

## Moral and Religious Miscellany.

## DR. DUFF GROWING IN GRACE.

Much as he had previously attained of that which constitutes the fulness of the Christian character, it is delightful to mark his recent progress, as stated to George H. Stuart, Esq., of New York, in the following

## LETTER.

BIARRAT, BASSES PYRENEES, FRANCE,  
January 24, 1855. }

MY DEAR FRIEND,—About this time last year I was in Edinburgh, in the midst of preparations for crossing the Atlantic, and not without the fond expectation that by this time, I should be addressing you from the banks of the Ganges. O, the short sightedness of man! Instead of being in the high places of that field, helping to lay siege, under the unfurled banner of our adored Immanuel, to the stupendous citadel of the hoariest and most consolidated of this world's heathenisms, here I am, a helpless exile in one of the most secluded corners of old Christendom, sore wounded in my most vital organ—the organ of thought and feeling—and consequently, for the present, bereft of the power of action and utterance. But as you already know the very peculiar nature of my case, I shall say no more. It is the Lord's will, and naught remains for me but, by faith and prayer, to enter into the heart of the sublime expression of resignation, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

In my present situation, I daily look out and gaze at the waters of the mightiest bay of that ocean which severs—no, rather as a highway, unites—the Eastern with the Western worlds. I never look at them without thinking of my strange passage across, and of the strangely extraordinary reception given to me by the warm-hearted people of God on the other side. And by a sort of unconscious instinct, I find myself everlastingly musing and conning in words like these, "O, that I had the wings of a dove, that I could fly over these rolling billows, and mingle, were it but for a moment, with the gathering throng, and be cheered by the kindly smiling countenances of yonder beloved friends." But the wish is vain. It is so, however, the sentiment whence it springs. O, no. The sentiment is one of deepest, intensest gratitude to God, and under God to his devoted servants of every denomination in America, who were pleased to receive me with a cordiality as unexpected as it was wholly unprecedented. And I only mourn that hitherto it has not been in my power to manifest the ineradicable feelings of my heart, in any way either worthy or commensurate.

The scene, especially in your house, on the night of my arrival—truly a night of storms—grows on me in wondrousness the oftener I look back upon it. To all the friends who there met, please present, as opportunity offers, my warmest and most grateful remembrances. Tell them that my unceasing prayer is, that "grace, mercy and peace" may be increasingly "multiplied unto them all."

Fain would I now go on, and write you at length about many subjects of absorbing interest in connection with the cause of the Redeemer throughout the world at large. But, as yet, I dare not venture. As yet, I feel very much like a disabled man attempting to walk on a single toe. For, though much better than I was months ago, and, through God's blessing, slightly though slowly convalescent, I am still unable to take any liberties with my head. It has been a

terrible conflict and struggle with me to learn absolute submission to the will of God—to be content to stand still, be dumb, and wait on in silence. But the conflict has been beneficial—praised be God—to my own soul. It has brought me into nearer contact than ever with the High and the Holy and the Sovereign One. It has given me some awful glimpses of his holiness, and supremacy—some frightful glimpses, at the same time, of the venomousness of sin, and the horrible abominableness of my own heart by nature, and of the remains of "the old man" still there in so far as they are not yet subdued by grace. I now see more clearly than ever, how every soul in its fallen, unregenerate state, carries about with it all the elements of a terrible hell—elements which, if only let loose, without restraints of Providence or grace, would tumultuate it into all the restless tossings of the fiery lake. And I can now enter more than ever into the burning significance of the Apostle's words, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

And thus trembling with very amazement and joy, on account of the complete deliverance through Jesus Christ, I begin to feel in a way I never did before, the momentousness of the obligation under which I am laid, to be, to do, to suffer whatever His will may be. I begin to perceive, or rather to feel, a newness as well as fulness of meaning in the Apostle's exclamation, "And 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."

Alas, alas, how little is this solemn exhortation heeded in our day, even by the great bulk of professing Christians! What a spirit of innate selfishness, self-pleasing, self-indulgence, self-luxuriating is abroad? Where, O where is the self-denying, self-sacrificing, self-crucifying spirit that brought the Lord of glory to the cross—and breathed and burned through the souls of apostles, martyrs, and confessors in the primitive ages! Would to God, that in your great country, and in mine, one and another, and another would rise up in every congregation, of such self-consuming zeal in the cause of Christ, as to energize the surrounding myriads into self-denying action—and thus speedily constitute a great army, before whose onward march the hosts of Satan in every land would be scattered as chaff before the whirlwind!

The world, as a whole, is still in possession of the arch enemy. There he has been entrenching himself for ages, aided with all the enginery which a superhuman sagacity, set on edge by superhuman malice, could devise. And is the Christian Church so drenched in the Lethæan pool as to suppose that this gigantic foe is to be scared or driven from his more than adamantine entrenchments by the feeble and almost random blows of a few straggling soldiers, isolated and scattered at vast intervals around his frowning battlements? O, that all who profess to love the Saviour, would rise up as one man, and swear by him that liveth for ever and ever, that at whatever cost, whether of personal service or sacrifice of substance, they would, in the name and strength of their living head and king, go forth, and rest not day nor night till the earth resounded with songs of deliverance.

But, however reluctantly, I must pause; as certain distressing sensations are beginning to remind me that my fragile bow has already been bent too far.

And now, dear friend, remember me most affectionately to Mrs. S., Mrs. D. and all the young members of your family, not forgetting the domestics who ministered so kindly to my wants when under your