

sojourning with you at Milford, nor His having so wonderfully blessed my very poor ministry to the good of your souls. Indeed, my dear friends, I may truly add, my dearly beloved and longed-for,—we have all abundant reason to cry out, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and let all that is within us praise His holy name. Praise the Lord, O our souls, and forget not all His benefits." What encouragement it is to us in our journey through this waste howling wilderness, where everything is changeable and uncertain, to know that "Jesus is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever!" To know that God is the same, Jesus the same, the Spirit the same, the covenant the same, Heaven the same, yea, that we ourselves considered in Christ are, as to God's love towards us, always the same in His sight. I beseech you to remember that most sweet text, "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye, sons of Jacob, are not consumed." This is a troublesome world, and we have many enemies to beset us on all sides; but "Fear not, I am with thee," can, when applied by the Spirit, give comfort in the darkest days. Meet what enemy we will, it is an enemy that Jesus has met and conquered. The law, the world, Satan, sin, death, hell, are all overcome. I earnestly entreat you all to "rejoice in the Lord," to rejoice always; because "all things are yours whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Cling firmly to your foundation, "for other foundation can no man lay than that that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." He that stands here stands for ever. Remember to keep your conscience clean;—I mean clean by the blood of sprinkling. Study to go to God with a pure heart; that is, a heart purified in the "fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness." A little sin upon the soul keeps God at a distance. Remember, therefore, Christ's invitation: "Let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely; thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." This opens the door for prayer; a smiling God breaks a hard heart. I hear that some have turned aside, having loved this present evil world. Treat them not as enemies, but admonish them as brethren, considering yourselves, lest ye also be tempted. I beseech you that ye love one another, that ye be all of one mind; let each esteem others better than themselves. Read your Bibles much; pray most of all, pray for me, as I also do for you. We are going home; we have passed some milestones since we saw each other. I have you in my heart, God knoweth. Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. Your affectionate brother in the Lord Jesus.

To the Church at Milford on the death of their Pastor.

December 9th, 1836

To the Church of the Living God in Christ Jesus, His most dear and precious Son, our Lord and Saviour, in Milford, a place so dear to me from so many remembrances, and so many mercies. Grace, mercy, and peace be unto you at all times, and under all trials; and especially may they be manifested to you at this present time, and under your present most afflicting trials, by the power of the Holy Ghost. Dear and beloved in the Lord, when I think of you, bereaved as you are of your best earthly friend,—of that man of God who had laboured among you and for you and for so many years, even one-and-twenty next month—of him who lived for you, and, if the Lord had bidden him, would, I doubt not, through His grace, have died for you,—when I call to mind his deep affection for you, and what you have lost in him, a pastor so faithful, a friend so true, a brother, a father,—I could well sit down and lay aside my pen and weep.

But, beloved, the time is short, and Jesus liveth. In all your affliction He is afflicted. When the Lord removed me from among you, He gave you

a better than me; and now that He, *even He*, has received him to glory, and removed him from you, believe and doubt not but that the same hand which wounds is quite able also to bind up. He, and only He, is enough for this deep and agonizing wound, be assured. The hand which inflicts it is the same which raised the sword to sheathe it in the bosom of His Son. To you it is a sword for ever sheathed. Turn His hand He will upon, but not *against*, His poor, little, and scattered ones. He will place His arms under you, and cover you with the hollow of His hand. He loves you better than your dear and honoured pastor ever *did*, ever *could*, ever *can* love you. He loves you infinitely better than you love yourselves. In patience possess ye your souls; wait on, and wait for the Lord; Jehovah-Jireh is His name. It is so, because He is love. Rom. viii. 32, is your watchword in this dark and gloomy night. It will be soon day. . . . Farewell, dear and beloved in the Lord. It is pleasant to know that, while friends die the world changes; the Church, as to its outward appearance, waxes and wanes; Jesus is the same as ever,—the same loving, tender, gracious, sufficient Saviour as ever He was. He knows no shadow of a turn. May this solemn, deep, affecting dispensation be truly, permanently sanctified to all your souls, prays your ever affectionate brother in Jesus.

J. H. EVANS.

THE GOD OF ELIJAH.

Who else was it but the God of Elijah, who, only a short time ago, in our neighbourhood so kindly delivered a poor man out of his distress, not indeed by a raven, but by a poor singing bird? You are acquainted with the circumstance. The man was sitting early in the morning at his household. His eyes were red with weeping, and his heart cried to Heaven, for he was expecting an officer to come and distraint him for a small debt. And, whilst sitting thus with his heavy heart, a little bird flew through the street, fluttering up and down as if in distress, until at length, quick as an arrow, it flew over the good man's head into his cottage, and perched itself within an empty cupboard. The good man, who little imagined who had sent him the bird, closed the door, caught the bird, and placed it in a cage, where it immediately began to sing very sweetly, and it seemed to the man as if it were the tune of a favourite hymn. "Fear thou not when darkness reigns;" and, as he listened to it, he found it soothe, and comfort his mind.

Suddenly some one knocked at the door. "Ah, it is the officer," thought the man, and he was sore afraid. But no! it was the servant of a respectable lady, who said that the neighbours had seen a bird fly into his house, and she wished to know if he had caught it. "Oh, yes," answered the man, "and here it is;" and the bird was carried away. A few minutes after the servant came again. "You have done my mistress a great service," said she; "she sets a high value upon the bird, which had escaped from her. She is much obliged to you, and requests you to accept this trifle with her thanks." The poor man received it thankfully, and it proved to be neither more nor less than the sum he owed! And, when the officer came, he said, "Here is the amount of the debt; now leave me in peace, for God has sent it me."—*Krummacher.*

A LAMB OF THE FLOCK.

SHE was the child of a countryman in a neighbouring hamlet, not a poor man but ungodly. She was not more than seven or eight years old, and I had instructed her. Her parents were displeased at her attention to religion, and determined to take her away from the house of her grandmother, where she was near to all her pious young companions. Her father found her one day with a tract, called "The Little Christian," in her hands, and, as soon as he saw it, threw it away from him in a passion. She might have been left here long enough to learn to read, but

was prevented from the following circumstance. One day, while combing her hair, her mother promised her some fine clothes at Easter, new shoes, &c. "Oh! dear mother," said she, "do not let us talk about new frocks, but about the clothing for our souls." This at once settled the matter, she was taken home again, surrounded by those who are enemies to God and His people, not knowing even how to read the Testament so as to improve herself. Who would have thought that so young and ignorant a child would persevere in the wrong way? Such were our fears when she was taken from us, but no one liked to go and see her for fear of being ill received by her parents, and especially her father.

However at last some of her young companions went to her, and returned in the evening, full of joy, because she was even improved since she left them. Her father was from home, and they were not unpleasantly received. This child seems to possess a truly humble spirit, and often retires to the stable for prayer. Her little brother always follows her, and has told her parents, who use her harshly; but she answers not again, and prays to the Saviour to make her patient and mild. She told her friends to ask me to pray for her, because "she felt she was naughty and careless: but she wished much to see me, and hear me speak of the kind Saviour who has so loved us."—*Letters of Felix Neff.*

SABBATH AMONG THE GOLD-FINDERS.

In a little volume, entitled "Four Months among the Gold-Finders in Alta California" by J. Tyrwhitt Brooks, M. D., the author, after describing very graphically the manner in which lawless adventurers from all parts of the World were recklessly, and in many instances murderously, engaged in the attainment of gold, states:—

"4th June.—Breakfast was soon dispatched, and the question as to the day's operations asked. Don Luis was the only one who, on the score of its being *Sabbath*, would not go to the Diggings. He had no objection to amuse himself on Sabbath, but he would not *work*. To get over the difficulty, we agreed to go on the principle of every man keeping his own findings, our bonds of unity as a party to extend merely to mutual protection and defence. Leaving Don Luis then smoking in the tent, we proceeded to work, and found that the great majority of the gold-finders appeared to entertain our opinions, or at all events to imitate our practice, as to labouring on Sabbath. . . . I worked hard, as indeed we all did, the whole morning. The toil is very severe."

It does not appear that Dr. Brooks or his associates felt the slightest remorse at the agreement, into which they had so shamelessly entered, to desecrate, for the sake of gold, the Sabbath; and yet in the brief space of three weeks the Doctor makes the following very remarkable entry in his journal:—

"Sabbath, 25th June.—We have all of us given over working on *Sabbaths*, as we have found the toil on six successive days quite hard enough. . . . A few of the miners pursued their avocations on the Sabbath, but the majority devoted the day to rest, smoking and sleeping in the shade alternately."

Thus, even in the picking-up of gold (an occupation so exciting that it had burst the bands of almost all human compacts, people of all conditions having deserted from their engagements to rush to "the Diggings,"), one day's rest out of seven was practically found to be absolutely necessary. "The fact is," preaches J. T. Brooks, M. D., as soon as he became dead tired, "the human frame will not stand a course of incessant toil." One holiday per week was accordingly not only agreed on, but it was moreover carried, *nem. con.*, that they might just as well have it on Sabbath as on any other day; and thus, from no sense of Religion, did the worshippers of "the Diggings" most powerfully subscribe to the wisdom of that commandment which has beneficently desired us to keep holy the Sabbath-day.—*Quarterly Review.*