

OUTLINES OF A
GENTLE LIFE



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OUTLINES OF A GENTLE LIFE.

A Memorial Sketch of Ellen P. Shaw.

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PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

OUTLINES
OF
A GENTLE LIFE.

A Memorial Sketch of Ellen P. Shaw.

EDITED BY HER SISTER,
MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

'In Thy presence is fulness of joy.

NEW YORK:
A. D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.,
38 TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

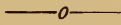
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OUTLINES OF A GENTLE LIFE.



INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

ONE of God's beautiful mysteries in nature is the varied, invisible, and inseparable perfume of flowers; they may hide beneath their leaves or greenery surrounding, yet cannot conceal their fragrance.

And thus it was with the life of my sister Ellen, whose humility, meekness, and unselfishness adorned her earthly home, till most suddenly gathered and transplanted to the King's fairer garden. It is only possible to give some outlines of that gentle life,

and this is done by the express wish of her husband. He desires that God's glory may shine forth to others, as they read her clear testimony to the preciousness of God's Word, and how she adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things.

Not forgetting the interest many friends may feel in this Memorial, her husband wishes to circulate these pages among the large number of excursionists, who in former years have received so many books at her hand. Thousands have been permitted to wander freely in the picturesque and shady walks of Winterdyne. Fervent prayer preceded effort for their good; Mr. and Mrs. Shaw would then take baskets full of books — such as Mr. Stevenson Blackwood's, Rev. George Everard's, and Reid's, with F. R. Havergal's Memoir, 'Royal Invitation,' etc. etc., offering them with kindly words to the strangers.

In former years, her sister, F. R.

Havergal, occasionally and energetically assisted with voice in holy song, as well as hand, in giving away flowers at these gatherings; and they seem to have suggested the following lines in her poem of 'The Sowers,' as in her own copy she has written 'Mr. Shaw' against these lines:—

'Another watched the sowers longingly:
 "I cannot sow such seed as they," he said;
"No shining grain of thought is given to me,
 No fiery words of power bravely sped.
Will others give me of their bounteous store?
My hand may scatter that, if I can do no more.'

'So by the wayside he went forth to sow
 The silent seeds, each wrapped in fruitful prayer,
With glad humility; content to know
 The volume lent, the leaflet culled with care,
The message placed in stranger hands, were all
Beneath His guiding eye who notes the sparrow's fall.'

A few words from one of Mrs. Shaw's last letters convey the fragrance of her faith and hope. 'When I look at the Fifteenth Psalm, in the light of Revelation vii., and I see how

that innumerable multitude stand before the throne, I take comfort in seeing that I can claim admission with them, for I have the same right, the same passport—"the blood of the Lamb!" Washed in that all-atoning blood from omissions, commissions, and failures, and clothed in His perfect righteousness instead of my own, I hope and expect to "abide in His holy hill."

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

WINTERDYNE, *February* 19, 1887.

CHAPTER I.

HOLY MEMORIES.

ASTLEY RECTORY, Worcestershire, is no longer an unknown name. Holy memories cluster around its home and adjoining churchyard. And holy footprints may yet be tracked among his people, of the faithful ambassador of Christ, the Rev. W. H. Havergal; while his home influence twines with the bright life of his youngest daughter, Frances.

The church, built on high ground, commands extensive views.

‘ . . . See Woodbury’s outline grand,
Upon whose crest the ancient Briton camped.
Oh, lovely are the walks that curve between,
From Yarrow up the Toot
Back to the meadow in our view, where once
Lily and Rose, our cows, were often seen,
And sometimes Gentle, our fine faithful horse;
And there each other year we made the hay;

Our pastor father, with well-ordered mind,
 Gave orchard, study, parish, each due care.
 We mimic children, played at church and school,
 And grew up handy, hardy, in our country life.'

—J. MIRIAM CRANE.

The rectory garden then was fair, and it was our mother's delight to train the flowers with skill and care. In its shrubbery nooks, as well as flower-borders, snowdrops grew luxuriantly. When children, we transplanted them from the Astley snowdrop wood, where they grew in thousands; their dark green tufts, crested with snowy bells, springing from under the dead bracken and tangles of moss and ivy.

With February they came, and on February 19, 1823, came our home snowdrop, Ellen, third daughter of the Rev. W. H. Havergal and Jane his wife. Her memory seems always associated with this flower, as appears from her sister Miriam's lines (herself only seven years old) on her second birthday:—

'Pretty little sister dear,
 See a snowdrop bud appear,
 All beneath the shady tree
 Which, my sweet, resembles thee!'

And in after years her own children delighted in the long drive from Winterdyne to the same Astley snowdrop wood, to gather baskets full of 'mother's flower' as a birthday offering.

Even as a little child, Ellen possessed the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, ever hiding away self and preferring to please others, regardless of her own wishes—

'So many nice scruples arise in the way,
Whenever we wish her, her own self to please,
Or take for herself some comfort and ease!'

—F. R. H.

Once I questioned our maid about the old nursery days, and she told me that she never knew Miss Ellen naughty but once, and that was to defend sister Maria when corrected! Also, that she was a most good-natured child, dressing up her dolls to give away, and other playthings. Her skill in doll-dressing extended afterwards in making artistic costumes of various nations, and to her delight these dolls were sold for the Church Missionary Society. (It was always a pleasure at Astley Rectory to help *that*.) She learnt knitting from a dear old widow—

she was never an idle, listless child—and after learning her little lessons with mother, would quietly work and amuse herself. Some of my earliest and holiest remembrances are of our dear mother's Bible lessons on Sunday. Both Ellen and myself were much impressed one night, rather later than usual, with mother's words about the holy happy heaven, and the great love of Jesus, and they roused me to keen attention, and I thought, 'Mamma and Ellen are good, and sure to go to heaven; I wish I was.'

We often wondered why our mother always went to her own room some time before tea, and we determined to discover what she did. Opening the door, there she sat reading her large Bible. We thought much more of the Bible from that time, and I believe Ellen early followed that example, and certainly did so in later years, retiring from any other pursuit for those hallowed moments.

'My good little Ellen,' or 'Papa's harmless dove,' was his home call; and his birthday lines must close her childhood's page:—

‘TO ELLEN, ON HER THIRD BIRTHDAY.

‘19th February 1826.

‘Come, my pretty little love,
Sweet and harmless as the dove ;
You, my February Queen !
Paper-crowned with pink and green,
Happy, happy may you be,
Often as this day you see.
Onward as through life you go,
May the Bible you well know !
And when days and years are fled,
And you sleep among the dead,
May your spirit happy be,
With the Great and Holy Three,
Clad in robes of holiness,
Crowned with everlasting bliss.’

—REV. W. H. HAVERGAL

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

LIVING in a retired country rectory, my father thought it desirable to give his daughters such school training and education as would fit them for useful and happy lives. Great Campden House was then a well-known school, attended by first-rate professors from London, with other educational advantages; so Ellen's home life and governess were exchanged for school, and the penetrating and persuasive Bible teaching of Mrs. Teed. There was no vacancy on the first application, but the death of one of the pupils made way for her admission in March 1838.

Eagerly did I watch for Ellen's arrival, and very pleasant was it to introduce her to our many companions, and show her the

historic tapestried rooms and chapel of Queen Anne, and the quaint wood-carvings in one of the spacious schoolrooms. The garden walks were extensive, and beneath the terrace there was, as supposed in olden times, a subterranean passage to the House of Lords—but our curiosity might never penetrate that.

I did not then know the secret of my sister's anxiety to come to school, and it is only eighteen months ago that I found it out! I was then staying at Hertford, and during a visit from Ellen (Mrs. Shaw) invited some of the dear girls from Christ's Hospital to breakfast. She then gave them this account of how and when God's Word brought her peace and joy:—

It was in March 1838 that I first went to school at Great Campden House, Kensington. I was so disappointed when, the Christmas previous, Mrs. Teed wrote that she had no room for me; so I was glad when the letter came in March, for I thought I shall surely find out for myself what I could not *then* at all believe. I will tell you the secret why I wished to go to school. It was not that I wanted to get on with lessons and accomplishments only, though I really was very glad of the opportunity of learning more than I could

at home, for I was nearly fifteen, and had not been years at school like my sisters. For many reasons I was glad to go and learn; but the secret was, that then I hoped I should really find the Lord Jesus as my own Saviour. I had for long been so miserable. I knew all about Christ, and had had much sweet teaching at home. But I heard that the governess, Mrs. Teed, was so good, and I knew that many of her pupils had really found Christ. It was on a cold morning in March 1838 that papa drove me at 4 A.M. to Worcester to meet the 'Star' coach to London, which started at 6 A.M., going through Oxford and High Wycombe, where dear, saintly grandmamma Havergal met me. The coach arrived at Kensington between 7 and 8 P.M. A teacher, Miss Green, met me and took me into the back parlour for tea, and then I had a chair close to the door of the schoolroom, where evening prayers were going on. I heard the organ, and I suppose some one gave me a book for the hymn, which I have never forgotten; it was—

'How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

'When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave His soul up to the stroke
Without a murmuring word.

'He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne;
There's not a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan.

‘ This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne’er withdrew.

‘ Now though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great ;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget.

‘ Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord !’

—ISAAC WATTS.

And then sister Maria came to meet me and introduce me to school-life.

And I was not disappointed. God did not disappoint my hope, for before many weeks I found it all true. It was on Good Friday, 5th April 1838, that our chaplain, the Rev. Joseph Parker, preached on Isa. liii. 5 : ‘ But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon Him ; and with His stripes we are healed.’ He spoke so simply and sweetly — did we each for ourselves believe that Jesus, God’s dear Son, *was* wounded for our transgressions—bruised for our iniquity ? When it came to my usual time for going alone to read my Bible, I looked at the verse, and as I looked at the words they shone into my soul, and I just believed that Jesus was bruised *for me*, and that He had suffered for *my* transgressions, and so all my sin was gone, and there was nothing now but peace between me and my Father. And so that verse became my glorious way-

mark, and the peace it gave me has lasted on all these years.—(1838–1885).

Many can testify to the reality of this early conversion, and therefore being justified by faith, and having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, good fruit appeared, and henceforth she walked most ‘justly, holily, and unblameably.’

‘It was the rising! the first hour
 Of the true shining, that should rise and rise
 From glory unto glory, through God’s skies,
 In strengthening brightness and increasing power.
 A rising with no settling, for its height
 Could only culminate in God’s eternal light.

‘And so the years flowed on and only cast
 Light and more light upon the shining way,
 That more and more shone to the perfect day;
 Always intenser, clearer than the past;
 Because they only bore *her* on glad wing
 Nearer the Light of Light, the presence of the King.’
 —‘ZENITH,’ F. R. H.

I rejoiced in my sister’s popularity at school, her winsome gentleness ensuring many friends. In God’s providential hand, one of her school friendships was the forging of a golden link, riveted in her happy marriage and home in Ireland, and afterwards at Winterdyne.

On leaving Campden House, Ellen received prizes and a silver medal for drawing from Mons. de Rivière. She excelled in crayon heads and figures, and with further lessons at home attained proficiency, and she eventually sold many pictures, devoting the profit to the Church Missionary Society.

From Mrs. Teed she received a Reference Bible, the special token of her approval, with the words, 'The Lord grant that my beloved child may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

Mrs. Teed's appreciation of her character is shown by this mention of Ellen after she had left school.

To M. V. G. H., 1841.

'GREAT CAMPDEN HOUSE.

. . . 'And how are you prospering? Are you looking into self where no good thing dwells, or looking to Jesus who is all fair, and in whose righteousness we are all fair too? Are you, an unrighteous sinner, living by faith upon the perfect righteousness of the God-man Christ Jesus? The effect of this righteousness is peace and quietness and assurance and holy living; for if our garments have been made white at such a cost, there will be a holy fear of spotting them,—a dove cannot live with a spot on its silver feathers. Keep near to the

Lord Jesus ; they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.

‘ I hope you pray daily with my sweet dove Ellen. I hope you found her improved in her studies ; how I shall miss her I cannot tell. Love to your dear, dear father and sweet mother and Miriam. I love many at Astley Rectory, and have reason to do so.—Your affectionate friend,

M. A. TEED.’

CHAPTER III.

HOME LIFE.

SCHOOL days were followed by the uneventful period of home life at Astley Rectory; taking share with her sisters in the Sunday school. Her collecting-book for the C. M. S. showed loving diligence, many entries being of quarterly pennies and even halfpence from the scattered cottages. During the summer holidays she delighted in assisting sister Miriam in her large sewing and knitting class.

Studies were not neglected, and on our removal from Astley to Henwick House, she had lessons in German from Herr Lorenz, and it was then her little sister Fanny listened and learned precociously, though unobserved. Ellen's translations from Goethe

and Schiller are fluent and poetical, or as F. R. H. said, 'first-rate.'

In 1844 our dear father accepted the rectory of St. Nicholas, Worcester. Her delicate health often prevented her from working in the parish according to her most earnest desires. I know how intensely she longed to work for Christ, how prayerfully and diligently she prepared every lesson for her class, and how deeply the gentle teacher was loved. Some conversations with her sick scholars are given in 'Pleasant Fruits.'

With her needlework she almost entirely supported a child in an Indian orphanage. Solid useful books were regularly read, and abstracts written. We were thankful that our dear parents' example and wish kept us from wasting time on novels.

Our sweet mother's long and severe illness, from 1845-48, brought our first and darkest shadow. Then it was that Ellen's home ministry shone with unvarying and unceasing brightness. No classes, no pleasures ever kept her from her mother's side. Not satisfied with the night nurse's attendance, Ellen would steal gently down to her mother's room,

soothing and alleviating the weary nights, and bringing comfort untold, unseen, save to the Eye that never slumbers or sleeps. Yes, I must bear witness to my sister's self-sacrificing and dutiful love, a true pattern to myself and daughters in general.

Some time after our dear mother's blessed rest and most peaceful departure, on the 5th July 1848, sister Miriam sent her a miniature likeness of her mother. Ellen writes:—

When I first looked at the beautiful and well-known features, I thought, 'Oh that those lips had language!' Then again I thought—if it were so, they would only speak our sorrowful words—only a little while, and when I shall meet my loved mother in her glorious home, what new and unimagined tones of love and joy and peace will she then speak! what, oh what will it be to hear her new and tuneful voice. And again I thought—no pain, no passing shadows will then dim that beloved face; and if so lovely when with us, how fairer still will she be then, reflecting the beauty of her Saviour, who ever was to her the 'Altogether Lovely.'

Our dear father always specially honoured Ellen for her 'piety at home,' and at her wedding breakfast he emphatically referred to this characteristic trait, and of her mother's

special blessing resting upon her. In our father's will he made special bequest to 'his most dutiful daughter Ellen,' of the elegant silver cake basket which the parishioners of Astley had presented to our dear mother, Jane Havergal, 'in remembrance of her uniform kindness, March 1842.'

In the autumn of 1853, we both spent some weeks with Mrs. Gross of Ayr, to whom she addressed these lines on her birthday :—

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS FOR AN AGED FRIEND

He who has led thee all the way,
 To silvery hairs and life's decay,
 Will not forsake thee now
 When many a care hath aged thy brow.
 Wait patiently—and thou shalt see
 Thy God aye waits for thee.
 Light has He sown, it soon shall rise
 With gladness on thy longing eyes ;
 Till then, though evils hedge thy way,
 Thy shield He proves by night or day ;
 Leading thee where thou soon shalt see
 Him face to face continually.
 Loving God's law, sweet peace shall roll
 As deepening rivers in thy soul.

Rejoice then, in the Lord rejoice!
And listen to His faithful voice,
'With blessing thou art surely blest,
Rely on Me for endless rest.'

—E. P. H., 1853.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-three was a sorrowful year. Our dear father's illness and blindness detained him in Germany, and scattered our home circle. Ellen was also recovering from illness, and the sea-breezes of Ayrshire were most beneficial. Her graceful, fragile figure was quite a contrast to the sturdy Scotch lassies. Indeed, visitors called her 'the sweet English angel;' and her peaceful smile and simple words about the Lord Jesus, won many new friends. With the close of the year, the clouds brightened, and our home recall came.

THOUGHTS THE NIGHT BEFORE GOING HOME,
AFTER LONG ABSENCE.

December 1853.

Another stage of life is drawing to its close—
Strange have its wanderings been, nor few its woes,—
Sickness and sorrow heavy on us lay,
While each one wandered in a solitary way.
Yet sunshine sometimes pierced the clouds, and showed
A wayside flower, or where a streamlet flowed.
Why were we scattered from our much-loved home?
Why did we journey each as pilgrims lone?

E'en as an eagle stirreth up her nest
 The Lord did warn us, 'this is not your rest.'
 Did He not often lead His own aside
 By burning bush, or pillar'd cloud, and guide
 His followers to some lone mountain-side,
 'That they might learn, 'In Me ye must abide'?
 So did He lead us; and when storms rose high
 Drew nearer, whispering, 'It is I.'
 Oh, let me listen still to that sweet voice,
 And in Thy love and guiding grace rejoice.
 —The morning dawns—the shadows flee away,
 My longings wake—I'm going home to-day!
 No sweeter joy my heart shall know
 Till ends my pilgrimage below.
 And yearning for my Saviour's breast—
 He beckons—'Come to Me and rest,
 To-day in Paradise with Me be blest!'

—E. P. H.

The St. Nicholas bells were ringing the home-welcome, but we did not know how eagerly one of Ellen's class was listening and longing to see her teacher. Little Sarah had been a rather troublesome child, and yet she would squeeze her teacher's hand even when chiding her. And she would run home to grannie in the almshouse, and tell her, 'I was naughty at school to-day, but Miss Ellen told me of it, and I can't bear to vex her, and she does want me to be Jesus' little lamb.' The texts learnt at school were

found again in grannie's great Bible, and the same great Bible was carried by Sarah to church, tripping by grannie in her ancient satin bonnet and hooded cloak.

We were in Scotland when the child's illness came. Sarah read her Bible much, and consequently found comfort; but her one longing was, 'Grannie, can't I live to see Mr. Havergal and dear Miss Ellen? I must tell them Jesus loves me, and saves me; won't they like to see me happy?'

She heard the bells, and the loving little heart was beating her dying welcome, 'Grannie, they will come *now*.' She asked for the old Bible, and the 14th chapter of St. John, and then she slept. Just as the chimes ceased, One dearer than pastor or teacher came, and little Sarah was gathered with the Shepherd's arm.

It may encourage some wearied teacher, who *seems* ever sowing and never reaping, to read how surely God's promise comes true, 'My word shall not return unto Me void.' Let us follow my sister to the bedside of one of her scholars in the first class of St. Nicholas Sunday school. A reference Bible

is open by Susan's side ; it is well worn—a good index of its value to the owner. Susan takes it up saying, 'My Bible is all my comfort now, it's so sweet to me. I hardly care to go to sleep for thinking of it, and the night never seems long, verse after verse brings me so many sweet thoughts. Yesterday I was so ill, and thought I was dying.'

Teacher. 'And could you trust yourself in the hands of the Lord Jesus?'

Susan. 'Yes, quite so. He is such a Saviour, I could not be afraid. He is very precious to me, and I love to think of Him.'

Teacher. 'Are you not thankful, Susan, that the Lord Jesus has taught you thus to know and love Him?'

Susan. 'Yes, I do thank Him, but I thank Him too for sending *you* to teach me ; oh, I do thank you so, Miss Ellen!'

Another visit, Susan remarked, 'I am proud of my Sunday school ; it's a blessed thing to go to one. I was at St. Nicholas school for eleven years, and do thank God for your teaching. How I listened and tried to remember and ponder over all you said, through the week ! You used to beg us to

seek the Lord Jesus, and to pray for the Holy Spirit ; and if you had not, perhaps I should have gone in wicked ways. How you warned us Sunday after Sunday, and pointed us to Jesus, the living way ! And what should I do now, without all the Scripture you encouraged us to learn ? When I lie awake at night it all comes back into my mind so sweet, and when I am too weak to hold my Bible, the verses come in my mind like food. I wish all my class would attend to the Bible more ; it's *after they will want it.*'

February 12.—A cold wintry day, with snow falling thickly. It was an effort and risk for Ellen to brave the long walk through the storm, but she felt a strong impulse not to delay her visit. She found Susan weary and uncomfortable. Her teacher smoothed the tumbled pillows, and brushed her tangled hair, and sponged her feverish hands, and then she sat down and wiped away the gathering death-drops on her scholar's face, saying, “ 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," and it will be very soon now, dear Susan.'

'Yes, He will, He will. But my Saviour had no kind hand to do for Him what you have been doing for me. I have pure water and nice things to refresh me—the Lord Jesus had none—only that vinegar and gall on the sponge.'

And then they talked together of the coming glory. Long had she watched the fruits of grace springing up in her scholar's soul, and now the Holy Spirit had ripened her for glory. She lingered long by the bedside; it was not easy to loose the dying hand that would never again hold hers so lovingly. But they parted, and Susan's last whisper, 'Full of hope, dear teacher,' gave a glance through the opening door into the bright home she was entering. And when the evening came, Susan passed within the gate,—

'Above the splendours of the sky,
To view Him face to face.'

Reference has been made to one of my sister's school friendships. The following letter gives a gleam of that sympathy which she so truly felt for others.

OAKHAMPTON, 19th July 1850

Can the account sent me from the *Record* be really true, my F.? I can scarcely realize that your much loved treasure is snatched away, how then can you? Oh, my F., how I grieve for you! Yet it is no 'strange thing' that has happened. The husbandman and shepherd are wont to remove ripened fruits and loved sheep to the place prepared for them; and now that your heavenly Father has done as seemed Him good, may His grace enable you to say, 'Even so, Father; not my will, but Thine, be done.'

It must indeed be a bitter cup, a heart-rending wound, yet I *know* as your day, so your strength. May faith be strong and hope bright to enable you to pierce the cloud, and confide in the love that has thus appointed, and to receive the comfort which cometh from God alone. Who comforteth like Him? not by removing the trial, but showing it to be a very proof of His love, and of our fellowship with Him—a means and channel of richest blessing. Surely this one is to wean you from earth and its miserable comforters and 'cast' you upon Jesus in His fulness and all-sufficiency as your all in all, and thus enable you to *press* forward to where we shall all be one in Christ Jesus. How often have you prayed for such things,—may this be the means of your obtaining.

I thought of you last night as I read, 'I have been cast upon Thee ever since I was born.' Is it not sorrow and trial that 'casts' us upon our God? Our flesh, our heart, our props all fail; we have nothing left but to rest in Him. What a rock to be 'cast' upon! so sure, so sheltering; never failing—all-sufficient, because a smitten rock. May its healing streams abound to you while you find shelter there in this storm of sorrow! . . .—Your affectionate friend,

E. P. HAVERGAL.

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE AND A HOME IN IRELAND.

WE are permitted to unveil some letters after Ellen's happy engagement to Giles Shaw, Esq. of Celbridge Lodge, County Kildare, and the wise and prayerful spirit in which she looked forward to this new step in life.

To G. S.

WORCESTER, *November 1855.*

And of what should my first letter be, but of Him who is our first friend, our first object, our first or 'exceeding joy'? His love to us is from everlasting, ours is but just commenced, but was it not from Him? did He not shed His love abroad in our hearts, and then drew us by it to each other? Then may our hearts, being 'knit together' by His love, be ever receiving increasing supplies of it that shall bind us closer to Him. I would love you much, but I would love Him most, because He 'first loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Do you think these two rules would help us to love Him

more,—that whenever we think of each other, especially in absence, we should also think of Him who is ‘with us always,’ while we are with Him. Also, that whenever we observe anything, either defective or pleasing in each other, we should make it an occasion to admire Him who is ‘without blemish or spot,’ and altogether lovely. . . .

E. P. H.

To G. S.

LANSDOWNE CRESCENT,
11th December 1855.

The snow prevented me from going into the parish this morning, so I had the pleasure of going to my room at noon and doing as I hoped you then did. My chapter happened to be Matt. xvii. I felt it was indeed ‘good’ to ‘come apart’ from the rest and be awhile in the presence of Jesus. It seemed as if you and I might, and did, ascend far higher than *that* happy mount, even to that Mount Zion whither He is gone before us. And if we cannot yet see His brightness with bodily eyes, faith can discern something of His brightness as the ‘sun of our souls,’ the ‘Sun of Righteousness.’ I could not but pray, ‘Lord, show *me*, show *us* Thyself.’ He *has* arisen upon our souls with healing in His beams. May He now shine *more* brightly upon us, not only to cheer with His bright beams of love, but to reflect upon us more of His image. Oh to be changed into His image here, and into His glory hereafter! Surely He did (as you say) ‘meet us on that occasion’! How gracious of Him to do so! . . .

E. P. H.

December 1855.

I hope our Sunday enjoyment has been mutual,—to me there seemed new need for every prayer, new

cause for every praise, and a new light and value in precepts and promises, which it would have been delightful to have enjoyed with you. Never was I so struck before with the figure brought to our notice by our Church, of Christ as the Branch. 'I sat under His shadow with great delight,' and thought of Him as His Father's 'plant of renown,' 'daily His delight,' and yet transplanted by Him to our desert world. Those to whom He was first given saw no beauty in Him, but thanks be to God if He enables us to see that He is 'beautiful and glorious,' and 'altogether lovely.' We look unto Him and see Him as a branch drooping and oppressed, with the burden of our sin, laden with the imputation of our guilt and sentences of death. We look again, and see He is the only 'righteous Branch' in this 'dry ground,'—and more than this, that He is *our* Righteousness. We go and 'sit under His shadow,' and are 'revived,' sheltered, and refreshed,—we find His fruit is not only for 'healing' to our sin-wounded hearts, but that it is 'sweet to our taste,' and in full confidence it will 'never fail,' we may say—'Feed me till I want no more!'

Nor is this enough, we must be 'grafted into' this glorious Branch and 'abide in Him.' And how gracious a command is this; I feel it so very much just now when so much is before me, and yet, that 'separate from Him' I can do nothing. Oh that I may so abide as to become neither barren nor unfruitful in holiness. I had many other thoughts about this beauteous Branch which shall 'spread through all lands.' Only, if it is *pleasant* to be under the shade of what seems now to our blind eyes but as a Branch, what will be the fulness of our joy when we behold Him as the *Tree* of Life in the midst of the Paradise of God!

18th December 1855.

My class chapter, Gen. xlii., for to-morrow has been showing me how much of the gospel is laid up for us in the rolls of the Old Testament,—how Jesus is set forth to the spiritual eye. I want to impress my dear class with the thought (ver. 5) that every earthly good must at some time prove barren and disappointing (a lesson for *myself*), that it will be only in the heavenly Canaan that we shall ‘hunger *no* more.’ The consequence of neglecting to seek spiritual food (John iii. 18, 36, vi. 53). To point them to the true Joseph who gives His own body for our food, and is a *full* storehouse for all our wants (Prov. viii. 17, 21; John vi. 35; Col. i. 19; John i. 14, 16). No price to be given by us (Isa. lv. 1). As Joseph spoke ‘roughly,’ so God shows ‘hard things’ to His sons—pricks the conscience, convinces of sin, awakens His north wind, or sends trial like His pruning-knife—and why all this?—to convict, search, cleanse, and prune, and so fit them to receive comfort in the revelation of Himself. So would I warn them of sin and danger, and then direct them to Jesus. He will bring sin to remembrance—show us ourselves first and then Himself. Here I may repeat the little book, ‘Shew me myself.’

Is it not thus that He has dealt with you and me? Was not His heart full of tenderness, melting with love when He sent chastening to either? Oh! I hope that in all the pleasant things He is showing *me* now, He will yet reveal *Himself* more clearly, not let me be taken up with the things themselves, nor let me ‘set my affections’ even upon *one object* more than upon Himself, who is *infinitely* lovely, worthy, and precious.

The thought strikes me, too, that as Joseph gave corn and yet reserved the display of his affection and the

knowledge of himself for a future time, so the Saviour gradually unfolds to us the riches of His grace, the knowledge of Himself, and of His will, just as He fits us to receive it. He gives, like Joseph, a present supply, and waits for us to come again when we are in want. Then if *we* are hungering now for more of the Bread of Life which we have already tasted, will He not supply us again?—let us ‘open our mouths wide that He may fill’ them. ‘My soul with all Thy fulness fill.’ . . .

E. P. H.

December 1855.

I wish I knew the hour for your Saturday Bible class, and of your Sunday readings; it would be so nice to think of you just then, for I hope always to help you in them by *seeking* for you the help that cometh from above. Another thing I should like to know—at what time or hours I may specially meet you in spirit at our Father’s footstool?

I am so thankful that you have such praying friends; social prayer seems so little used as it might and ought to be; it is what I have often longed to enjoy more of, and now God seems to be giving me my heart’s desire.

I did not know Mr. Bradley’s sermon on the Branch,—indeed it was because I could not remember hearing or reading anything upon the subject, that I tried to think for myself, and was surprised, as we often are, to find a single twig of the word of life bearing so much fruit. My subject for my little class next Sunday afternoon is, the Things to which the Word of God is compared. I want to get time to study it, that I may the better estimate its value.

21st December 1855.

To help you to one pleasant, profitable thought seems a sweet privilege, but it makes me feel that in *myself* I am 'poor and needy,' and need to say, 'cleanse the thoughts of my heart,' and *teach* me to think 'such things as are good.' I would be hearing what the Lord doth speak, watching daily at His gates, waiting at His door, that 'His thoughts' may become 'dearer' to me, and my own be moulded more like His. And if we have even a desire after holy thoughts, is it not because 'the Lord thinketh upon us,' to keep us from our own naturally earthly ones?

It has been altogether a happy morning. I went down to the vestry, and made it my business to go into the church, where the recipients await their turn, and tried to say a word in season to the different groups, and so, while allaying their impatience, to lead their thoughts to the Giver of all—the best gift, etc. Then I had an errand or two to some who could not come to receive,—one, a poor man, who said, 'It was twenty years last week, Miss, since I took to my bed. Not a day but those words come to my mind, "I will not leave you comfortless," etc., and they make all my sufferings seem but a dream.'

Then I went to collect the *last* of my quarterly missionary subscriptions, and was quite refreshed by another nice talk. How good is God to give such! Many a thought passed of this being (so far as we know) my last St. Thomas' Day at home—the new stewardship I am (*D. V.*) to enter upon. And yesterday, at the examination of our National School by the Bishop, as I looked on the dear little faces as they sang their Hosanna, my imagination flew across the Channel to the Irish faces that will be all strange at first, but which I fancy I love

already, and long to teach them, too, of 'the new song.' . . .

E. P. H.

24th December 1855.

A happy Christmas to you!—happy in the possession of thousand blessings from the 'upper and nether springs,'—happy in the full enjoyment of that one best gift which is the source and pledge of all others. Oh! is not this Christmas gift from our Heavenly Father a precious one? Let us try to rejoice more in it. I was trying yesterday to teach my little class something of its greatness from Hebrews i., which tells of His Godhead, His creating and upholding power, His throne of righteousness and majesty,—the worship He receives, and His eternity. Yet He left all this, laid aside His robes of Light and Majesty, took off His crown, left His kingdom, exchanged heaven for earth—His Father's bosom for a hard manger in a poor stable—the love and adoration of angels for the unconscious presence of brute beasts, etc. And why did He thus? Matt. i. 21; Luke xix. 10; John iii. 16; Acts iii. 26; 2 Cor. viii. 9; 1 Tim. i. 15; Titus ii. 14, and iii. 6, 7; 1 John iv. 9, 10, and many other Scriptures tell us. Is it not then a precious gift? As we think of it, may our hearts burn within us, so that they cry out, 'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!' It is all our 'salvation and all our desire.'

A sermon I was reading suggested to me that God Himself, has in many ways shown the importance of His gift, by representing it beforehand in types and shadows—preached it by prophets and apostles—announced it by angels—proclaimed it by His own voice from heaven. What more could He have done? Yet two thoughts more please me—the holy Church throughout the world feel its importance and exult in its preciousness. We

shall join with them to-morrow in giving thanks and 'glory to God in the highest' for this His good Will towards us—while we may look forward to joining angels above (for whom He was not slain), but who yet praise Him who 'loved *us* and gave Himself for *us*.'

I hope your good friends are with you. I am sure you will have Christmas happiness if they are, for He who made Himself 'one with us' will be in the midst of you. . . .

E. P. H.

30th December 1855.

It is the eve of the last Sunday in the year—a solemn time, is it not? Has it not a voice of warning of our last Sunday of all, and our last account, as well as a voice to recall the deeds of the one just closing? It reminds me of Sabbath sins—surely the worst of all sins. 'If Thou, Lord, shouldest be extreme to mark iniquity, how should *I* stand?'

I am accustomed to spend the two closing hours of the year in self-examination and prayer, and *now* never without a vivid recollection of my dear mamma on her last old year's night. 'What thou knowest not *now* thou shalt know hereafter.' It is good for us to be humbled by disappointment sometimes in our imperfect endeavours—but look up, 'be not weary,' at least refresh yourself with the thought that 'the counsel of the *Lord* standeth sure.' He will surely bring to pass the good counsel of His Will *for us*. His Word *shall* accomplish that which He pleases. . . .

E. P. H.

January 1856.

Once again my fingers would give wings to a few words to you. Thank you for dear ——'s notes: they remind me of the burden of dear papa's sermon—'God is with

thee,'—the pillar of the Christian's confidence in the unforeseen events of the New Year. How cheering to find the first Sunday of the year pointing us to the true Light! Oh, how we need it! It has been 'the day star' to lead us out of darkness; but *I*, at least, need it to arise with more healing in its beams, for dark films of ignorance and unbelief are around me; and then, in looking forward through the mists of the unknown year, though *hope* would foresee all mists disappearing in bright sunshine, I *know* not 'how it will go with me'—how fearfully then should I walk if it were not *promised*—'they shall walk in the light of Thy countenance;' and we are *commanded* to 'walk in the light.' Then may that Sun shine more and more perfect day into our souls, and guide *our* feet in the way of peace—this is all the light and happiness that we care for. . . . E. P. H.

I have such increased need of prayer, with such new prospects and duties before me; in *all* of them my desire is to glorify God; to meet them *I* have nothing but utter weakness; help me then to remember to seek for and lean upon Him from whom alone cometh help. How I wished you were at my side yesterday while listening to dear papa's beautiful and striking sermon! It was very specially suitable to *us* in starting anew on life's journey,—it was so *full* that I must reserve description till we meet, and only give the text—1 Sam. x. 7. What can you make of it?

It is nearly noon, so I am going to our Father's footstool to ask Him to meet and bless us both. I need so much grace now to prepare me for all God is preparing for me, and only dread becoming forgetful of my constant, momentary need of teaching and strength. . . .

E. P. HAVERGAL.

As in February our home snowdrop came, so in February was she transplanted to a new and happy home in Ireland. Her dear father's 'Bridal Thoughts' ('Life Echoes') fitly express the bridegroom's welcome to his daughter on her wedding day, February 5, 1856.

'Rise up, my love, and come away !

It is, it is thy bridal day :

God's watchers bright

Await the sight,

And joy to chant their sweetest lay.

'Tis God who hath prepared thy way

To reach this blest and blessing day ;

'Twas He who trained

When most He pained,

He meant to chase thy tears away.

'Then rise, my fair one, come away

To a home of love by night and day ;

Peace and prayer

Await thee there,

And praise shall tune thy song always !'

It was a spring-like day with pleasant sunshine. St. Nicholas Church was full of friends, both rich and poor, the benedictions and salutations of the almshouse women culminating at the church porch with—' Bless you, sir ; you've picked the right one !'

Her father had prepared a musical surprise for his daughter at the breakfast, handing her these verses printed on bridal paper; and then his voice, with brother Frank and sister Frances, led the assembled guests in singing this—

‘NUPTIAL GRACE.

‘*G. S. and E. P. H.*

‘O Thou whose presence beautified
 Poor Cana’s nuptial board,
 By Thee let ours be sanctified,
 And Thou shalt be adored.

‘Thyself to us, ourselves to Thee,
 In mystic union join;
 And grant us greater things to see
 Than water turned to wine.

‘Thy glory show, our faith make strong,
 Like rivers be our peace;
 And seat us where THY Marriage Song
 Shall never, never cease.

‘To Him who wove the marriage tie
 In Eden’s thornless bower,
 To Him, the Christ of God most High,
 Be glory, praise, and power!’

—REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.

Before our travellers left, a chapter was read from the Holy Bible, with a forcible ex-

position by the Rev. Charles Bradley, Vicar of St. James's, Clapham, and prayer by our dear father, that they who were indeed heirs together of the grace of life might rejoice in the fulness of His blessing here, and hereafter share the fulness of joy in His presence.

We need not give many details of her home-life in Ireland. After only a few weeks' residence, the rector, Rev. R. Pakenham, observed to her husband, 'If there is one unselfish woman in the world, it's Mrs. Shaw.' To her husband she was ever a 'priceless treasure,' and to his two elder children both cherishing and wise. How prayerfully she watched over them we gather from the fragment which follows; and when her own four children came, they formed a sixfold cable of happy and united entwining of love.

The storms are lulled, new scenes appear,
All passing fair, and sunbeams cheer,
 And radiate all around.
My Shepherd's love is now my theme,
Folded beside the o'erflowing stream
 Whence life and grace abound;
'Mid pastures pleasant, green and fair,
For me Thy living food prepare
 Like tender, budding grass.

Not lonely still, as once of old,
 Sweet converse now, I oft can hold
 Beside my 'Shepherd's tent.'
 And while we wait to hear His voice,
 May we with thankful hearts rejoice,
 And praise His love divine.

Nor is this all,—two precious lambs
 As pledges of His love He gave,
 Whom I for Him should tend—
 And yet again, His bounteous hand
 Bestows a still more tender lamb,
 To prove His love again.

O Israel's Shepherd! be their God,
 And through their hearts, oh shed abroad
 The riches of Thy love.
 And grant the elder ones¹ to grow
 In holy fear and simple faith,
 Like mother safe above.

And still, O Lord, Thy grace employ,
 That they may lead with sacred joy
 Their sister-lamb to Thee :
 That they a threefold cord may be,
 A holy, happy trinity,
 United in Thy love.

—E. P. S., 1857.

When visiting at Celbridge Lodge, I was touched to see the warm love gushing up from many an Irish heart for these Protestant friends, who showed their love by their works.

¹ J. H. S. and A. M. S.

I took notes of one literal outpour from a Roman Catholic which represents many more.

‘Yours can’t be a very bad religion if it makes such men as Mr. Shaw, for shure and isn’t it to his dure we fly when we’re sick or sore in want or distress, isn’t his blankets that warm us the length of the long cowld winter, and isn’t his hand that’s ever stretched with the kindness to us! Didn’t he and Master John face the cholera, the crathur’s! and run with the hot bottles and the powders and the red flannel everywhere there was a poor sowl sick or sufferin’. Shure the ra-al love of God must be blazin’ up in his heart, or he’d never feel for the poor as he does. And it’s what I often think in myself that heaven will be a quare place intirely if he warn’t there! And the good lady herself, Mrs. Shaw I mane, shure a more tinderer, kinder crathur you couldn’t find in the walls of the world. Let a poor body go to her dure when they may, isn’t she always ready to see them and spake to them—she doesn’t send the cowld message by the mouth of a servant; no, she comes to you her own self (ah, it’s asy seen the ra-al true blood of a lady flows in her veins!) and she axes you so kindlike to step into the beautiful, illigant hall and the windy that would dazzle your eyes to look at. And thin she’d listen so quiet and patient-like to all our troubles an’ trials, an’ spake feelin’ words about the holy Saviour of the world, that the sound of her sweet voice, sayin’ it so tinder, would bring the comfort into your breast. And she wouldn’t stop at the good words either, for she’d have a kind feel for your unfortunate body as well as your sowl, and her hand would be stretched out with the can of sweet milk and the arrowroot and the beautiful fine broth that you might carry home in the tail of your

cloak without spillin' a drap of it, it would be so darlint thick! Ah! many an' many's the time the heart might drap out of our bodies wi'd want an' weakness if it warn't for her goodness to us. May it all meet her at the gate of glory, an' may the blessin' an' benediction of our heavenly Father rest about her and Mr. Shaw here an' hereafter. It's a sore day for Celbridge Mr. and Mrs. Shaw laving us warey an' lone.'

Turning from cabins to palaces, from peasants to Bishops and Queen's Counsel, we give this tribute of esteem from her Irish friends *after* she had passed away.

To her Husband, G. S.

'THE PALACE, KILKENNY,
' 1st January 1887.

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—It is a sad New-Year's day to you, and yet I cannot refrain (even at the risk of intruding upon the sacredness of your grief) from writing a few lines to express our joint and sincere sympathy with you and yours in this deep sorrow which has fallen so suddenly upon you. I know full well, from my own experience, how weak and poor all human words of comfort are at such a time, but I know how the one and only Comforter can sustain with His own presence in such an hour. May He be very near to fill, as He alone can do, the blank that is left in your heart and home.

'I recall her Christian grace and winning character, all her *gentleness* and faith in Christ, all her love to God's people, and I bless God for the remembrance. It will ever be sweet and instructive and helpful to the many

who knew and valued her—for “she being dead yet speaketh”—and all she was, was by the grace of God, which sanctified and ennobled all in her that was “lovely and of good report.”

‘We remember you in our prayers, and bear you on our hearts.—Yours in best of bonds, WM. P. OSSORY.’

‘THE PALACE, WATERFORD,
10th January 1887.

‘MY DEAR MR. SHAW,—When I saw mentioned the great sorrow which had fallen upon your house, I felt deep sympathy for you ; and now that you are so kind as to have a memorial card sent to me, I know that you will not feel it amiss that I should express that sympathy. Yet surely thanksgiving is to be mingled with it, for you are not mourning under the hand of an unknown God, but you know and believe His love to you in the midst of all this. Neither are you sorrowing for her who sleeps in Jesus, as one without hope. Blessed be the Lord for His goodness. She did her work as a wife and mother, and saw its fruits in her children, and now she rests from her labours, until she meets you and them in the presence of the Lord at His coming ; and this does not shut out her present conscious happiness “with the Lord,” as He beautifully says of those who died hundreds of years before, “all *live* unto Him.’

‘I hope that my dear godson Alfred goes on happily in his ministry. He kindly wrote to me about the time of his ordination ; his brother W. is also, I think, in the ministry. Here is blessed fruit of her training and example, which the Lord has crowned with the power of His Spirit. Do not take the trouble of writing to me, but believe me always, your very sincere friend,

‘M. F. CASHEL.’

‘DUBLIN, 30th December 1886.

‘MY DEAR MR. SHAW,—It was with the deepest sympathy for you all in your loss that I read of your bereavement in to-day’s paper. What a terrible blank her loss must be to you all! and to come so suddenly, as the paper says it was; and yet what a happy way for her to go to her loved and loving Lord! Truly you sorrow not as those that are without hope when you grieve for the loss of one so kind and *gentle*, so thoughtful for all, so unselfish and so good. Oh, how many will miss her! I know I feel that I have lost one of the friends on earth who are so few, those that one can rest in perfect confidence that their friendship is real and genuine; but what is the loss to you all! May our Father enable you to look more on the gain to her, as she rests in the light and sunshine in the presence of the King, having heard the sweet “Well done, good and faithful servant.” After all her kindness to me, and yours—I am sure you will not think this letter an intrusion, but will accept my real sympathy, and believe me, yours ever sincerely,

‘THOS. P. LAW.’

CHAPTER V.

RETURN TO ENGLAND—NEW HOME AT WINTERDYNE.

14th December 1866.

OUR next outline brings us to an English railway station, Stourport, and two figures pacing the platform expecting the train with travellers from Ireland. Four little faces recognise dear aunt Fanny and cousin Connie. But all her welcomes to England are quenched by their fervent and faithful adhesion to old Ireland—W. exclaiming, ‘We won’t be John Bulls or little calves; we will be Paddies and pigs!’ As the train moves on to Malvern, aunt F. throws into the carriage her ‘Welcome to Winterdyne,’ and the verses are eagerly discussed. Poetry is not always convincing, and for them the memory of their sweet

Celbridge home and their own clear, shining Liffey, could not be compared to unknown Winterdyne and 'silvery Severn,' especially as on that wintry day the river certainly looked muddy. After-thoughts are sometimes best! and aunt F.'s verses were found to be true.

'WELCOME TO WINTERDYNE.

'Francie and Willie, welcome to you!
Alfred and Alice, welcome too!
To an English home and English love,
Welcome each little Irish dove!
Never again we hope to be
Kept apart by an angry sea;
A thousand welcomes, O darlings mine,
When we see you at Winterdyne.

'Welcome all to a warm new nest,
Just the place for our doves to rest;
Through the oaks and beeches looking down
On the winding valley and quaint old town,
Where ivy green on the red rock grows,
And silvery Severn swiftly flows,
With an extra sparkle and glitter and shine,
Under the woods of Winterdyne.

'On a quiet evening in lovely spring,
In the tall old elms the nightingales sing;
Under the forest, in twilight grey,
I have heard them more than a mile away;

Sweeter and louder and far more dear
Than any thrush you ever did hear ;
Perhaps when the evenings grow long and fine
They will sing to you in Winterdyne.

‘ Little to sadden, and nothing to fear ;
Priest and Fenian never come here :
Only the sound of the Protestant bells
Up from the valley pleasantly swells,
And a beautiful arch to church is made,
Under the sycamore avenue’s shade ;
You pass where the arching boughs entwine
Out of the gates of Winterdyne.

‘ Welcome to merry old England ! And yet
We know that old Ireland you will not forget ;
Many a thought and prayer will fly
Over the mountains of Wales so high ;
Over the forest and over the sea,
To the home which no longer yours must be.
But farewells are over, O darlings mine,
Now it is Welcome to Winterdyne !’

—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

To M. V. G. H.

OSBORNE HOUSE, GREAT MALVERN,
16th December 1866.

I feel it is but right to thank and greet *such a father* on reaching again my fatherland. Tell him Giles has just said, ‘I am sure there is not one happier this morning, at the thought of your being in England, than your father ;’ it is indeed a large measure of the present sweetness of my cup to be nearer him. So glad to find

from your kind greeting this morning that he is so well. What blessings are included to me in such a father!

Tell him the 'good management' of my dear husband succeeded well, for when I and the children arrived at Malvern four hours after him, he was waiting at the station with cabs to bring us to *Osborne House*, where I found fires blazing, and the table laid for dinner, so comfortable and cheerful! I knew he would do it with less fatigue, if without 'incumbrance,' and I trusted, too, that the Angel would go before him, so I had no anxiety. I wish I could express how great I feel the mercies to have been that have thus 'led us forth in peace,' instead of being driven out from our Irish home by sickness, peril, or any of the thousand things which might have been. *D. V.*, we go to see Winterdyne to-morrow, sleep at Oakhampton, and again to W. Tuesday, to take measures, etc. Mr. Crane kindly met Giles at Stourport, to say we can enter on possession at once. How plain and easy our path!

. . . Your loving sister,

E. P. S.

This passing reference to her sister F. may be of interest.

To M. V. G. H.

. . . Dear Fanny has been making us all so bright and happy, and is so missed. Miss Edwards went violently in love with her, although she did not expect to like her. And then, as she has been such a blessing to Annie—she also is deeply attached to her. I am glad to find she is not spoiled by becoming an authoress,—for certainly it requires much grace to stand all that is said and read about her poems. I like to see her so unaffected

as not to disguise the pleasure and thankfulness that it is natural to feel at many of the remarks. I wish we could have been more quiet for her, but could not avoid being rather lively lately, and every one clings to her for sympathy and advice. She is to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Bullock to-morrow, and then goes to brother Frank at Hereford.

We so enjoyed Mr. H.'s visit ; he was so thankful to find the change that had taken place in A., and said he could never forget his Sunday here. It is the greatest honour I wish for our house, that it may be said, ' this and that one was born there.'

. . . Your loving sister,

ELLEN.

Only a faint outline can be traced of twenty years' home-life at Winterdyne, but extracts from letters will supply some details. It was a great pleasure to Mrs. Shaw to be within a drive of her birthplace, Astley Rectory, and her sister's home at Oakhampton in the same parish. The hospitalities of Winterdyne were widely extended, and many friends shared the excursions to the surrounding hills and valleys.

Throughout the summer months, frequent parties of excursionists were admitted to the grounds—sometimes they came with banners and music to the hall door, and were courteously welcomed. Often the evening rendez-

vous would be around the ancient cedar tree, and holy song and grateful speeches concluded a day of which some poor guest said, 'It's just like being in heaven.'

During the gale of October 14, 1881, this magnificent cedar suddenly fell; Mrs. Shaw heard the falling crash, and as she saw it lying uprooted and its massive branches prostrate—one thought filled her mind, 'Thou remainest.' Hence these lines :—

'THEY SHALL PERISH ; BUT 'THOU REMAINEST.'

O cedar tree of Winterdyne,
 The shading guardian of our peaceful home,
 How much we all loved thee !
 Thy boughs in summer seemed to cool the air
 For those who sat beneath. In wintry frost and snow
 A hoary sire thou seem'dst. In stormy winds
 We loved to see how bravely thou didst stand,
 Nor thought that *thou* couldst fall.

O cedar tree of Winterdyne,
 How many a tale thou could'st have told
 Of festive pleasant times—
 But pass we by the gathering throngs
 From far and near with gladsome songs,
 The pattering feet with music sweet
 And banners bright, and great delight
 That thou didst look upon.—

*One*¹ honoured thee when o'er her thou didst wave
 Thine ancient branches. There she oft did sit
 Whose presence was as sunshine, gladdening all
 She looked upon. She was God's messenger,—
 Carolling glad truths like blythsome bird,
 Or speaking words in season, softly, lovingly,
 And telling forth the honour of her King.—

But her work is done! she has passed away.
 And thou *hast* fallen! both leaving us the record sure
 Of thy Creator LORD,—that He remains.

—E. P. S.

¹ F. R. H.

Mr. Shaw well remembers the following incident. It was Sunday afternoon, July 16, 1876, when a terrific thunderstorm with vivid lightning had just swept over Winterdyne. He was standing in the dining-room when his wife came in, and instead of referring to the thunder, which usually much affected her, she handed him a hymn just written, 'I love, I love my Master.' She explained that just before her sister Frances had left for Switzerland, she had been teaching her class about the Hebrew servant's choice, in Exodus xxi.; and she suggested that Frances should write a hymn with reference to this, and also arranged that at three o'clock on that afternoon she would pray for her help and guidance at

‘Fins Haut.’ But while Ellen was thinking how F. would arrange *her* hymn, these lines were suggested amid the crashing storm. The simultaneous verses of both sisters are now given :—

‘ I LOVE MY MASTER.’

Exod. xxi. 5.

I love, I love my Master,
I will not go out free !
He loves me, O so lovingly,
He is so good to me !

I love, I love my Master,
He shed His blood for me,
To ransom me from Satan’s power,
From sin’s hard slavery.

I love, I love my Master,
O how He worked for me !
He worked out God’s salvation,
So great, so full, so free.

My Master, O my Master,
If I may work for Thee,
And tell out Thy salvation,
How happy shall I be !

I know not, but my Master
Will teach me what to do ;
Prepare the ground, point out the way,
And work within me too.

'Take up the cross,' He bids me,
And this for me He bare ;
And while I wear His easy yoke,
He meekly takes a share.

I cannot leave my Master,
His love has pierced my heart ;
He binds me to Himself with love,
He will not let me part.

I love, I love my Master,
To Him alone I cling,
For there is none like Jesus,
My Saviour, Friend, and King.

I love, I love my Master,
I will not go out free !
He says, His saints shall serve Him,
And that my heaven shall be.

—ELLEN P. SHAW.

WINTERDYNE, 16th July 1876.

'MY MASTER.'

Exod. xxi. 5, 6.

'I love, I love my Master,
I will not go out free ;
For He is my Redeemer,
He paid the price for me.

'I would not leave His service,
It is so sweet and blest ;
And in the weariest moments
He gives the truest rest.

' I would not halve my service,
 His only it must be,—
 His *only*, who so loved me
 And gave Himself for me.

' My Master shed His life-blood
 My vassal life to win,
 And save me from the bondage
 Of tyrant self and sin.

' He chose me for his service,
 And gave me power to choose
 That blessed "perfect freedom,"
 Which I shall never lose.

' For He hath met my longing
 With word of golden tone,
 That I shall serve for ever
 Himself, Himself alone.

' "Shall serve Him" hour by hour,
 For He will show me how ;
 My Master is fulfilling
 His promise even now !

' "Shall serve Him," and "for ever ;"
 A hope most sure, most fair !
 The perfect love outpouring
 In perfect service there !'

—F. R. HAVERGAL.

('Loyal Responses.')

WINTERDYNE, 27th February 1882.

DEAR FAITHFUL MARY,—You never forget or neglect our birthdays. Thank you so much for another pretty memento of the 19th, and also for a beautiful New Year card, which I am sorry to have kept unacknowledged to this day.

Most truly can I say of your birthday text that ‘His kindness’ has not departed from me, but has been ‘ever more and more toward us.’ And you too, I am thankful to know, can say the same. How happy is the assurance that this kindness is not only past and present, but ‘everlasting.’ We have had such precious tokens of it in our family last year, and in Mr. Shaw’s improved health and strength enabling him to abound in the work of the Lord, and made a blessing to many sufferers. One said to me lately, ‘He *is* the servant of the Lord; how good He is to send him to me, to teach me *how* to trust in Him!’

We had such a pleasant surprise last Tuesday evening. When Mr. Shaw had finished his address in Park Lane school (on Abraham’s trial of faith and substitution, as taught in Gen. xxii.), the church clerk (a bright and active helper in good works) rose and asked those present (the room full) to sit down, as he, George Clarke, was deputed to say that it had long been the wish of those who were there, and at Mr. Shaw’s Bible classes at Winterdyne, to make some token of gratitude, etc., for his teaching. And then Thomas Hunt, a shoemaker, member of his class, walked up the room and presented a beautiful inkstand (inlaid Coromandel wood) with silver inscription plate, and an address signed by seventy-four persons, with a large drawer for holding the notes he makes for his meetings; and said they all felt so much benefit from his teaching, that it was a real

pleasure to express some gratitude. I enclose a copy of a note from the same man, which shows the reality of grace in him. But I must amuse you with a sequel. Miss Havergal, seated at the harmonium, rose, saying, 'As you are giving Mr. Shaw so much pleasure, I must give you a little. You chose to-day, Shrove Tuesday, for this presentation most fortunately, for I am sure you will like to know that it was on a Shrove Tuesday that Mr. Shaw married my sister, Ellen Havergal (waving her hand toward me), and if he had not married her, he might never have been here!' You may fancy how very effective this little speech was! The warm, grateful feeling of all was so pleasant.

I am sorry to say my sister is not in as good health as we could wish; and letters still come, because she is so kind!

So glad to know you have such bountiful enjoyments. The Lord be with you in them all.—Affectionately yours,
ELLEN SHAW.

It may seem strange so little reference is made to her dear sister F. R. H., but such extracts have already appeared in her Memoirs and 'Miscellaneous Letters,' and therefore only this comforting thought is given.

To M. V. G. H.

SANDOWN, 2nd June 1884.

Many will be thinking and praying for you to-morrow, dear sister Maria. May *the* Comforter draw near to hush and calm and cheer you. I have just been putting together 'as He is, so are we,' with, 'this same Jesus

shall so come in like manner !' And if it was 'splendid' to Frances to go, it will be splendid too for her to return, and splendid for *us* to meet them, whether on earth or in air.

Alfred preached such a good, full sermon last night, on 'He shall baptize . . . with fire,' explaining the Old and New Testament emblems of the Holy Spirit ; quite a Bible study, and all so well put. He goes to-morrow to Farnham, preparatory to ordination as priest.—Your affectionate sister,
ELLEN.

'Rejoicing in hope.'

The life-lines of any of God's servants cannot be completed by an earthly hand, for the countless and varied details of service for God are known only to Him, but the Master's hand will surely complete in brightness the minutest tracery. In January 1872 Mrs. Shaw began a Sunday morning Bible class for youths, separating them from the large class of senior men, who had for some time previously assembled in the dining-room at Winterdyne for Mr. Shaw's Bible instruction. Her class so increased that it was necessary to form a third class in an adjoining room.

The register books of attendance for fourteen years, and a very wealth of carefully prepared lessons during that long

period, are all neatly kept. There are notes critical and practical on Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Joshua, Samuel, and Kings, also from the Book of Proverbs, with many New Testament chapters and other lessons suitable to our Church festivals. A few specimens of these follow, but they cannot be written out as orally given, so the pith and point of searching appeal must pass unrecorded. Their teacher's value for souls was seen in the light of eternity, and her intense anxiety for her class went far beyond regular attendance and moral behaviour; she longed for their conversion and saving acceptance of Christ's work for them, and that hidden union and life *in* Christ that brings forth holy living and walking *with* Him. She was ever their friend as well as teacher, entering into their individual trials and difficulties, and furnishing them with replies and arguments against scoffers or freethinkers.

In illness Mrs. Shaw visited and comforted them. Only one slight record has been kept of many such visits; often excusing herself from drives and excursions that she might

get to their bedsides—and other cottage visits.

July 18.—Read Isa. xliii. 1-3 to Henry J. He had repeatedly said he knew he was redeemed and forgiven, and now I asked him if he had believed this long ago? *H.* 'It is about two years, since I was taken ill, the work began in me. But it was the teaching in your class, and especially one Sunday when you brought a stranger to speak to us, and I saw then what believing meant.' 'What is it you believe, Henry?' 'That Jesus died for me, and that He has forgiven my sins.' *Teacher.* 'Then you have peace, Henry; for, therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ—the burden all gone—sin put away—nothing between you and God.' *H.* 'Yes, that's it—I know it, and I want the class to know it. I have tried to speak of Jesus to others, but some only laughed.'

August 23.—I found Henry very suffering and breathless. It soothed him speaking of the Good Shepherd loving and caring for His sheep, and therefore knowing all his sufferings, and that He was watching and tending him. Then I spoke of the Great Shepherd *able* to carry him all the rough way; and then of the Chief Shepherd giving crowns of glory, and that even now His hand held the crown out to him in the weary road, and soon, soon he would have the joy of seeing Jesus.

Another day I asked him what text he was leaning on? *H.* "'My peace I give unto you;'" I have it, thank the Lord.' *Teacher.* 'Yes, He *is* our peace, and Christ made peace for us by the blood of His cross.' *H.* 'Yes, that's it, that's it,'—and together they praised

God—(and now again, before the throne, they are together saying Alleluia !)

In addition to this Sunday class, Mrs. Shaw had week-day meetings for teetotalism. She herself was a faithful member, and one note-book is filled with the subject in all its bearings. In the long light evenings, pleasant meetings in the summer-house and addresses from strangers helped to rivet the pledge of the abstainers, and she always cordially joined in the rector's Church of England Temperance movements.

When members of her class left for distant towns, magazines and letters followed them. Such patient seed-sowing was ever watered with prayer; and only last autumn, on the Clent hills, she spoke tearfully of her unfulfilled desires for her class, and then and there, hidden by the clumps of gorse and heather, we knelt and commended each member to the Great Teacher, God's holy Spirit, that He would quicken and awaken them with spiritual life and power. (Very true and deep affection now enshrines her memory, and among the many funeral wreaths, her class sent a beautiful crown

of camellias and ferns—‘For our own dear Teacher.’)

In F. R. H.’s Bible, her sister Ellen’s name appears in 1867 as having joined the Young Women’s Christian Association about the same time as herself. Mrs. Shaw was secretary for the Bewdley branch, and conducted the monthly meeting of the senior ladies. Her expository thoughts were deeply valued, and we have found many books full of her carefully written notes. Her prayers, even more than her teachings, riveted all who heard them; in choicest language they were the holy, happy communings of one who realized a very near approach to the Holiest—prayers that wafted you into the inner sanctuary, making us ashamed of our own formality and unreality.

Occasionally addresses and tea-meetings were arranged for the junior members. (Beautiful memorial wreaths were sent from the ladies and the junior members.)

Mrs. Shaw also conducted a Young Women’s Christian Association class in her servants’ hall. We quote the words of one member, Fanny Holloway.

‘Mrs. Shaw was a splendid teacher ; you could take in everything she taught ; she explained all about the Tabernacle so nicely. I feel very sad that all her teachings are done and past for us. But if I learnt anything it was to pray. Mrs. Shaw took everything straight to the Lord, and so, of course, it all came right. If anything went wrong among us, she would pray over it with us. To myself she was a dear friend and adviser, as well as mistress, and in all my eighteen years’ service here, I never remember *one* cross or hasty word to any of the servants. The Lord Jesus must have been pleased with her gentleness ; He knew it all.’

From childhood, Mrs. Shaw’s warmest sympathy and support was given to the Church Missionary Society, though other societies found place in the longing for Christ’s name and kingdom to be exalted. For her dear missionary niece Amy (Mrs. A. D. Shaw), in East Africa, she diligently worked, sending garments suitable for the women and school children. But it was in connection with the Church of England Zenana Society that Mrs. Shaw superintended monthly working parties at Winterdyne. Everything was neatly prepared, and she gave hours and hours in cutting out material, etc. As needlework was not unnoticed in the Tabernacle, so was her equally loyal offering unto the

Lord. Our dear and valued friend Elizabeth Clay, whose indomitable perseverance in itinerations in the Punjaub Village Mission are so well known, was a very special subject of interest. And within the last fortnight of her life Mrs. Shaw completed many kurtas or native garments for Ajnala, and though far from well, packed a large parcel for Miss Clay, including work contributed by Bewdley ladies.

And in the last week of her life on earth, her faithful attendant F. H. remembers that when she took her luncheon, her mistress bade her sit down and read the C. M. Gleaner's account of Bishop Hannington, and afterwards she took the book and explained many other pictures and passages.

CHAPTER VI.

LAST DAYS AND SUDDEN GLORY.

MR. AND MRS. SHAW went to their eldest daughter's home in Cheltenham, December 1, visiting Mrs. Maynard and many friends, who remarked her cheerfulness and apparent good health. They much enjoyed some special services held in Canon Bell's church, and Mrs. Shaw took many notes of the sermons by the Rev. Talbot Greaves.

While at Cheltenham she wrote the following letter, a true and remarkable epitome of the foundation on which her faith rested, and her assured and certain hope of the eternal life to which she was unconsciously hastening:—

CHELTENHAM, 5th December 1886.

I have thought many times of what you said about Psa. xv., and it was brought back to my mind in this morning's service by a parallel in Psa. xxiv. 4, and reminds me how beautifully Scripture throws light on Scripture. I find little or no comfort in this Psalm alone, for whatever the general tenor of my life, how could I say that I have always acted up to this standard? I may think much of some occasions of upright walking or truthful speaking, but did my God see no sin, or self, no earthly motive mixing with the seeming good? Ah no! His holy eyes saw it was all sin-stained and imperfect, and all my omissions besides. Conscience tells me there is no hope for me to stand on that Holy Hill for my own doings, and St. Paul tells me 'by the deeds of the law no flesh shall be justified in His sight.' So far then this Psalm seems rather to mar my comfort than make it; but when I look at it in the light of Rev. vii., and I see how that innumerable multitude stands before the throne, I take comfort in seeing that I can claim admission with them, for I have the same right, the same passport—'the Blood of the Lamb!' Washed in that all-atoning Blood from omissions, commissions, and failures, and clothed in His perfect righteousness instead of my own, I hope and expect to 'abide in that Holy Hill.'

I wonder if you take this really comfortable view! One is left so without fear when we know that the Lord Jesus is our Substitute and Sin-bearer, taking all our sins and delinquencies, and giving us *Himself* and all His righteousness—taking the place of me the sinner, and letting me stand 'accepted in Him the Beloved,' 'blame-

less and faultless before His Father's throne.' And meanwhile I love, and I *need* to look constantly at the great purchase-price of all this, 'the precious Blood of Christ.' As my dear sister wrote, 'I cannot do without the precious Blood the first thing in the morning as well as the last thing at night.' All my safety and peace spring from it. Christ 'made peace for me by the Blood of His cross,' and 'washes me from my sins in His own Blood,' and through it 'purges me from dead works to serve the living God,' I am 'made nigh,' and 'have boldness to enter into the holiest by the Blood of Jesus.' Do I want victory? it must be 'through the Blood of the Lamb;' if I want to be 'perfect in every good work to do His will,' it must be 'through the Blood of the everlasting covenant.'

And then as the Revised Version gives Rev. xxii. 14, 'Blessed are they that *wash their* robes, that they may have the right to come to the Tree of Life, and may *enter* by the gates *into the city*.'

Oh, why do we hear so little of this Precious Blood, when so much—nay, *all* depends upon it! Dear ——, may you have increasing comfort by 'faith in the Blood of Christ,' and so, happy and full assurance of abiding for ever on His 'Holy Hill.'

E. P. S

December 8.—For a few days after returning from Cheltenham, Mrs. Shaw kept her room with cold and cough. Even then we could not but observe how much she thought about absent friends. Letters were written, and she sent away many copies of *Treasure*

Trove. This letter explains her interest in the little book :—

DEAR MRS. GILLMAN,—I return the MSS. letters of my dear sister Frances, which you so kindly lent. It has been a great interest to me to retrace many incidents in our past lives which they recall, and still more to see the holy thoughts and sanctified feelings with which dear F. viewed them. Some extracts from these and other papers have been selected by my daughter to form a tiny book of fragments called *Treasure Trove*.¹—With Christian regard, sincerely yours,

E. P. S.

(How little Ellen thought her own charmingly written Preface would enhance the treasure of her farewell gifts!)

During these last days, Ellen astonished me with her loving anxiety for the souls of others, remembering some of whom we had not even spoken for years ; *e.g.* ' All day —— has been on my mind ; how often we are verily guilty concerning our brother.'

The Y. W. C. A. evidently found place in her latest thoughts and intentions, as exemplified in the following letter :—

¹ *Treasure Trove*, by F. R. Havergal. Preface by Ellen P. Shaw. James Nisbet & Co.

WINTERDYNE, 18th December 1886.

DEAR MISS C.,—By way of a little recognition of your Y. W. C. A. class, I send copies of *Christmas Cheer* and a card for each. Will you kindly give them for me for Christmas day?

It grieves me not to have done anything for the Association for so long—I hoped to have had a tea for them at Christmas, but now am unequal to it. May the Lord Himself bind their hearts together with the cords of His love. Will you tell them I hope they will get some real Christmas joy by looking at God's great Gift—'all other gifts in one.' A Divine Gift, a Gift for all time and eternity. Oh that they and *we* may study its riches, and so rejoice in Him!—With kindest wishes for yourself and mother, yours sincerely,

E. P. SHAW.

To her Sister J. M. C.

WINTERDYNE, 21st December 1886.

Many, many thanks, dearest Miriam, for your News Letter, and kind thoughtfulness and peptone present to me, which I will use. I took a little fresh cold going down on Sunday, which irritated the air tubes of my throat, but it passes, thanks to care and nursing. Maria has turned the tables on me wonderfully; instead of anxiously nursing her, as I feared, she waits on me! and is wonderfully active—so brisk in this sharp frost, and talks of going on the ice. On Sunday morning she taught my class, and in the afternoon went to Ribbesford Church as godmother to little Violet Maria Victoria Brooke, and afterwards had prayer at our lodge with the parents and sponsors.

This morning she was off at half-past nine to hear the National School children repeat Isa. liii. in return for some prize Bibles. . . . I had better thank you now for the sweet scents you kindly sent for us all ; they are very acceptable. Oh to enjoy more the fragrance of that Name which is above all others,—that Gift of Gifts, all other gifts in one. May it so refresh you, that you may have indeed a happy Christmas.—Your affectionate sister,

ELLEN.

One of the last parcels she packed was to her brother Frank, with presents and loving wishes written in pencil for all her nephews and nieces at Upton Bishop Vicarage.

During the last few days Mrs. Shaw was able to come down - stairs, bringing the peculiarly peaceful influence that surrounded her—like some deep quiet lake, reflecting the golden stillness of the sky.

December 24.—The morning was occupied in packing parcels and especially books and rewards for her Sunday morning class. Weariness induced her to allow another hand to complete her Christmas preparations in the afternoon, but she joined us at tea, and spoke cheerfully of many passing events.

For many years Mr. and Mrs. Shaw always retired on Friday evenings for intercessory

prayer for their children, their clergy, and the Sunday services and classes; but seeing her weariness, Mr. Shaw went alone. After watching the holly and ivy wreathings, the time for evening prayers came, when Mrs. Shaw left the room—her last words in it showing her unselfish consideration for others—‘If I go up-stairs, they can sing a hymn.’ (It had been omitted when she was very tired.) Following dear Ellen to say good-night, I remarked, ‘It will be delightful to get rid of this tabernacle with its aches and pains’—the quiet reply came, ‘The pins of this earthly tabernacle are easily taken out, dear Maria.’

Later on her daughter Frances went to her, who writes:—

‘On Christmas Eve I stayed longer with dear mother than usual, and sat down by the fire for a talk. She spoke of God’s goodness to us all these years, and how undeserving we were of it. She quoted, “He drew me out of an horrible pit, and set my feet upon a rock,” and then spoke of Christ’s great love in giving Himself for us, “such wonderful love! Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me!”

‘Then I read 2 Sam. vii. 21, asking her if she thought that verse was applicable to Christmas: “For Thy word’s sake, and according to Thine own heart, hast Thou done

all these great things, to make Thy servant know them." She said she supposed it might be so applied, but she had not thought of it before in that connection, but that "no doubt it was all according to His heart whose thoughts are so different from our own."

Christmas Day.—She had slept fairly well and enjoyed an early cup of tea; but there were no home birdies to sing as in former years their grandpapa's carol—

‘How grand and how bright
That wonderful night,
When angels to Bethlehem came!’

Bagster's *Light on the Daily Path* always lay on the dressing-table, forming their early portion, and was again read at the breakfast-table. To-day Mr. S. read to her the selection for the 'Evening Hour'—'Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift,' and Mrs. Shaw requested *this* might be read, instead of the usual chapter, at family prayers, as follows:—

December 25.—'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.'

‘Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, *and* into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him,

and bless His name. For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'

'He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all. Having yet one Son, His well-beloved, He sent Him also last unto them.'

'Oh that *men* would praise the Lord *for* His goodness, and *for* His wonderful works to the children of men! Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, *bless* His holy name.'

'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.'

Mr. Shaw took up her breakfast, which she enjoyed more than usual, and said she felt so much better she would rise soon. Her faithful maid, Holloway, remarking on the sunshine, Mrs. Shaw replied, 'Yes, and how nice to think the Sun of Righteousness is shining all over the world—all over the world!' (a true missionary farewell glance). Then some of her presents were taken up, encircling her with love. My offering was a sofa cushion of our dear father's and a couvrette of sister F.'s; and as I stood near her, she admired my lace, and I told her it was our own mother's needlework; thus we

spoke of all the dear ones she was just going to join. She looked so happy and even merry, that I said I would go to church ; the last word that I heard from her gentle voice was ' Emmanuel.'

The parcel post did not arrive till after ten o'clock. Mr. Shaw brought up a packet from her daughter-in-law (G. M. S.), and left her admiring its contents. Edward H. S.'s card told of ' New gleams of the glory that waits thee !'

About half-past ten Mr. Shaw returned up-stairs, bringing *The Fulness of Joy*, a beautifully-illustrated book of some of her sister Fanny's hymns, as a present from his daughters.

In one of Mrs. Shaw's *first* letters to Mr. S., she had written, ' If it is pleasant to be under the shade of what seems now to our blind eyes but as a *Branch*, what will be *the fulness of our joy*, when we behold Him as the Tree of Life in the midst of the Paradise of God ?' and now their hands together held this book, thus linking the first and last step of their happy pilgrimage with *The Fulness of Joy*.

Mr. Shaw then read to her the two first hymns, 'Accepted, Perfect, and Complete,' and 'Is it for me, dear Saviour?' and leaving the book in her hand, went to get ready for church.

'Accepted, Perfect, and Complete,
For God's inheritance made meet,
How true, how glorious, and how sweet !

'In the Belovèd—by the King
Accepted, though not anything
But forfeit lives had we to bring.

'And Perfect in Christ Jesus made,
On Him our great transgressions laid,
We in His righteousness arrayed.

'Complete in Him, our glorious Head,
With Jesus raisèd from the dead,
And by His mighty Spirit led !

'O blessed Lord, is this for me ?
Then let my whole life henceforth be
One Alleluia song to Thee !'

—F. R. H.

I.

'Is it for me, dear Saviour,
Thy glory and Thy rest ?
For me, so weak and sinful,
Oh shall *I* thus be blessed ?

Is it for me to see Thee
 In all Thy glorious grace,
 And gaze in endless rapture
 On Thy belovèd Face ?

II.

‘ Is it for me to listen
 To Thy belovèd Voice,
 And hear its sweetest music
 Bid even me rejoice ?
 Is it for me, Thy welcome,
 Thy gracious “ Enter in ” ?
 For me, Thy “ Come, ye blessed ! ”
 For me, so full of sin ?

III.

‘ O Saviour, precious Saviour,
 My heart is at Thy feet ;
 I bless Thee and I love Thee,
 And Thee I long to meet.
 A thrill of solemn gladness
 Has hushed my very heart,
 To think that I shall really
 Behold Thee as Thou art ;

IV.

‘ Behold Thee in Thy beauty,
 Behold Thee face to face ;
 Behold Thee in Thy glory,
 And reap Thy smile of grace ;
 And be with Thee for ever,
 And never grieve Thee more !
 Dear Saviour, I *must* praise Thee,
 And lovingly adore.’ —F. R. H.

Happily her daughter F. went again into the room before leaving for church, and saw her mother looking pale, saying, 'Oh, this terrible pain in my head! Give me my tonic.' F. went and told her father, who immediately came. She said 'tonic,' and partly drank it, but was immediately unconscious. Restoratives and warmth were applied, but in a few minutes she ceased to breathe, from syncope of the heart. We found her Bible beneath her left arm, her unfailing pilgrim staff for all the way, and we knew her safe passport in life and death was the blood of the Lamb. For suddenly, as on the first Christmas morning, the glory of the Lord shone round about her, and with glad surprise she entered into the *FULNESS OF JOY*, sharing with loved ones gone before, His glory and His rest.

None of us thought how soon or how suddenly her remark only the night before would be realized—'The pins of this earthly tabernacle are easily taken out.' There was no time for any parting testimony, or even a

parting prayer ; how precious then to us the following unfinished letter, written the day before the birth of one of her children, and which she gave to her beloved husband twenty-seven years ago, as the testimony of her assured hope, if ever she should unexpectedly be called hence !

CELBRIDGE LODGE, 11th May 1859.

It may be some comfort to you, my precious husband, to have a few words on paper which I may not trust my lips to say, or have opportunity to express, if I should soon be called to go to my Father.

I need not tell *you* in whom I have believed, or that whenever I may be called, I humbly hope it will be to ascend to your Father and my Father, to my God and your God, through Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

I only want to say, that if I am taken and you are left for 'yet a little while,' that I go without one restrictive wish concerning you or the dear children, nor will I make one proposal concerning future arrangements for them ; for what might now seem to me best, might in the changes of this passing world become in a short time either foolish or impossible. Our Father careth for them, and will guide and counsel you in their temporal well-being, and in training them up for Him. You know that has ever been my only condition with Him for them, '*Only* make them *Thy* children.'

I may be unable to give any parting expression of my mind. Long as I have been enabled to set my seal to

1 Tim. i. 15;¹ Ps. ciii. 3, 8-10;² 1 John ii. 1, 2.³ I can only still say of *self*, unclean, unclean, and Job xlii. 5, 6.⁴ How I have lost time in seeking the renewing of the Spirit. . . . (unfinished). E. P. S.

‘I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.’—Rev. xiv. 13.

‘Hush! blessed are the dead
In Jesus’ arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on His breast.

‘O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light,
Whom here they loved unseen.

¹ ‘This *is* a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.’—1 Tim. i. 15.

² ‘Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide: neither will He keep *His anger* forever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.’—Ps. ciii. 3, 8-10.

³ ‘My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for *the sins* of the whole world.’—1 John ii. 1, 2.

⁴ ‘I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor *myself*, and repent in dust and ashes.’—Job xlii. 5, 6.

- ‘ For them the wild is past
 With all its toil and care ;
Its withering midnight blast,
 Its fiery noonday glare.
- ‘ Them the Good Shepherd leads,
 Where storms are never rife,
In tranquil dewy meads,
 Beside the Fount of Life.
- ‘ Ours only are the tears,
 Who weep around their tomb
The light of bygone years
 And shadowing years to come.
- ‘ Their voice, their touch, their smile,—
 Those love-springs flowing o’er,—
Earth for its little while
 Shall never know them more.
- ‘ O tender hearts and true,
 Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you,
 Nor blame us : Jesus wept.
- ‘ But soon at break of day
 His calm Almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
 Awake,—arise,—rejoice.’

—BICKERSTETH.

(*Sung in Ribbesford Church, 31st December 1886.*)

In fair and holy memory of
 ELLEN PRESTAGE SHAW,
 the beloved Wife of
 GILES SHAW, ESQ., WINTERDYNE,
 who suddenly fell asleep in Jesus
 on Christmas Morning, 1886.

Aged 63 years.

‘Himself hath done it.’—ISA. xxxviii. 15.

‘Our dear one is with Jesus now !
 Seeing Him face to face,
 Gazing upon His own belovèd brow,
 Watching His smile of grace ;
 Hearing the Master’s voice in all its sweetness,
 Knowing Him now in all His own completeness ;
 With Jesus now, with Him for ever !
 Never to leave Him—grieve Him never !
 Could God Himself give more ? His will
 Is best though we are weeping still.’

—FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

‘It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him
 good.’—1 Sam. iii. 18.

‘Unto 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.’—Rev. i. 5, 6.

More than two hundred letters of sympathy reached the sorrowing family at Winterdyne.

‘VICARAGE, RUSHALL, 11th January 1887.

‘MY DEAR MR. SHAW,—Any words of mine, dear friend, would fail to express my sympathy with you all under this trying mark of the Father’s love—and well I know the sad bereavement it must be to you more especially, but I know also where you can find that loving consolation which man can never give, but which *He*—who loves to weep with our suffering humanity—always gives to *His* believing ones. I observe the call was sudden, and that the Master made the river-bed so dry as she went over—that she knew not it was Jordan—suddenly beckoned into the Presence she so long had waited for, and on that precious day—above all, when the Church on earth loves to commemorate *His* first coming to His people. What a blessed Noel it was indeed to her—coming to her, not as the Infant of Bethlehem, but as the Royal Messenger, to usher her into the many mansions, “arrayed in the raiment of needle-work,” to present her faultless before the King with exceeding joy. No lingering amid the shadows, nor waiting in the valley, but hearing, amid the daily service she delighted to render to Him and His suffering ones, His voice saying, “Rise up, my fair one, and come away.” Long will her sweet memory, and the pleasant days with her at Winterdyne, recur to mind, and the blessed influence she shed on all around come again and again to our thoughts, reminding us how, amid much bodily weakness, she walked with God, and was not, because God took her. What a glorious change,

as she awaked up in His likeness and was fully satisfied. What a joyous reunion with the dear ones, gone before, who were waiting her, and how loud and full the anthem as she entered the golden street, and saw His face and worshipped at His feet,—

“So would I die,
Not slain, but caught up as it were
To meet my Saviour in the air—
So would I die.”

God be with you, dear friend ; another link unfastened here, another rivet to our Eternal Home. It tells us more and more, this is not our rest ; it points us upwards, onwards, bidding us remember our Treasure is above, and speaking to us from her earthly resting-place, that like her we also, if faithful and true, shall, through His perfect righteousness, soon enter within the veil, where the shadows flee away and the everlasting morning will be our portion and our joy.—Believe me, very sincerely yours,
F. GRÆME-LITTLECOT.’

‘DUBLIN, 30th December 1886.

‘DEAR MR. SHAW,—I hesitate to write, and yet cannot forbear doing so, for my sister and I were fairly stunned this morning to read that your beloved saint-like companion, our most kind friend, has been taken from the midst of you all—so loving and beloved, was she, so holy in thought, word, and deed. Oh ! she is indeed an unutterable loss to her family, and to you more especially. The world is all the poorer, now that her gentle influence is gone from it, except that it must remain an abiding influence in the minds of all who had, like ourselves, the privilege of having known her. She was ripe for glory, that was my first thought, and a sudden

death could have no terrors for one whose thoughts were at all times set on Heaven and the Saviour she loved so truly. Great is the trial which God has required of you; may He give you strength to bear it. I cannot think of never seeing her again without blinding tears, she was so good, so affectionately helpful to our unworthy selves, so compassionate to all in need, and her gentle humility so beautiful. I think it would be impossible to imagine a more lovely character. We never can forget the happy peaceful days we have spent with you all at lovely Winterdyne; and very precious is, and will be to the end of one's life, the little book, *Treasure Trove*, which she addressed to us with her own dear handwriting little more than a week ago.

'On what a blessed day she is gone *Home*. You would not wish it to be otherwise, for Death was the new Life to her. We do so feel for you, kind friend, in this sudden stroke of sorrow. I will not add more, and you will please excuse me if these few lines seem like an intrusion on your present sorrow. My sister joins with me in true and loving sympathy with you all.—Yours most sincerely,

C. F. C.'

LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND
AND CHILDREN.

LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND AND
CHILDREN.

—◆—
My Husband.

CELBRIDGE LODGE, *May* 1856.

FULL many a page of life's eventful tale has passed
Since last a record with my pen I traced,—
Changes and chances, sufferings and joy,
Valleys of sorrow—heavy storms,
When grief, anxiety, and care
Their waves commingled—
Anticipation, too, tossed high its spray
Outstripping far the destined reach of waves
Restrained within a Father's loving hand.
Yes, tempests raged, and night at times prevailed ;
Yet, every wave told but of love's unfathomed sea,
Toward which my Captain's hand was guiding me.
Night's darkness only showed how fair
Thou art, my bright, my 'morning star' !
But now—the tale how changed !
No more prevails the tone of sadness,
But calm delight and thankful gladness ;
Unwished, unasked, I'm in a peaceful haven—
Sweet type of *my best* home in heaven.

The tempest oft by its terrific waves
 Casts up some jewel fair from ocean caves :
 My storm's o'erpast ! a jewel, too, is mine !
 But not from ocean cave, or earth-wrought mine—
 Purchased by Christ from sin's dark land,
 Brought to me by my God's good hand ;
 More precious than earth's brightest gem,
 My prize is one in God's own diadem !

—E. P. S.

WINTERDYNE, 15th March,
 10.15 A.M.

Now is not this to your mind, my Giles—writing to you the first thing?—not but what I have had bonnet and shawl on before it !

. . . I was struck this morning when reading Jer. li. (that wonderful typical part about Babylon) : 'We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed : forsake her, and let us every one go into his own country,'—what a motto for the Irish Church Missions !

3.40.—So glad to get your note, and to find how opportune your visit is after all — exemplifying Ps. xxxvii. 23, 'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and He delighteth in his way.' Is not the last part of the verse pleasant ? 'He delights in his way'—delights, I suppose, in guiding the way of His servants, so that it shall result in good,—so it is well to take the way He orders by His providence, or 'prepares for us to walk in.'

I do pray you may be a blessing to your brother.

— called and stayed an hour ; she seems chastened by her deafness, and we had a nice talk

about the hearing of faith, Prov. xxii. 17, 'Bow down thine ear, and hear the words of the wise,' etc.

Kind love to any enquiring friends, and very much to you, my *own*.—Your loving ELLEN.

BUXTON, 1881.

Many thanks, my beloved husband, for yours of yesterday, received as usual this morning. Notes of home-life I might call it; it is so pleasant to know what you are all doing. So glad you have some idea of coming here,—may God bring it to pass,—for it seems so likely to suit and benefit you. I am better, thank God, and I trust it will do Alice good. The temperature must be much lower here than at home. We have taken some drives, and sometimes stroll back pleasantly.

As I knelt down about half-past eight last evening, I thought how blessed to meet at His footstool our Priest upon His throne,—while we look back to see the victim and the altar where we leave our sins. In our reading yesterday we came to Deut. xvii. 15, 'Thou shalt in any wise set him king over thee, whom the Lord thy God shall choose;' and Deut. xviii. 18, 'I will raise them up a Prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all the words that I command him,'—showing Christ both as king and prophet to be taken from among His brethren.

I hope Mr. Rogers will take your afternoon class, so that you may rest. A happy Sunday to you, my own love.—Your own ELLEN.

Our Wedding-Day.

A pearl set in golden memories
 Stored in my heart's best treasures,
 Oft gazed upon with tender thoughts
 And thankful recollections.

A portal fair to paths of truth and peace,
 Prepared by our own faithful God,
 Where He has led us hitherto,
 With many a Hallelujah.

Sweet wedding-day! 'twas crowned so brightly
 With sunshine fair in wintry time,
 It seemed God's smile descending sweetly
 On our heaven-formed union.

His smile! and oh the sweet assurance
 Of His own smile, by ours portrayed,
 Uniting us to Christ our Head,
 For higher sweet communion.

Though six and twenty years have passed away,
 Their traces on our foreheads leaving,
 I thank my God anew and always now
 For our dear wedding-day. —E. P. S.

5th February 1882.

WINTERDYNE, *4th May 1885.*

Though my beloved husband has left but a few hours, I must send him a birthday greeting for to-morrow. May you be greeted with rays of

heavenly sunshine, grace, mercy and peace, and health. New grace for the new year.

4.30.—Your telegram has just come—thank God for your safe journey.

I was beginning to read of ‘strangers and pilgrims,’ and thinking to apply it to birthday thoughts, when Mrs. M. called. We can content ourselves with being strangers here when we realize ‘heaven is my home,’ and ‘whom have I in heaven but *Thee*.’ Hallelujah, that we are not now aliens from Him, and that He is with us in our pilgrimage. ‘I am a stranger *with Thee*’—He walking with us, and ‘holding us by our right hand,’ how condescending! and how sweet the consciousness that ‘there no stranger God awaits thee.’

May the present little branch of our pilgrimage tend to the realization of the blessed walking with Him. If we knew we, both together, should be caught up to be with Him, we could welcome shortening days and fewer birthdays!

. . . I suppose you are in your element now—surrounded by good friends and good words—may no ill wind spoil it!

Fondest love and wishes from your ever affectionate

ELLEN.

WINTERDYNE, 4th May 1886.

May best blessings rest richly on you in your birthday, my own beloved husband, and may you enjoy consciously the presence of Him in whose favour is life.

My morning chapter suggests the grand assur-

ance, 'Certainly I will be with thee.' What a sublime self-consciousness it assumes or indicates of His 'all-sufficient sufficiency' for all the great needs of His servant Moses in his great mission, and therefore infinitely enough for you, darlint! in pursuing, as I hope, the even tenor of your way through another year. How kind and gracious has He been to you in the past year!—yes, and years!—and so will He continue to be.

. . . I hope you will enjoy without drawback the pleasant evening you expected. I should like to enjoy it with you; but best as it is.—With fondest love and wishes, your
ELLEN.

Fragments.

I can rejoice in the Child born for us, the Alpha and Omega, and oh, may we desire to drink of Him as the fountain of life. My one desire is to abide in Christ; I can do nothing without Him. It seems as if Christ was the *mainspring* which must regulate my heart, thoughts, words, and deeds. If the heart is one with Christ, then of necessity good fruit will spring forth.

What a year of mercies, chastening, yet restoring mercies! What reason to be humbled at its close for oft-repeated sins; how precious His promise, 'Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea,'—not the shallow sea of time, but the infinite fountain of Jesus' blood.

With the New Year may we cast anchor anew on the Rock, and, safely standing there, take a calm survey, not only of past waves and breakers, but of

our security, our possessions here, and our everlasting inheritance. What more can we desire if we can say, as I humbly do, 'All things are mine, I am Christ's'—yea, 'my beloved is mine, and I am His'—what a portion!

Birth-day Thoughts.—Though we cannot help seeing the sins and shortcomings of our lives, yet with the Holy Spirit's help shall we not watch and pray? I think we need positive, definite grace for each service, that it may be unto the Lord. Ps. lxxxiv. 11. The Lord God, then, will He not shield us from sin and self, and shine more and more of His own image into our hearts?

WINTERDYNE, BEWDLEY, 1876.

MY DEAR BOYS,—What may a day bring forth! Thank God it did not bring such news to us as to others. It seems as if God were speaking loudly to Repton—two deaths within a few months! I have often wished some good man could have a mission week at Repton; but this seems God's own mission—and what a solemn one! 'Hear ye the rod, and who appointed it'—'Be ye also ready'—'Escape for your lives.' But if you, my Willie, my Alfred, know that you are safe because washed in the blood of Jesus, and clothed in His righteousness, rejoice humbly, and be glad in Him who saves you, and '*tell it out* among the sinners that He came to save!' What an opportunity for you to speak of this to others—to break the ice—for I know how hard you find it to speak of

this ; but many may be longing for a word,—‘ how can I be saved,’—‘ how can I *know* I am saved ?’ Many may be trembling, conscience - stricken ; won’t you speak a word—lend them a hand ? ‘ The Holy Spirit helpeth our infirmities.’

Miss Clay has just left to-day for Cheltenham, and stays a day or two with Anna, and then to her sister’s in Kensington, to study the Hindoo language. She has had many parting presents, and much sympathy. Many here will feel her loss much. I should like that to be said of you, even on leaving school ! May you leave firm, bright footprints on the sand of your time there ! Nothing will make them so much so as speaking and shining for Jesus.

I am off to my district, so good-bye—the Lord watch over you.—Your very loving

MOTHER.

WINTERDYNE.

It was pleasant to get your and Alfred’s notes on the first morning of our return home, and it is very pleasant to congratulate you on being number one in your class. I hope you will not only retain the place, but do honour to it. Ask for grace to work thoroughly and steadily. Your Report says, ‘ Means well, but is rather noisy at times.’ Watch against this, remembering ‘ Manners maketh man ;’ and higher still, ‘ Be perfect, quit you like men, be strong’—‘ strong in the grace of Christ Jesus.’ I do pray that you may be directed,—let your heart’s prayer be, ‘ Not my way, but Thine ;’ if you do but sincerely wish for His guidance, He will make

your way plain in due time, whether to be a doctor or otherwise. Let it be your ambition (in whatever line) to be 'a man of God, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.'

Should I not be proud to see you like either of the good clergymen who dined with us lately! One of them told us such interesting stories of his work. One gentleman told him he had been reading and teaching French Infidelity for twenty years. 'Oh, my friend, I am not come to talk of that; I am come to talk of Christ.' Answer: 'Well, I think you have the best of it; you look very happy, and that's more that I am—I'm wretched; and you, if your religion is true, have happiness before you for the future, but I have none.'

I hope your papa will tell you the rest of the story, and others when you come home.—Your ever loving

MOTHER.

Thanks for Mr. G.'s paper; there is much that is very nice in it. But what do you understand by 'Regeneration'? Article 27th calls it 'the new birth;' and Tit. iii. 5 says, *God saves* us by 'the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost,' which is the new birth of the Spirit—the being born again as in John iii., of which the laver in baptism is merely a sacramental sign. It not only washes the heart from the love and pollution of past sin, but makes way for the renewal of the soul to the Divine Image by the power of the Holy Ghost. So Bible regeneration means much more than ecclesiastical regeneration, or being admitted into the outward Church.

After the 'N.B.' in your paper, you write '*Baptism* is a sign of what once took place,'—should you not say *Confirmation* is a sign, etc.? To No. II. 'desiring them,' I would add *earnestly seeking* them, *i.e.* regeneration, repentance, faith, pardon, etc., *so* that it may indeed be an effectual means of grace to you; let it be a time of very earnest prayer for these blessings. Perhaps God *has* begun before this to give them to you, but still pray to be renewed day by day—deeper repentance, clearer, stronger faith.

You say, dear —, 'self is in the way,'—self is every sinner's enemy; 'not submitting' to Christ, we like to please ourselves, and have our own way. But oh! I hope it is the struggling of the new nature within that makes you feel that self hinders you from being or doing what you know would please God. What is to be done? You know you cannot be happy if you follow self against conscience; it is wretched to be ever struggling, kicking against pricks, serving God a little, and self and Satan much. Only one thing can be done,—lay down yourself at the feet of Jesus, and ask Him, your Saviour, to be your Captain, to take possession of you, to rule and reign in you, making His will your will. To put His yoke upon you, so that you may be helped and drawn on by Him, and so made willing to please Him. Make yourself over from the one master to the other—to the One who loves you so, and blesses even you. It will be sweet to please Him who died for you, and He will delight in your making use of Him; talk to Him, tell Him when your will rises up, and ask

Him to bring it down, and to make you willing to know and do His will. In coming thus to Him at all times, and for all things, you will find such rest. 'We which have believed do enter into *rest*.' Believe in His love and power and willingness to *help*, as well as to save. Lay down your arms, your will, yourself at once, and say, 'Yea, let *Him* take all!'

I am sorry any boys should wish 'to get it over;' for what they in confirmation take upon themselves will never be over till life is done. A soldier's life is only begun when enlisting 'is over.' Pleasure and privileges only commence when a deed of adoption into a royal and happy family is signed.

I must go back to *your* 'No. III,' 'at the cost of some self-denial.' Only lay down self at Jesus' feet, and all 'the cost' will be easy, for He will give the strength and help required. 'He *gives power* to them that believe in His name, to become, and then to live, as the sons of God.' . . .—Your loving

MOTHER.

I was hearing this morning of what I need, and I thought of you, my dear boys, and that you need it too—the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire—Matt. iii. 11, Mr. Everard's text. He said we may have much natural fire of talent, eloquence, enthusiasm, etc., but yet we need the fire which only Christ Jesus can give. Have you—consider solemnly—a spark of this Divine fire? here is a promise of it for you to claim. Think of the properties of fire. Its *power*—it is one of the most

destructive elements,—at a conflagration, how it overpowers all before it! Is not this what we need—a Divine kindling *power* in our religion,—a power to carry all before it? Some have a spark of religion, but scarcely worth calling a fire; we need it divinely increased, so as *to spread* and give heat and light to others—(this is the religion I long for you to have). We want the fire of *zeal* and of *devotion* in our worship; we want the fire of *love*, which prompts *to work* for Him who died for us. Then he said very solemnly, ‘You *must have fire* from the Lord Jesus some time—this baptism of fire for a happy life now, *or* fire unquenchable at last. Will you ask this gift now? or, by despising, neglecting it, continue dry, useless chaff, and so bring upon yourself justly this unquenchable fire!’

If, then, this baptism of fire is what we need, do, my dear boys, *let us seek it*, plead, claim this promise for ourselves. He said, too, in beginning, that as fire consumes, so we should see that our religion overcomes our sins; if it does not consume, conquer our evil propensities, it is not worth calling religion. Ask yourselves solemnly, have you one spark of this fire in your soul? if you have, stir it up by talking with others; heap on fuel, the fuel of God’s Word. You see this is a Divine principle, not one we can raise in ourselves—it is the work, the gift of Jesus; it is to be had for asking, and we are responsible for not asking. Oh, then, do seek it, and may He kindle in you the flame of never dying love!

5th December.

I am often thinking of you, my Willie, and hoping you are better.

I am afraid it is a dreary time for you while you are so lonely up-stairs, and I fancy you were much disappointed at not coming home at once. Your papa and I had talked about it, but Mr. Gould seemed quite to settle the matter; so cheer up and make the best of it—fight it out, and ‘be a hero in the strife!’ There is good to be got from it if you do but seek it. Let it be a time for heart-work—for looking to your ways and your wants—for seeking the gift of the Holy Spirit, His Light and *power*,—is it not this that your soul needs? power to live on Christ and for Christ.

And is it not a time to ask, what have I done here for my Saviour? have I lived for Him, and walked in His steps, so as to help others by my example,—can any one here say, ‘*you* brought me to Jesus’? Try again, my son, and let your last days at Repton be your best days.

I hope, too, you *study* something, even though you cannot go into school—all study tells some time. You did not say if you wished any more reading books to be sent. . . .—Ever your loving
MOTHER.

For Good Friday.

I am thinking of you, my boys, and hoping that to-morrow may be a ‘good’ day to you,—good in looking at the Lord Jesus as the Lamb of God,

bearing away your sin—standing in your place as condemned for sin, and forsaken of God, that you might go free, justified and accounted righteous in Him and for His sake (look at Article XI.). And what then? Why, let your heart sing with joy and thankfulness for what He has done for you. And look for passages that speak of it, such as Isa. liii., and in Rom. iii., Gal. ii., Eph. ii., and 2 Cor. v. And may the Holy Spirit help you to realize and feed on these great things. . . .

To W. and A.

I am pleased, and so is your papa, that you should both go out botanizing, and I hope you will both try to press, place, and keep your specimens in very neat order, for it is time you learned more of that. If you will but take pains in such things now, you will find, as doctors, that habits of neatness, exactness, nicety, and elegance all tell. It will be well to return from such walks in time to arrange the flowers at once for pressing, for that is another important habit for a doctor, to do a thing at once—procrastinate nothing! ‘Procrastination is the thief of time,’ says Young; and you would soon find it the thief of money too in your practice.

Thanks for your last note, dear Alfred; remember to pray for the temper of any one who is trying to you, as well as about your own.—Ever your loving

MOTHER.

December 1876. — Beginning life's labours and cares 'in the world, yet not of the world,' what need I? Surely wisdom from above to lead me in right paths, to show me what I should do.

' Being in doubt, I say,
Lord, make it plain
Which is the safe, true way,
Which would be vain.

' I am not wise to know,
Nor sure of foot to go ;
My blind eyes cannot see
What is so dear to Thee :
Lord, make it clear to me ;
Lord, make it plain !'

I copied these simple lines yesterday for you, dear Willie, because they made me think of you, and hope that you pray in this sort of way to be guided aright. Do not think that things are not going right, or that prayer is not heard, because they are not going as you wish. We do not always wish what is best, or what would be best. What a comfort to have a *fore-seeing* God—' He knoweth the end from the beginning ;' we see only the present, and therefore cannot judge of the future. He loves us, too, more wisely than we love ourselves ; so, dear Willie, commit your way, your life, trustingly to Him who doeth all things well.

And if it does seem very disagreeable, tell it all to Him ; for He can bring sweetness out of bitter things, darkness out of light, and even turn a curse into a blessing,—believest thou this ?' ' According to your faith, it shall be done.' Surely He can

smooth or remove, or sweeten, or strengthen in your case, according to your day. Oh yes, 'He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.' Only try.—With anxious love, and hoping you are better, your affectionate

MOTHER.

To W. and A.

The thought in my mind just now is that our work, our daily life, depends upon what God is to us, what we realize of His presence and attributes; as some one says, 'The believer should remember that Christ is his life, and that Christianity is nothing less than the living exhibition of Christ in his daily walk.' Let this be your grand aim, dear Willie, to live in and on Christ, so as not to hinder His dwelling in you; to *let* Him be your life, waiting, 'gasping' (as a margin of one of the Psalms puts it) for Him.

Thursday.—Apropos to this is 1 Pet. ii. 4, 'To whom *coming*,' as Leonard Bickerstaff read it in the Lesson last night, it shows out to me as a life-long coming, and *as* we come, so shall we be built up in Him. Yes, said Mr. Everard, when I remarked this to him, 'Christian life is a continual coming to Christ.'

He gave us a capital sermon on Isa. liii. 6—a general confession to be made by all, for all are on the same platform, but each needs to make it *personal* like David: '*I* have gone astray.' Going astray is forsaking God and His ways of peace,

holiness, and life. *Each* 'his own way,' whether of ungodliness, scepticism, vice, or self-righteousness, etc., but all are included in the one great 'broad way.' Then he told a story of a lady and her *own* self-righteous religion, continuing, 'Look from man's erring to what God has done—not leaving man to destruction, but making known Jehovah's means of recall. Man being powerless to procure his own cure, Jehovah's loving will and work does it all. He provided a Substitute—He bore all the loads, burdens, mountains of sin. The Shepherd became the lamb (1 Pet. ii.). He bore sin by *imputation*; the benefit becomes ours by believing.' Then he spoke of the many ways by which God leads us back,—of a gay military officer in India, who in tiger-hunting strayed in the jungle towards evening from his companions, lost his way, and then, his ammunition spent, he thought it might be his last night on earth. Horror-stricken, he resolved to climb a tree, but first would pray—a prayer, early taught by his mother, came to his mind; and when he came to the words, 'Forgive my sins,' he could go no further—his sins rose up before him. That night in the jungle was the turning-point in his life—he was '*found* in the waste, howling wilderness'! . . .—Your affectionate

MOTHER.

WINTERDYNE, 1875.

I should have liked last night to have telegraphed to you, 'Be instant in prayer,' that the teaching you hear may be blessed to you. Try to take it

all as addressed to you, and may the Holy Spirit bring home blessed lessons to your heart. It is so nice to go over one's Confirmation day again, and to be stirred up to renew your resolutions or desires to give full allegiance to your God. I trust you have more loving desires to do so now than on your own Confirmation day, and He is now meeting you (Isa. lxiv.), and giving you precious opportunities of learning of Him. May He Himself draw near, and draw your heart to Him as the one object of your life here and 'up there.'

To W. and A.

February 1876.

I have only time to say a little about *doctrine*, and our mission. I wish you were here, all Mr. Peplow's words are so beautiful and profitable—all we could wish for ourselves and others. This day's sermon was from 1 Chron. xii. 38, about 'men of war, who could keep rank, *making* David king.' David waited at Hebron till 'a great host' from each tribe came to make him king. So Christ is waiting for sinners to be gathered out, to own Him and make Him their King. God has given Him right and authority for His kingdom; He *must* reign,—but how few yet have gathered to make Him King! Some for whom He shed His Blood are saying, 'We will not have this man to reign over us'—shame, shame! but you do not say that—but that He is, or ought

to be, King. But this verse shows what you ought *to do*; you ought to 'make Him King,' and give Him the kingdom—acknowledge, confess, proclaim Him, without fear or shame. Who are they that should do this? Men, 'expert in war that can keep rank'—not babes,—you must feed and you must fight; you must grow up in all things into Christ, and 'quit you like men,' and you must be whole-hearted, perfect, with a single eye towards Him. (Look out texts for these.)

O my boys, this is what I long for you to be—'true-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal' to Christ as your King. Don't fear to come forward; confessing Him before others would so strengthen you. And then, too, don't fear that confessing Him will hinder your pleasure, or your prospects in life; rather, it will *ensure* both. If people did but know half the blessedness and joy of making Christ their King, and submitting entirely to Him, they would never be so mad as to neglect or refuse doing it. If one offered to a debtor estates and money, and he carelessly refused, men would shrug their shoulders and say, 'The poor man is mad!' Oh, be wise! and then you will find what your King can give you—what abundant provision and feasting! and 'there is *joy* in Israel' when He is made King.

A fine congregation last night, not many this P.M. Mr. Peploe spoke to our two classes in the dining-room, Sunday A.M., on John i. 12. Christ must be *received*, not merely listened to, etc., but actually and actively received. Take up the gift and use it, receive Him as your righteousness,

wisdom, your all, and He will cover you with His righteousness before God. Only open your heart to Him, and He will do all for you—will give you ‘power’ to become and remain His sons—power to keep you from sin. Oh, accept Him!—With so much love from

MOTHER.

To W. and A.

1878.

I have not written to you, my boys, for a week or more, and it seems so long. To me it has been a very solemn week, waking up old memories of loved ones gone before, and especially of my *own* dear mother, and thinking which of us may next fall under the scythe of death. It is well sometimes to try to look straight into eternity, so as to get its solemn light to bear upon our everyday life, that we may live as seeing that which is invisible. And oh, thank God that *ours* is not a dark eternity, no ‘blackness of darkness’ for us, for He has brought us ‘out of darkness into His marvellous light.’ ‘The Lord is my light and my salvation;’ ‘though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me;’ ‘I will walk in the light of the Lord.’

I have been feeling very much for your aunts M. and F.; it has been such a trying, wearing time for them; and now our father’s last home will be given up, so there is much to remind them of his

loss also. I hoped both of them would have come here for a few days' rest, but only aunt Maria is coming this afternoon. . . .

WINTERDYNE, *May 11th.*

I wish you many happy returns of the 12th, my Alfred; and what does 'God the Highest, Mightiest' wish you! look through 'His Word and see,—it all seems to me to show that His heart yearns for His children's good. 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us' when He says, 'Oh that there were such a heart in them . . . that it might be well with them!' and when He says, 'This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;' and 'with Him how shall He not freely give us *all things?*' Look at all the promises and blessedness God 'outpoureth for His own,'—so may His birthday message to you be, 'Look unto Me,' and see what a God I can be to you! what blessings untold to earthly ears and eyes I can give you, if you only open your heart to receive them. Mr. Peplow said, 'We often keep the bolts on the back side of our hearts fastened, so that we do not let in God's grace and blessings.' Now see that you keep them unfastened, and be seeking to receive them, and 'see what "great things" He can do for you, if you walk in His ways.'

Try to get a little time *alone* to-day, dear A., that you may think of and pray for these things.—
Your praying
MOTHER.

Short Extracts.

. . . I am often praying you may be strengthened in mind and memory, not only for this examination, but that you may progress in all your studies.

. . . And I suppose you will be watching all the incomers, and taking stock of their appearance and their promise for acquaintanceship. Take your time about that, and may God give you opportunity of forming Christian friendship, such as may be of life-long value. It is well that you are reading Proverbs, now that you particularly need a Pilot for your new course, and it sets up many a warning beacon of dangers you may not yet have encountered, 'to which you do well to take heed.' Do you notice what a book of contrasts the Proverbs is? And how thankful it should make you that the Holy Spirit has led you to cast in your lot with the wise, the just, and righteous, whose wisdom, wealth, and blessings are so great and so sure. I hope you marked in to-day's chapter x., 'Whoso walketh wisely, walketh surely.' . . .

. . . The year is just passing away. Oh what mercies and blessings it brought! What faithfulness, long-suffering forbearance have we experienced in it from our loving Father! May we be more faithful and more loving to Him in the future.

I hope Mr. Townsend's address was worth going

for,—a contrast probably to your college sermons on ‘organic generation,’ etc., of which Alfred told me ; what texts could have been used? You would rather preach on Bible *re*-generation, would you not? and I hope you will some day. How pleasant to be already preparing for such preaching and teaching!—‘laying up in store for yourself a good foundation’ of knowledge,—you little know how and when you may be permitted to use it in future ; and whatever God gives us opportunity to learn, He may find also opportunity for us to use for Him. Oh seek to know and to be whatever will fit you for a calling so high, so Christ-like ; to know more of Him, your Light, your Life, your Love. And then this will make you seek to *be* like Him, and ‘a vessel meet for the Master’s use, prepared unto every good work.’

To W. and A.

RYDE, *May* 1880.

. . . I have been thinking of you both many times to-day, and that I should write to you from some pleasant glade below Carrisbrook Castle. . . . It was a pleasant walk up to the castle. It is the most extensive castle (English) that we have seen in good preservation. The views from the walls and keep are pleasant,—the towers of Osborne are visible, the hills above Ventnor, and the sea.

I thought of Charles I. pacing there in confinement—how different from our light-hearted freedom! We saw the room where his daughter

Elizabeth died from grief at her father's death by execution. The Queen has put up a fine monument to the Princess, representing her when dying, leaning over her father's Bible, open at Matt. xi. 28. . . . As I sat on the lawn inside the castle, I thought of Ps. cxliv. 2, P.B.V., 'My hope, my fortress, my *castle*,' and of how much the figure implies—of pleasure, beauty, luxury, and comfort, besides defence, security, and strength,—that may well make us say, 'Blessed be the Lord my strength.' The more we think of what we possess in Him, the more we wish to *abide* in Him, and go no more out, but only to explore and enjoy Him,—'for how great is His goodness and how great is His beauty'—unsearchable, unspeakable! Oh that your hearts may be occupied with Him, longing after Him, even in the midst of work, etc. May nothing divert your hearts from Him!

. . . I hope your Temperance Meeting went off well, etc. etc.

Short Extracts.

. . . I think you must feel quite relieved at having told us your wish. I was hoping and praying for it, but *could not* believe it, till you told me yourself. So now I am glad and thankful, and know how to pray afresh for you. Before I was up this morning I was thinking you are both God's workmanship and His workman. We may try to trace some of His ways and means of working this wish in you, and we may also trust that He will make you to be a workman that needeth not to

be ashamed. And I think this morning's chapter must have inspirited you too, Isa. lxi. Only think of receiving the Spirit as Christ received it, in His sevenfold energy. It was upon Him, so it will be upon you, for you are His, and all that He has is yours. Oh let your expectation be from Him, your whole dependence upon Him, both for present and future work, for it will be effectual only as you receive out of His fulness.

. . . I am so happy about you. 'From this day will I bless you,' rings in my mind over you both. How interested you must be in Jer. i. Moses, Samuel, Elijah, and Jeremiah could sympathize with you in fears and sense of unworthiness; but the Omnipotent voice, 'I am with thee, I have put my words in thy mouth,' that will be enough for you as for them.

I awoke one night lately, from dreaming about you, my Willie, that we had some friends at table, and that you in talking used the expression, 'glorious men!' and that I caught it up saying, 'Glorious men!' I fear there are few enough of them, but at any rate, Willie, be true to your own expression, and seek to be a 'glorious man!' And then I lay awake for some time thinking of you, and that the best recipe for 'a glorious man' is that of our Great Exemplar,—'I seek *not mine own* glory, but the glory of Him that sent Me.' I do think that in proportion as one seeks humbly and heartily for His glory, so He reflects it back on His creature.

RYDE, 11th May 1880.

Is it really twenty-one years since that cold, rough day when a little delicate babe appeared whom we afterwards named Alfred? For weeks he looked as if a breeze might waft him away, but prayer was offered and answered, and so he has now reached 'man's estate.' And so, my Alfred, I pray you may also spiritually 'grow up unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.' That is my heart's wish for you, so that 'the name of the Lord Jesus may be glorified in you, and you in Him.' No stunted, sin-checked growth, but all in and by and for Him,—growth quickened and hastened by letting in the bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness.

This is a bright sunny morning, and I wish you could be here for a day's holiday!—With fond and prayerful love, your affectionate MOTHER.

'Grow up *into Him* in *all* things.'

DEAREST ALFRED,—To-morrow is 'a day to be much remembered' in connection with you, and I hope to bear you on my heart before the Lord for new supplies for your new year,—new mercy, grace, and strength, that you may 'in all things grow up into Christ.'

Did you notice in to-day's chapter, Lev. i., how much of spiritual principle is marked out for us in the voluntariness of the *offerings*?—and this is shown in a threefold willingness: for *gifts*, Exod. xxxv. 21, and for work, Exod. xxxv. 29; and,

‘the offering of a free heart will *I* make, and praise Thy Name.’ May you do so to-day. Then, all was to be done ‘before the Lord,’ and all was to be a ‘sweet savour to *Him*.’ ‘The *perfect satisfaction* with which a Holy God regards the *perfect work* of His Beloved Son, is the ground of a believing sinner’s *perfect peace*.’ Just what we need to keep in view in all our doings.

20th June 1881.

‘*We be not able to go up.*’

I was struck with these words yesterday, my Alfred, and thought how easily we can see Israel’s folly and faithlessness in stopping short of adding, ‘but God is able.’ A parable for you,—you may shrink and see plenty of ‘lions in the way,’ but put your cause and your difficulties in His hand, saying, ‘Undertake for me,’ ‘I am Thine, help me to glorify Thee,’ and your cause becomes His—‘the battle is not yours but God’s.’ So take heart and look up! . . . I have invited my class for a Temperance talk on Wednesday evening, for we had two sad warnings last week of the evils of drink,—one man hung himself, and another attempted to cut his own throat, but survives. . . . You have my anxious love and wishes,—but, don’t misunderstand, though I do frequently think and feel for you as to the coming examination, I am light-hearted about it, believing that prayer will be answered and faith rewarded.

1882.

Meanwhile, may He keep you leaning upon Him, learning of Him, and so made willing to be, to do, or to suffer as He sees best. Did you notice in this morning's Psalm, 'The Lord *trieth* the righteous,' and the after reason, 'the Lord loveth righteousness,' loves to see the fruits of righteousness in those who are accounted righteous in His dear Son? So I take it that He, loving you, is thus preparing you to shine in His righteousness the more when He renews (as I trust) your strength like the eagle's. Give auntie that text for me; I shall pray it for you both.

WINTERDYNE, 3rd January 1883.

DEAREST ALFRED,—I must send a line to greet you on the day for entering on your ministerial work. The text on my mind for you is, 'I will go in the strength of the Lord, I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even Thine only.' That strength and righteousness are yours—you have tried them, and they will never fail you. In that strength may you preach that righteousness and the Lord of it.

A thought on my mind just now is, The *greatness* of the King is the honour of his ambassador. So may you learn more and more of your King, whose greatness is unsearchable, so that you may glory in Him. I am longing to hear of you already. . . .

I was thinking much of you yesterday, and hoping you found some cheering service. The morning Psalm, xciii., showed Him the LORD reigning, while the Communion service showed Him as the pierced, thorn-crowned King, asking us to remember Him as such; and I comforted myself in thinking of Him as risen and reigning again, to reign *in* and for you, to subdue all that might oppose itself to you, and *make* all work for your good.

Did you ever put these together?—Job xxxvi. 5-7, Neh. ix. 32, Ps. xxiv. 8, Eph. iii. 16, with Amos v. 12, which shows what there is in us that needs God's might, and makes Isa. lx. 16, lxiii. 1, and Ps. lxxxix. 19, to be good news. Over and above that, say Jer. xxxiii. 3, *e.g.* 'J. K.,' Ps. xvii. 7.

Prescription in mighty storm, Ps. xciii. 4, cvii. 25-30.

Or when in need of great strength, Jud. xiv. 6, Deut. vii. 21; or in other difficulties, Jer. xxxii. 19, Rev. iii. 18. Christian's daily comfort, Eph. i. 19, Col. i. 11.

Contrast all this, and 'A Hand Almighty to defend, an ear for every call,' etc., with dread of 2 Thess. i. 7, 8, Luke xii. 5.

WINTERDYNE, BEWDLEY, 15th June 1883.

DEAREST ALFRED,—The week is going by and I have not yet written to you, though thinking of it day by day.

I was praying last night for rain for our scorched fields and garden, and looming clouds have so often passed over us without rain ; and then I thought of 'showers of blessing,' and prayed for one to come on and around *you*. And some rain did come early, and now again it has been falling steadily for two hours. And so, too, may the Holy Spirit descend on you, fertilizing and refreshing you within and for your work.

I hope you will enjoy your Mildmay visit. By all means call, if you can, at Home Lodge, and I suppose you will see Rev. Joe Rogers too. I hope he has been able to find a house. Mrs. Fuchs, who has been here for two days to give us a drawing-room address, was with her husband, C. M. S. missionary at Benares for many years, and knew Mr. Storrs, and 'Ellen Goreh's' parents ; her mother was such a sweet woman and used to speak so nicely to the natives. We had a good room full for Mrs. F., and she was very interesting, only her German accent was difficult to understand. One small fact showed the utter ignorance of a heathen man, who said to her, 'You no' need to talk so much about sinners and salvation ; if a man live sinful life and say wicked words, he has only to look at Ram (idol) and say, Ram, Ram, and all his sin is gone.' It brings one back to one of your papa's strong points, the need of right knowledge of God and of sin.

1884.

I must write at this solemn, important time of your ordination, when our thoughts and prayers centre so much on you. Text after text suggests prayers, or raises thought of the high and holy calling to which our God has graciously brought you. 'I have made thee a *watchman*'—'the priest's lips should keep knowledge, for he is the *messenger* of Jehovah.' 'Ye are My *witnesses*.' 'Now then we are ambassadors'—'Fellow-labourers with GOD.' No higher calling could we wish for you! And we know that He who calls you to the work of the ministry provides you the materials and the means for doing it, and will fit and teach you, and be Himself your helper and guide in it. 'Fear not,' He says, 'for I am with thee; be not dismayed, *for* I am *thy God*; I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.'

And so we may expect (though you may be trembling at your own weakness and unworthiness, and the difficulties that may meet you) that *He* will make you a wise and able minister of Jesus Christ, giving you messages of His grace, and even 'fitting them to your lips.' Then may we not say 'Bless ye the Lord, ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.' Delight yourself in Him, and let His glory be seen upon you.

May the Holy Spirit indeed descend on you (and on the other candidates) to-morrow in His sevenfold energy!—Your loving mother,

ELLEN SHAW.

11th May 1885.

Fondest birthday wishes for you, my Alfie, on the morrow.

This afternoon's subject leads me to give thanks that 'the God of peace, the everlasting God,' has called you to 'the obedience of faith,' and 'is of power to stablish you according to the Gospel' which He has given you to preach.

And glancing down a 'railway' to to-morrow's passage, I shall from that be wishing you to be '*enriched* by Him in all utterance and knowledge, *sanctified* and *confirmed*, that you may be *blameless* now and in the day of the Lord Jesus.' How much is comprised in these things! God grant that you may realize them largely.

Sorry I have no birthday present to send, only a few flowers; the greenhouse is well filled, and so gay. Do come quick and see it. The tennis-ground is being mown to-day, and I long to see you on it. Shall be so glad to get you home together.—Your loving, longing MOTHER.

DEAREST WILLIE,—I was sorry afterwards that my last was so hurried—that I had made no reference to your recommencement of your work after the sudden and unexpected gap that was made in it. Surely it must lead you to live and work more as by the light of eternity,—to live in and by Christ, so that when called to Him, whether by sudden or tedious causes, you may say, 'When I wake up I am *still* with Thee,'—to work as if each day might be the last.

I have just read this: 'It is a wholesome process to be taken down occasionally. The grass on every lawn requires to be taken down by a mower; the lawn never looks so well as when the keen-edged cutter has gone over it. Some Christians in my charge have never appeared so attractive in humility and heavenly-mindedness as when God's mowing machine has gone over them.' May it be so with you, my Willie!

I feel it was indeed a great mercy that that accident did not mow you down to rise up no more; but that you are yet permitted to be among the 'fellow-labourers' with God.

1885.

DEAREST ALFRED,—The text on my mind to-day, in spite of the sorrowful funeral, is, 'The living shall *praise* Thee'—praise for life out of death, praise to eternity, etc.,—and this came after reading yesterday in *your* gift, *Abide in Christ*, about fulness of joy, and its influence on others. 'There is nothing so *attractive* as joy, no preaching so attractive as the sight of hearts made glad; it is a mighty element in Christian character,—and for our own welfare joy is indispensable—the joy of the Lord is our strength. With a heart full of joy, no work can weary and no burden depress.'

So I am praying for you to-day that *His* joy may be in you—He Himself be your strength and song, so that the joy of your Lord may shine out in your face, *telling* 'what a dear Saviour I have found,' and make way for the glad tidings of peace. Your cares will be lightened by your vicar's return.

11th May 1886.

Much bright blessedness to you on your birthday, my Alfie, and many blessed birthdays to succeed this one, and in all of them may you still be 'increasing in the knowledge of God,' so that you may know more of the depth of the ancient promise, 'I will be to you a God.'

I was pondering after dinner upon Rom. xiv. 9, 'To this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, *that* He might be Lord both of the dead and living.' Not *for* His own glory, or even for His Father's joy, but to be Lord to us nothings,—as if, knowing our nothingness, He would give us value, importance, and place, by putting Himself the All-infinite unit before us, that we may be headed up in Him. More and more does His sovereign condescension grow upon me.

Letters to —

God's blessing rest on your birthday! Begin the day with real, earnest prayer, that as God continues your bodily health, so your soul's life and health may increase. Pray now that you may be more like Jesus—may His Holy Spirit make you so—more like Him in a (1) loving spirit, (2) in cheerful obedience, (3) in self-denying kindness. Remember the Lord Jesus said, 'I have left you an example;'

so try every day to see how you can follow it in all things. Pray that the Holy Spirit may help you to look at Him so as to see how loving, holy, and lovely He was in all things, and that you may be made like Him in thought and word and deed. If you were like Him you would be a sunbeam to all. Amen!

How I think of you 'little travellers' setting out on another term of school-life. I trust all seems seen in a new light—light from above, your faces being set Zionwards. Oh, mind and keep in the light, 'walk in the light,'—ever be turning towards it, as often as anything clouds it from you! Above all, when you rise in the morning, look at the Sun of Righteousness—ask Him to shine into your *hearts* with the light of His love—ask Him to shine upon your ways and guide you in everything.

Much birthday blessing and happiness to you! I want you to enjoy the day and its blessings without looking onward vaguely to indefinite 'many happy birthdays.' If 'happy only in His love,' you can rise above outer surroundings, and can ask and expect your spiritual life to be invigorated, brightened. But are you 'happy in that love?' not as you wish to be? What hinders?—nothing, I should think, but the want of looking at, meditating on it, and letting your heart go out, gush forth without restraint in love to Him;—let your heart sing and make melody upon 'He loved me,' and I am 'accepted in the Beloved.' 'Yes, in spite of

my not loving Him, He helped me to come (even if but limping and wavering), and He has not cast me out—no, He accepts me, loves me, blesses me with all spiritual blessings.’ Cannot you talk and ‘reason’ thus with Him, and try to count over some of His blessings?—such reasoning, communing with Him, will revive you, and help you on, for He will meet with you (Isa. lxiv. 5), and will revive you (Hos. xiv. 7).

Give up yourself to the Lord Jesus, and let Him shine into your heart. Don’t you want to be His entirely? Was not that your Confirmation wish? ‘In Thee and all for Thee.’ You trust Him for putting away your sin—*enjoy* that blessedness, and renew it as often as you have a transgression or an omission to bring to Him. But besides that, open your heart to Him, in everything look up to Him and ask Him to do it for you, or in you.

WEYMOUTH, *October 1873.*

The coming Sunday makes me think specially of you. Perhaps you feel almost as *unable* as ‘unworthy to gather up any crumbs under His table;’ but ask Him to feed you by bringing to your remembrance the dear Saviour, and what He is, and what He has done for *you*. Think of it not only as a time for feeling your own sins, but for *rejoicing* in the great, complete, God-accepted sacrifice which Christ made for them. I think it will help you much to try to *praise* Him for it, for praise is wing-like, lifting our hearts upwards.

WINTERDYNE, 31st October 1874.

Another sacrament Sunday is coming to remind you, my child, of 'the salvation you have obtained in Christ Jesus with eternal glory,'—try to realize that you *have* obtained it—though perhaps you say with trembling,

'Is it for me, dear Saviour,
Thy glory and Thy rest?'

Yes, it is for you—not your getting, but His *gift*. Well, then, may you '*remember*' Him who bought it for you with His own blood.

WINTERDYNE, 30th January 1874.

I am thinking of you, and wishing I could help you 'sit down with great delight' at our Master's Table on Sunday—yet, though I speak of Him, I feel it is the Holy Spirit's office to draw our souls there, and to give us spiritual appetite, and so to present the Lord Jesus to our remembrance, that we may *feast* upon it. Ask Him then to do this for you now. 'He made Him to be sin for us.' Try to '*remember*' all this, and rejoice that you are thus made free from sin's condemnation.

'Payment God cannot twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.'

I am wishing you both well through your 'exams. ;' but I want you to have better comfort

under your burdens than merely the world's philosophy, 'they will come to an end some time.' I want you so determinately to seek help from above, that you may consciously find it, and say, 'I am helped,' for 'the Lord is my helper.' The commonest abilities are His gift, and He can help each (knowing our frame), according to their need. Remember, 'they looked unto Him, and *were lightened.*' He *can do* what a loving, willing mother cannot—or she would.

I want you to share the pleasure of speaking for Jesus. Ask Jesus to help you; live on Him moment by moment, so that you may speak of and for Him when the right moment comes. Ask Him for the right words—ask Him for courage; but oh! let Him reign and rule in you, that they may 'take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus,' and learned His mind and ways. . . . I long for all my children to *be* blessings.

26th June 1875.

I have never written to you all this week! Not that you were forgotten,—you were neither uncared nor unprayed for; and oh, it is a comfort to know that He who 'pleads the causes of our souls' will not fail you. I often think Jesus knows just what your little wants are for to-day, and loves to supply them. I hope you ask and expect and watch for His supplies. . . . The grass is to be mown on Wednesday. HIS 'heart was withered like grass.' . . .

We read at prayers this morning Isa. lix. and lxiii., as showing what *sinner*s Christ died for, that we could get no salvation for ourselves, and that He *alone* brought salvation and righteousness to us. What views for our faith to take of Him, as the Lamb of God, bowing His head to receive and bear the sin of the world—the Great High Priest, with our names upon His breast, offering up His one sacrifice for sins for ever; and again, as our Good Shepherd, fighting the foe for us, that He might make us more than conquerors!

So, dear, we are, or have been, 'in the same box!'—you with your knee, I with a cold in my throat. I am so sorry about your knee—nothing like entire quiet for it. But it is hindering your work! Nevertheless, get some good out of it. Look *within*, as I am trying to do. Look at your heart machinery and say, 'Search me, O God, and show me if there be any evil way in me.' Why do I not make more progress? Why am I not more like Jesus? Look thoroughly to see what clogs your wheels, and cast it thoroughly away—and mind you get fresh oil—the right sort to shine. And take special time for your Bible, so that its light may shine into your soul. Did you pray over this morning's lesson? Dan. vi. I noticed how thorough-going was Daniel's religion, for it was 'before His God,'—not altered to suit the word of men, even of a king. Oh, try to realize when on your knees that you are 'before your God.' Aim, too, at Daniel's faultlessness. Both Peter (2 Pet. iii. 14) and Paul (Phil. ii. 15 and

i. 10) wished their disciples to be so. Mark these in your Bible with Dan. vi. 4.

13th July 1876.

I had a very pleasant holiday yesterday. We drove to the Leasowes—feasted on the pictures, some by old masters. . . . And the grounds are so pretty and interesting ; such trees ! and a pretty streamlet falling in little cascades, etc., not quite your Swiss waterfalls, but still I enjoyed it all extremely—nevertheless feeling all the while that it would not *satisfy* me without the real, the lasting, the living Friend within ! ‘ All this, and Christ beside ! ’ or, should not our hearts say, ‘ *All Christ, and this beside !* ’ Oh, is it not delightful to enjoy Him deep down in one’s heart ?

‘ Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end. ’

Don’t you often say too—

‘ Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love these sights so fair,
Grant me the grace to find out Thee,
And *read* Thee everywhere. ’

August 1880.

I am sorry . . . for your disappointment ; ‘ Man proposes, ’ etc. Take it as a bit of life-discipline, one of the ways or paths of your Father’s own appointment, remembering ‘ all the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth to such as keep His covenant. ’ ‘ Walk before Him ’ in it, *i.e.* as in His presence, and He will make His face to shine upon you, and give you peace. Now you can say, ‘ Thy way, O Lord, not mine. ’

19th February 1881.

. . . I have had a happy birthday, with many a quiet little pleasure in addition to the deeper sense of the long-suffering and unwearied loving-kindness that have accompanied me *all* these years, and brighten the present; and my very 'trivial tasks,' too, have been bright with His love. Little Edward said that I had 'a very happy birthday in helping him with his ark'! He had made me a marker and an ivy wreath.

BUXTON, 25th July 1881.

As to your future course, I can only say, 'Wait on the Lord' for guidance; 'as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto her mistress,' so let your eyes be unto the Lord, until He gives some signal for action. And so in your daily chapter (John x.) for to-day, if you think you have heard His voice calling you to go forth—that is all you know as yet—then keep close to Him, listening, following in His steps, learning of Him, so that you may be ready for whatever He may call you to. Depend on the word, 'the way of the righteous is made plain' (Prov. xv. 19). This leads me to conclude that you should not *go before* God in making inquiries, but 'wait' for His providence to give you further call or direction. *If* He 'has need of' you, can He not send a disciple to you when His time has come?

WINTERDYNE, *December 1884.*

Best birthday blessings to you, my dear lonely child. I don't like to think of you in the lone distance, only it is, I believe and expect, for your good,—and the sun shines everywhere! So may the Sun of Righteousness arise and shine on you with healing in His beams—healing for body and soul. And may He shine into your heart, and give you more and more of the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, so that you may go on your way rejoicing even if in suffering.

Aunt Maria went yesterday to see her 'little Joseph,' and found him so happy—such peace and joy flowing in his heart; he said, 'It's like gold to our dross, like diamonds to our grits! so good of God to give His Son for me!' May such joy, such music flow on in your heart, my child—it is all for *you*.

November 1885.

. . . This will bring your mother's renewed love and fervent wishes for fresh upspringings in you of the living waters, and continued outflowings of God's bounties to and around you. How good has He been to you, and to me, in sparing you and all our unbroken circle! Oh that life in Him may be more real, so that life for Him may be more earnest! 'What a black edge for a birthday note,' I thought as I took this sheet of paper; but it is not really very inappropriate, for 'in the midst of life we are in death,' and there is always much to

mourn for in the departed year. How can *He* bear with me! I often say. But look unto Him, the perfect One, delight in His perfections, and live in His fulness.

23rd December 1885.

I must send you my loving Christmas greetings to-day, lest to-morrow's overburdened post should fail. So may the blessedness of the Great Gift be expanded upon you both, my dear ones, in body and in soul. May some fresh enjoyment of the Angel's message come to you, some new realization of the precious Gift delight you. 'God's Gift of Gifts, all other gifts in one.'

God has showered so many sweet blessings on you all, that there should be the heart's return—still, both the objective and the subjective are of Him, so we may hope that He will work both in you and by you.

WINTERDYNE, December 1885.

Best birthday blessings to you, my child! I hope my basket of somewhat typical things—nourishment and pleasant fruits—are reaching you this afternoon. May the real blessings 'prevent' and overtake you day by day throughout your added year. (Deut. xxviii. 2.)

I will specially ask for the help you wish for Sunday and Wednesday. May His words for those times 'be fitted to your lips,' and they cannot return to Him void!

I have been looking out what the Proverbs say about *friends*—what they should not do, and what

they should do, leading to what our best Friend does for us. May He be very near and dear to you as your Counsellor (now you are so much on your own responsibility), your rich Friend who delights to give out of His fulness.

WINTERDYNE, *December* 1886.

Abundant birthday blessings to you, you dear child, more than I can ask or think! What manifold mercies have been brought you, and it will be 'better farther on;' how comfortable to know that! God grant that you may have more enjoyment of the life He gives, and more power to serve Him. And the spiritual life, that is your chief anxiety, is it not? May that too be invigorated—Christ in you be more realized, living in you to energize and quicken to all well-pleasing. Oh to have one's eye always on Him as our life, living for us, to intercede for and bless us, to rule and reign and work in us, and to be consciously always under His control and guidance!

BIBLE NOTES.

BIBLE NOTES.

TAKEN FROM MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED.

(Prepared chiefly for E. P. S.'s Class of Young Men.)

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MOSES' CHOICE.

EXODUS II.

MOSES saved, nursed, adopted in the king's house—then we might expect he would remain always there, and share its honours, etc., but ver. 15 shows he left the court, and 'went to the land of Midian.' Why? Heb. xi. 24-26 explains. 'Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt: for he had respect to the recompence of the reward.' It was Moses' own doing to leave the court! You would think much of going to the Queen's court, if only as a servant; but Moses gave up real rank and honour.

He refused three things. 1. The rank of a son of the princess. Men like to 'rise in the world,' to

be thought great, but Moses gave it up! 2. Refused 'pleasures'—plenty of them in Egypt; learning, art, '*designing*,' and doing grand things; gaiety—just what most people run after, all were given up! 3. Refused the 'treasures of Egypt,' great wealth there, temples, pyramids, 'the mightiest buildings in the world,' *still* show it; so Moses might have been very rich. How men toil, travel, etc. for money! Some act as if money could cover all sin and failing—as if money were everything—but Moses gave it up!

Was he *obliged* to give it up? No; he *chose*—considered, and made choice. Was it to get something better? Chose 'affliction' and suffering, along with the oppressed, tormented Israelites—to be one of them! Strange! How he would be laughed at, scorned, thought mad! But he was not laughed out of it; he stood to his choice. Nothing like being *sure* we have made a good choice, and then we can keep to it.

What was Moses' reason or principle in choosing? '*Faith*' (Heb. xi. 24) was the mainspring that made him act thus, that made him 'refuse' and 'choose' as he did. Faith in *what*? In God and His word to Abraham (Gen. xii. 3), faith in the promises of blessing—*future* blessing; for faith was as a telescope bringing them to his sight. Heb. xi. 27 tells us *who* he saw—'Him who is invisible.' Moses could not see as much of Him as David and Isaiah did, but he saw that some Blessed One of Abraham's seed *would come to bless*. We can see better still. 'God, having raised up His Son Jesus, sent Him to bless you, in

turning away every one of you from his iniquities' (Acts iii. 26). He hath 'blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ' (Eph. i. 3). So Moses saw it was better to cast in his lot with God's people, and wait for blessing in the end. Faith helped him to interpret things rightly—that although Israel was oppressed then, there was a glorious future! He saw that glorious future 'reward' so plainly that Egyptian pleasures seemed not worth having (as motes in a sunbeam). It was better to belong to the King over all, than to King Pharaoh—and he was right; the name of Pharaoh's city and his daughter are forgotten, the wealth is gone, Egypt became the 'basest of kingdoms;' *but* there is 'an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation' (1 Pet. i. 4, 5). 'A kingdom which cannot be moved' (Heb. xii. 28).

Do make Moses' choice and use his telescope. If you don't *choose* God, you remain with the world and Satan. You will never be saved if you don't choose. Decide 'this day' (Josh. xxiv. 15). If you used Moses' telescope you *would* choose! *Look up* with it to the everlasting King, the King of glory, and His everlasting love—at what He has in store, 'treasure that waxeth not old,' 'durable riches,' and righteousness, grace, and glory—a 'kingdom' (Luke xii. 32) and a 'crown' (Jas. i. 12). Oh, choose these *instead* of Satan's wages!

THE CURTAINS OF THE TABERNACLE.

EXODUS XXVI.

The curtains of the tabernacle were of four sorts. 1st, linen (ver. 1); 2nd, goats' hair (ver. 7); 3rd, rams' skins dyed red (ver. 14); 4th, badger or seal (ver. 14). What supported the curtains? Fifty-four boards (vers. 15, 20). How did they stand? (vers. 11-19). On silver sockets (ch. xxvii. 10, 11), with fillets above. No one was numbered unless he brought redemption money. Silver from whom? (ch. xxxviii. 25-27). Given by Israel to God in remembrance of redemption. Exod. xii. 13, 'And when I see the blood I will pass over you.' So the foundation of Israel's and our meeting God is redemption. So He says, 'I have found a ransom.' How were they held together at the top? By bars and rings (vers. 26-29). So Christ not only raises the spiritual temple, but holds it, binds all together, keeps it. 'By Him all things consist' (Col. i. 17). Ver. 22, Why were there only six boards west? To leave an entrance to the Holiest, which was covered by the veil, or separate curtain (vers. 31-33). This veil (spoken of in Matt. xxvii. 51, Luke xxiii. 45, Heb. x. 20) was not the only type of Christ. The whole tabernacle was a type of Him. He was *the* meeting-place. He *was* 'the true Tabernacle' (Heb. viii. 2) that 'tabernacled among us.'

Christ became man to become visible to men.

‘The Word was made flesh’ (John i. 14), for we cannot *yet* see God. See what the *curtains* teach of Him. The inner ones were of fine *white* linen. Linen, then the whitest fabric known, denoted Christ’s purity. ‘And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints’ (Rev. xix. 8); and He is ‘able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them’ (Heb. vii. 25). So it is the emblem of His spotless manhood. ‘Pure, unspotted, may *we* be.’

‘*Blue*’—heavenly colour, as for example, the sky. Christ, so heavenly-minded that He could say on earth He was in heaven. ‘The Son of man which is in heaven’ (John iii. 13). He never forgot His Father or home in heaven. ‘If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God’ (Col. iii. 1, Matt. vi. 20).

Purple denotes royalty. He was born King. ‘Where is He that is born King of the Jews’ (Matt. ii. 2). He reigns now in heaven (Ps. xxiv.).

Scarlet—sacrificial colour, denotes death (cochineal, chief red, insects made to die to give colour). So Christ was the victim of sacrifice. What do the *goats’ hair* curtains teach? They hid (ver. 7), covered the beautiful fine ones—just so Christ’s beautiful, spotless, righteous character is not known. ‘There is no beauty that we should desire Him’ (Isa. liii. 2).

The goat was an animal for sacrifice; its blood was sprinkled on the Day of Atonement—(scape-

goat). So Christ was numbered with malefactors, that by His death and by His blood your sin might be covered over and blotted out.

Rams' skins dyed red. To show the intense depths of Christ's love ; being determined to save, showed the reality of His devotion.

Badger or seal skins were coarse and dark-looking, not attractive to strangers. 'He hath no form nor comeliness ; and when we shall see Him there is no beauty that we should desire Him' (Isa. liii. 2). What a contrast to the inside ! Oh this is like Christ now ! *few* come near to see His loveliness, His preciousness. They glance outside, and do not care to look and learn—for the sinful natural heart cannot see His beauty, or its own need. 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God : for they are foolishness unto him ; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned' (1 Cor. ii. 14). The passer-by might scoff at the black tabernacle, but could he see the inside, which was so different ! Only come to Christ. Pray, 'Open Thou mine eyes.' The beauty of the tabernacle was soon seen, but Christ's beauty will be new through all eternity. Remember this beautiful tabernacle was for a meeting-place with God. Its greatest value was in being a type of Christ as our meeting-place. 'Now in Christ Jesus ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ' (Eph. ii. 13). Like a cypher, its chief value is when a numeral is placed before it—so the great value of the tabernacle is to teach of Christ. It contains a double type of the Church as the

dwelling-place of Christ—believers are Christ's tabernacle. As the tabernacle was made to contain the Ark of the Covenant, so the Church is built for Him (Eph. ii. 19-22); dwelt in by Him. 'That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith' (Eph. iii. 15-19). The whole Church is built on redemption—'redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ.' All that is Christ's is theirs. Best part was within the curtains—unseen by the world (the world cannot know our treasures; our joys are hid in Christ, and enjoyed in secret). The curtains were coupled together from above (Exod. xxvi. 24). 'That they all may be one in Us, as Thou, Father, art in Me' (John xvii. 21).

'*Taches of blue.*' No friendships so firm as Christians. There are many links—Temperance is one—showing the blue tache may couple you with some good friend.

THE SIN-OFFERING FOR IGNORANCE.

LEVITICUS IV.

See *when* or *for whom* offered. Vers. 2, 3, 'If a soul shall sin through ignorance against any of the commandments of the LORD concerning things which ought not to be done, and shall do against any of them: if the priest that is anointed do sin according to the sin of the people.' Vers. 13-20, 'If the whole congregation of Israel sin through ignorance, . . . and they have done somewhat

against any of the commandments of the LORD concerning things which should not be done, and are guilty; when the sin, . . . is known,' etc. Lev. xvi. 27-30, 'And the bullock for the sin-offering, and the goat for the sin-offering, whose blood was brought in to make atonement,' etc. For sins of *ignorance*, not so much for a single sin, but for a sinful *nature* that keeps us ignorant, blind, insensible to sin. Do not think because you have not told lies, etc., that you need no offering. You often say, 'I didn't think—didn't know—or I did not intend wrong—I did not see or seize opportunity.' Think what a holy, prayerful lad you *should* be, shining for Jesus, and how you fall short of it (sin in Hebrew often means 'missing the mark'—not coming up to the standard, so 'he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul,' Prov. viii. 36), and then you will be thankful for our sin-offering. 'He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin' (2 Cor. v. 21). What was the sin-offering? Lev. iv. 14, a bullock, or for any one of the common people, a kid (Num. xxviii. 22) or a lamb; either being *slain* showed that death was deserved by the sinner who offered it. It was his substitute. No oil or frankincense, no feasting with this, for it taught man was a sinner deserving death—but an animal was slain instead, to be the penalty of sin. The Hebrew for sin-offering is the same as sin, so that the animal *became the sin*, or sin-bearer. The animal was of value, but there is no comparison between it and man's self, or his son. A man would as soon suffer himself as let his son suffer. God did not give an animal or angel for

us, but Himself—One, equal with the Father, gave Himself. 1 Pet. ii. 24, 'Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.' 1 Pet. iii. 18, 'Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust.' Think how painful to the Holy One, hating, abominating sin, to be 'made sin,' 'reckoned with transgressors.' Oh, how He loved!

How did the offerer transfer guilt? Lev. iv. 15, 'The elders of the congregation shall lay their hands upon the head of the bullock.' Ver. 29, 'He shall lay his hand upon the head of the sin-offering.' He had to humble himself to do this before the priest and the congregation. Need you do this? No, only come to Christ; there is no hindrance. Have you come? Why not? God is satisfied with Christ's offering—why not with you? Have you 'not thought' about it, 'not liked to do it,' etc.? Then you slight, neglect it. Heb. ii. 3, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?' Heb. x. 29, 'Of how much sorer punishment . . . shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing.' He pleads with you, 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like My sorrow' (Lam. i. 12). How did God show He was satisfied with a sin-offering? Lev. iv. 6, 7, By commanding sprinkling of blood *before* Him, to show that now God would accept the worshipper. This shows that the sin was before God. Do not forget that sin is 'against God' (Ps. li. 4), and so the blood must be taken to where sin reached—that the sin might be put away.

Where was the blood also put? Ver. 34, on 'the horns of the altar,' for there God met the sinner. So the precious blood went before us into God's presence, being poured out here below, as an atonement for us. 'By His own blood He entered once into the holy place' (Heb. ix. 12).

The fat and inwards were burnt separately (vers. 8-11). These represented the will, thoughts, and affections of Christ. What was done with the rest? All was burnt, consumed (ver. 12). Why? If the animal represented sin, and it was all burnt to ashes, and could not be recovered or made anything of, it showed that sin was brought to nothing—no more to be brought against the sinner. It tells of hell fire which sin deserved. Blessed be God for devising means of escape! The blood and ashes being poured out say all is finished.

Is the blood of Jesus between you and God's awful holiness and justice? Trust *only* to it!

THE BREASTPLATE.

EXODUS XXVIII. 15.

The breastplate was an ornament, 'a span' or 9 or 10 inches square when doubled (ver. 16). It had chains and rings (vers. 22-25). Why? to secure it. How many jewels were in it? (vers. 17-21). Why twelve? As much as to say that each tribe was as precious as a jewel. All were different, *e.g.* carbuncle, fire-red, Zebulon; topaz, golden tinge, for

Issachar. But they were all treated alike, all were precious, and all were secure. To put a thing near the heart means to love and value it. Then the breastplate showed Israel the love of the high priest for them all. What more? Ver. 29, It was to remind him of them all when he went in 'before the Lord' as *their representative*. How often? Ver. 30, 'Continually.' What does this teach of *our* High Priest? Do you not wish to know more of Him? or is He nothing to you? But see what He is and feels for His people. Read the Bible to see how He loves and remembers them. A glimpse of how He bears them on His heart to His Father is given in John xvii. He knows all their names. John x. 3, 'Calleth His own by name.' (The Queen cannot.) He *will* not forget. 'They may forget, yet will I not forget thee. I have graven thee upon the palms of My hands' (Isa. xlix. 15, 16). Pray, as in Song of Sol. viii. 6, 'Set me as a seal upon Thine heart,' and believe He has you there. 'My kindness shall not depart from thee' (Isa. liv. 10). 'O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotton of Me' (Isa. xlv. 21). Put Him in mind of these when tempted and tried. 'Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end' (John xiii. 1). 'Seeing that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens . . . let us hold fast our profession' (Heb. iv. 14). Never doubt He is 'loving all along.' And oh! it is not empty or helpless love. He not only feels for you, but 'will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it' (1 Cor. x. 13). And go back to the onyx stones. Where were they?

Exod. xxviii. 12, on the shoulder — place of strength ('put a shoulderto the wheel'). What about our High Priest's strength? Ps. lxxxix. 19-21, 'I have laid help upon One that is mighty.' 'Thou hast a mighty arm, strong is Thy hand.' 'Their Redeemer is strong' (Jer. l. 34), and so Isa. ix. 6, 'The government shall be upon His shoulder.' 'Wherefore He is able also to save to the uttermost' (Heb. vii. 25). All this power to help and save is for YOU, whenever you need it, *if* you will ask for it. Who would lose earthly help for lack of asking?

But were the stones safe? The breastplate was fastened firmly to the shoulder, and how were the jewels secured? Each was '*set in gold*' (vers. 11 and 20), gold held them in—*not they held the breastplate*. What makes Christians safe? Being set '*in Christ*.' (See 2 Cor. i. 21.) 'The God of all grace . . . make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you' (1 Pet. v. 10). 'The Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil' (2 Thess. iii. 3). 'No man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand' (John x. 29). Pray then, 'keep me, for I cannot keep myself.'

But does God reckon sinners as jewels? 'Not likely,' do you say? 'Worthless, unprofitable, of what value am I?' Yet, 'they *shall* be Mine, saith the LORD of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels' (Mal. iii. 17). *He says it!* So then, how are sinners like jewels? They are of no intrinsic worth. Originally the sapphire was clay; the opal, sand; the diamond, soot or carbon. Water, crystallized into star-forms, snow-like, becomes crystal. Wonder-

ful changes! So a sinner can be changed too. 'He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay' (Ps. xl. 2). 'He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory' (1 Sam. ii. 8).

If you want to be one of God's jewels, how can you become so? By being 'born again' (John iii. 3). By being 'changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord' (2 Cor. iii. 18).

THE LAND LOST.

NUMBERS XIV.

Sad sights and sounds again! Were they caused by God or man? '*Sin* brought death into the world, and *all* our woe.' Ver. 1, they '*cried*,' but not to God—*wept*, but not for sin—they *murmured*—our journey is all in vain—our ruler and the spies say we cannot go in. Oh, those giants! better return to Egypt! 'They looked *back*' (Luke ix. 62). They looked at man—at earthly dangers—at man's words—worse still (see Deut. i. 27), they said—'The Lord hated us!' If ever tempted to think ill of your heavenly Friend, think of this—you can see how wicked and foolish this was, and it is a true picture of other murmurers. The fault was all their own. Moses reminded them of this in Deut. i. 29, 33, 'Dread

not, neither be afraid of them. Who went in the way before you, to search you out a place . . . in fire by night . . . and in a cloud by day.' Contrast Caleb's and Joshua's report (Num. xiv. 6-9), 'The land . . . is an exceeding good land . . . rebel not, neither fear ye . . . the Lord is with us.' God's love, power, was *their* experience of *Him*. When trouble comes to you, fall back on these. 'His love in times past,' etc., and then instead of fears and murmurs say (Ps. xxvii. 1), 'The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?' etc. Who beside Moses reasoned? (see ver. 6). Did the people attend? No (see ver. 10), 'the congregation bade stone them.' Though the rulers and spies had a right to speak, and stood up for God, all the people raged against them. (So with Christ, John x. 31.) What stopped the stoning? 'The glory of the Lord appeared.' Think when you do wrong, quarrel, etc., 'God is here,' He sees and hears—*that* would stop it. God pronounced sentence at once, for He knew all. Ver. 12, He said He would 'disinherit them.' What hindered the execution of this sentence? Moses' mediation (vers. 13-19). What did he plead? God's mercy (ver. 18). God's honour (ver. 16). With what effect? Ver. 20, 'The LORD said, I have pardoned, according to thy word.' Ezek. xx. 13, 17, explains how God punished sin, though not disinheriting them, for His 'Name's sake.' Pestilence fell not on all, but only on ten of the spies (ver. 37). What about people who had wished to die in the wilderness? (ver. 2). They should have their wish (vers. 29, 35), 'in this wilderness they shall be consumed'—'your

children shall wander in this wilderness forty years.' See why, ver. 22, 'because all those men . . . have tempted Me now these ten times, and have not hearkened to My voice.' Ver. 31, 'But your little ones, they shall know the land which ye have despised.' Ps. cvi. 24, 'They despised the pleasant land, they believed not His word.' God gave respite, the people were not cut off by pestilence, but for forty years (ver. 34) 'ye shall bear your iniquities.' Now they know their loss, and they 'mourned greatly' (ver. 39), they presumed to go up (ver. 44). They had *lost* their land! How? Heb. iii. 18, 19, 'So we see they could not enter in because of unbelief.' We are reminded, warned, of this on Sundays in the Venite. See Heb. iii. 12, 'Take heed, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God,'—for unbelief is eye and heart turned away from God, looking, loving, trusting something else. Israel looked at dangers, weakness. What are *you* looking at that you do not claim the promise and find joy and peace? Do you say 'it would not be rest to me to "come"—not what I want'? Oh, how far you are from God!—you like Egypt, the world, best. *Do not* lose the blessed peace, rest, joy, sunshine of God's love, cheering all life—or you will lose eternal rest.

'Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief' (Heb. iv. 11).

SAMSON'S WIFE.

JUDGES XIV.

What sort of wife might they expect the consecrated Nazarite Samson to choose? What command should he have remembered? 'Neither shalt thou make marriages with them' (Deut. vii. 3). How did his parents show their surprise? (ver. 3). A good bishop says, 'I wish Manoah could speak so loud that all *our* Israelites might hear.' Those who wish to be true Christian men had better take no wife than one with 'uncircumcised heart.' What reason or excuse did Samson give? (margin, 'it is right,' *i.e.* God wills it?) 'Pleases me' is often the worst thing for us, *e.g.* Eve's apple. Ver. 4, It is not *said* that God bade him take this Philistine. I think God left him to follow his own desires to humble him, and to warn others, and to overrule it for good to Israel. He kept sober, etc., yet followed his own foolish imaginations. Don't flatter yourself because you are sober, etc., that *you* are safe. Remember to 'keep thy heart with all diligence' (Prov. iv. 23). 'Keep thee from the strange woman' (Prov. vii. 5). 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall' (I Cor. x. 12).

Yet Samson was right in one thing—who did he speak to about it? His parents.

In going to Timnath he might have made the sluggard's excuse (Prov. xxii. 13), 'The slothful

man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain.' Samson was in danger, but the strong young lion could not hurt him whom God had said should deliver Israel. 'Man is immortal till,' etc. 'He rent him'—a wonderful feat—it might have taught him that God could strengthen him to overcome Philistines without marrying one, for it was the Spirit's work, an earnest of future victories (see another example of God's power over lions, Dan. vi.), and so a preparation for future work. If God gives you lion-like temptations and victory over them, it is to encourage you to fight and overcome. 'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory.' The 'roaring lion' seeks *you*—*you* can't overcome him, but God can. Did Samson talk or boast of it? did he forget it? When God delivers us, we should remember it (Ps. ciii. 1, 2), 'forget not all His benefits.' What surprised him there? Strange for *clean* bees to build in the carcase and prepare honey for Samson! How God can bring good out of evil, pleasure from terror! What use did Samson make of it? A 'riddle,' first to entertain his guests, and then an occasion to begin his delivering Israel. A riddle for you! How can this be said of Christ? You can say He is sweet and strong, but how an 'eater' and 'meat'? See what He is called in Rev. v. 5, 'Lion of tribe of Judah,' *that* Lion who said (Ps. l. 22) 'Consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces.' Matt. x. 28, 'Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.' Is He strong? Ps. xxiv. 8, 'The Lord strong and mighty.' How does 'meat' come forth from Him for us? John vi. 51, 'I am the

living bread,' etc. You have often heard and read of Jesus laying down His life for you—to-day He says, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.'

Samson was angry with his wife for telling his riddle, so he went home. How did he intend to make up the quarrel? Ch. xv. 1, 'visited his wife with a kid.' 'Cease from anger, and forsake wrath' (Ps. xxxvii. 8). Her father, in giving Samson's wife to his companions, gave Samson an occasion or excuse to attack them; they could not blame him for fighting when they had injured him—this is no rule for Christians.

In ch. xiv. we had Samson's riddle, now Samson is a riddle to us. Ch. xvi. shows him acting in such worldly and wicked ways—and yet he was a Nazarite,—appointed to deliver Israel—strengthened by the Spirit, and had 'good report' (Heb. xi. 32, 39). Think what sort of strength the Spirit gave? only bodily strength. Did that do any good to his heart? that was still corrupt and sinful, and Samson indulged it. See how he gave way to Delilah, allowing her again and again to entice him, as she herself was enticed by Philistines. (1000 pieces or £600.) He amused himself by pretences, deceiving her about his source of strength. At first he would not tell her how it was, the third time he went nearer the truth and made way for ver. 19; but while amusing himself he told untruths, and fell into Satan's snare. (Prov. vii. 21, 22.) Not only was it wicked but foolish of Samson to trust himself with such a woman. If we indulge in one sin, we may soon fall into another. 'Trust him in nothing, who makes not conscience of every-

thing.' Why did he not go away! The woman's company made him FORGET GOD. We hear of no prayer; we can't walk with God and with wicked persons. Take such a companion, and GOD *goes from us*. If Samson was so foolish and wicked, so you may be. *Your* heart is as wicked, and Satan sows seeds of sin which may spring up at any time. So watch, and pray 'keep me, for I cannot keep myself.' 'Turn away mine *eyes*.' 'Set a watch before my mouth.'

(The substance of two lessons.)

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

I SAMUEL XVIII. 1-4, XX.

The FRIENDSHIP of David and Jonathan is a model and a typical one. Jonathan's character and love are sometimes so surpassing that he might be mistaken for the type of Christ; but that is always David's part—his name means beloved. 'Jonathan prefigured the faithful Israel of God, who hailed the advent of the true David, and rejoiced in His triumphs.' Saul is typical of the world, the scribe and Pharisee-like enemies.

Two remarkable descriptions of Jonathan's love are recorded. Ver. 1, His soul was 'knit with the soul of David.' (David's own description of it, 2 Sam. i. 26, intimates communion, not love for one side of character, but for the whole, firmly interwoven. So Jacob and Joseph—'His life is

bound up in the lad's life,' Gen. xliv. 30, and David and the men of Judah, 1 Chron. xii. 17, 'My heart shall be knit unto you.' So Col. ii. 2, 'Being knit together in love.') 'Loved as his own soul' (vers. 1 and 3). (See the Second Commandment—but how seldom is it fulfilled!) If this be the measure of love to our fellows, how much more to '*the* Beloved of our soul'! Turn aside and see the measure of our David's love to us. 'As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you.' 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends' (John xv. 9, 13). 'But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us' (Rom. v. 8). One proof of Jonathan's love was that he made a covenant with David (ver. 3, and xx. 16, 17). What reality it showed, 'for better, for worse.' Let us not shrink from entering into covenant with God. Away with faithless fears—'I may not be able to keep it,' etc., and half-hearted looking back to the world! See what a Friend we have in Jesus! His favour is better than life, and then desire to 'present your bodies a living sacrifice,' etc. (Rom. xii. 1). He will keep us. Jonathan's love was *unselfish, self-renouncing*; it led him to strip off his robe, sword, etc., to forego his own right to succeed his father, to endanger his own life (1 Sam. xviii. 4). *But* his love did not go far enough. Though he gave David his robe, etc., he did not give himself; he still held with his father. ('He that loveth father . . . more than Me is not worthy of Me,' Matt. x. 37.) 'Natural?' Yes, but 'the friendship of the world is enmity

with God' (Jas. iv. 4). 'Could do more for David by staying at court?' But *did* he do any great service there? How far greater if he had declared for David as God's anointed whom He had promised to establish! His underhand, half-hearted conduct led to David's flight and wanderings and persecutions. True he remonstrated with Saul, like Nicodemus (John vii. 50), but yet he remained 'one with him,' on the side of David's enemies; as he took side with them at first, so he continued. Perhaps he waited for 'a more convenient season,'—his father's death,—then he would declare for David; but that time never came. Holding to Saul, he perished with Saul. (1 Sam. xxxi.) Had Jonathan had courage, *faith* to follow David, he would have been in 'safe-guard,' and have been 'next unto him.' David remained *faithful*, but Jonathan, refraining to be with him, lost the fulfilment of his covenant. What a picture! How plainly is Jonathan like the 'almost persuaded'—loving, respecting, giving something to, doing something for, but not giving self to Christ Jesus,—not ready to 'count all things but loss' to win Christ,—not ready to follow 'whithersoever'! No cross, no crown; and the end—slain with David's enemies! How Jonathan *might* have supported and helped David's cause! Alas! how many who should be on the Lord's side are with the Sauls of popery, the world, anarchy, infidelity, etc. etc.

Look up from man's faithlessness and failures to *our* David. He does not ask for more than He gave—'Who loved me and gave *Himself* for me' (Gal. ii. 20). 'Look not every man on his own

things, but every man also on the things of others' (Phil. ii. 4). Let us not be of the number of them 'who draw back unto perdition; but of them that believe to the saving of the soul' (Heb. x. 39). Yet He 'abideth faithful' (2 Tim. ii. 13). He says, 'Those that Thou gavest Me I have kept' (John xvii. 12). 'Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end' (John xiii. 1). Oh to be 'true-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful, and loyal!'

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

JOB XXXVII.

'Hear attentively the noise of His voice . . . He directeth it under the whole heaven, and His lightnings unto the ends of the earth. After it a voice roareth: He thundereth with the voice of His excellency; and He will not stay them when His voice is heard' (Job. xxxvii. 2-4). *Whose* voice is this? 'The voice of the LORD' (Ps. xxix. 4). *What* is the voice? 'God thundereth marvellously with His voice' (Job xxxvii. 5). 'The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth' (Ps. xxix. 3). Attend to it (Job xxxvii. 2); this is one way of learning of God. What is thunder? The sound made by the air, which has been parted by the lightning flash, when it closes again. Lightning is electricity, when a great force of it has collected and is given out of

the clouds. *God* gives it out of the clouds ('He maketh lightnings for the rain,' Ps. cxxxv. 7), when and where He sees fit. Light and air prove His goodness to man; what do thunder and stormy winds show? 'He causeth it to come, whether for CORRECTION, or for His land, or for MERCY' (Job xxxvii. 13). For 'correction' or *punishment*, for example, the thunderstorm in Egypt upon Pharaoh and his land—the 'great wind from the wilderness' which overthrew the house where Job's children feasted (Job i. 19)—the 'mighty tempest in the sea,' and 'great wind' which overtook Jonah (Jonah i. 4); the 'rain' of 'brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven' upon Sodom (Gen. xix. 24). But perhaps storms are sent chiefly to *correct* man's thoughts. Man forgets God, and plans, acts, rules without God; he does not own or reverence Him, so it is as if God spoke in majestic thunder, making us tremble, as if He said, '*I* see, though you see not Me. I can kill man, and destroy his cattle and his crops, therefore remember Me, fear Me.' Storms are to 'correct' man's pride. Clever men get to think they can do everything; this is their greatest danger. The thunderstorm says, 'GOD is over all, —what can you do against the lightning flash, the rain-torrent, or the mighty blast of wind? Ever remember they are God's voice!' the 'voice' of 'the God of glory.' There is no sin or danger greater than pride and forgetfulness of God, so it is in '*mercy*' He 'utters His voice' to correct this.

Examples of wind sent in mercy, see Exod. xiv.

21, 'The Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land . . . and the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground.' Num. xi. 31, 'A wind from the Lord brought quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp.' A wind in mercy to England destroyed the Spanish Armada.

Storms clear and purify the air, and so destroy many injurious things—for example, blight and disease.

A lightning flash showed an officer that he was urging his horse over the edge of a precipice—was not this in mercy?

Lightning is sometimes a messenger of death; and so are earthquakes and storms. Example is made of one person or place to show what God could do to all—thus warning others. If lightning makes a man think of his soul and eternity, is it not kind of God to send it? Are you ready? What will make you so? You need what will cover you from God's just anger against sin—something to clothe your soul, and fit you to stand before Him. All this is to be found in the Lord Jesus Christ. He is a lightning-conductor for you; a shelter from the storm of God's wrath, and a robe to cover your soul before a holy God. In Him you may be 'accepted, perfect, and complete.' Are you saved? are you safe in Him? If not, why not? God has provided safety—an ark, a rock of defence, for you in Himself.

'Beneath the shadow of Thy wing
Thy saints have dwelt secure.'

But are you safe under it? He says '*Come*,'—but you say 'not yet,' and dare to neglect or refuse His call. Do you not deserve that the next flash should strike you? 'To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts' (Heb. iv. 7).

August 19.

THE WORKS OF THE LORD.

PSALM CIV. 1 and 33-35.

'Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honour and majesty. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. My meditation of Him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord. . . . Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.' What praise, gladness, delight in God do these verses express! What was the cause of it? Looking at, and considering His works, led David to admire and adore. He learned God's wisdom and goodness. See ver. 24, 'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all.' 'The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein. His work is honourable and glorious' (Ps. cxl. 2, 3); also look at Ps. cxlv. So let us be 'wise and observe these things' (Ps. cvii. 43). One way of judging of a man is by his works, *e.g.* in choosing a builder, painter, gardener. We know and

judge of ancient poets and painters, etc., by their works.

What is the finest building you have seen? Think of Worcester Cathedral. How came it there? Not like a mushroom! What persons were employed? Masons of course! But how did they know what to build? Some one must have directed—one who planned—the architect. Could *you* plan or design such an edifice? then the architect had a greater mind than you. Such strong, grand arches and pillars, such light, elegant ornament and carving. How clever, how skilful! And what builder and workman did it all? *No doubt* there were such—it could not have been built without them. Why make it? is it of no use? Yes, for a grand and right good purpose.

But there is a far greater Temple for you to explore and admire. Its floor is inlaid with various stones, slate, granite, marble; and carpeted so beautifully, chiefly with green, but variegated,—a carpet never worn out, ever renewing,—a temple full of beauty and good things. Its roof is high as heaven, lighted by God's own lamps. I want to help you to look at it, so that you may judge of its Builder. Suppose you never had any Bible teaching, how might you know the Maker of the world? Look and reason. How came it to be so beautiful, so suited to man's wants and comforts? If I tread on a mole-hill or ant-hill, or see a bird's nest, I know what made them, and I know their purposes. If I pick up a nail, key, pencil, or watch, I know a maker with brains and hands made them for a purpose. When I look at large

houses, mills, manufactories, churches, I feel *greater* minds planned them for greater purposes. Then must not the world itself have been planned and made by ONE *greater* than man! The more wise men examine the world, the more proofs shine out that it was made with *design*, planned and created to suit man's wants—that it is the work of some master-mind. Every journey I take makes me say, 'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches.'

Atheists say, 'There is no God' (Ps. xiv. 1), it is all by chance!! But angels say, 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power; for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created' (Rev. iv. 11). 'And they sing the song of Moses . . . and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints' (Rev. xv. 3).

24th June 1883.

THE EARTH OR WORLD.

'Who laid the foundations of the earth.'—PSALM CIV. 5.

For what purpose were the light and air, etc. made?—they are God's creation, His workmanship. 'The earth is the LORD'S, and the fulness thereof' (Ps. xxiv. 1). That thou mayest know how that the earth is the LORD'S. Man must remember

this. 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner-stone thereof?' (Job xxxviii. 4-6). What a contrast are the idols of the heathen, 'the work of the hands of the workman,' 'decked with silver and gold,' which must needs be borne, because they cannot move, to Jehovah! '*He* hath made the earth by His power, He hath established the world by His wisdom, and hath stretched out the heavens by His discretion' (Jer. x. 3-5, 10). *What* is this world which 'hangeth upon nothing'? (Job xxvi. 7). Not anything light. Sand, earth, clay are heavy enough, but granite, marble, slate, coal, metals are much heavier—then think of the whole 24,000 miles weight 'hanging on nothing'! A bubble rests on the air because it is so very light; but this weighty world, so much heavier than the air, hangs on nothing, for GOD holds it by His mighty power, like the moon and stars in the sky. How great, how powerful, how wonderful! 'For, lo, He that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth, The LORD, The God of hosts, is His name' (Amos iv. 13). 'Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of His understanding' (Isa. xl. 28).

Those who *know God* may be sure that the earth is wonderful and beautiful ; but men not knowing, but who are wishing to find out what He is from His work, might learn His POWER and WISDOM. What are these mountains composed of? Of granite, marble, and basalt, hardest and deepest. Others, of sandstone, slate, lime, not so hard, do not seem to be so old and not all made at the same time. So, although God created all 'in the beginning' (God gave no date), long before Adam He was preparing the world for him.

How do men make bricks, china, sugar, lime, etc.? by burning and baking ; so these hardest rocks seem to have been formed by intense heat,—even now there are great fires within the earth—volcanoes are witnesses of this. Then the sea and the weather have broken and worn away much from these old rocks, and thus formed gravel, sand, and clay. So for ages God was preparing beautiful marbles, metals, precious stones, coal, for man's use now. What does this show? God's FORETHOUGHT, LOVE, and KINDNESS. Another thing shown is God's PATIENCE. How? Though God can, and does do many things in the twinkling of an eye (such as the late eruptions at Java), yet He does many others by slow degrees, and lets things work round as He sets them (like an alarum). By studying rocks man learns that many thousands of years seem to have been required to heat and melt and press granite, marbles, etc., into their present state,—when one set of rocks were formed, others were formed after. God thus shows His *patience* to *us*—He is forbearing to punish. So often if

one man provokes or injures another, it is followed by angry, hasty words, a sudden blow, etc.; while God, against whom the sin really is, forbears, waits, and warns, and tries to lead to repentance.

Why did God make the world? 'He created it not in vain, He formed it to be inhabited' (Isa. xlv. 18). Inhabited by whom? 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over . . . all the earth' (Gen. i. 26). Though rebels, God has *bought back* sinful men, and wills to make them happy and holy (and how patiently He works to make us so!). And He loves His redeemed ones so much that *He* is not content with this world for them, 'He hath prepared for them a city' (Heb. xi. 16), and sends His Spirit to prepare them for His own glory. 'We, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless' (2 Pet. iii. 13, 14).

PSALM CIV. 6-13.

Let us consider the next thing which David speaks of when glorying in God's great works—it is what you may see from Stagborough and Bewdley Bridge—water! 'Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment,'—a covering as a 'wide' (ver. 25) cloak to the earth. 'The waters stood

above the mountains;’ their traces are left now. How came the lakes and rivers to sink down as they are now? Vers. 7 and 8 answer this, ‘At Thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away. They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which Thou hast founded for them.’ *We* say ‘the river formed its bed,’ but *God* appointed all. ‘They go down,’ that is to the sea. What is ‘the bound’ that is ‘set’? ‘Fear ye not Me? saith the LORD, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it; and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it’ (Jer. v. 22).

Then David speaks of some of the *uses of water*. Ver. 11, ‘They *give drink* to every beast of the field.’ Ver. 12, ‘By them the fowls of the heaven have their habitation.’ Ver. 13, ‘The earth is satisfied.’ There are many other uses to man—for life, health, refreshment (many other drinks are made from water), cleansing.

Look at the Severn, and *think* and learn. Where does it come from? *God* sends it, not only at first, but He keeps it flowing daily. ‘He sendeth the spring into the valleys, which run among the hills’ (ver. 10). For what reason is it sent? 1. See how it *drains* the lands, carrying off what they do not need. 2. It *nourishes* the ground; for example, the floods over our own fields—also you may have read how necessary the Nile floods are for the irrigation of Egypt. ‘Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God.

. . . Thou preparest them corn, when Thou hast so provided for it' (Ps. lxxv. 9). 3. It *helps man to work*, by turning his mills, etc. 4. It *carries* his burdens—wood, coal, etc. 5. It *cools* and *purifies* the air. 6. Carries off refuse. 7. It *beautifies*—the river is beautiful in itself—it makes the view, the country beautiful. Man's canals are ugly; God's rivers are beautiful. How good and kind of God to give us so much pleasure by beauty!

Let us notice some Bible lessons from rivers.

'He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper' (Ps. i. 3). Who is like a tree? What keeps that tree green and fruitful? So the godly man is refreshed by fresh daily supplies of God's grace, and thus he ever has something fresh to think and speak of: and his soul being so nourished, refreshed, 'delighted,' overflows to others—he 'prosper.' 'Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, . . . her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit' (Jer. xvii. 7, 8).

A river is a type of *gladness*. 'There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God' (Ps. xlv. 4). A type of *satisfaction* now, 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst' (John iv. 14); and hereafter, 'They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house; and Thou shalt make them drink

of the river of Thy pleasures' (Ps. xxxvi. 8). It is an emblem of *peace*. 'I will extend peace to her like a river' (Isa. lxvi. 12). 'There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams' (Isa. xxxiii. 21). 'O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea' (Isa. xlvi. 18). It is an emblem of how in times of soul-distress and doubt God can bring *refreshment* and gladness. 'I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to My people' (Isa. xliii. 20).

How and where can you find this river of God? Ezekiel shows us, in ch. xlvii., that when the Word goes forth, accompanied by the Holy Spirit, people will be revived and refreshed, 'Everything shall live whither the river cometh' (Ezek. xlvii. 9).

Rivers are so refreshing and gladdening and beautiful, that a river represents the gladness and overflowing, continuing joy of heaven. 'He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb' (Rev. xxii. 1). Is that river for you? Shall *you* walk in holy joy by its side? How can you be fitted to walk there? You must see that your robes are 'washed' and made 'white in the blood of the Lamb' (Rev. vii. 14). '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). 'In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness' (Zech. xiii. 1). Choose this, or see

the terrible alternative in Luke xvi. 24, 'And he cried and said, . . . have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue ; for I am tormented in this flame.'

30th September 1883.

DANIEL'S PRAYER.

DANIEL IX.

This prayer was uttered in Daniel's old age. Try to remember some things we have learned of him. 1st, He feared God from his youth. 2nd, He was self-denying. 3rd, When God gave him wisdom and revealed dreams, he gave God praise. 4th, He was faithful to the king (though new and strange). 5th, He was blameless in conduct. 6th, He prayed regularly. 7th, Served God continually. 8th, He believed, trusted in God. Now in his old age Daniel continues in prayer ; so look at Luke xviii. 1, 'Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.' 'Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving' (Col. iv. 2).

Why did he pray this? Because he 'understood by books . . . that God would accomplish seventy years in the desolations of Jerusalem' (ver. 2). Books showed him that the seventy years were nearly ended, so, hoping and expecting that God would fulfil His word, Daniel asked Him to do so. There is nothing like getting a promise to pray

upon! 'Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope.' For example, this Whitsunday take John xiv. 26, 'The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.'

Now see the first subject of Daniel's prayer. 'I made my confession, and said, . . . we have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled, even by departing from Thy precepts, and from Thy judgments.' Our Church teaches thus—first confession TO GOD. Why? Sins come between us and God, and so must be put away before we can ask new gifts. If you want a heartful of mercies, and joy, and peace, turn out the sins! Learn from Daniel to call sins by their right names. Ver. 5, 'rebellling;' ver. 6, 'not hearkening;' ver. 10, 'not obeying;' ver. 11, 'departing;' ver. 13, 'not making prayer.' Say not, 'it is only a little sin,' 'I am not so bad as —,' etc., but 'against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned' (Ps. li. 4).

What comforting came while he was confessing? He remembers that 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses' (ver. 9). But if God was righteous in fulfilling threatened punishment ('If thou wilt not hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all His commandments . . . that all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee,' Deut. xxviii. 15), how could He be 'righteous' in 'turning away anger'? Because Jesus 'made peace through the blood of His cross'

(Col. i. 20). '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' (2 Cor. v. 19-21); and so He is 'faithful and just to forgive us our sins' (1 John i. 9). After these encouraging thoughts see how Daniel continued to plead. Do not be content with one cry of 'God have mercy.'

But who was all this prayer for? Not for himself. Do you pray for your country? Take the lesson. When you hear of swearing, Sabbath-breaking, dishonesty, etc. etc., pray over it.

Now for the answer. *When* came it? Vers. 20-23, '*Whiles* I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, . . . being caused to fly swiftly, touched me, and said, . . . I am come to show thee.' Also see Jer. xxix. 12, 'Then shall ye call upon Me, and ye shall go and pray unto Me, and I will hearken unto you;' and Isa. lxv. 24, 'Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.' Our Lord, when on earth, gave immediate answers; and so He does now. 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them' (Matt. xviii. 20).

Who brought the answer? The angel Gabriel; but our Great High Priest takes our prayers up in His own incense censer, and says, '*I give.*' He is 'able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.' Now see this fulfilled here. Daniel had asked for pardon and return. What more was given? He was shown things to come, and that Christ should come! He is called here 'Messiah' (see

John i. 41, 'We have found the Messiah') the Prince;' so Isa. ix. 6, 'the Prince of Peace;' 'a Prince and Saviour' (Acts v. 31); 'the Prince of life' (Acts iii. 15). *When* should He come? When seventy weeks of years from the going out of the commandment were fulfilled. So the Jews might know when He was coming. What was then to be done? 'finish' (or restrain) sin—(the great sin of the Jews in rejecting and crucifying the Messiah). He should 'make an end of sins,' or sin-offerings. How? By Messiah being 'cut off' in the midst of His days, 'but not for Himself'—the one perfect offering—the Lamb of God, of whom all others were types. When He offered Himself without spot to God, God rent the Temple vail to show it was no longer needed. Messiah's offering made reconciliation. If you feel you have sinned, and wish that you could do something to please God, etc. etc., what is best to do? 'Behold the Lamb of God.' But *will* God be reconciled? 'When we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son' (Rom. v. 10); 'God, who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ' (2 Cor. v. 18). What wonderful willingness and desire to reconcile us!—an example to us with others. Thus sin is taken away. What is to be brought in its place? 'Everlasting righteousness.' If 'everlasting,' whose must it be? 'My righteousness' (Isa. li. 6). 'My righteous servant' shall 'justify many' (Isa. liii. 12). 'The righteousness of God' (Rom. iii. 21). For whom is it? 'For us' (2 Cor. v. 21). 'That I may . . . be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, . . . but that which is

through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith' (Phil. iii. 9).

WHITSUNDAY, 1881.

THE LORD'S PEOPLE.

ROMANS XIV. 8.

'For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.'

'We are the Lord's'—by creation. Does that give peace? 'Remember now thy Creator' (Eccl. xii. 1). 'Thus saith the LORD that made thee, and formed thee' (Isa. xliv. 2). If your conscience says, 'I have not remembered, I have not answered the purpose of my creation,' there can be no peace, but 'a fearful looking for of judgment' (Heb. x. 27).

Some call themselves God's, but He does not own them. 'Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord . . . and then will I profess unto them, I never knew you' (Matt. vii. 22, 23). Then there is *danger* lest we should only seem, not really be, the Lord's. People in heaven must be God's, so look up there, and ask how they came there. 'They sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy . . . for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation' (Rev. v. 9). 'Who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world' (Gal. i. 4). See

also Isa. xliii. 1, 'Thus saith the LORD that created thee, O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine.' 'Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's' (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20). 'The flock . . . the church of God, which He purchased with His own blood' (Acts xx. 28).

Belonging to God makes us safe, for—

He knows us. 2 Tim. ii. 19,
'The Lord knoweth them that
are His.'

He loves us. John xiii. 1,
'Having loved His own which
were in the world, He loved
them unto the end.' 'He loved
me' (Gal. ii. 20).

He values us. Mal. iii. 17,
'They shall be Mine, saith the
Lord of hosts, in that day when
I make up My jewels.'

He wants us to be with Him.
John xvii. 24, 'Father, I will
that they also, whom Thou hast
given Me, be with Me where I
am.'

And so He will not let us be
lost. John x. 28, 'They shall
never perish, neither shall any
man pluck them out of My
hand.'

I know Him. 2 Tim. i. 12,
'I know in whom I have be-
lieved.'

'My Beloved is mine, and I
am His' (Song of Sol. ii. 16).

'Unto you which believe He
is precious' (1 Pet. ii. 7).

He is with me. Matt. xxviii.
20, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'
Ps. xxiii. 3, 'Thou art with
me.'

He sought me wandering and
brought me back. 'The Lord
is my Shepherd' (Ps. xxiii. 1).

So secure, so safe, so certain of being ever with the Lord. 'If I am found in Jesus' hands.' It is worth everything to know this! So then come to the point. Are you His? If so, enjoy it, live like

His children, 'unspotted from the world,' pure, 'departing from iniquity' (2 Tim. ii. 19). 'Whatsoever is born of God doth not commit sin. In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil' (1 John iii. 9, 10). 'Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is, so are we in this world' (1 John iv. 17). If you are not His, say, 'This is the last year I shall belong to Satan.' Say, '*I will* arise and go to my Father' (Luke xv. 18).

'Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!'

'Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.'

31st December 1882.

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.

This is supposed by some to be the Epistle from Laodicea mentioned in Col. iv. 16. It was unanimously received by the early Church as St. Paul's, and is quoted as such by Polycarp and Irenæus and by Valentinus (about 120 A.D.). Though containing various doctrines, as election, the Trinity, much teaching about the Holy Spirit's work, the headship of Christ, and many practical duties, we are to select for this month—'Unity—Christians are one in Christ.'

Consider I. *God's Purpose*. 'That He might gather together in one all things in Christ' (Eph. i. 10 to 20-23). St. Paul speaks of *two* who are to be united—Gentiles and Jews (ch. ii. 11-16)—and so we may distinguish these two in ch. i. 12, 'That we should be to the praise of His glory, who first trusted in Christ.' We first believed (who had long looked for Messiah), and ver. 13, Ye Gentiles also trusted (who knew not of Him till after He came).

II. This was the mystery which was not known but is now revealed, 'That the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and of the same body, and partakers of His promise in Christ by the gospel' (ch. iii. 3-6). 'The middle wall of partition' (ch. ii. 14) (*i.e.* fence, thorn hedge, and often a wall also) is now taken away, and Christians from both sides are united in one. 'According to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord' (Col. iii. 11). '*Mystery*,' *i.e.* 'something into which one must be initiated, a knowledge of things unknowable without a special communication of it.' 'Because it is given unto *you* to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given' (Matt. xiii. 11).

III. See how this union is brought about. 'And having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself' (Col. i. 20, ii. 14-17). Mark the price of it, the price that purchased our peace and so makes us one with Him. *But* are *we* 'very members incorporate in this mystical body' (Communion Service) united to Christ? 'Abide in Me, and I

in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me' (John xv. 4). 'That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee' (John xvii. 21). Union with Him is more close than with any other. There is no true union with other branches, unless we are grafted in. Faith is the means of union with Him. (Gal. ii. 20.) We must touch the centre of unity. The more we enjoy *this union* and its blessings, its peace ('He is our peace,' ch. ii. 14 and ch. i. 4, 5, 6, 7, 11), the more shall we burn with desire to draw others into it. It was our Lord's desire (John xvii. 11, 21), and as His life and love flow into us, so will ours flow out towards others. But think how *safe* we are if united to Christ—it was when He thought of His disciples' safety that He prayed this. But union with God is not only our safety but our *highest happiness*. Then we long for all to be united with us, not in mere outward things, but in union with God and with us.

IV. But how are we to bring this beautiful theory into practice? Look and see, 'There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling' (Eph. iv. 4, 5, 16), this with 1 Cor. xii. 4-13 leads us to look to the Holy Spirit's work. His influence is the 'bond of peace' and unity between us. Then seek His teaching, revealing, and drawing of those with whom we desire union. There is much in this epistle about the Holy Spirit; perhaps a reason for it is given in Acts xix. 1, 2, 'Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they say unto

him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.'

Let us see what is said of His work.

1. We are 'sealed by the Holy Spirit' (Eph. i. 13).

2. He 'reveals' the 'mystery of Christ' (ch. iii. 3-5).

3. We 'have access by one Spirit' (ch. ii. 18).

4. The 'household of God' is builded together through the Spirit' (ch. ii. 22).

5. The Spirit strengthens us (ch. iii. 16).

6. He brings forth fruit in us (ch. v. 9).

He is the Spirit of unity (ch. iv. 3). There is but 'one' Holy Spirit (ch. iv. 4). 'The sword of the Spirit is the Word of God' (ch. vi. 17).

The Spirit must not be grieved (ch. iv. 30).

We should be 'filled with the Spirit' (ch. v. 18).

We should 'pray in the Spirit' (ch. vi. 18).

How much then we owe to Him !

In ch. iv. 1-6 we have a seven-fold oneness. There are many types of this beautiful union, one of which, the marriage union, is given in ch. v. 24-27. Oh the depth and height of Christ's love, coming down to us in our sin, that He might wash and save us, then raising us up to sanctification, and then to share His own glory. There are other types of this union.—1. The *body*, composed of many members. 2. *The Church* with its sections and members world wide. 3. *Israel*, though twelve tribes, and now all scattered, yet shall all be one, for God promises 'I will make them one nation ; they shall be no more two nations' (Ezek. xxxvii.

22). 4. *The Universe* with its vast numbers of systems, suns, planets, moons, is all one, all created, governed, and upheld by One mind.

Seek to promote and enjoy this unity by prayer and converse, by mutual kindness and Bible study.

(For Y. W. C. A.)

THE CONSTITUTION OF ISRAEL—THE SUPREMACY OF GOD'S LAW.

DEUTERONOMY XVII., XVIII.

The constitution of the nation of Israel was a theocracy. God was its former, possessor, and king. The land and the people were His special choice and possession, and therefore were governed only by His law. That law was given to Moses, and by him to priests and Levites (Deut. xxxi. 9), that they might *keep it*, and *read it* to the people ('Thou shalt read this law before all Israel in their hearing'); and *teach it*, 'They shall teach Jacob Thy judgments, and Israel Thy law' (Deut. xxxiii. 10). 'The priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth: for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts' (Mal. ii. 7); *e.g.* 'All the people gathered themselves together as one man into the street . . . and they spake unto Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Israel. And Ezra the priest brought the law before the congregation, and he read therein'

(Neh. viii. 1-3). They were to *judge* and give sentence by it: 'If there arise a matter too hard for thee in judgment . . . thou shalt come unto the priests the Levites . . . according to the sentence of the law which they shall teach thee, shalt thou do' (Deut. xvii. 8-11). Men could make no appeal against it: 'The man that will do presumptuously, and will not hearken unto the priest . . . even that man shall die' (ver. 12). There were afterwards to be judges, then kings, and the priests were to help and counsel them; they were to 'show,' 'teach,' 'inform,' 'tell' the sentence of judgment.

The king was to transcribe the law, and rule by it: 'It shall be, when he sitteth upon the throne of his kingdom, that he shall write him a copy of this law in a book, out of that which is before the priests the Levites: and it shall be with him, and he shall read therein all the days of his life: that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, to keep all the words of this law, and these statutes and do them' (Deut. xvii. 18, 19).

Deuteronomy is especially precious to us, as its authority is specially verified in the New Testament; also it is endeared by our Lord's use of it in His temptation. (Matt. iv.) He drew His arrows from it.

Thus from Deuteronomy we see the origin of the first five books of the Bible. God spake the words to Moses, and Moses wrote them in a book. (So with the prophets, *e.g.* Jeremiah and Baruch.) Moses was inspired while writing; 'Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy

Ghost' (2 Pet. i. 21). This writing was kept; 'When Moses had made an end of writing the words of this law in a book . . . Moses commanded the Levites . . . saying, Take this book of the law, and put it in the side of the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, that it may be there for a witness against thee' (Deut. xxxi. 24-26). Thus their *authority* was patent to the Jews. In Deut. iv. 2 is a strict prohibition to add to or alter the law: 'Ye shall not add to the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish ought from it.' Just so with *all* the 'lively oracles' committed to the Jews, and kept for us. The Bible was given *to*, not by the Church. See Article XX.

' What are they but the dowry
 God to His Church has given,
 In giving her as heir-loom
 The oracles of heaven?'

As it was the duty of the priests of old to read, teach, and decide by it, so is it now. St. Paul bids bishops and deacons to 'meditate,' 'take heed to the doctrine, continue in it,' teach, exhort (1 Tim. iv. 13-16), and 'consent' to 'the words of the Lord Jesus' (1 Tim. vi. 3); also to 'keep the commandment,' to continue in, to *instruct*, and *preach* the Word. See Article VI.

The same authority is given to the New Testament, and the same prohibition in Rev. xxii. 18, 19, as in Deut. iv. 2: 'If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: and if any

man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book.' Clergy should still give 'the sentence of the *written* law,' and not take up new religious or false doctrines. Remember, the Bible being the work of the Holy Spirit during more than fifteen centuries (and He still working by it), we need Him to reveal it to us and to our clergy. Let us see that we make it *the rule* of our faith—'to the law and to the testimony,' etc. Pray, 'Show me Thy ways.' If we depart from the words or spirit of the Bible, it is *because we depart from our God*. Be like Bunyan's Christian, ever taking the roll from his bosom. The Bible is such a precious means of communication between us and our God,—by it the Spirit shines truth into our hearts, and reveals our God, ourselves, our past, present, and future; our only hope, our one Way, and one Saviour. Let us think of the hymn,—

' I cannot do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost.'

For every care, circumstance, fear, want, wish, the Bible gives our Father's direction, sympathy, and comfort. 'The Bible is God's *all-sufficient* answer to all the needs of human souls.' If God is our God, our King, His word must be supreme to us; it must have supremacy in our hearts and lives,—supreme, not only to guide and teach, but also to counsel and comfort us. 'In God's word will I rejoice: in the Lord's word will I comfort

me' (Ps. lvi. 10, P. B. V.). 'Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning; that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope' (Rom. xv. 4). (See next Sunday's Collect, second in Advent.) God gave its 'great and precious promises' to raise hope and expectation. 'Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope.' 'My soul fainteth for Thy salvation; but I hope in Thy word' (Ps. cxix. 49, 81). In *every* need we may find a suitable promise—read it, and take it back to the *Great Promiser*, and ask Him to fulfil it. Spurgeon says, 'Banquet your faith upon God's Word, and whatever your fears or wants, repair to the Bank of Faith with your Father's note of hand, saying, "Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope."' "

One proof of the intrinsic worth of Scripture is,—the more it is searched, the more its value and beauty appears. Again, the darker the night of trial, the brighter and more precious does it prove.

(*The last Y. W. C. A. Notes for November 29, 1886.*)

CHRIST'S LAST PASSOVER.

MATTHEW XXVI.

The last evening with His disciples had come, and for the last time Christ partook of the Passover with them. With desire He had heartily desired so to do (Luke xxii. 15, marg.); not for Himself, for all His desires had reference to His Father's glory, or His people's good. Was it not for *us*, for He knew how much it would teach and cheer us. Let us look back to the first Passover, and how God appointed that should be kept in mind. Exod. xii. shows it was the time of Israel's greatest danger, not from the plagues of flies or fire or locusts, but the angel, the God-sent angel of death. The Israelites were exempted, not by any claim or merit, but by using a God-appointed token (Exod. xii. 7, 13.) On the simple use of that token, the sprinkled blood, did it alone depend, whether the destroying angel came in to smite them like the Egyptians, or whether He passed over to defend them. Notice the blood was sprinkled *first*, the feast came afterwards. We know how the guiltless, perfect, uncomplaining lamb was slain, that its blood might procure safety for Israel; so Christ, our Passover, was sacrificed for us.

Christ kept the Passover on the right day, Thursday, which was the Jewish eve of Friday. Though John xix. 14 says, 'preparation of the

Passover,' according to Jewish authority it means Passover Friday.

If God desired His passing over the Israelites should be remembered, which was but a type, how much more probable He would have us remember the Antitype; and this is just what Christ taught by the institution of His Supper. Oh to sit at that Supper, as *with* Christ, and to hear Him saying to us, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.'

Three Gospels tell us of the last Supper. John supplements it with our Lord's discourses and other last words. Our Church reminds us how He took bread (not like our loaves, but large flat cakes), and blessed it, and brake it, and gave thanks. We, too, may give thanks at the consecrating or setting apart bread to remind us of Him. We know Christ did not change that bread into His body, but bid us see that it represents it. Rejoice that our Church cast away that 'dangerous deceit,' and beware of returning to it. (Christ's words could not mean this bread is *now* My body, this wine My blood, for the one had not then been offered, the other not then shed; it meant *then* what it still means and represents.) Besides, our Lord says, 'This cup is the new testament in My blood,' which means a covenant. (Jer. xxxi. 33; Heb. viii. 6.) The Old Testament was signed with blood. (Exod. xxiv. 3-8.) Heathens in covenanting 'offered sacrifices, and prayed that they themselves might so be slain, if they did not perform their part.' God taught Abraham how to make a covenant. (Gen. xv.; Heb. vii. 22, ix. 16, 17.)

So then Christ would remind us of His new covenant for us, which He confirmed by His death—thus His blood is the evidence of the covenant. (Heb. xiii. 20.) ‘The *life* that was made sin for us is gone, so the blood is exhibited apart from the body to show that it has been slain, bereft of the blood which was its life.’

Christ’s work of redemption is a finished work—hence we have not to repeat it, but remember it, ‘Do this in remembrance of Me.’ Let us then remember the exceeding great love of our Lord and Master, and think of all His sufferings as our Substitute—the finishing of the ceremonial law. Christ has wound up and fulfilled every type, every sacrifice is finished. Christ completed the great work of His Father’s love in redeeming man, so may we remember, and rest on His finished work. Our Saviour is the Lord of life, who, by laying down that life, paid all, accomplished and performed all that God requires for our salvation. ‘Who is he that condemneth? it is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us’ (Rom. viii. 34). ‘Ye are complete in Him’ (Col. ii. 10).

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