for money brings a load of care with it, and cannot satisfy the wants of the soul. You see what a rich man *has*, and you may wish you were in his place. Did you see how little he *enjoys*, it may be you would pity him. And if riches will not do, neither will honour, or fame, or any of the



sinful joys of earth. You might as well try to fill a barrel which had no bottom to it with water, as to make the soul happy with this world.

Then, if you did gain the world, how long would your hold of it last? You well know that if your life were spared to twice or thrice the years of your fathers, it would come to an end. Besides, "riches are not for ever."\* They often "make wings,"† and fly away, long before the close of a man's days. Fires may burn them; floods may drown them; the winds may sweep them away. Moth and rust may waste them; or the robber may take them by force. Some of the great of the world have been very poor before they died. And might not you meet with the loss as well as they?

But even should you hold fast your gains as long as you lived, death would come at last, and take you from them. You might live for

\* Prov. xxvii. 24.

† Prov. xxiii. 5.



twenty or forty years, or only for a few months or weeks. “As for man, his days are as grass.”\* They are only as a shadow; and his joys, at most, are as short as his days. He is weary with his toil to get gain, and then he leaves it behind him, for others to use in their turn. He goes out of the world as poor as he came into it. The soul of a prince passes hence as empty as that of a beggar. “For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away.”† With his dying breath there is an end for ever to him of all he so much loves. And then, if he has bartered his soul for the world, what is the profit? He has lost that which should have been saved, to obtain that which he has left behind him. The world has been gained for a few years, but the soul is lost for ever.

It is a sober truth, that there is no place nor state in which you can be sure in saying, “Here I will find

\* Psa. ciii. 15.

† Psa. xlix. 17.



rest, and enjoy a long life.” There have been those who have tried to make sure of those things, and failed. We read in the Bible of a wise and rich king,\* who had as much of the joys of earth as any man ever had, and he tells us he found the best of them to be vanity. Again it is said of a king,† who came near to win the whole known world, that when he had gained all, he sat down, and wept because there was no other world to conquer. The man who thus lives for the world is like him who built his house on the sand. When the floods came, they swept all away.‡ Or he is like a man who “puts his wages into a bag with holes.”§ They drop out, and are lost.

You may now be ready to say, “Well, I have not much of the world, and am in no danger. I have only a little of what are called the ‘good

\* Solomon, king of Israel.

‡ Matt. vii. 26.

† Alexander the Great.

§ Hag. i. 6.



things of life,' and a full share of care and sorrow." This may be true, and yet you may care more about that little you have, than you do about your soul. There are chains of iron, as well as chains of gold, which bind us to the earth. A poor man's heart may love the world as much as a rich man's heart. They both get to the same end, though not by the same path. You may give up your soul at a very cheap rate. It may be parted with for one sin. It may be treated as if of less value to you than any trifle. Not only may this be done by the young and giddy, but by those who are men of years. People of all ages may go on as if their eyes were bound. They may walk on, and not stop to ask what road they are in, nor to what place they are going.

And now, what do we wish you to do? We would have you make your soul your first care, and the world the second. It is not meant



that you are not to attend to the duties of life. You are to “use the world,” though you are not to “abuse it.”\* You must not be idle in that state in which God has placed you. But, on the other hand, you must avoid all that does not help you to do your duty to God. You must shun all that will tend to unfit you for death and heaven. If you seek more than this, you are in danger of losing your soul. And now think what a sad matter this would be—that a man should “lose his own soul;” that it should be lost by his own act. He will not be able to lay the blame on others. On his own head the folly and guilt must lie.

That this end may not be yours, we would invite you to find rest and mercy in Christ. If you seek his grace, you will be “rich in faith”—“rich toward God”—“rich in good works.”† These are the best riches,

\* 1 Cor. vii. 31.

† James ii. 5 ; Luke xii. 21 ; 1 Tim. vi. 18.



and they are open to all who hear and obey the gospel. The road to the riches of this earth is open to few, and is full of risk and danger. It is not so with the best riches. They are a *gift* to the poor man as well as to the rich. Hear the words of Jesus : “Come unto me, *all* ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”\* And to show to you that those who are poor and sinful may come, he again says, “I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”† He speaks to every man as a sinner. He bids you to go to him in faith and with prayer. He tells you that he will have mercy on those who call upon him. His grace can soften all your care, can draw the sting from death, and bring the joys of heaven into your soul. Surely, he who gains these is richer than the man who owns a mine of gold.

We read in the Bible of Esau,

\* Matt. xi. 28.

† Mark ii. 17.



who, in a time of hunger, sold his birthright for a dish of food.\* But when he saw what he had lost, he went out and wept with bitter tears. So the time is at hand when we shall all have our eyes open to see what kind of choice we have made. But it may be when it is too late to repent, or to alter our state. We say to you, therefore, Repent of your sins *now*. Seek the grace of the Holy Spirit of God, through Jesus Christ, that you may make a wise choice; that you may forsake all evil, and live the life of faith in the Son of God; then all shall be well for ever. But, oh! think how you will mourn over your folly, should you find you have given the bliss of the soul for a few of the vain joys of earth.

\* Gen. xxv. 29.



## THE SAYINGS OF JESUS.



**A**LL the words of Jesus were full of truth and love. He taught great truths in such a way that the people heard him gladly. They soon saw that he was meek and lowly in heart, and was a Friend to the poor. Many of his words are to be found in the Bible. They are there for *our* sake. If we attend to them they will make us truly wise. They will bring peace to our hearts, and point out the way to heaven.



Only a few of the sayings of Jesus will be here given; but if you read them with care they will, with God's blessing, do you good, as they have done to many before you.

1. *Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.*<sup>1</sup>

Jesus spoke these words to a wise and rich man; but they apply to all men. To be "born again," or "born from above," means to have a great change take place in our hearts and lives. All who are born into this world bring with them a sinful nature. You feel that your own heart is evil. Your eyes and ears tell you that there is much sin in the world. The Bible speaks of men being "dead in sins."<sup>2</sup> Men are alive, awake, and active for the things which belong to this short life. But they have no sense for the better things of God and the soul. We

<sup>1</sup> John iii. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Eph. ii. 1.



read that "there is none that doeth good, no, not one;"<sup>1</sup> and that "the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."<sup>2</sup>

Man was made to love and obey God; but he does not do so. He lives as if there were no God. He does not see, or feel, or desire what is good. He loves what God hates, and hates what God loves. His heart is like a stone:<sup>3</sup> it is hard, cold, heavy, and barren, in regard to what is good. So long as he is in this state, God is angry with him every day.<sup>4</sup>

Now, can you think that a sinful man is fit to dwell for ever with God? Can any one who, all his life long, goes on in an evil way, be ready to join the holy angels and happy spirits in heaven? Can a man who has only on him filthy rags be in a state to sit down in a king's presence? No;

<sup>1</sup> Rom. iii. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Eccl. viii. 11.

<sup>3</sup> Ezek. xi. 19.

Psa. vii. 11



it is plain that a great change must first take place in him. A new life must be begun; so that he is made like to a new man. Then he will feel and think in a way that a wicked heart does not. He will do the will of God with a loving mind.

This change can only be made by the power of God the Holy Spirit. What is wrong in the heart and life can only be made right by him. A bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit. But if the tree be made good then the fruit will be made good also.<sup>1</sup> If you make a spring of water pure, then the stream will be pure too.

But do you ask, How may I hope to have the Holy Spirit come to my heart? Listen to what Jesus said.

*2. If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly*

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xii. 33.



*Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?*<sup>1</sup>

We are here taught to go to God as to our Father, and to ask him for the gift of the Holy Spirit. Even sinful men will hear the cries of their children when they ask for bread. And will not God, who is love, listen to us when we pray to him for the Holy Spirit? Yes; he will do "much more" than any parent can do.

The Spirit is now the best gift of God to us. He brings light into our dark minds. His power is like a fire, and like a hammer, to melt and break our hard hearts. If he is given to us, he will teach us that sin is a great evil. He will make us humble and sorry for it. He will lead us to see how great was the love of God that he should send his Son to die for us. And then he

<sup>1</sup> Luke xi. 13.



will make us happy in the hope that we have found pardon.

To enjoy this gift you must ASK for it. For so again we hear Jesus speak.

3. *Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.*<sup>1</sup>

In these words you are taught that God will hear your prayer. Every wish, and word, and tear, will be known to him. Ask, then, like a beggar who seeks for bread ; or as a man who wishes to know the right road. Seek, as for a thing of value which has been lost. Knock, like him who wants to enter the door, and find shelter from a storm.

God will give to you not only like a king, but with the love of a father. But do you say you do not know what to ask for ? The Bible has some

<sup>1</sup> Matt. vii. 7.



short prayers that will suit you.  
“God be merciful to me a sinner.”<sup>1</sup>  
“Lord, help me.”<sup>2</sup> “O Lord, hear  
me : for I am poor and needy.”<sup>3</sup>  
“Turn me, O Lord, and I shall be  
turned.”<sup>4</sup> “Hide thy face from my  
sins.”<sup>5</sup> “Create in me a clean  
heart, O God.”<sup>6</sup> “Lord, save :  
I perish.”<sup>7</sup> There are many more  
such prayers in the word of God.  
They suit the man who works in the  
field, or in the factory, as well as  
the prince who lives in a palace.  
They are short and plain. These  
prayers have been often heard by  
God ; and he will hear them again,  
if you ask in faith.

To pray in faith, is to pray  
believing that God is true to his  
word ; and that, for Christ's sake,  
he will bless us. A long prayer  
without faith will gain nothing. A

<sup>1</sup> Luke xviii. 13.<sup>2</sup> Matt. xv. 25.<sup>3</sup> Psa. lxxxvi. 1.<sup>4</sup> Lam. v. 21.<sup>5</sup> Psa. li. 9.<sup>6</sup> Psa. li. 10.<sup>7</sup> Matt. viii. 25.



short prayer with faith will move God to help us.

Now attend to some more sayings of Jesus.

4. *The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*<sup>1</sup>

Jesus has told us of the love of God as a Father, and of the work of the Holy Spirit on our hearts; he here speaks of his own work in saving the lost. We were like lost sheep, that have broken over a fence, and have gone in a wrong way. Jesus came to lead us back to the fold of God. He saw that we were lost, and he came to save us. The way to heaven was closed by our sins, and he opened it, by dying for us. We were in danger of hell, and he held out his hand for our help.

Jesus did not come into the world because it is a happy place; for he knew it was full of evil. He did



not come to enjoy it, but to save men. Though he was in the form of God, and was equal with God, yet he was among men as a servant. He came into the world as a babe ; he lived in it as a poor man ; he died in it a death of shame and pain. In his life he kept the law which we had broken. The blood he shed on the cross takes away the sins of those who believe on him.

Jesus now seeks in order that he may save. But you ask, Will he save me ? Hear him.

*5. Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.<sup>1</sup>*

Who but the Son of God could invite all to come ? He only can supply the wants of the world. No man, nor angel, can do that. He speaks to all who have a burden. Have you a load of care and sorrow ?

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xi. 28.



Have you not found rest in the world? Do you weep and groan because you feel your sins hang heavy upon you? He speaks, then, to you.

But do you ask, How am I to go? Just as you are now. Though you are full of guilt and misery, you may draw nigh to him. The worse you are, the more ready you should be to take him at his word.

If Jesus were now on earth, you could go to him as the poor and sick once went to him. You could look upon him with your eyes, and hear the words of his own lips. But this might not be so easy for you as you think. How could you get to a land far away? Where could you find time and money? How could you cross wide seas, and travel over strange parts of the earth? It is your mercy to know that Jesus is in heaven; yet, as God, one with the Father and the Holy Spirit, he is in every place. The way to go to him



now is with the heart. It is the coming of the soul to him that he desires. The man who feels his sin and danger may come to him by faith; that is, by believing and trusting in him. We may come to him in any place, and at any time. When in your own room, in the shop, in the field, or in the house of God, you may come to him there. You will find that if you believe his words, if you call upon his name, if you look to him in love and hope, it is the way to come to him. Those who thus seek, will be sure to find him. And in this way they find rest for their souls.

But do you still fear that what has been said does not apply to you? Attend then once more to the sayings of Jesus.

*6. Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.<sup>1</sup>*

You may fear that he will cast you

<sup>1</sup> John vi. 37.



out. You feel that you deserve to be turned away. But take him at his word, and you shall know that he means what he says. He will not cast you out on account of your age. You cannot be too young, nor too old. If you are young he has said, "Those that seek me early shall find me."<sup>1</sup> If you are aged, he will not forsake you when your strength fails you.<sup>2</sup>

He will not reject you on account of your condition in life. He can make the poor rich in faith. Those who can read but little, may be made truly wise in the truths of the Bible. The light of that holy book can shine into a mind that is quite dark. He will receive you, not because you are better than others. He will not cast you out because you are worse than others. He saves none because their sins are few and small, nor sends any away that come to him because their

<sup>1</sup> Prov. viii. 17

<sup>2</sup> Psa. lxxi. 9



sins are many and great. He knew what sinners there were in the world when he spoke these words. He knew there would be such a sinner as you are. He knows the worst about you—all your secret sins. And yet he says, “I will in no wise cast out.”

Take, then, these words as spoken to you. Look to him for pardon, and every mercy you want. But if you do not attend to them, you will have no excuse. You will not be able to say that Jesus did not bid you come to him. You will not say that you died in your sins because there was no hope for you.

The words which we have now given are the gospel—good news for sinners—glad tidings of great joy for all people. As we read them, we may almost say, They are too good to be true. But we must not, for they are the words of the Lord Jesus, who would not raise our hopes



in vain. But these are not all. Once again he speaks.

*7. If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.*<sup>1</sup>

Jesus is now in his glory. He has made heaven a place for all who love him. A time will come when he will call them from their graves. Then he will say to them, "Come, ye blessed, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."<sup>2</sup> Oh, happy state! There they shall know no sorrow nor pain, for they shall know no sin. All tears will be wiped from their eyes, for there will be no grief nor care. They shall be like to the angels, and they shall serve God for ever. Then shall they know how much they owe to Jesus for his great love to them. Then shall they sing this song to his praise, "Unto

<sup>1</sup> John xiv. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Matt. xxv. 21, 34.



him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.”<sup>1</sup>

Do you wish to go to heaven when you die? We hope you do. Then turn again to the great truths which have been set before you in plain words. You must be born from above. The Holy Spirit must change your heart. You must seek his grace by prayer. You must have faith in Jesus for the pardon of your sins. If you seek him, he will not cast you out; and if you trust in him, and love and serve him *now*, you will be with him for ever. Think of these things; and may God bless them to your souls.

We said we would give you some of the sayings of Jesus. We have done so. Are they not good and plain—true and loving words? Do they not meet the case of every

<sup>1</sup> Rev. i. 5, 6.



sinner? Do they not suit you? If so, find out others like them in the Bible. But how great will be your folly and sin if you do not attend to them! You must then perish—be lost for ever. “To day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Heb. iii. 7, 8.

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Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

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## SERIOUS

## THOUGHTS ON ETERNITY.

**E**TERNITY! What is it? Who can explain it? Who can comprehend it? Eternity is a duration without limits. Properly speaking, that only is eternal which has neither beginning nor end. In this sense, God alone is eternal. There never was a time when he was not. His existence is not capable of being measured by any period of time, ever so often repeated and multiplied. "He is the same from everlasting to everlasting; He was, and is, and is to come; the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity." There are some creatures which have both a beginning and an end, as the whole brute creation. There are others which have had a beginning, but shall have no end; such are angels and the spirits of men. But, oh! how deeply does it concern a creature, born to live for ever, to make himself acquainted with that future state to which he is hastening: and what subject is more suited to restrain the licentiousness of this thoughtless, luxurious age, than that of eternity! Let a few minutes, then, be devoted to the serious perusal of the following pages, and may they be read



with a mind disposed to offer up to God such desires as these :—

“ O God, the fountain of wisdom and goodness, assist me to read this little book with a serious, attentive mind ; let me not satisfy myself with barely commending the important truths which it contains, but teach me to make a devout application of them. May I read them as addressed to my conscience ; and, as far as they agree with thy holy word, may I receive and submit to them as an oracle of God. May they afford me present instruction and benefit ; and thus tend, by thy grace, to fit me for the enjoyment of eternal glory.”

The soul of man is immortal. This is a principle on which all the divine dispensations are founded. The sacred writers do not set themselves directly to prove it, yet it is abundantly asserted in the book of God. Our Saviour maintains the future existence of the soul, from God's calling himself the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, many years after their death ; “ for God,” saith he, “ is not a God of the dead, but of the living ; for all live unto him.” The same divine Teacher asserts, that though “ men may kill the body, they cannot kill the soul ;” but if the soul died with the body, or ceased



to think and act after death, they might kill the soul as well as the body. The apostles speak of "being unclothed" "putting off the body," or the tent in which the soul resides. They speak of "giving up the ghost" (or spirit); of the spirits of wicked men "being in prison;" and of "the spirits of just men being made perfect."

The scriptures also speak of two future states; a state of happiness in heaven, and a state of misery in hell; and affirm that each of these is *eternal*. Holy souls, when removed from this world, are admitted into heaven, which is undoubtedly a state of glory and happiness, and the principal stress laid on this is, that it is an eternal state. Thus, we frequently read of "eternal life, eternal redemption, and eternal glory." The house to which good men shall be removed is "eternal in the heavens." The kingdom which they shall possess is "an everlasting kingdom." Their happiness is called "an eternal weight of glory," and it is said "they shall be for ever with the Lord."

The misery of hell is also eternal. Those who lived in rebellion against God, and disobedience to the gospel, and died impenitent and unrenewed, are removed to a state of misery and torment. Our Lord, speaking



of it, calls it “the fire that shall never be quenched ;” and this he repeats no less than four times. St. Paul says, that the wicked “shall be punished with everlasting destruction.” Jude speaks of the inhabitants of Sodom, as “suffering the vengeance of eternal fire.” Our Lord also, describing the day of judgment, says, “The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment.”

How astonishing then is the folly and madness of mankind ! One would imagine, from their conduct, that they expect either to die like the brutes, or else that God has no wrath for them to fear, and no mercy for them to desire. Look into the lives of men in general, and you will see that visible and temporal things appear to them the most important, unseen and eternal things the most trifling. They are eager to provide for their frail, dying bodies, and to heap up wealth which they cannot carry with them ; but they take little or no care of the nobler part of their nature, their never-dying souls. They are every day laying up for years to come, but take no thought for *eternity*. They are diligent in trading, but negligent in praying. Their shop-books are duly posted, but they seldom consult the book of God. Some who have lived sixty or seventy years,



and know that *eternity* cannot be far off, have, perhaps, never spent one serious hour in inquiring into the state of their souls, and what preparation is necessary for *eternity*. There are others less busy about temporal concerns, but equally careless about eternal ones. They waste that precious time in unnecessary sleep or recreation, which was given to them to improve for *eternity*. They contrive a thousand methods to kill time, (as they ignorantly speak,) and are thankful to any one for an expedient to waste it. They waste God's sacred time as well as their own, and will not devote even the short interval of a sabbath to consider the things that make for their eternal happiness. "The life everlasting" is indeed an article of their creed, but is strangely forgotten and lost sight of. The warnings of conscience, the admonitions of friends, the addresses and prayers of ministers, have no abiding effect on their minds. Thus they go on, in a round of folly and impenitence, till their foot slip-peth in some dreadful moment, and they are lost for ever!

One of the fathers, with great beauty and propriety, calls death "the gate of *eternity*." The death of a human creature is his passing out of time into *eternity*; and what event



can be more solemn? Yet this is so common, that we seldom make any serious reflections on it; and we talk of it with as much indifference as of any common article of news. With regard to death itself, there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked: but, oh! what a vast difference immediately succeeds! To each, their time of trial is ended, and their eternal state is begun. The righteous man puts off the body, with all its cares, temptations, and sorrows; his soul ascends to God, and enters upon everlasting rest, security, and joy. What a glorious and delightful change! The sinner likewise changes his temporal for eternal things; but it is for torment and misery. “When a wicked man dieth,” saith Solomon, “his expectation shall perish, and the hope of unjust men perisheth.” His last breath, and his last hope, expire together. He shall never hear preaching or praying any more; never receive one more invitation of mercy. He is brought to the bar of God, to give an account of the time, the means, and advantages he has enjoyed, and to receive his doom. This is the portion of a wicked man! And is it not then an awful thing to die? You will think so when the king of terrors seizes you. A man of humour, in his gay



hours, wrote and published a history of those who had died jesting ; but he solemnly retracted it in writing, on his death-bed, for he found that death was no jesting matter. “ Ah ! Eternity ! Eternity ! ” said a graceless wretch, when dying, and looking dismally at those about him, and there he stopped : he said no more ; more he could not say ; more he needed not to say. Ponder upon this example, and if you dread such a death, do not lead such a life.

When you hear of the death of others, how proper and useful a reflection would this be, “ They are gone into *eternity* ! ” When you hear the solemn sound of a tolling bell, think, “ Another soul is gone into *eternity* ! ” When you see the funeral of a neighbour, think, “ His time is ended ; he has arrived at his eternal home, and is fixed in an unchangeable state : “ Man giveth up the ghost,” said Job, ‘ and where is he ? ’ What is become of him, whom but a few days ago we saw and conversed with ? In what place, with what company, is he now ? While I am thus reflecting, what does *he* see, and feel, and think ? And how soon will the same thing be said concerning me also ! He is dead ! Oh ! that solemn, awful day which shall finish my course ; that infinitely



important day when I must enter upon *eternity!*” Surely these just and natural reflections should make me serious, as they did a very eminent courtier and statesman, in queen Elizabeth’s time, (secretary Walsingham,) whose memorable words cannot fail to make some impression on every reader. This great man having retired from the busy world into the privacy of the country, some of his gay companions rallied him on his becoming religious, and told him he was melancholy. “No,” said he, “I am not melancholy, but I am *serious*; and it is fit I should be so.” Ah! my friends! while we laugh, all things are serious round about us. God is serious, who exerciseth patience towards us; Christ is serious, who shed his blood for us; the Holy Spirit is serious, in striving against the obstinacy of our hearts; the holy scriptures bring to our ears the most serious things in the world; the whole creation is serious in serving God and us; all that are in heaven or hell are serious:—how then can we be gay?

Let us then maintain a stedfast regard to eternity, wherever we are, and whatever we do. Were we deliberately to compare temporal and eternal things, we could never imagine that providing for the present life



was worthy so many hours' thought and labour every day, and *eternity* scarcely worthy of half a thought in many hours, and perhaps not one fixed serious thought in many days. Proper thoughts of *eternity* will restrain our immoderate fondness for the things of time; they will show us that the riches, honours, and pleasures of this life are all temporary, fading, and deceitful. They will teach us to follow even our lawful worldly business with moderation, by reminding us that we have more important affairs to attend to. They will abate our fondness for the distinctions of the world, which are so generally prized. The honours of this world cannot silence a clamorous conscience, much less can they suspend their possessor's eternal doom. A great man had an extraordinary mark of distinction sent him by his prince as he lay on his death-bed. "Alas!" said he, looking coldly upon it, "this is of immense value in this country; but I am just going to a country where it will be of no service to me."

In like manner, considerations of *eternity* will restrain your fondness for the diversions and amusements of life. You will have better things to mind; nobler objects to pursue. A lady who had spent the evening



at cards and in gay company, returning at night, found her servant maid reading a religious book; she looked over her shoulder and said, "Poor melancholy soul! what pleasure canst thou find in poring so long over that book?" That night the lady could not sleep, but lay sighing and weeping: her servant repeatedly asked her what was the matter. At length she burst into a flood of tears, and said, "Oh! it was one word that I saw in your book that troubles me; there I saw that word ETERNITY. Oh! how happy should I be, if I were prepared for *eternity*!" The consequence of this impression was, that she laid aside her cards, forsook her gay company, and set herself seriously to prepare for another world. That eminent man, Mr. Philip Henry, when he felt the most acute pain in a fit of the stone, said, "I am tormented, but, blessed be God, not in this flame. I am on fire, but, blessed be God, it is not the fire of hell."

A regard to *eternity* would make us serious and lively in all the duties of religion. A celebrated painter among the ancients, being asked why he took so much pains about his pictures, answered, "I am painting for *eternity*." This thought, "I am reading, I am hearing for *eternity*," would put life and vigour into all our religious exercises.



Serious thoughts of *eternity* will render the gospel of Jesus Christ unspeakably precious. They will lead us to receive those humbling truths which are so opposite to the pride of worldly men. Why is it that the approach of death and *eternity* fills the mind with fear and apprehension? It is because we are sinners; and therefore "judgment is come upon all men to condemnation;" and indeed it is "a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." When these terrors of the Lord have taken hold of the conscience, how refreshing is it to hear that the word of God reveals a free, full, and everlasting salvation! It publishes pardon and eternal life as the gift of God, through the obedience and death of his Son JESUS CHRIST; without which there could have been no forgiveness of sin, no admission into eternal happiness. It is therefore only through faith in his blood that we can hope for the justification of our persons. It is only through the power of his grace that we can attain a meetness for the inheritance above. Thus shall we excite and cherish the most grateful and affectionate emotions of the heart towards our Lord Jesus Christ, and God, even our Father, "who hath loved us, and given us everlasting consolation,



and good hope through grace ;” and in proportion to the solidity and liveliness of that hope shall we be filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

And now, candid reader, permit me to request that you would most seriously and carefully review this subject, and ask yourself—“ Oh ! my soul, art thou prepared for *eternity* ?” Prepared, or not, *eternity* is at hand. Let me entreat this small favour of you, to retire this very day, and spend a little time in thinking upon *eternity*. Ponder in your mind, what it is to live for ever in a state of endless happiness or endless misery. If you will do this, I shall have a cheerful hope, that one quarter of an hour, so spent, will be the most profitable you ever spent in all your life ; and that God will make the meditation useful to your soul, and the beginning of eternal felicity

Reader, *eternity* is before you. Remember thou art a sinner,—“ Prepare to meet thy God.” “ Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.”

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# CHRIST

## THE ONLY REFUGE FROM THE WRATH TO COME.

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FROM HERVEY'S THERON AND ASPASIO.

---

**G**IVE me leave to relate an uncommon incident, which happened a little while ago in this neighbourhood, and of which I myself was a spectator. The day was the sabbath; the place appropriated to divine worship was the scene of this remarkable affair.

A boy came running into the church, breathless and trembling. He told, but in a low voice, those who stood near, that a press-gang was advancing to besiege the door, and arrest the sailors. An alarm was immediately taken. The seamen, with much hurry, and no small anxiety, began to shift for themselves. The rest of the congregation, perceiving an unusual stir, were struck with surprise. A whisper of inquiry ran from seat to seat, which increased by degrees into a confused murmur. No one could inform his neighbour; therefore every one was left to solve the appearance from the suggestions of a timorous imagination. Some suspected the town was on fire. Some



were apprehensive of an invasion from the Spaniards. Others looked up, and looked round, to see if the walls were not giving way, and the roof falling upon their heads. In a few moments, the consternation became general. The men stood like statues, in silent amazement, and unavailing perplexity. The women shrieked aloud, and fell into fits. Nothing was seen but wild disorder; nothing was heard but tumultuous clamour. The preacher's voice was drowned. Had he spoken in thunder, his message would scarcely have been regarded. To have gone on with his work, amidst such a prodigious ferment, had been like arguing with a whirlwind, or talking to a tempest.

This brought to mind that great *tremendous day*, when the heavens will pass away, when the earth will be dissolved, and all its inhabitants receive their final doom. If, at such incidents of very inferior dread, our hearts are ready to fail, what unknown and inconceivable astonishment must seize the guilty conscience, when the hand of the Almighty shall open those unparalleled scenes of wonder, desolation, and horror!—When the trumpet shall sound—the dead arise—the world be in flames—the Judge on the throne—and all mankind at the bar!

*The trumpet shall sound, 1 Cor. xv 52.*



says the prophetic teacher; and how startling, how stupendous the summons! Nothing equal to it, nothing like it, was ever heard through all the regions of the universe, and all the revolutions of time. When conflicting armies have discharged the bellowing artillery of war, or when victorious armies have shouted for joy of the conquest, the seas and shores have rung, the mountains and plains have echoed. But the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God, will resound from pole to pole. They will shake the pillars of heaven, and startle the dungeon of hell. They will penetrate the deepest recesses of the tomb. They will pour their amazing thunder into all those abodes of silence. The dead, the very dead shall hear.

When the trumpet has sounded, *the dead shall arise*. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the graves open, monumental piles are cleft asunder; and the nations under ground start into day. What an immense harvest of men and women, springing up from the caverns of the earth, and the depths of the sea! Stand awhile, my soul, and consider the wonderful spectacle—Adam, formed in Paradise, and the babe, born but yesterday, the earliest ages, and latest generations, meet upon the same



level ; Jews and Gentiles, Greeks and Barbarians, people of all climes and languages, unite in the promiscuous throng. Here those vast armies, which, like swarms of locusts, covered countries, which, with an irresistible sweep, overran empires ; here they all appear, and here they are lost ; lost like the small drop of a bucket, when plunged into the unfathomable and boundless ocean. Oh ! the multitudes ! the multitudes ! which these eyes shall survey, when God calleth the heavens from above, and the earth that he may judge his people ! What shame must flush the guilty cheek ! What anguish wound the polluted breast ! To have all their filthy practices and infamous tempers exposed before this innumerable crowd of witnesses ! Flee, guilty sinners, instantly flee, earnestly flee to the purifying blood of Jesus, that all your sins may be blotted out, that you may be found unblamable and unreprouable in the presence of the assembled world, and, what is of infinitely more importance, in the sight of the omnipotent God.

There is no more need of this habitable globe. The elect have fought a good fight, and finished their course. The wicked have been tried, and found incorrigible. *Wo be to the earth, and to the works thereof ! Its*



streams are turned into pitch, its dust into brimstone, and the breath of the Almighty, like a torrent of fire, enkindles the whole. See! see! how the conflagration rages—spreads—prevails over all! The forests are in a blaze, and the mountains are wrapt in flame. Cities, kingdoms, continents, sink into the burning deluge. London, Britain, Europe, are no more! Through all the receptacles of water, through all the tracts of land, through the whole extent of air, nothing is discernible but one vast, prodigious, fiery ruin. Where are now the treasures of the covetous? Where the possessions of the mighty? Where the delights of the voluptuous? How wise, how happy are they, whose portion is lodged in heavenly mansions. Their inheritance is incorruptible; such as the last fire cannot reach, nor the dissolution of Nature impair!

But see the azure vault cleaves. The expanse of heaven is rolled back like a scroll; and the Judge, the Judge appears! *He cometh*, cries a mighty seraph, the herald of his approach, *He cometh, to judge the world in righteousness, and minister true judgment unto the people!* He cometh, not, as formerly, in the habit of a servant, but clad with uncreated glory, and magnificently attended with the armies of heaven. Angels and



archangels stand before him, and ten thousand times ten thousand of these celestial spirits minister unto him. Behold Him, ye followers of the Lamb, and wonder, and love! This is He, who bore all *your* iniquities on the ignominious cross. This is He, who fulfilled all righteousness for the justification of *your* persons. Behold Him, ye despisers of his grace, and wonder, and perish! This is He, whose merciful overtures you have contemned, and on whose precious blood you have trampled.

The great *white throne*,\* beyond description august and formidable, is erected. The King of heaven, the Lord of glory, takes his seat on the dreadful tribunal. *Mercy*, on his right hand, displays the olive branch of peace, and holds forth the crown of righteousness. *Justice*, on his left, poises the impartial scale, and unsheaths the sword of vengeance. While *Wisdom*, and *Holiness*, brighter than ten thousand suns, beam in his divine aspect. What are all the preceding events to this new scene of dignity and awe! The peals of thunder sounding in the archangel's trumpet, the blaze of a burning world, the strong convulsions of expiring nature; the unnumbered myriads of the dead starting into instantaneous life, and

\* Rev. xx. 11



thronging the astonished skies; all these seem *familiar* incidents, compared with the appearance of the incarnate Jehovah. Amazement, more than amazement, is all around. Terror and glory unite in their extremes. From the sight of his majestic eye, from the insupportable splendours of his face, the earth itself and the very heavens *flee away*. How then—Oh! how shall the ungodly *stand*—stand in his angry presence, and draw near to this consuming fire!

Yet draw near they must, and take their trial—their decisive trial, at his righteous bar. Every action comes under examination. For each idle word they must give account. Not so much as a secret thought escapes his scrutiny. How shall the criminals, the impenitent criminals, either conceal their guilt or elude the sentence? They have to do with a sagacity, too keen to be deceived; with a power, too strong to be resisted; and (oh! terrible, terrible consideration) with a severity of most just displeasure, that will *never* relent, *never* be entreated more! What ghastly despair appears in their faces! What racking agonies rend their distracted hearts! The bloody axe and torturing wheel, are ease, are down, compared with their prodigious woe. And



(O holy God! wonderful in thy doings: fearful in thy judgments!) even this prodigious woe is the *gentlest* of visitations, compared with that indignation and wrath which are hanging over their guilty heads—which are even now falling on all the sons of rebellion—which will plunge them deep in aggravated and endless destruction.

And is there a last day? and must there come  
A sure, a fixed, irrevocable doom?

Surely, then, “the main care of our lives should be to obtain peace and acceptance before the dreadful tribunal of God.” And what is sufficient for this purpose but righteousness? What righteousness, or whose? Ours, or Christ’s? Ours, in the inherent graces wrought in us, in the holy works wrought by us? Or Christ’s, in his most perfect obedience and meritorious satisfaction, wrought *for* us, and applied *to* us? God is as explicit on this subject, as his word can make him; every where exposing the defects of our own righteousness, every where displaying the perfect obedience of our Redeemer.

*Behold!* says the everlasting King, *I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.\** As this

\* Isa. xxviii. 16.



text contains so noble a display of our Saviour's consummate ability for his great work, as it is admirably calculated to preserve the mind from distressing fears, and to settle it in a steady tranquillity, I will touch it cursorily with my pen.

How beautiful the gradation! How lively the account, and how very important the practical improvement! Come, look at the inscription which is engraven on this wonderful stone — *Behold!* Intended to rouse and fix our most attentive regard. The God of heaven speaks. He speaks, and every syllable is balm; every sentence is rich with consolation. If ever, therefore, we have ears to hear, let us bend them to this speaker, and on this occasion.

*A stone.* Every thing else is sliding sand, is yielding air, is a breaking bubble. Wealth will prove a vain shadow; honour an empty breath; pleasure a delusive dream; our own righteousness a spider's web. If on these we rely, disappointment must ensue, and shame is inevitable. Nothing but *Christ*, nothing but *Christ*, can stably support our spiritual interests, and realize our expectation of true happiness. And blessed be the divine goodness! He is, for this purpose, not a stone only, but

*A tried stone.* Tried, in the days of his



humanity, by all the vehemence of temptation, and all the weight of afflictions ; yet, like gold from the furnace, rendered more shining and illustrious by the fiery scrutiny. Tried, in the character of a Saviour, by millions and millions of depraved, wretched, ruined creatures, who have always found him *perfectly able*, and as *perfectly willing*, to expiate the most enormous guilt, to deliver from the most inveterate corruptions, and to save, to the very utmost, all that come unto God through him.

*A corner stone.* Which not only sustains, but unites the edifice ; incorporating both Jews and Gentiles, believers of various languages, and manifold denominations—here, in one harmonious bond of brotherly love—hereafter, in one common participation of eternal joy.

*A precious stone.* More precious than rubies ; the pearl of great price, and the desire of all nations. Precious, with regard to the divine dignity of his person, and the unequalled excellency of his mediatorial offices. In these, and all respects, wiser than Solomon, fairer than the children of men, chiefest among ten thousand ; and, to the awakened sinners, or enlightened believer, *altogether lovely*.

*A sure foundation.* Such as no pressure



can shake, equal, more than equal to every weight, even to sin, the heaviest load in the world. *The rock of ages*, such as never has failed, never will fail, those humble penitents who cast their burden upon the Lord their Redeemer; who roll all their guilt, and fix their whole hopes, on this immovable basis—Or, as the words may be rendered, *A foundation! a foundation!* There is a fine spirit of vehemency in the sentence, thus understood. It speaks the language of exultation, and expresses an important discovery. That which mankind infinitely want; that which multitudes seek, and find not; it is here! it is here! This, this is the foundation for their pardon, their peace, their eternal felicity.

*Whosoever believeth*, though pressed with adversities, or surrounded by danger, *shall not make haste*. But, free from tumultuous and perplexing thoughts, preserved from rash and precipitate steps, he shall possess his soul in patience. Knowing the sufficiency of those merits, and the fidelity of that grace, on which he has reposed his confidence, he shall quietly, and without perturbation, wait for an expected end—And not only amidst the perilous or disastrous changes of life, but even in the day of everlasting judgment, such persons shall



*stand with boldness.* They shall look *up* to the grand Arbitrator—look *round* on all the solemnities of his appearance—look *forward* to the unalterable sentence—and neither feel anxiety, nor fear damnation.

Reader, these awful scenes must pass before thine eyes and thou wilt feel an interest in them, infinitely more impressive and affecting than all thy present joys or sorrows. Let thy unworthiness, fear, and guilt, be *now* ever so great, there is hope concerning thee; for Jesus is “exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins;” but when thou shalt see “thy God in glory, and the world on fire,” nothing will *then* remain for thee, but a “certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation;” or the immediate and happy expectation of being received “into the joy of the Lord.” May God deliver thee from the bitter pains of eternal death, and bestow on thee the glorious blessings of everlasting life and salvation!

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THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY:

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[Price 3s. 6d. per 100.]



THE  
SWEARER'S PRAYER;

OR,

HIS OATH EXPLAINED.

---

**WHAT!** a swearer pray! Yes, swearer, whether thou thinkest so or not, each of thine oaths is a prayer; an appeal to the holy and almighty God, whose name thou darest so impiously to take into thy lips.

And what is it, thinkest thou, swearer, that thou dost call for, when the awful imprecations, damn and damnation, roll so frequently from thy profane tongue? Tremble, swearer, while I tell thee! Thy prayer contains two parts; thou prayest, First, that thou mayest be deprived of eternal happiness? Secondly, that thou mayest be plunged into eternal misery.

When, therefore, thou callest for damna-



tion, dost thou not, in effect, say as follows?  
 “O God! thou hast power to punish me in hell for ever; therefore, let not one of my sins be forgiven! Let every oath that I have sworn, every lie that I have told, every sabbath that I have broken, and all the sins that I have committed, either in thought, word, or deed, rise up in judgment against me, and eternally condemn me! Let me never partake of thy salvation! May my soul and body be deprived of all happiness, both in this world and that which is to come. Let me never see thy face with comfort; never enjoy thy favour and friendship; and let me never enter into the kingdom of heaven!”

This is the first part of thy prayer. Let us hear the second.

“O God! let me not only be shut out of heaven, but also shut up in hell! May all the members of my body be tortured with inconceivable agony, and all the powers of my soul tormented with horror and despair, inexpressible and eternal! Let my dwelling be in the blackness of darkness, and my companions accursed men, and accursed devils! Pour down thy hottest



anger; execute all thy wrath and curse upon me; arm and send forth all thy terrors against me; and let thy fierce, thy fiery, thy fearful indignation rest upon me! Be mine eternal enemy and plague, and punish and torment me in hell for ever, and ever, and ever!!!”

Swearer, this is thy prayer! Oh dreadful imprecation! Oh horrible! horrible! most horrible! Blaspheming man! dost thou like thy petition? Look at it. Art thou sincere in thy prayer, or art thou mocking thy Maker? Dost thou wish for damnation? Art thou desirous of eternal torment? If so, swear on, swear hard. The more oaths, the more misery; and, perhaps, the sooner thou mayest be in hell. Art thou shocked at this language? Does it harrow up thy soul? Does the very blood run cold in thy veins? Art thou convinced of the evil of profane swearing? How many times hast thou blasphemed the God of heaven? How many times hast thou asked God to damn thee in the course of a year, a month, a day? Nay, how many times in a single hour hast thou called for damnation? Art thou not yet in hell? Wonder, O heavens,



and be astonished, O earth, at the goodness and long suffering of that God whose great name swearing persons so often and so awfully profane! Swearer, be thankful, O be exceeding thankful that God has not answered thy prayer! thy tremendous prayer! that his mercy and patience have withholden the request of thy polluted lips! Never let him hear another oath from thy unhallowed tongue, lest it should be thy last expression upon earth, and thy swearing prayer should be answered in hell. Oh let thine oaths be turned into supplications! Repent, and turn to Jesus, who died for swearers as well as for his murderers. And then, O then, (though thou mayest have sworn as many oaths as there are "stars in the heavens and sands upon the sea-shore innumerable,") then thou shalt find, to thy eternal joy, that there is love enough in his heart, and merit sufficient in his blood, to pardon thy sins, and save thy soul for ever. —Swearer, canst thou ever again blaspheme such a God and Saviour as this? Does not thy conscience cry, God forbid? Even so. Amen.



## THE PRAYER ANSWERED,

*In the following among multitudes of other instances.*

In November, 1786, a person much given to swearing, being disappointed by one of his companions not returning to the public-house as soon as he expected, swore he would never drink with him again, and that if he did, it should be his last. Accordingly that day was his last. God took him at his word, and thus called him into eternity.

In November, 1787, one W—rs, a smith, spending the evening at a public-house, in Leather-lane, quarrelled with one of his companions, and, while swearing one of the most horrid oaths, God struck him instantaneously dead, with an oath on his lips, upon the bench where he was sitting. The jury who sat upon the body, after hearing all the circumstances of the case, brought in their verdict, that W—rs was struck dead as a judgment from God. This narration was given by the foreman of the jury.

Another remarkable judgment overtook a person living in Brewer-street, Soho, who,



cursing and swearing in a most dreadful manner, was struck speechless, and died the same afternoon.

T. G. who lived in the parish of Sedgley, near Wolverhampton, having lost a considerable sum at cock-fighting, to which practice he was notoriously addicted, swore, in a most horrid manner, that he would never fight another cock, frequently calling upon God to damn his soul to all eternity if he did; and, with dreadful imprecations, wishing the devil might fetch him, if ever he made another bet.

His resolution, thus impiously formed, was, for a while, observed; but, about two years afterwards, Satan, whose willing servant he continued to be, inspired him with a violent desire to attend a cocking at Wolverhampton; and he complied with the temptation. He there stood up, and cried, "I hold four to three on such a cock." "Four what?" said one of his companions in iniquity. "Four shillings," replied he. Upon which the wager was confirmed, and he, putting his hand into his pocket for the money, instantly fell a ghastly corpse upon the ground.



“Who hath hardened himself against God, and prospered?” Job ix. 4.

“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain,” Exod. xx. 7.

“Because of swearing the land mourneth,” Jer. xxiii. 10.

“Every one that sweareth shall be cut off,” Zech. v. 3.

“Above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; lest ye fall into condemnation,” James v. 12.

“There is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether,” Psa. cxxxix. 4.

“Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips,” Psa. cxli. 3.

Dear reader, art thou a swearer? O take this friendly warning; the next oath may be thy last: if thy prayer is heard, thy soul is damned for ever!!!



Stop, poor sinner ! stop and think,  
Before you further go ;  
Will you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting woe ?

Say, have you an arm like God,  
That you his will oppose ?  
Fear not you that iron rod  
With which he breaks his foes ?

Pale-fac'd death will quickly come,  
To drag you to his bar ;  
Then to hear your awful doom  
Will fill you with despair.

But, as yet, there is a hope  
You may his mercy know ;  
Though his arm is lifted up,  
He still forbears the blow.

'Twas for sinners Jesus died,  
Sinners he invites to come ;  
None who come shall be denied,  
He says, There still is room.

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# POOR JOSEPH.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.



**A** POOR half-witted man named Joseph, whose employment was to go on errands, and carry parcels, passing through London streets one day, heard psalm-singing in the house of God: he went into it, having a large parcel of yarn hanging over his shoulders; it was Dr. Calamy's church, St. Mary's, Aldermanbury A very well



dressed audience surrounded the Doctor. He read his text from 1 Tim. i. 15. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." From this he preached, in the clearest manner, the ancient and apostolic gospel, the contents of this faithful saying, namely, that there is eternal salvation for the vilest sinners, solely through the worthiness of Jesus Christ, the God that made all things. "Not many rich, not many noble, are called by this doctrine," says the apostle; "but God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty," 1 Cor. i. 26, 27.

While the elegant part of the congregation, perhaps, listlessly heard this doctrine, and, if they were struck with any thing it might be only with some brilliant expression, or well-turned period, Joseph, in rags, gazing with astonishment, never took his eyes from the preacher, but drank in with eagerness all he said, and trudging homeward, he was heard thus muttering to himself: "Joseph never heard this before; Christ Jesus, the God who made all things, came into the world to save sinners like Joseph; and this is true: and it is a 'faithful



saying.' ” Not long after this, Joseph was seized with a fever, and was dangerously ill. As he tossed upon his bed, his constant language was, “ Joseph is the chief of sinners ; but Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and Joseph loves him for this.” His neighbours who came to see him, wondered on hearing him always dwell on this, and only this. Some of the religious sort addressed him in the following manner : “ But what say you of your own heart, Joseph ? Is there no token for good about it ? No saving change there ? Have you closed with Christ, by acting faith upon him ? ” “ Ah, no,” said he, “ Joseph can act nothing — Joseph has nothing to say for himself, but that he is the chief of sinners ; yet seeing that it is a faithful saying, that Jesus, he who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, why may not Joseph, after all, be saved ? ”

One man, finding out where he heard this doctrine, on which he dwelt uniformly, and with so much delight, went and asked Dr. Calamy to come and visit him. He came, but Joseph was now very weak, and had not spoken for some time, and though told of the Doctor's arrival, he took no notice of him ; but when the Doctor began to



He speak to him, as soon as he heard the sound of his voice, he instantly sprang upon his elbows, and seizing him by his hands, exclaimed as loud as he could, with his now feeble and trembling voice, “O, Sir! you are the friend of the Lord Jesus, whom I heard speak so well of him. Joseph is the chief of sinners; but it is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ, the God who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, and why not Joseph? O pray to that Jesus for me, pray that he may save me: tell him, that Joseph thinks that he loves him for coming into the world to save such sinners as Joseph.” The Doctor prayed: when he concluded, Joseph thanked him most kindly; he then put his hand under his pillow, and took out an old rag, in which were tied up five guineas, and putting it into the Doctor’s hand, (which he had kept all this while close in his,) he thus addressed him: “Joseph, in his folly, had laid this up to keep him in his old age; but Joseph will never see old age; take it, and divide it amongst the poor friends of the Lord Jesus; and tell them that Joseph gave it them for His sake who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he is the chief.’ So saying, he reclined his head His



exertions in talking had been too much for him, so that he instantly expired.

Dr. Calamy left this scene, but not without shedding tears over Joseph: and used to tell this little story with much feeling, as one of the most affecting occurrences he ever met with. It naturally suggests the following observations:

1. Let us notice the foundation of Joseph's belief. It was the great truth, that the only Saviour of sinners is "God manifest in the flesh," which affected his heart and supported his confidence. Indeed, when a sinner is properly humbled under a sense of his sins, he will feel convinced that none but a Divine and Almighty Redeemer can possibly save him: hence his trembling heart will turn to Christ, as "God over all blessed for ever;" and, viewing the infinite value of his sacrifice on the cross, will believe and rejoice in Him with "joy unspeakable, and full of glory." On this firm foundation, the soul of the penitent will rest secure, because "his blood cleanseth from all sin;" "he ever lives to make intercession" for those who believe on him, and they "shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of his hands."

2. The gospel produces love to God and



his people. Joseph had received the word, not as the word of men, but (as it is in truth) the word of God, and it wrought effectually on his believing it. He manifested that a saving change had been wrought in his heart, of which he gave no small evidence, in admitting that Joseph had nothing to say of himself. He experienced the truth of the apostle's assertion, "We love him because he first loved us." "O pray," said he, "to that Jesus for me; pray that he may save me! tell him that Joseph thinks that he loves him for coming into the world to save such poor sinners as Joseph." Whatever may be said about loving God for what he is in himself, it was a sense of the love of Christ manifested in saving sinners, that first attracted his attention, drew forth his warmest affections, and occupied all his thoughts. Thus it is with every sinner saved by sovereign grace. A sense of the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit, infallibly produces love; and this is shown by universal obedience to the will of God, and studying to adorn the doctrine of God by a life and conversation becoming the gospel. Joseph could not now manifest his love to God in this way but he does it by showing love to his people,



and that because they were the friends of Jesus. When he heard Dr. Calamy's voice, he exclaimed, "O, Sir, you are the friend of the Lord Jesus, whom I heard speak so well of him, and whom I love for what you said of him;" and to this profession of love he added a substantial proof, in giving to the poor friends of Jesus, all he possessed in the world.

3. The gospel is sufficient to support the mind in the immediate prospect of death. Joseph did not comfort himself with the thought that he was no worse than his neighbours, and therefore, as God was merciful, he would be safe enough. The atonement of Christ was the only and exclusive ground of his hope and confidence in the view of death, judgment, and eternity. Being justified by faith, he had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

Death is a subject of the greatest importance. It is appointed unto men once to die, but after death the judgment. Think of this, ye that forget God, and put far from you the thought of death. Remember that your breath is in your nostrils; perhaps this night your soul may be required of you, and what then would be your situation? Be



entreated then to consider your ways, and flee for refuge to the hope set before you in the gospel. It still remains "a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," even the "chief:" "neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," Acts iv. 12. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," Acts xvi. 31.

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## A SUMMARY

OF

## THE BIBLE,

*Showing what it contains, and what it  
teaches us*

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**T**HE books of the Old Testament inform us of the only true God. They teach us that he is almighty and everlasting, and that he created heaven and earth, that all things come from him, and without him was not any thing made; that he is perfectly just, yet full of love and mercy; that he orders all things according to his will, which is infinitely wise and good, and therefore no man may say to God, why hast thou done thus?

These books teach us, that after God had made the world, and all other things therein, he created Adam, the first man, in the image and after the likeness of himself; that man was made upright, innocent, and happy, and was appointed by God to be lord over all things created in the earth. We are likewise told that Adam was persuaded, by the envy and deceit of the devil, to break the



commandment of his Creator, and thus he brought sin into the world, and death by sin, so that we, who are his children and descendants, and partakers of his nature, are by nature the children of wrath; we are thereby made subject to death and damnation, and, like our first parent, have become subjects of the devil, and are led captive at his will.

We are next taught by these books, that God promised first to Adam, and then to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, and all the fathers in the old time, that he would send that blessed seed, his Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour; who should deliver from sin and the tyranny of the devil all those who, by a lively and true faith, believe this promise, and accept of Jesus Christ as their Redeemer, trusting that by him, and in him, they should receive salvation and everlasting life.

These books also show to us, that the nature of man is so proud, corrupt, and wicked, that although men had need of a Saviour, yet they were unwilling to acknowledge themselves to be sinners. That God sent his law by Moses, so that sin and the evil of man's heart being known thereby, men might be convinced of their sin, and learn the necessity of the coming of Jesus Christ



who should redeem and deliver them from the curse of God for sin, and from the power of it in their hearts. Meantime God appointed sacrifices and offerings for sin, which were intended as shadows and figures of Christ, who was to offer his own body on the tree, by which offering all sin should be blotted out, and quite put away from his people. Thus the Old Testament testifies of Christ, as well as the New, and the holy men of old understood this by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, and believed on him.

By the books of the New Testament we are taught that Christ (who is over all, God blessed for ever, who was spoken of in the books of the Old Testament, and prefigured in sacrifices) was sent at the appointed time, when wickedness abounded in the world. That this Jesus, our Saviour, being born in the flesh, obeyed the law perfectly, fulfilled all righteousness, suffered death, and rose again from the dead. And that these acts of his were not done by reason of the deserts and good works of any man by nature, (for all are sinners,) but that God our Father should be faithful to his word, in exhibiting the abundant riches of his grace, that through his mercy he might bring us to salvation, by making



Christ “to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him,” 2 Cor. v. 21.

In the New Testament it is evidently shown, that Jesus Christ was the true Lamb, the true sacrifice for the world, putting away the sins of men. That he came into this world to purchase the souls of his people whom he loved, and who through him are received into grace and peace with the Father, washing them from their sins in his own blood. He delivered them from the bondage of the devil, whom they had served by sin; so that they might be adopted by him to be the sons of God, and made heirs with him of that most excellent and everlasting kingdom, which he had purchased for them. Now, that we may know and receive this singular kindness of God towards us, he gives us his Holy Spirit, the fruit and effect of which is faith in Christ Jesus. For unless the Holy Spirit regenerates and instructs us, by convincing us of sin, leading us to Jesus for pardon and righteousness, and sanctifying our fallen polluted nature, so as to influence us to holiness of heart and life, our faith (so called) will be a dead faith: for the apostle St. Paul declares, “No man can say Jesus is the Lord but by the



Holy Ghost.” The Holy Spirit declares to us that we are the children of God, and inspires us with that charity, or love of God and of each other, which St. Paul describes in the thirteenth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians. The Holy Spirit also gives us a sure hope of eternal life, and many other spiritual gifts, which St. Paul describes in his epistle to the Galatians.

By means of this trust and faith in Christ, which worketh by love, and shows itself by its deeds, persuading men to do the same, we are justified and sanctified; that is to say, God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ accounts us to be just, and renders us holy, through his grace, and through the merit and sufferings of his Son Jesus Christ, not imputing our sins to us. For by the grace and power of Christ’s death and resurrection we are justified before God, and sanctified in spirit, soul, and body.

Finally, Christ came into the world, that we, being sanctified and cleansed from our sins through him, might follow his will, in good works, denying the things pertaining to the flesh, and might freely serve him in righteousness and holiness all the days of our lives, showing that we are called by his grace; and whoever does not follow good



works, shows that he has not such a faith in Christ as is wrought in all who are saved by him. Christ has showed an example to us, whereby we may learn to live well. He is also our High Priest, and himself offered up his own blood for us, being the only Mediator between God and man. He now sits at the right hand of God the Father, being made our Advocate, making prayer and intercession for us, and will obtain for us what we desire, either of him, or of the Father in his name, if we pray with true faith. Therefore, although we have sinned, let us not fear to come to the throne of his grace, with repentance and with sure trust in him, believing that we shall obtain mercy; for Christ Jesus came into the world that he might save sinners by his grace; and, by the power of his death, he will enable us to overcome our sins daily, and grow in grace till we enter into eternal life.

This Christ Jesus will come at the time appointed by the Father, and shall sit in majesty to judge all men, and to render to every man according to his works. And to those who, through grace, have fled to him for refuge, so that they look for his appearing with faith, hope, and joy, he will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the



kingdom which hath been prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” But to those who have despised his word, and rejected his grace, he will say, “Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.”

The Bible was given to us by the goodness of God, through his Holy Spirit, that we might understand these things, and that by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, when we read them, we might understand and believe there is one only true God, and one Saviour, Jesus Christ, whom God hath sent (as he promised) that those who believe in him might have everlasting life.

The apostle St. Paul declares, that every one is accursed who shall preach any faith or salvation, except by Jesus Christ; for of him, through him, and for him, are all things; and to him, with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

Let us then open the Bible with reverence, praying to God to give us (through the Saviour) the Holy Spirit, that we may read and understand its contents; for the Scripture is as a sealed book, and not to be understood without the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Let us read diligently, search con-



tinually, consider attentively, and apply it heartily, laying aside all vain curiosity and conceit of wisdom and judgment, being content to be taught as little children, seriously reflecting in the most solemn manner, that what we are engaged in will determine the life or death of the soul for ever. We are searching for life ; that book reveals it ; and, if we find it not there, we are lost for ever. It contains that pearl of great price, which, if we obtain, we shall be heirs of eternal glory ; and in that blessed book we shall find instruction, joy, and comfort in life, a sure hope in death, and God's seal and pledge to our souls, which will appear for us at the awful day of judgment, as the decisive witness in our favour, and the opening of the door to happiness with God in Christ for ever.

This is the pillar of our hope,  
That bears our fainting spirits up ;  
We read the grace, we trust the word,  
And find salvation in the Lord.

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## TO A PERSON RECOVERED FROM SICKNESS.

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**M**Y FRIEND,—I rejoice with you that it has pleased Almighty God to raise you up from your late sickness, and I trust that the life which he has thus been pleased to spare will be devoted to his service.

Surely his long-suffering and compassion demand your thankful acknowledgment, and you can never sufficiently praise that God, “who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.” While you bless him “who healeth all thy diseases,” may you be able to connect with it, “who forgiveth all thine iniquities,” Ps. ciii. 3, 4.

If you trust in your own heart, and in the resolutions which you made in your own strength, you will certainly be deceived; but if the Holy Spirit has humbled you by your affliction, and led you to seek pardon and peace through the blood of the Lamb, then may you say, “Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy



word.—It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes," Psalm cxix. 67, 71. Let me entreat you, to review with humility and gratitude, your past affliction and your present restoration.

A few weeks ago, when you thought yourself on the borders of eternity, your sins were set in array against you; and the awful words, "The soul that sinneth it shall die," left you no room to doubt the certainty or the justice of your condemnation. Time appeared, as it really is, a mere point. Eternity! eternity! involved interests of awful importance; and you wondered at your own madness, which could let such interests go at hazard for the beggarly pursuits which had engrossed you. At that solemn hour, how earnestly did you desire to be allowed one year or month, as a season of probation and preparation for heaven! Now, my friend, God has spared you; he has spared you for this very purpose. He opened to you the horrors of a dying bed, without hope; and then sent you back to life, saying, "Spare him yet a little longer; it may be that he will repent; that he will seek after God." Death is as certain now as it was then; the Bible is as true; your



heart is as depraved ; God is as holy ; the law as strict ; and, without repentance, destruction is as sure.

And can you, after all that you have seen and felt, be satisfied, before that awful question is determined, “ Am I prepared to die ? ” Can you forget the unutterable anguish you felt in the prospect of dying without an interest in Christ ? Can you forget the vows you then made to God of future obedience, should he spare you ? I must tell you, if you do forget them, your last end will be worse than the first. This sparing mercy of God will add unspeakable horror to the hour, which must come soon, which may come *very* soon, when your soul shall be required of you. It will add a tenfold sting to the worm that never dies, and arm with tenfold strength the flame of Divine wrath, which never can be quenched. And let me ask you tenderly, if you do not prepare to die now, when do you expect to prepare ? Are you not now more separated from the world, in consequence of your recent sickness, than you will be hereafter ? Shall you obtain any greater inclination to become holy, when you have involved yourself in projects of worldly interest, or ambi-



tion, or pleasure? Ah, no! If you are thinking of putting off this great work till to-morrow, there is great reason to fear it will never be done.

Let me ask you plainly, as one deeply concerned in your salvation, what you intend to do? Will your heart become more sensible to these awful truths by delay? Will you carry this excuse to the bar of God? Will it avail you any thing there? Is the fault your Maker's, or is it *yours*, that you cannot feel? You cannot, dare not say, it is *His*; and if it is your own, is it not the thing in which lies the greatness of your guilt?

And will you consent to live and die thus: Will you despise the long suffering and patience of God, who is not willing that any should perish? Will you trample under foot the blood of the covenant, whereby we are sanctified, and dash from the hand of the Saviour the cup of salvation? Will you drive from your soul the Holy Spirit, who is waiting to seal you to the day of redemption? Shall your anxious minister and christian friends, who agonized for your salvation in the time of your sickness, be compelled to



weep over you and tremble, lest the mercy now rejected should be lost for ever? God forbid! Far better were it for you never to have known the truth, than, knowing, to reject it. Remember, that "he who being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Permit me now to offer you some directions, and may God, in his infinite compassion, bless them to you.

1. Daily recall the views you recently experienced. Consider how light, lighter than the small dust of the balance, the world appeared to you, when contrasted with eternity; and how trifling every thing, which had not salvation for its object. As the world appeared to you then, it actually is. Think of this daily. Recall to your memory, and may God impress on your heart, those passages of Scripture, and those views of your past life, which most deeply affected you then. Think much of death, and the unspeakable necessity of being prepared for it, and every evening ask yourself, "Am I better prepared to die, than I was a day or a year since?"

2. Labour to acquire correct ideas of the



character of God. "Think him not altogether such an one as yourself; but a God who will by no means clear the guilty;—a God who, although he delights in mercy, will not, cannot take to heaven those whose hearts are enmity against him, who despise his mercy, and reject his Son;—a God, who has declared in the most awful manner, that unless we repent, we shall all perish; that the unrighteous shall not inherit his kingdom; that the wicked shall be turned into hell; and that the smoke of their torments ascendeth up for ever and ever."

3. Reflect much on the excellency and glory of religion. It is a friend in adversity. When every earthly hope fails, and the soul is ready to say of all human helpers, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" then religion is a friend indeed. Are not those blessed, whom God blesses, safe, whom he protects; and strong, whom he strengthens? Can any one say with David, "The Lord is my refuge, I will not fear, though the earth be removed, and the mountains cast into the midst of the sea;" or with Paul, "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," without being unspeakably happy?

4. Associate with those who will aid you in a life of religion. Many have been the miserable souls, whom a connexion with worldly people has drawn to the abodes of eternal sorrow. Serious conviction has been driven from the heart of those who seemed ready to be delivered from the bondage of corruption, by the mirth of the thoughtless, or the sneer of the profane; and the contagion of sin has smitten with blasting those fair blossoms of penitence, which once seemed to promise the fruits of righteousness. The christian trembled at the guilty change, in the state of such persons; but his tears and prayers are only registered in heaven, to be a swift witness against them in the day of the righteous judgment of God.

5. Be diligent in reading and hearing the word of God. It is able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith in Jesus Christ. Read it as one who feels this. Ask for the teaching of the Spirit. Ask with a childlike temper, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find. Strive earnestly,



as one who knows his case is desperate, to understand what God has revealed for our salvation. Remember that you are in his hands as clay in the hands of the potter; that he must open your eyes, or you will never see; and that the natural opposition of your heart to the doctrines and precepts of the Bible is so great, that you will never receive and obey them, unless he makes you willing in the day of his power. Cast yourself on the unmerited mercy of Christ. Go to him for righteousness and wisdom, for light and strength, for deliverance and sanctification. Be not satisfied with an outward attendance on the public administration of the word. Pray that you may be prepared to receive it, before you go; and pray that you may be taught to profit, when you return; and wrestle with God for the blessings of salvation. Forsake all sin. Yield yourself to God your Saviour, and diligently do his work.

Remember your time is short. Receive this friendly counsel; and oh, may God give you understanding in all things.

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## DO YOU WANT A FRIEND?

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**D**O you want a friend, powerful to protect you, rich to supply your wants, kind to sympathize with you, affectionate to feel for you, wise to guide you? a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother?" one to whom you can go at all times, at all seasons, under all circumstances? one to whom you can open all your heart; one who is worthy of all the affection of your



soul ; one whom you can esteem and delight in ; one who is able to satisfy all that craving desire of happiness which you feel ; who can assist you when all other friends fail ; who can support you in your last agonies, and walk with you through the valley of the shadow of death ? one whose influence and power extends beyond the grave ; who is able to save you from the fire of hell, and to give you a place among the sons of God ?

Reader, as you are a lost perishing sinner, if you desire such a friend, let me tell you, to your joy, that I know of one, who is not only all that this description implies, but who is one that is far more valuable, far more excellent, far more desirable. His name is JESUS. He is powerful to protect you, for he is the Son of the living God ; and all power is given unto him in heaven and in earth. He is rich to supply you, for he is God the All-sufficient. In him are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Are you, in a spiritual sense, poor and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked ? He will sell thee “ gold that thou mayest be rich :” sell it thee “ without money and without price.” He will give thee “ white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness may



not appear :” he will “anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see :” he will give thee of his Holy Spirit that thou mayest see thy need of Christ: and discover his infinite power and his gracious willingness to supply all thy need. By this blessed gift of his Holy Spirit thou shalt have such discoveries of his glorious majesty, as “God over all blessed for evermore,” as shall lead thee to call him LORD, so as none can do but by the Holy Ghost. And when oppressed in spirit under a sense of the sinfulness of thy nature, this adorable Comforter will testify of Jesus to thee, and give thee such confidence in the assurance that his blood cleanseth from all sin, as shall bring peace to thy soul. This blessed Spirit will also apply to thy soul all those exceeding great and precious promises of God, which are made to them that believe in Christ Jesus, and whereby thou shalt escape the corruption that is in the world through lust.

Whatever temporal things you may want, this kind Friend is no less able than willing to supply, if they are suitable for you. Do you want one to sympathize with you? Seek Jesus for your Friend, and trust in what he has done and suffered for you; believe in



the efficacy of his atoning blood ; and you will find that there can be no friend more sympathetic than he. He is one “ who can have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way,” for that he himself also was compassed with infirmity. He is not one “ who cannot be touched with the feeling of your infirmity, for he was in all points tempted like as you are, yet without sin.” He is also affectionate to feel for you. That love which brought him from the skies, he still retains ; nor is its warmth diminished. He is wise to guide you. He knows all your circumstances, all your difficulties, and all your dangers. He knows what is best for you, and what is the truest wisdom. He, too, is the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He is never angry without just cause ; never led aside by an evil temper. He will bear with your weaknesses with more than a brother’s forbearance. He is one to whom you can go at all times, at all seasons, and under all circumstances. He is not confined to any place ; so that, wherever you are, you may have access to him.

No change of circumstances alters his affection. He will befriend you in sickness as well as in health ; in age as well as in



youth ; in adversity as well as in prosperity. He is one to whom you can open all your heart ; for he has given you such amazing proofs of his love that you cannot doubt his affection. Think of him as God incarnate—God in human fles dying for our sins, that we might not perish, but have everlasting life, and you cannot but be willing to pour out your heart before him, to tell him of all your troubles, to confide in his love, and to repose on his bosom. He is one, too, who is worthy of all the affections of your soul ; one whom you can esteem and delight in. Such wonderful love towards us, demands our love to him in return. Oh ! take him for your friend, READER ! and then you will perceive how worthy he is of your tenderest affection. Then will he unfold his excellency and goodness, his loveliness and beauty, and you will find him to be the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.

Reader, you desire to be happy ; you thirst for happiness. Go unto this Friend, and he will give you of the water of life ; give you the influences of the Holy Spirit ; give you spiritual health ; give you complete enjoyment in communion with God. In vain do you seek for perfect happiness in



earthly enjoyments ; your desires after happiness are so extensive, that nothing can satisfy them but the enjoyment of God. Take JESUS for your Friend, and God will be the joy of your heart and your portion for ever.

A time is fast approaching when earthly friends cannot aid you ; they cannot save you from the hour of death ; they cannot support you in your last moments, nor accompany you through the dark valley of the shadow of death. But the Friend now pointed out, the blessed Jesus, he can comfort and support you when all other friends can render you no assistance ; he can receive your parting spirit ; convey you safely through the shades of death, and bring you to that everlasting happiness which he shed his blood to procure. He died for our sins : believe in him ; trust in what he has done and suffered ; supplicate God, in his name, for the pardon of your sins, and the gift of his Holy Spirit, and you shall be delivered from the “ blackness of darkness for ever.” The fire of hell shall never touch you ; but you shall dwell in the abodes of light and glory for ever and ever. “ God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”



“ A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”

PROVERBS xviii. 24

ONE there is, above all others,  
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end !  
 They who once his kindness prove,  
 Find it everlasting love.

Which, of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could, or would, have shed his blood ?  
 But our Jesus died to have us  
 Reconcil'd in him to God :  
 This was boundless love indeed !  
 Jesus is a Friend in need.

Men when rais'd to lofty stations  
 Often know their friends no more :  
 Slight and scorn their poor relations,  
 Though they valu'd them before :  
 But our Saviour always owns  
 Those whom he redeem'd with groans

When he liv'd on earth abased,  
 Friend of sinners was his name ;  
 Now above all glory raised,  
 He rejoices in the same :  
 Still he calls them brethren, friends ;  
 And to all their wants attends.



8 A. 277.—DO YOU WANT A FRIEND?

Could we bear from one another

What he daily bears from us?

Yet this glorious Friend and Brother

Loves us though we treat him thus,

Though for good we render ill,

He accounts us brethren still.

O, for grace our hearts to soften!

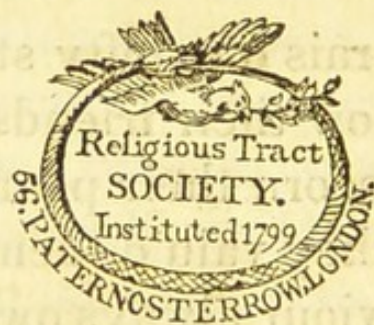
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;

We, alas! forget too often

What a Friend we have above.

But, when home our souls are brought,

We will love thee as we ought.



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PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

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“**I**T is appointed unto men,”—unto all men, be they who or what they may, prince or peasant,—“once to die;” and in the midst of life, of all that gives comfort and consequence to life,—we are in death.

Would you be prepared for what must come soon, and may come suddenly,—your dying hour;—then treasure, I pray you, in your minds, and ponder in your hearts, and pray over in secret, the following friendly admonitions.

1. Sit loose from the world, that you may be ready to depart at a sudden warning.

If you would be fit for your great journey to your long home, you must lay aside every weight, and especially the burden of worldly affections. You must take heed to yourselves, “lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and the cares of this life,” if you would not have that day come upon you unawares.



2 A. 289.—PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

Study to be crucified to the world; to use all earthly comforts in a mortified manner, as those that are taking their long leave. and let death find you, as it were, dead before hand.

2. Intrench not on God's prerogative—by laying out future time.

Reckon not upon hereafter in this world. Remember, your times are in God's hands. improve with all possible diligence your present allowance. Live this day well. O, when shall we learn to practise the salutary lesson, to live every day, as if it were our last! What blessed men should we be, if we could but live up to this short rule! and is it not a shame, that a heathen should instruct us? "Think," says he, "every morning when thou risest, I may never lie down again; and every night when thou liest down, I may never rise again: and when thou goest out, say, I may never return: when thou comest in, I may never more go out." Christian, let it be thy serious resolve every morning, "I will spend this day for eternity."

3. See that you be rich towards God, however poor in worldly wealth.

Give yourselves unto prayer; bumble, fer-



vent, persevering prayer; prayer for the influences of the Holy Spirit, importunate prayer that will take no denial: daily read the bible with a sincere desire to be made wise unto salvation: and daily examine yourselves by that unerring rule. Serve your generation with diligence. Study to be useful. Fill up your hours with duties. Do good as far as possible unto all men. And when you have done all, go, as it were, out of yourselves, and look wholly unto Jesus, and live by faith on him. This do, and you shall have treasure in heaven, and death will put you in possession of glory. But woe to them who have nothing laid up on the other side of the grave!

4. Let not your sins have any longer dominion over you.

Pray for grace, that you may mortify them; and then the bitterness of death is past. Sin is the sting of death; that makes death hurtful; that makes death dreadful. O, do not then arm your enemy against you! Death cannot harm you but by the weapons you yourselves put into his hands. If sin be dead, death is conquered. But it is the height of misery when sin and death fall upon a poor soul together: when death sets



4 A. 289.—PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

a man's sins before him in his dying hour, and, besides the terror of his appalling looks, shows him the more hideous and alarming features of his own unpardoned sins

5. Observe the approaches of your enemy daily.

Let not grey hairs be here and there upon you, and you not know it. Observe all the warnings of death, and consider your pains and infirmities as so many notices of his near approach. How often is death thus knocking at our doors! Consider, death has already a great part of you in possession: whatsoever is past, is death's; and how little, how very little is to come, God alone knows: sure I am, nothing is yours, but the present time. And shall death gain ground upon you daily, and will you not be aware of it, and provide accordingly? As the outward man decayeth, see that the inner man be strengthened from day to day; let the sense of your weakness lead you to pray to Christ that your faith may be strengthened, and your repentance deepened; and forget not that wholesome counsel, to meditate every evening, that seeing thy days are numbered, there is one more of the number spent—thou art one day nearer to eternity.



6. Dare not to live in such a course as you would not wish to die in.

How know you but your next step may be into the grave! and would you be found in your sins? How do you know, but death may meet you at the next turning! and, oh, how unwelcome a meeting will it be, if you be found laden with the gains of unrighteousness, or steeped in lusts, and carnal pleasures! Would you have death find you out of your armour? Would you meet your enemy without a weapon? or be found in a sleeping posture? If not, how dare you live on so thoughtlessly!

7. Be always engaged in your heavenly Father's business.

Let not death find you doing evil, or doing nothing. It was said of a laborious man of God, who was always early at his work, that he was half way on his journey before others had set out. "Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing!" Remember, in what you undertake, that death may overtake you before you have ended; and wo unto you, if death find you with your work to do! It was St. Paul's comfort and joy, "I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course: I



have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

8. Seek to have conscience as your friend. But beware, lest you mistake the slumber of conscience for a settled peace : the serpent may be but frozen in your bosoms, when you think him dead. If you are wise, get and keep a good conscience : and to do so, go to the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, that it may be sprinkled with the blood of Christ. " Exercise yourselves to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men." In all that you undertake, let conscience have the casting voice. Ask counsel of it diligently. Hear its rebukes patiently ; nay, hear them thankfully, " as a precious balm, that will not break your head." If conscience be confident, be sure it is on scripture evidence. If it be doubtful, get it well settled in time. If it condemn you, flee to the Redeemer ; sue for a pardon : get conscience purified and pacified. Follow after peace ; but accept of no peace, save from God. Please conscience rather than all the world. They that are careless of offending conscience, are preparing for their own ter-



ment at the hour of death. Daily self-examination will help you to live holily and to die happily.

9. Look often at death.

Be not strangers to the thought of death. "Wait all the days of your appointed time, till your change come." Familiarize death to yourselves. Let it not be that death should come upon you, and you say, "I did not think of it." You must daily think of it: you must hourly look for it. How holy and happy a man was he, that could say, "I have not known what to-morrow meant these twenty years!"

10. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and prepared for death.

Hasten without any delay, flee for your life to Jesus, who is able and willing to save to the uttermost all that come to God by Him. Let not the number nor the greatness of your transgressions stop you. No sins are too many or too great to be pardoned and cleansed by Emmanuel's blood, if you repent of your sins and believe in Him. He came into the world expressly to seek and to save lost sinners: and he invites all who are weary and heavy-laden, to come unto



Him. He pardons the guilty, He justifies the ungodly, He sanctifies the unclean, He enriches the poor, He saves the lost. No case of guilt is too desperate for the Friend of sinners to relieve : no sinner will perish, because Christ is unable to save him : the final, the irremediable ruin of sinners will be, their own unbelief.

But if you cast yourselves unreservedly on His merits and His mercy, saying, “ If I perish, I will perish at the foot of His cross ;” if you give yourselves up wholly to be saved and sanctified by Christ : if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ ; then all danger is over ; your salvation is secure ; you are made more than conquerors over the last enemy : and neither death nor life shall be able to separate you from the love of God : Nay, you may then fearlessly challenge the king of terrors, and say : “ O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?” “ Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ !” 1 Cor. xv. 55. 57.

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## OLD CATHARINE PRESCOTT.

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**THIS** poor woman was born at Denbigh, in 1708 ; she was unable to read, for, to use her own expression, “ There were none of these blessed Sunday-schools in my days.” However, when a hundred years old, she continued to attend Divine worship ; she could hear, though she could not read. Though so very old she wished to learn to read, and we shall now state, in her own words, the way in which this desire was fulfilled.

“ Why, you see, when I used to go to the Old Church, Manchester, many of the folks that used to come would sometimes offer me a book, and, dear heart, I could not read ; and I was ashamed to refuse it. Besides, there was a very pretty psalm they had used to sing, and I thought I should like to learn it ; but then I could not read. So I came home one day, and I told my daughter that I was determined to learn to read ; but she thought it was too late. However I went to a neighbour, and asked him if he would teach me a lesson, and he promised he would. Accordingly, I went to him every day, and when I had tired him with



one lesson I would go to another neighbour for another; and in this way I got on by little and little. When they were building the school-house in this neighbourhood, I told my daughter I would go to it as soon as it was ready; and, as soon as they opened it, I used to go every day for a lesson; and the little lads would come here on a night, and first one would teach me, and then another, till I had tired all. Then, when the Sunday-school was removed into this street, I used to go every Sunday (before I went to the Old Church) to say my lesson, and some of the scholars would come in now and then to teach me; and so from one thing to another, you see, at last I learnt to read."

By the time she had attained her 105th year, she was able to read tolerably well. When she came to words of three or four syllables, she was sometimes at a loss to repeat them, if they were not words in very general use; but her plan was, when she had got any person to hear and correct her in reading a chapter once over, afterwards to read the same chapter by herself, and if she still found any difficulty, she would ask



some one to hear her again, until she was able to read it without help. In this way she became well acquainted with several chapters of the bible, and she placed slips of paper next those chapters which struck her as being important, in order that she might turn to them at a future time. Soon after she began to learn to read, she asked a clergyman to give her a bible, who readily granted her request; but the print being rather too small, she afterwards got a testament of a larger type, which she was able to use till within a few months of her death, and without spectacles till she was 107 years of age. It was interesting to see her reading the word of God, and to hear the simple remarks she used to make as she proceeded.

One day, going up stairs to her room, I heard her reading to a little girl who was teaching her; I sat down on entering the room unperceived; she was reading 1 John v. and the child had been telling her a mistake she had made, upon which Catharine said, "Well, I shall know how to read it by myself next time." She then proceeded as follows: "And this is—the



record,—that God hath—given to us—eternal life,—and this life—is in his Son.’—Ay, blessed be his holy name, the Lord Jesus will give us eternal life! ‘He that is begotten—of God—keepeth—himself,—and that wicked one—toucheth him not.’ No, no; the wicked cannot touch the righteous. ‘And we know—that the whole world—lieth in wickedness.’” She here lifted up her hands, and exclaimed, “The Lord be merciful unto us! What a fearful thing that is! it is a fearful truth, for sure! but what it says is very true.” In this manner she proceeded to the end of the chapter; after which I discovered myself, and read the whole of it to her. When I came to the words, “Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world,” &c. she stopped me, saying, she had been meditating on these words, and added, “O, the Lord be praised for all things, his mercies to me have been great, very great indeed; blessed be his holy name.”

Once when I asked her if she thought her own good deeds would lead God to accept her, she said, “No, no, we can do nothing to save ourselves; we are all



miserable sinners, and we must put our trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, or we shall not get to heaven."

She expressed herself as having derived much comfort from the Saviour's words, John xiv. 27. "Peace I leave with you : my peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you." And, indeed, the whole of that and the three following chapters were among those which she often read ; and the perusal of them had frequently been blessed to her.

She took a great interest in the Sunday-school, in which her great grandchildren were taught as well as herself. She said once, " I wish the children may all take the right road, they will all have reason to bless God for it, dear little lambs. I hope the Lord will carry his blessed work into their hearts ; it is a fine opportunity for them, and I hope they will all be the better for it." Many of them were in the habit of calling to see her, and she seldom failed to give them good advice, and to reprove them if they were giddy, or showed a love for fine clothes or sinful amusements.

There is a sick society in the Sunday-



school, composed of such children as subscribe one penny a week ; and out of this fund the subscribers are relieved by a weekly allowance of four shillings, during sickness. About the end of 1815, old Catharine, or, as she was called by the scholars, “ the old woman,” was unable to move out of the house without help, though she still possessed the faculties of memory and eyesight. It was proposed, at the annual meeting of this juvenile society, that she should become a pensioner, and be allowed four shillings a week ; this proposition was unanimously carried, 500 little hands being held up on her behalf, and she had it as long as she lived. This proved a great addition to her comforts, for she had depended much on casual bounty for the nourishment which her age required. Her gratitude was warmly expressed to me when I conveyed to her the welcome message.

She was very thankful to God for being able to read his holy word in her old age, for the spiritual blessings she had derived from the perusal, and for the pious instructions of ministers and friends. She spoke often of the superior advantages of the



children of the poor in our days beyond those which she and others in the same rank had enjoyed, when she was a child.

I visited her when near death. My readers must try to form the idea of an aged pilgrim resting on her pillow, with hands, eyes, and heart uplifted towards heaven, exclaiming, with all the fervour of devotion,

“ My God, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth ;  
Thy hand has rear'd my childhood up,  
And strengthened all my youth.

‘ Cast me not off now strength declines,  
And hoary hairs arise ;  
But round me let thy glory shine,  
When thy frail servant dies.

“ Amen and Amen.”

A short time before she died, I went to pay her one of my accustomed visits, and found her in a heavenly state of mind, though weak in body. She had recently lost her granddaughter who had died after three hours' illness : this circumstance gave rise to some serious conversation on death and eternity ; during which, her resignation to God, her trust in the Saviour, and the pious flow of her affections, appeared as great as ever they had been. After I had



read a chapter in the bible, we engaged in prayer; and when I had finished, she prayed with an audible voice, apparently, as if her soul was wrapt up in what she was saying.—“The blessing of God Almighty be upon us all—Jesus Christ hear us—and may the Lord make us blessed and happy, both here and hereafter—the Lord hear that prayer. Amen and amen.”

She now seemed fast hastening to the close of life; but with her heart and hopes fixed in heaven. Occasionally her memory failed, and her mind wandered; but when able to think, she continued to give evidence of the interest she possessed in the Lord Jesus Christ. I saw her the day before she died; she appeared to be sensible, but unable to speak without great difficulty. The only words I could understand were, “Christ be merciful to my soul.” When I repeated the Lord’s prayer, I could perceive the motion of her lips following me. She died about two o’clock the next morning, June 2, 1817, in the 109th year of her age, and entered into that “rest which remaineth for the people of God.”



A  
SOLEMN ADDRESS

TO  
AGED PERSONS.

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**M**Y dear aged friends, whose grey hairs, and wrinkled brows, plainly mark you within a few years, if not a few days or hours of eternity, let me beseech you to examine yourselves, whether you are converted, or not. Neither a blameless life, nor a long continued profession of religion, can possibly secure your escape from eternal damnation. No: "Except you be converted," have your whole state, nature, and conversation spiritually changed before God, "you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," Matt. xviii. 3. If you are not yet born again, and have not become new creatures in Christ Jesus, how dreadful must now be your case! For, to your original guilt and depravity you have added fifty, sixty, or seventy years of constant enmity and rebellion against God, your Maker and gracious Preserver. You have been guilty of rejecting and despising "the great God our Saviour," of grieving, resisting, and doing despite to the Spirit of grace the Sanctifier, how just then must now be your desert of eternal perdition! What a fearful abuse of the time, the talents, the mercies,



the afflictions, and deliverances which you have received from God! And what an unnatural, deliberate, and obstinate ruining of your own soul!

How astonishing the patience of God in bearing so long with you, in not cutting you down, ere now, as cumberers of the ground! How amazing, that you do not now hear the so long provoked Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, declaring, "that you shall not enter into his rest;" that your time to repent shall be no longer; and closing with these solemn words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth," Matt. xxv. 30, 41. But how much more astonishing, that God is still waiting to be gracious to you, and even by this present address knocking at the door of your heart for entrance, still offering you himself and his everlasting salvation, without money and without price; and beseeching you, by all your needs, by all your miseries and dangers, by all the astonishing glories of heaven, and by all the fearful torments of hell, by all the mercies and excellences of God, by all the dignity, glory, and fulness of Christ and his Spirit, to accept of these offers, without a moment's delay. O ye, to whom the word of this salvation is sent, and to whom eternal redemption through the blood of Jesus Christ is offered and urged; "As I live, saith the



Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked ; but that the wicked turn from his way and live : turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways ; for why will ye die. O house of Israel ?" Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

Ah ! my fellow sinners, are not all things around you serious ? Is not God serious in all his commands, particularly in his great command that you should believe in the name of his Son Jesus Christ ? Is he not serious in all his threatenings, and determined to execute them against the obstinately rebellious ; and in all his promises, to fulfil them to such as believe ? And will you never, never, be serious about your eternal salvation ? When there is but a step, a short step, between you and death, between you and hell, will you still cry, " A little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep," Prov. vi. 10, till your death come as one that travelleth, and your damnation as an irresistible armed man ? As if you had not already sinned enough to offend God, contemn Christ, and grieve the Holy Spirit, will you still continue dead in trespasses and sins, walking " according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience ?" Eph. ii. 2. Must all your mercies of fifty, sixty, or seventy years, and all the offers and opportunities of grace and salvation which you have received, serve for no



other purpose to you, but as a path to everlasting misery, and as the means of rendering your damnation unspeakably more dreadful than that of many others?

But your case is not altogether desperate, though it is on the brink of it. Once more, and perhaps never more, Jesus the Master, the Saviour is come, and calleth for thee, John xi. 28. O embrace him without a moment's delay. Your grey hairs, your wrinkled face, your faded beauty, your stiff joints, your feeble limbs and arms, are a powerful warning to you. All the need and guilt of your soul, should urge you to hear, and receive Him, who is full of grace and truth; that he may love you, and wash you from your sins in his own blood, heal all your diseases, subdue your iniquities, and cast your sins into the depths of the sea; that so at the approach of death, you may not be overwhelmed with despair, but, having fled to Jesus for refuge, you may drink of his fullness, eat of his fruit, and through him as your way, come to the Father.

All the unseen glories above, urge you to receive eternal life through Jesus Christ, in whom the Spirit of life can make you free from the law of sin and death, and breathe on your dead souls that you may live. All the agony of the miserable inhabitants of the place of torment, particularly those of them who had joined with you in rejecting an offered Saviour, warn you, in



the most solemn and impressive manner, to receive Him who "hath the keys of hell and of death," who can deliver you from that wrath which has come upon them to the uttermost, and which will ultimately overtake all who continue to reject the mercy offered in the gospel. The remembrance of all the ransomed millions above, and those on earth, should urge you to taste and see that Christ is good; to behold him whom their souls love, and "to seek out of his fulness, grace for grace."

All the ministers of the gospel, the ambassadors for Christ, "as though God did beseech you by them, pray you in Christ's stead, to be reconciled unto God," who "made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him," 2 Cor. v. 21. Every ordinance of the gospel, every doctrine, every promise, every command, every threatening of your Bible, requires and beseeches you to hear, behold, and receive Him, who is "all and in all," Col. iii. 11. All the holy angels rejoice in the good tidings, that "unto you was born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," Luke ii. 11; and "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," Luke xv. 10. And the almighty Father, in his unbounded majesty and mercy, proclaims, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him," Matt. xvii 5



Now is the accepted time, now, perhaps now or never, is the day of salvation. The great God our Saviour lifts up his voice; let your souls listen, and say, "Amen, so be it, Lord," to every one of the gracious words that proceed out of his mouth. O may his words be spirit and life to your heart. He cries, "Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men. I am found of them that sought me not; I said, Behold me, behold me, unto a nation that was not called by my name. I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people," Prov. viii. 4; Isa. lxxv. 1, 2. Are you still asleep in carnal security and careless unconcern about your eternal salvation? I come to awaken you. "Awake thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light," Eph. v. 14. It is now high time for you to awake out of your sleep. After all the means and opportunities of instruction, are you still blind, and ignorant, and foolish in the things of God and eternity? "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you. Hear, ye deaf; and look, ye blind, that ye may see," Prov. i. 22, 23; Isa. xlii. 18. Are you still guilty, naked, and far from righteousness? "Come, now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;



though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. I, the Lord, the Lord God merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, am he that blot-teth out thy transgressions for mine own sake," Isa. i. 18; Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7; Isa. xliii. 5. You, long polluted and self defiling sinners, "Wash thine heart from wickedness; how long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?" Jer. iv. 14. Wilt thou not be made clean? when shall it once be? You that have been so long enslaved by Satan and your own sinful lusts, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," Isa. lxi. 1. You that are so poor and wretched, know ye not "the grace of our Lord Jesus, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich?" 2 Cor. viii. 9. You that have so long rebelled against God, "Return, thou backsliding sinner, and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you: for I am merciful, saith the Lord. I will heal your backsliding," Jer. iii. 12; Hos. xiv. 4. Are you now in your old age, cast out, bewildered, and perishing? Thus saith the Lord, "which gathereth the outcasts of Israel, yet will I gather others to him, beside those that I have gathered. They that were ready to perish, and the outcasts, shall worship the Lord. I will



seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away. The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," Isa. lvi. 8; xxvii. 13: Ezek. xxxiv. 16; Luke xix. 10. You that have laboured long in wickedness and in pursuit of vanity, and are heavy laden with the guilt and growing lusts of many years, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest, Matt. xi. 28. Have you lived so long in the service of the devil, the world, and the flesh? "Hear, and I will speak; I will testify against thee: I am God, even thy God. I will be their God, and they shall be my people," Psa. l. 7; 2 Cor. vi. 16. Are ye dead in trespasses and sins? "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," John x. 10. I have power over all flesh, to give eternal life to as many as I will. "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Because I live, ye shall live also," John xi. 25; xiv. 19. Are you unparalleled sinners? "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," even the chief, 1 Tim. i. 15. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," Matt. ix. 13. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," John vi. 37.



# THE NEW YEAR'S APPEAL.

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“**THE NEW YEAR.**” There is something solemn in the words. They remind us that we have advanced another stage towards eternity, and have a year less to live. The day which ushers in this fresh period of time is hailed with gladness, and friends greet one another joyously, and it is on all hands welcomed as a season of mirth, festivity, and congratulation. “I wish you a happy new year,” are the words which fly from lip to lip.

To the man who has peace with God through the blood of Christ, and who is walking in the narrow way which leads to life eternal, the dawn of a new year may well bring with it joy and gladness; for the believer in Christ is going securely onward to his desired home: he has a hope which maketh not ashamed—God is leading him by the right way to a city of habitation. His salvation is nearer than when he believed. All things are his—whether life



or death, or things present or things to come—all are his, and he is Christ's, and Christ is God's. He is washed, sanctified, and justified, "in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God," and therefore his soul is safe for eternity.

But to the man who has never "fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before" him in the gospel, who bears about with him the burden of unpardoned sins, what should the return of a new year bring with it but thoughts of sadness and gloom? As there is nothing but sin for the unbeliever in the past, so there is nothing but terror for him in the future. How should he enter upon another year with any feelings but those of fear? for before it closes, his day of grace may be past, and in hell he may lift up his eyes in torment. Reader, are you such a man? Why, then, these outward signs of joy and merriment? Is there not something alarming in the knowledge that you are so much nearer to the judgment-seat, and yet that still you are at enmity with the Judge? There is no escape from that tribunal—there is no appeal from it: the dead, small and great, shall stand before God, and they that have done evil shall be cast into the lake of fire prepared for the devil and his angels. And are these things a subject for rejoicing? Let conscience give a reply to the question, "Are you fit to die?" You know you are not: every year you have lived has added to the number of your sins; and the year which is opening before you will, if you continue to live without God and without Christ, increase the weight of your condemnation. And will that be a happy year which only adds to the measure of your iniquity?

My brother, my sister, who are now reading these words, let me, as one who cares for your soul, beseech you by the mercies of God to ponder on them—to pray over them. Give earnest heed to "the things which belong unto thy peace," and "flee from the wrath to come." Think of the tremendous importance of eternity—of the comparative nothingness of time. Suppose that you knew with certainty that you would die before the year has run out, how would the knowledge affect you? Would your business have the same value in your eyes, and would it engross all your thoughts? Would your pleasures retain all their charms, and hold the same place in your affections? Would the



feeling that your hours were numbered detract nothing from the worth of those perishing things for which you are bartering the happiness of your soul? Would not the question possess a significance which it never had before, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" And although it be not certain that you *will* die before the year is out, yet it is possible you *may*: and will you calculate the chances, and hazard your salvation on a peradventure? That which you would not dare to do if you knew that you *must* die before twelve months have passed away, will you have the hardihood to do when you know that you *may* die before this day has come to an end? Oh, be a man in understanding. Repent and believe the gospel. Why will you die? Terrible would it be to be cut off in the midst of your sins, and to go down to the grave without a hope to lighten its darkness. Cry unto God for mercy while he waits to be gracious. Oh, come unto Jesus while the fountain is open for sin and uncleanness; and wash out your sins in the blood of the Lamb. "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little." Let the prayer of your heart be, even as you read these words: "Lord, save me, I perish!" "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The Saviour has said: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But you have refused the invitation. Yet he calls again. Oh, refuse him no longer. Behold, he is even now knocking at the door of your hearts for admittance. He has been knocking there for years by mercies and by judgments, by sorrows and by joys, by the whispers of conscience, by faithful words, perhaps by death-bed scenes, by all that can touch the heart or convince the mind. And though you have turned a deaf ear to the summons, he is not wearied; he knocks again; he has brought your eye to bear upon these words, and he would have you read them as a call from him to open the door, to open it at once, that he may enter and take up his abode. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." The door of mercy stands wide open before you; to-morrow it may be closed for ever against your despairing soul. "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." You may be the very chief of sinners;



you may have run to all excess of riot, working all uncleanness with greediness; you may have walked in the counsel of the ungodly, and stood in the way of sinners, and sat in the seat of the scornful; but there is mercy for you, if you but "seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near." Whatever be your guilt, there is blood which can cleanse it away; whatever be the power of sin, or the inveteracy of habit, the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus can make you free from the law of sin and death. Except you repent, you must perish: but ask for that change of mind which is the true source of godly sorrow, and it shall be yours; for Christ is exalted to give repentance and remission of sins." Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord: but the Holy Spirit is promised to them that seek him, and he is able to make you "a new creature in Christ Jesus:" to cause old things to pass away, and all things to become new. Oh, my friend, take heed that in the midst of such exceeding great and precious promises you do not perish; take heed, lest, by rejecting the free offer of the gospel, you bring eternal ruin upon your head.

You may not see the end of the present year. Many who saw the opening of the last are now in the grave, and a warning comes thence, calling upon you to attend to the things which belong unto your peace before they are hidden from your eyes. Do not think that these are idle and vain words. Do not read them carelessly, and then forget them. Do not stifle the voice of conscience. No! "Be wise in this your day;" repent, believe, obey, act, and at once, upon the gracious promise,

"Let the wicked forsake his way,  
And the unrighteous man his thoughts:  
And let him return unto the Lord,  
And he will have mercy upon him;  
And to our God,  
For he will abundantly pardon."

Isa. lv. 7.



# THE GREAT FIRE IN NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD.

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**F**RIDAY the fifth of October 1854, will be a day long remembered in Newcastle and Gateshead. It was a day of unexpected and terrible calamity—a day of general distress and lamentation. At a very early hour in the morning, a fire broke out in a worsted manufactory in Hillgate, Gateshead, directly opposite to Newcastle Quay. It raged violently. The building in which it began was soon destroyed. In the course of a very short time the fire spread, notwithstanding every effort that could be made to check its progress, to several adjoining buildings. One of these buildings being a warehouse in which a large quantity of combustible materials had been stored,

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they were set on fire, and a tremendous explosion was the consequence. It was so violent, that it was heard at the distance of twelve or fifteen miles on the land, and even, it is said, some twenty miles out at sea; the two towns of Newcastle and Gateshead were everywhere shaken by it. People a mile distant from the spot where it occurred, were in many cases suddenly awakened, and thrown from their beds, and multitudes felt their houses rocking with them, or the ground trembling under them. In those parts of the towns which adjoin the valley of the Tyne, where the concussion was the greatest, houses were unroofed, windows were blown out, doors were broken to pieces, bars and bolts were snapped asunder, and the most fearful destruction and desolation everywhere prevailed.

This was however only a part, and unhappily a small part, of the mischief. The original fire had attracted multitudes of spectators; some of them were in Hillgate where it raged, and others were on the quay where it could be best seen. To many of them the explosion proved fatal; some were scorched; some were suffocated; some were blown into the river; some were buried in the ruins of falling houses. There were others who were stunned, thrown down, and severely wounded; while many were deprived of consciousness, and borne to a considerable distance by an unseen but irresistible power. Meanwhile the force of the explosion had carried across the river vast masses of burning materials, which in their progress, set fire to some vessels on the river, and which very speedily set fire also to some houses in Newcastle; these burned furiously—the outbreak being so sudden and so violent that it was found impossible to check it, especially as most of the firemen were engaged with their engines at Gateshead. The conflagration raged for nearly the whole of Friday. In Gateshead it revived, after seeming to be almost extinguished, on Friday night, and again on Saturday. The most unremitting vigilance was necessary to keep it down in Newcastle. The loss of property in both towns has



been very great. It is the loss of life however that is especially to be deplored. So fatal was the explosion, that there are long lists of the killed and wounded, similar to the returns which follow a great battle. Indeed this terrible visitation has involved the whole neighbourhood in mourning.

Taking a careful view of the terrible conflagration, we can scarcely fail to see God's hand, and to hear God's voice in it. Jehovah is the moral Governor of the universe. He works everywhere. Without his permission not even a sparrow can fall to the ground. Now he speaks to us in the many mercies which flow in one copious and continuous stream from his own bountiful hand. Now he speaks to us in those fearful disasters which suddenly fall upon us, and which almost overwhelm us. In our long-continued national prosperity—in the peace and plenty which for many years we have enjoyed—in the very abundant harvest which we have just gathered in—He addresses us in the still small voice of love, seeking to win our hearts, and to draw them to himself. In the war in which as a nation we are now involved—in the pestilence which has raged so fearfully and fatally among us—in the fire, so destructive to life and property, so alarming, and so disastrous—He speaks to us again. By “terrible things in righteousness” does he appeal to us. His judgments in some of their most alarming forms are abroad among us; his hand is lifted up to smite us. Submit to his mighty hand; bow to his holy will. To all he says, “Be still and know that I am God. I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth.”

In our personal history, we may remember times of exposure to danger when only a Divine hand could have preserved us. At the recent fire some who appeared to be on the very verge of destruction were most wonderfully preserved. Many had what we are accustomed to call hair-breadth escapes, and might well say, “It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.” How forcibly in all this, God



reminds us, that we are safe in his keeping and only in his keeping—that he alone can really shield us from harm—that committing to him all our ways, and casting upon him all our cares, we can rise above all fear—we can enjoy peace even in danger. Learn, then, to depend upon God, to ask God's protection day by day, to trust for ever in the Lord—the watchful and untiring Guardian of his people. Oh seek to be enabled by a personal interest in the Divine love to say, “The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust.”

We are forcibly reminded also, that all earthly objects are very uncertain and insecure, and that we should not set our hearts upon them. Living in the world, and having much to do with it, we are apt to be too much engrossed with its pursuits; to love it—to confide in it—to make it our idol. How many are there who seem to live only to accumulate money; to acquire property; to get a comfortable resting-place for themselves upon the earth. In many different ways does God teach us the folly of trusting in the transitory things of this perishing world. The man who is rich to-day may be poor to-morrow. A storm, an accident, a commercial panic, a sudden change in the markets, the unfaithfulness of one in whom he trusted, may deprive him of all his property, and reduce him to comparative indigence. Such a visitation as fire can do it with fearful rapidity. A mass of ruins may be all that remains to-morrow of the most valuable property. The largest and richest stock may be suddenly consumed. How urgently does God appeal to us in these events, and how solemnly does He call upon us to transfer our affections from the perishing things of time to the imperishable objects of eternity. There are riches which fire cannot take from us. There are possessions which fire cannot touch. God invites us to lay hold of these—to make them our own. To us he is saying now,



“Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.” He is calling us from the wreck and desolation made by the fire, to possessions in heaven—acquired now by faith in Christ Jesus—to the “all things” in time and in eternity, which shall be ours if we are Christ’s; and he is saying to us, “Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.”

In what has occurred we learn further that suffering is always connected with calamity, and that we should endeavour, as far as we can, to alleviate that suffering as it prevails around us. It is truly affecting to witness the effects of those fearful visitations which fall both upon communities and individuals. When we see a kingdom laid waste—a town desolated—a family reduced to want—bereavement visiting one house, personal distress invading another, and poverty coming upon another—we surely have in the sufferings and lamentations of our fellow-creatures around us—those who are partakers of the same nature with ourselves—those who perhaps live in the same town or in the same neighbourhood with ourselves—appeals to our sympathy, to our generosity, to our kindly feeling, to the spirit of love to one another which is an essential part of practical Christianity. We are reminded of Him whom we call “Master and Lord;” who, when he was on earth, “went about doing good,”—healing the diseased, relieving the poor, comforting the afflicted—ministering in many different ways to the sons of want and woe; and who, though He is now in heaven, still feels for suffering humanity, still remembers that He was himself once the “Man of sorrows,” is still “touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” and who at the last day will say to all who succoured his afflicted people from right motives, and in the right way, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”



Solemnly are we reminded by this dispensation of God, that our sins expose us to God's displeasure, and that we ought to humble ourselves before Him on account of them. The checks and warnings that we receive by God's providential dealings summon us to self-scrutiny and self-abasement. Well does it become us to humble ourselves before God. Our national sins are many and great; the fearful catalogue of them is ever spread out before the Lord. The blessings and mercies which God confers upon us are sometimes made the occasions of more flagrant transgressions against Him. "Pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness," characterize many of us; because we have no changes, or few changes, we forget God. A God-denying, God-dishonouring spirit, fearfully prevails in our professedly Christian country, so that of vast masses of our fellow countrymen it may be said, "There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God." What daring infidelity is avowed! What debasing sensuality is indulged! How many live the drunkard's miserable life, and die the drunkard's miserable death! How many revere no sabbath—frequent no sanctuary—read no Bible—never care for their souls—never think of eternity! You may not be personally chargeable with these grosser offences of which some others are guilty; but if your heart is unchanged, if you have never been led to Jesus the only Saviour of the guilty, you are in a state of alienation from God, you are an enemy to God in your minds. Upon you the wrath of God abides now, and upon you, if you do not turn to him, it will fall in all its terribleness at last. God in his infinite compassion calls upon you to consider your ways—to examine yourself as in his sight—to yield up your heart to his sway. Do not try to cloke your sins before him. Do not seek to excuse yourself to him; go into his presence with the language of the publican on your lips and in your heart—"God be merciful to me a sinner." Let your language be the



language of David "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."

The fire, terrible as it was, is as nothing compared with another fire—the fire of hell; flee from it. If it was a fearful thing to witness that devouring conflagration, and to picture all the manifold sufferings which it has occasioned, how much more fearful a thing it is to look forward to that unquenchable fire which is now in store for the wicked! "Upon the wicked God shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup." The ungodly and the unbelieving have in their own bosoms the beginnings of everlasting woe—the kindlings of the everlasting fire. The justice and the truth of God demand their punishment. The doom of fallen angels, now suffering in hell, shows how certain that punishment is, and how terrible when it is inflicted, it shall be. When fire and brimstone, those agents of destruction which are capable of giving so much pain, and causing so much desolation, are the emblems which God employs to describe it, surely it must be a terrible punishment. "Who can dwell with the devouring flame? Who can dwell with everlasting burnings?" Are you yet unconverted, unsaved? "Flee from the wrath to come." "Escape for thy life." "Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with a stroke, then a great ransom shall not deliver thee."

To you my readers, young or old, rich or poor, male or female, God now speaks. He has "spoken once, yea even twice," by pestilence and by fire. "Hear, and your soul shall live." What words can be more animating and comforting than God's words to you: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, for why will ye die?" And do not delay—do not hesitate—do not dream of a future day that may never come. Be wise now



and you shall be safe and happy for ever. If the sense of your own unworthiness should make you tremble, the knowledge of the Saviour's worth will fill your hearts with holy peace and joy.

"After the fire" the "still small voice" was heard at Horeb. May you now hear the Lord's voice pleading with you. It tells you that in all his ways with you, even the most alarming of them, God is a merciful and a loving God. It points you to the Lord Jesus Christ, "who his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree," as the manifestation of his love and mercy. It assures you that "he that believeth on him is not condemned;" that "by him all that believe are justified from all things;" that peace, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," shall be yours, if you "receive Christ Jesus the Lord, and walk in him." It makes known to you the "Holy Spirit of promise," whose work it is to renew and to sanctify your hearts, so that you may become "a new creature," in whom "old things are passed away, and all things are become new;" that Holy Spirit whom our "heavenly Father" will give "to them that ask him." It opens to you amidst your chequered course through this world, a way, which is "the way of peace, the way of life," and "the way everlasting;" a way conducting you safely to that world of glory, where there is "fulness of joy," and where there are "pleasures for evermore."

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If you be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured,—for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

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THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

56 PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 164 PICCADILLY.

[Price 2s per 100.]



THE  
DAY OF NATIONAL HUMILIATION  
AND PRAYER

ON THE  
OCCASION OF WAR WITH RUSSIA.

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IN consequence of the breaking out of war between England and Russia, our beloved queen has invited all the people to unite with her in the solemn observance of a day of humiliation and prayer. It is most desirable that to such an invitation a hearty and devout response should be given.

Let it not be forgotten that war in itself is the result of sin (James iv. 1), and is one of the "sore judgments" of God upon guilty nations, Ezek. xiv. 21. "The devastation of the open country and the ruin of the husbandman's hopes, the burning of cities, the mangled bodies of the slain, the groans and ghastliness of the wounded and dying, the penury and want of the survivors, the terrors of the night, and the horrors of the day, baffle all description; so that war in every case must be deemed the triumph or the harvest of the first great murderer, the devil."\* The Duke of Wellington once said that "nothing was

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\* Sermon by the Rev. Thomas Scott on the Day appointed for a General Fast, 1803.



more terrible than a victory, except a defeat." Whilst, therefore, we have indeed to bless God that our own country is not the scene of conflict, yet, when we consider what burdens it imposes upon a nation, how it interrupts social progress and injures the interests of trade and commerce; and, above all, when we think of how many lives may be sacrificed in this contest, what misery will be inflicted on families both at home and in other lands, and how many immortal souls may be hurried into eternity, unprepared to meet their Judge, surely every reader will recognise war to be a great evil, and will fervently cry at this time, "Give peace in our time, O Lord;" "Scatter thou the people that delight in war."

The duty of national humiliation and prayer at this time is urgent, because that without the Divine blessing success cannot be achieved. It is true that at no former period were our fleets and armies in a higher state of efficiency; but when all needful preparations for war have been made, it becomes us to remember that there is One to whom "the shields of the earth belong," who alone can secure to us the victory; and that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Far from us, therefore, be the language of carnal confidence, or of proud boasting; for "an haughty spirit goeth before a fall." Rather let us, as a nation, humble ourselves in the dust before God, and acknowledge our entire dependence at this crisis on the help of an omnipotent arm. "There is no wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Lord. The horse is prepared against the day of battle: but safety is of the Lord," Prov. xxi. 30, 31. "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. Save, Lord; let the King hear us when we call," Psa. xx. 7, 9. "O Lord God of our fathers, art not thou God in heaven? and in thine hand is there not power and might, so that none is able to



withstand thee? O our God, our eyes are upon thee," 2 Chron. xx. 6, 12.

We are especially called at this time to the exercise of a hearty and genuine repentance for our sins. For without this it is in vain that we seek for a blessing on our armaments, and a speedy return of the blessings of peace. How solemnly ought every reader who is about to engage in the external observance of the day of national humiliation and prayer, ponder on the solemn words—"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." How prone are we to speak at this moment with severity of the ambition and pride of one man, and to forget to accuse ourselves! But, "instead of murmuring and exclaiming against men, who are the instruments of God's visitation, let every one murmur against his own sins, accuse himself, and own that he has brought fuel to the conflagration of war."\* If sin is not truly repented of and entirely abandoned by us as individuals, as families, and as a nation, we have no scriptural warrant to expect deliverances. To us, as to Israel in the days of old, comes the solemn warning, "When the host goeth forth against thine enemies, then keep thee from every wicked thing," Deut. xxiii. 9.

"War," it has been said, "is an appeal to God to show himself as sovereign Judge between nation and nation. And can anything be more irrational or absurd, as well as presumptuous and profane, than for a nation to affront and provoke God by its sins at this very time when it is entreating his favour as a Judge?"†

It may be said, indeed, that ours is a good cause, and that therefore we may be sure of blessing and success from God, without any reference to our national repentance and

\* "God's Thoughts of Peace in War;" translated from the German of C. H. Bogatzky. London, 1762.

† Fast-day Sermon, preached before Queen Anne, by the Rev. Dr. Dawes.



reformation. But a good cause has oftentimes failed of success because of the sins of those who have not lived worthy of it, but have provoked the Lord to jealousy (see Joshua vii. 12; Judges ii. 11; iii. 12, 13; Psa. lxxviii. 56; 2 Chron. xxiv. 23, 24). And now, when we are at war with a very powerful enemy, have we not good reason to tremble, if at the same time we are by our individual and social sins fighting against God? May we learn, then, not to vaunt of our strength, but rather to be sensible of our weakness, namely, of our sins, which enfeeble and disable us. Remove the cause of all your fears and dangers, that is, renounce your sins. That you may fight your foe victoriously, see that you grapple with your vices. That you may not turn your back upon your enemies, you must put away the accursed thing, the uncleanness, the oaths, the intemperance, and enmity, and malice which are amongst us. These are all execrable things, and every one of them is able to blunt our swords, to damp our powder, to stifle our cannon, and to render all our martial provisions useless and ineffectual.\* The sins of our nation are indeed very great, and they are peculiarly aggravated, because committed in the midst of the light of the gospel. By multitudes, alas! the Christian sabbath is shamefully profaned, and the Scriptures and the preaching of the word either totally neglected or lightly prized. Daring infidelity now openly denies the existence of God, and pours contempt on his holy word. And what soul-destroying errors prevail in the land. "All mistakes," says Thomas Scott, "are not *damnable heresies*, and it would be arrogance in any of us to suppose that our creed is wholly free from worthless mixtures. But 'other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' The truths respecting his person, as God

\* "The True Causes of Ill Success of War," by John Edwards, B.D. London, 1698.



manifest in the flesh, his sacrifice, and mediation, and the sanctifying work of his Spirit, are inseparable from Christianity, and stand or fall with the authority of Scripture, and our reverence for it. The apostles, therefore, if living, would pronounce many modern dogmas to be 'damnable heresies,' subversive of the foundation—more plausible, indeed, but no better than infidelity; to which, by an easy transition, they evidently tend." Ignorance and profaneness, licentiousness and immorality prevail. And is there not reason to fear, that because iniquity abounds the love of many Christians waxes cold; and that among many professors of religion the spirit of worldliness and formality prevails, and that vital godliness is on the decline? And if we humble not ourselves in true penitence before God, if we bring not fruits meet for repentance, if we flee not by faith to the Saviour's atoning blood, and in the strength of his Spirit consecrate ourselves body and soul to his blessed service, our oblations and services will be all in vain.

It has been customary with many, on occasions like the present, to unite fasting with humiliation and prayer. Religious fasting, in the scriptural sense of the term, consists not only in abstinence from every animal indulgence, and from food so far as health will permit, but it is always accompanied by a humble confession of our sins to God, a hearty contrition for them, an entire forsaking of them, and an earnest deprecation of the Divine judgments. The great question therefore is, "Do we fast from sin? Are our fast-days the beginning of a gospel reformation? When we abstain from our daily bread, do we turn by faith to Jesus Christ, that, eating his flesh and drinking his blood, we may live through him—live in holiness here, and live in glory hereafter—by applying his immaculate righteousness to our souls? If this is the case,



we may entertain reviving hopes. But if we are just the same persons the day after our fast as we were before ; as vain in our conversation, and as forgetful of God ; as fond of folly, and as negligent of Divine grace ; as mad upon our idols of carnal gratification and worldly gain — then our fasts are not an acceptable, no, nor a reasonable service ; but a mere mockery of the Majesty of heaven. May He not justly use that upbraiding expostulation, “ Will ye steal, and commit adultery, and swear falsely, and walk after other gods,” serving not the Lord Jehovah, but divers lusts and pleasures ; and then, with hypocritical devotion, “ stand before me in this house, which is called by my name ?” Jer. vii. 9, 10.\* Oh that the day of national humiliation might be the spiritual birthday of many souls, and that there might be multitudes of true penitents over whom the angels of God would rejoice ! Unconverted reader, shall it not be so with you ?

Finally, let all true Christians seek to improve this solemn occasion to the utmost. Let every child of God, and every Christian household also, “ mourn apart,” Zech. xii. 12—14. Let the confession be made by each believer, “ Iniquities prevail against me ;” and let this confession be accompanied by the faith which looks to the “ fountain opened,” and says in humble confidence, “ As for my transgressions, thou wilt purge them away,” Psalm lxxv. 3. And let not any Christian be discouraged from confessing national sins, and imploring the Divine mercy in the spirit of Daniel (chap. ix.) ; because that our guilt, as a people, is so aggravated and great. God has many faithful servants who are the “ salt ” of the land, and in answer to their prayers and intercessions they

\* “ The Time of Danger, the Means of Safety, and the Way of Holiness,” by the Rev. James Hervey. London, Religious Tract Society. 1831.



can, in the time of war and public calamities, bring down abundant blessing. "They sigh and mourn for their own sins, and the evils which they cannot prevent. If this nation be spared from destruction, it will be for their sakes, and for the attention with which God regards their prayers. If we had no such persons amongst us, our fleets and armies would prove but a poor and precarious defence. But they are dispersed up and down, and are the salt of the earth which preserves us from total putrefaction." \* "A Christian," says Luther, "a believer, is of great value before God, and his prayer of great power: for he is sanctified by the blood of Christ, and anointed by the Spirit of God. What he prays for earnestly, especially with the unutterable sighs of his heart, is a loud, impatient cry in God's ears that must be heard, as he says to Moses (Exod. xiv. 15), 'Wherefore criest thou unto me?' "†

Let earnest intercessions, therefore, now be offered for our queen, our rulers, the nation at large, our allies, and especially the safety, success, and spiritual welfare of the soldiers of our army, and the mariners of our fleet, and for the speedy advent of the blessings of peace. Let earnest prayer be offered on behalf of Russia, that the heart of its ruler may be turned away from its purposes of war, and that among its population, as well as among the subjects of the sultan of Turkey, as the result of this contest, "the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified." And let the people of God ask with one consent that He who maketh the wrath of man to praise him, may cause these tumults and convulsions of nations to be the pioneers and precursors of that glorious era when "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills;

\* Thomas Scott, 1803.

† Luther's Table Talk.



and all nations shall flee unto it;" when "nation shall lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more," Isa. ii. 2, 4.

"Oh scenes surpassing fable, and yet true;  
Scenes of accomplished bliss, which who can see  
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel  
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy?"

### DEFENCE IN WAR.

Exodus xvii. 8—16.

WHEN Joshua led the armed bands  
Of Israel forth to war,  
Moses apart, with lifted hands,  
Engaged in earnest prayer.

The armed bands had quickly failed,  
And perished in the fight,  
If Moses' prayer had not prevailed  
To put the foes to flight.

When Moses' hands thro' weakness dropped,  
The warriors fainted too;  
Israel's success at once was stopped,  
And Amalek bolder grew.

A people always prone to boast,  
Were taught by this suspense,  
That not a numerous armed host,  
But God was their defence.

We now of fleets and armies vaunt,  
And ships and men prepare;  
But men like Moses most we want  
To save the state by prayer.

Yet, Lord, we hope Thou hast prepared  
A hidden few this day,  
The nation's secret strength and guard,  
To weep, and mourn, and pray.

Oh, hear their prayers, and grant us aid,  
Bid war and discord cease;  
Heal the sad breach which sin has made,  
And bless us all with peace.

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