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NEW SERIES.

MAY, 1899.

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The
Gospel Magazine

And Protestant Beacon:

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

The British Protestant.

COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD.
ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE.
JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER,
WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL.

*Wycliffe House,
8, Midland Road,
DERBY.*



For Contents, see
next page.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY,

AUTHOR OF "ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME."

FORMERLY

EDITOR OF THE "GOSPEL MAGAZINE."

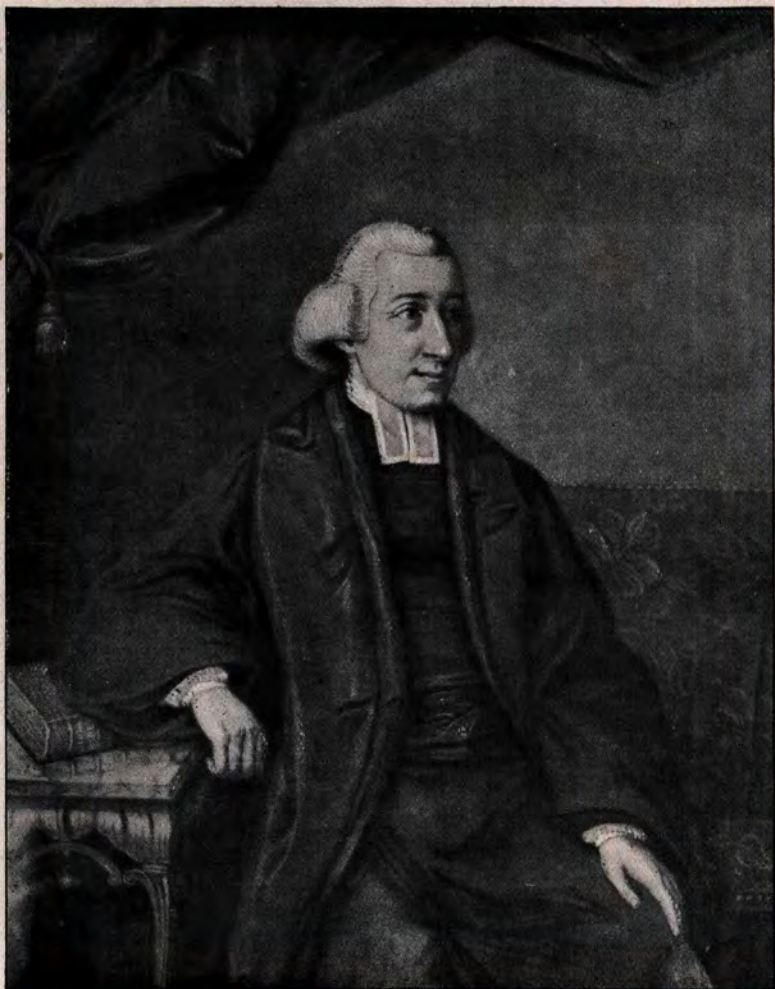
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REV. A. M. TOPLADY, B.A.

*(From an Engraving, dated March 31, 1777, in the possession of the authorities of
Whitefield Tabernacle, London.)*

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OUR “TOPLADY” NUMBER.

THE special character of the contents of the MAGAZINE this month, and the large amount of space devoted to the memory of its revered former EDITOR, has necessarily affected the use of materials kindly supplied to us by our regular contributors. We have, however, sought, by retaining the customary arrangement of the contents of our Publication, to secure continuity in the current series, while the fragrance of TOPLADY'S name is prevalent throughout. The EDITOR has earnestly sought Divine guidance in the performance of his necessarily onerous labours, yet he is conscious of many imperfections. For these he asks the generous indulgence of his Readers, and that so much the more since his work has been carried on amid circumstances of distressing family affliction and personal anxiety. Wave after wave of domestic trouble rolled in while the following pages were in process of production, and night oil was freely requisitioned for weeks past. The delight of soul connected with a closer and more systematic study of the history and writings of the dearly loved VICAR of BROAD HEMBURY has, however, often served as a rich means of grace to a parent's heavy heart. Thus our GOD and FATHER is able, in His own wondrous way so to combine suffering and service as that the one shall be made a compensation for the other. Consolation is ministered under the burden of Christ's cross by the very fact of its being *His* cross. How true are His words, “My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.” And now that the long-cherished idea of perpetuating the memory of beloved AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, as the once EDITOR of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE has been providentially realized, we ask the fervent prayers of our Readers that the unction and special power of the Holy Spirit may accompany the circulation of these pages. The precious Evangelical truths with which

this "TOPLADY" number is laden, constitute a strong claim on every one who experimentally values those truths to promote the knowledge of them throughout the earth. The abounding religious errors of our times, and the rare opportunities afforded our fellow men to hear expounded the pure and undefiled verities of the Covenant of God's free grace, place a heavy responsibility on all who know their personal indebtedness to sovereign mercy. "Freely," indeed, such "have received." The Master reminds them of their grateful obligation—"Freely give." The present effort to make known the whole counsel of God is one in which the PUBLISHERS of this our time-honoured MAGAZINE have liberally seconded the EDITOR'S proposals; and now he confidently appeals to those of his fellow-believers in CHRIST JESUS who read his columns month by month to make a special effort to spread the knowledge of the pure Gospel, in connection with a providential opportunity the importance of which cannot be overrated.

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The Family Portion ;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. i. 4.

A FAITHFUL MAN.

"But a faithful man who can find?"—PROVERBS xx. 6.

FIDELITY to GOD and to His truth is the highest attainment in grace possible to the believer, so long as he is on earth. No one, however, attains to perfection in this grace; consequently, even the commendation which we find passed on the patriarch JOB must be read in the interpretative light of other Scriptures. "That man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil" (Job i. 1). The excellent attainments in Divine grace possessed by God's servant of old were, after all, only comparative. They stood in superior contrast to those reached by his contemporaries. And thus we must think and speak of the most brilliant examples to be found in New Testament times, whether of the Apostolic or later periods.

The honoured servant of CHRIST, too, to whose memory the present issue of a publication which he once edited is lovingly devoted—the Rev. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY—claims our commendation and imitation, just in so far as he was true to the revealed will of God, and in proportion as he faithfully followed CHRIST. We have no intention to idolize any Christian character. "To which of the saints will ye turn?" is a question which must ever call forth a sigh on the part of him who ponders Scripturally the doings and goings of the best of men. It is because this canon of sound criticism is sometimes forgotten, that false conclusions concerning Christian character are drawn, and the divine life in the soul is made responsible for the infirmities and shortcomings of the flesh. The faithfulness of the most faithful of the LORD's servants will always be qualified, more or less, by the presence of human weakness. It is characteristic of the rich grace of God, however, that He delights to remember, to the full, the fidelity of those who truly seek to honour Him, while He takes equal delight in forgetting

all that is unworthy in their stewardship. This encouraging fact is forcibly illustrated in the case of MOSES. We all know how the chosen leader of Israel, when on one occasion he was occupied in JEHOVAH's service, "spake unadvisedly with his lips," and fell under the rod of Divine correction. Yet, when the stewardship of God's servant is referred to in New Testament Scripture, not a hint is dropped to recall his imperfections, or to imply that they were Divinely remembered. Thus runs the Bible record:—"And Moses verily *was faithful* in all his house, as a servant, for a testimony of those things which were to be spoken after" (Heb. iii. 5). MOSES was faithful! See how our heavenly FATHER finds pleasure in the obedience—even the imperfect obedience—of such as love Him and humbly aim to bring glory to His Name.

The spirit in which the LORD views the stewardship of the meanest labourer in His vineyard who, constrained by the love of CHRIST, seeks to be occupied in his MASTER's work, is beautifully expressed in the book of the Prophet Malachi (iii. 16, 17): "Then they that feared the LORD spake often one to another: and the LORD hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be Mine, saith the LORD of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels; and *I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.*" What marvellous condescension is this in the LORD of hosts! A book of remembrance is kept for those whose filial fear leads them to meditate upon the all-gracious name of their Covenant God! But no book of remembrance is written for the manifold imperfections that mingle with their stewardship and service! Nay, "*I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.*" He will not exact at their hands that which he would require of hirelings, or of self-righteous legalists who might think to make Him their debtor by their good works. "Sonship" lies at the root of all acceptable service. To "walk as dear children" is the vocation of all who name the name of CHRIST. Dr. GILL offers a few profitable observations on the FATHER's words, "*I will spare them,*" recorded by Malachi. He says:—"This is a favour not granted to apostate angels, nor to the old world; nor to the Jewish nation; nor even to the SON of GOD; but is vouchsafed to His special people: the lives of these are spared until they are called by grace; and though they are sometimes afflicted and chastised, it is very gently, and in love; their services are accepted, and the imperfections in them are overlooked; their sins are pardoned, and they will find mercy at the great day of account; they are used in the most tender manner, not only as a son—an own son—but as an obedient one, for whom the greatest regard is had and affection shown." The loving motives which actuate the heart of a child of God constitute the real value of Christian service in our FATHER's sight, rather than any performances, as such. When ABRAHAM, standing beside the altar on which his dear son ISAAC lay bound, lifted the sacrificial knife to slay him, in obedience to JEHOVAH's command, there promptly came a voice from on high,

saying, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him: for now I know that thou fearest GOD, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from Me" (Gen. xxii. 12). The "willing mind" (2 Cor. viii. 12) is the measure and standard of obedience which alone is recognized by Him "by whom actions are weighed." The performances of a will, which the Holy Spirit inspires and directs, constitute indeed outward evidence of its nature and inclination; but the INFALLIBLE SEARCHER of hearts is not dependent on external appearances. He knows the ground of the heart, and, where the heart is upright and sincere towards Him, He will accept it "according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." We find the LORD JESUS enforcing this encouraging truth in the case of the devoted woman at Bethany, who poured on His blessed head her alabaster flask of ointment—"She hath done what she could" (Mark xiv. 8). It was in the heart of David to build the temple at Jerusalem, but the will of the LORD was otherwise; yet the father of Solomon was more than accepted *in his desire*, though the fulfilment of his plan was forbidden him (1 Chron. xxviii. 2-10). DAVID prepared the costly materials for the holy house, but his son SOLOMON erected it. HEZEKIAH, too, was a faithful servant of the LORD'S, of whom it is recorded in 2 Chron. xxxi. 20, 21, "And thus did Hezekiah throughout all Judah, and wrought that which was good, and right, and truth, before the LORD his GOD. And in every work that he began in the service of the house of GOD, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his GOD, he did it with all his heart, and prospered." The poverty-stricken widow, who contributed "all that she had"—only "two mites, which make a farthing," according to man's method of reckoning—cast into the temple treasury "more than" all the wealthy donors offered, according to the estimate of Him who sat watching "*how* the people cast money into the treasury" (Mark xii. 41).

So is it in regard to the stewardship of our spiritual substance. If we possess only a little knowledge, a small measure of light, but a few talents—perhaps only one, and that a very humble one—yet, if through the grace of diligence we prove "*faithful* in a few things," the KING'S smile of approval will not be withheld, and we shall be prospered, like HEZEKIAH, in our humble service. The "well done" of our LORD and MASTER is reserved, not for the popular, sensational, self-satisfied "Christian worker," but for such as are graciously made willing to *suffer* for the sake of GOD'S pure truth as well as to bear witness for it, and to act out at all costs the promise-command of their DIVINE CAPTAIN: "Be thou *faithful unto death*," that is, unto martyrdom, "and I will give thee a crown of life" (Rev. ii. 10). One of the most honourable titles conferred in the Holy Scriptures on any servant of CHRIST is that which is accorded to one of whom personally we know nothing—"ANTIPAS was My *faithful* martyr" (Rev. ii. 13), one who probably was an uncompromising opponent of prevalent error and evil. And such alone is the test of that martyr spirit which becomes all the followers of the LAMB.

No one, perhaps, in modern times, was, in the broader sense

of the term *μάρτυς*, more truly an "Antipas" than the intrepid, well-equipped, veteran Gospel advocate—AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY. Physically fragile, he was both mentally and spiritually a faithful, militant witness against free-will heresy, whether Papal or nominally Protestant. He keenly perceived that the boasted free-will of Adam's apostate seed struck at the sovereignty of *Ἰησοῦν*, so that fidelity to God's truth constrained him to expose and resist it in the energy of an exceptionally vigorous spiritual manhood. The zeal of God's house burned, as a consuming fire, in his righteous soul, and, as in the instance of JOHN the BAPTIST, his burning, shining light speedily fulfilled its divinely appointed mission, and left behind it a lasting testimony for good on the Church of God. As we elsewhere dwell at length on the faithful service of the truly Evangelical VICAR of BROAD HEMBURY, and as our space this month is in special demand, we refrain from further enlarging on our subject, and must be content to quote Mr. TOPLADY'S truthful lines on spiritual fruit-bearing, as exhibiting his view of the secret of its production, and his appreciation of HIM to whom all the praise of its existence is due. (It may here be observed that the following verses first appeared in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for June, 1771.)

"JESUS immutably the same,
Thou true and living Vine,
Around Thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

"Quickened by Thee, and kept
alive,
I flourish and bear fruit ;
My life I from Thy sap
derive,
My vigour from Thy root.

"I can do nothing without Thee ;
My strength is wholly Thine ;
Withered and barren should I be,
If severed from the Vine.

"Upon my leaf, when parched with
heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop ;
The plant which Thy right hand
hath set
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

"Each moment watered by Thy care,
And fenced with power Divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear
The feeblest branch of Thine !"

THE EDITOR.

FEAR CAST OUT.

SINCE the earth and its inhabitants are degenerated from their original state, let not believers be afraid to die.

"Death hath no pang, but what frail life imparts ;
Ner life true joy, but what kind death improves."

By quitting its mortal cage, the heaven-born soul is delivered from all its sins, and cares, and pains, and kindles into perfection of holiness and majesty and joy. At the appointed time the body too will partake of complete redemption ; and be delivered into the glorious liberty and dignity of the children of God. Accomplish, Lord, the number of Thine elect, and hasten Thy kingdom !—*Toplady.*

Wayside Notes.

"LIFE A JOURNEY."

"They went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and into the land of Canaan they came."—GENESIS xii 5.

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with the writings of Mr. TOPLADY are necessarily acquainted with his Essay entitled, "Life a Journey," published by him in the year 1775. The thought has occurred that no more appropriate subject could be selected for this month's memorial number, and for our "Wayside Notes" in particular, than the theme which TOPLADY enlarged upon about three years prior to his lamented decease, when the earlier symptoms of mortal disease were manifesting their presence in his fragile frame. It was at a later date, and when the threshold of the gate of the City of the Great King was well within sight, that he penned those immortal verses beginning—

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

It is an interesting fact, and one that bears on the question of when and where the more widely-known hymn "Rock of Ages, cleft for me" was written by TOPLADY, that four lines, selected from two of the verses of that precious composition, appeared in the Essay, "Life a Journey," when it was originally published in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, in the months of September and October, 1775, during TOPLADY's editorship of this periodical. The hymn itself was not published till the month of March in the ensuing year. Thus we gather that the manuscript must have been in the author's possession for a considerable time before he put it in the press, and it is quite possible that it was penned, as has been frequently asserted, during his pastoral labours in Somersetshire.

But this interesting point is somewhat of a diversion. As the Essay on Christian pilgrimage was first given to the Church of God in these pages, while they were under the Editorial charge of the Vicar of Broad Hembury, it is not improbable that it was written as a magazine article. It bears the *nom de plume* "Minimus," frequently used by him, and has always held its place among the author's collected works. TOPLADY opens his Essay thus:—"God having decreed to put Abrahams' posterity into possession of the country

* The original of this sweet composition, so richly expressive of the believer's sure hope in Christ, was presented by TOPLADY to his distinguished friend SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, whose great influence and wealth were consecrated to the cause of pure Gospel truth during the latter half of the eighteenth century—a period which may well be termed the Evangelical Renaissance in England. WHITEFIELD and ROMAINE were among LADY HUNTINGDON'S chaplains.

since called Palestine, commanded that Patriarch to leave Chaldea, his native land, and to set out with his family for the place whither Providence should lead him. Abram, who had obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful, was not disobedient to the heavenly vision: but, as the inspired penman informs us, he took Sarai, his wife, and Lot, his brother's son, and all the substance they had gathered, and the souls, or persons, which they had gotten in Haran; and they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came. The same unchangeable God who had promised to bring them into that land, actually brought them into the land He had promised; and they not only set out for Canaan, but arrived safely there, according to the purpose and promise of Him who had bid them go." Then the expositor proceeds to call attention to the fact that in Scripture the obedient, believing Patriarch is distinguished as "father of the faithful," whose steadfast, unsuspecting confidence in the promises was singularly evident, and whose faith for that reason stands on record as a pattern to Christ's people in all generations. He was likewise "a type of the Church collective, which consists of and takes in all true believers, from the beginning to the end of time; and as the land of Canaan to which Abram travelled, is represented in Scripture as a figure of heaven, that better country, to which all God's elect people are bound, and to which they shall all be led: for these reasons we shall, I apprehend, put no force on the words of that text which stands as a motto to this Essay, nor strain them beyond their due meaning if (besides their literal signification as a history) we consider them in a spiritual light, as importing the safety of those who, in consequence of being called forth from a state of nature by converting grace, are enabled to set their faces Zionwards, and to enter on a journey to the Kingdom of God."

The plan, worked out with consummate knowledge of both Bible doctrine and Christian experience, is admirably conducive to the encouragement and confirmation of Christ's tried flock; and no grace-saved sinner can read *TOPLADY'S* spiritual review of the life-journey of the believer without acknowledging him to have been "a master in Israel"—a pastor whose heart was in tenderest touch with the weakest members of the blood-bought "flock of slaughter." He seeks to make plain to the merest lamb in the blessed Redeemer's fold that all who, in gracious earnest, set out for the heavenly Jerusalem shall most certainly be brought in safety to their journey's end, that not one of them can perish by the way. The humblest seeker after salvation by the blood of the Lamb, and the meanest hungerer after the kingdom and righteousness of Jesus may be assured beforehand, that the kingdom shall be his. In the words of the Essay—"The inseparable blessings of grace and glory are styled 'the sure mercies of David' (Acts xiii. 34), the sacred [*i.e.*, the inviolably certain, and] the faithful things of David, *i.e.*, of Christ: or, more conformably to the original passage in Isaiah, *the sure benefits of David* meaning the infallible certainty of those benefits, such as pardon, justification, sanctification, final preservation, and eternal

happiness, which are secured to the Church by virtue of that unalterable Covenant subsisting between the Father, the Spirit, and Christ (the Anti-type of David), in behalf of all who shall be made to believe through grace. This everlasting Covenant of peace and salvation, entered into with God the Son by the other two Divine Persons, St. Paul had in view, when he says, 'God, willing to show more abundantly to the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it with an oath, that by two unchangeable things [namely, His decree and oath] wherein it is impossible for God to falsify, we might have strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us' (Heb. vi. 17, 18)." As Abram came forth, literally, from the land of his nativity, so, in a figurative sense, does everyone who is effectually called by sovereign grace. From a legal state of insensibility, impenitence, unbelief, self-righteousness, and bondage to sin, every child of God is delivered by the inward operation of the Holy Ghost, through whose almighty agency we are caused to turn our backs on the road we were blindly pursuing hitherto, and to enter upon a new, strange course. "Retrieved from absolute unbelief, we feel the necessity of Christ, and throw ourselves upon the grace of God in Him for deliverance from the wrath to come." TOPLADY adds, "Whosoever is brought thus far, is *more than half-way* to the kingdom of heaven. He has made, through grace, a good progress in the road to Zion; and shall go on, from strength to strength, till he appear before the God of gods in glory." How delightfully encouraging, beloved brethren in Christ, is such sound, truthful, Divine teaching as this! Contrast the vaunted "Gospels" proclaimed in our present-day pulpits with this most glorious message from heaven, and we must needs exclaim with "the weeping Prophet," Jeremiah, "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed! the stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street!"—and in the very words of the Lord Himself, "What is the chaff to the wheat?"

Next, the master hand of the erstwhile Editor of our "Family Magazine" goes on in his Essay to point out that the regenerated child of God is always called to bear the offence of the cross of Christ for his unfeigned profession of faith. He is despised and traduced, and perhaps branded as "a Methodist," or "an old-fashioned Puritan," or "a madman." Efforts will be made by his former associates to draw him back into the world, and various methods will be adopted to divert him from his Zion-ward pilgrimage. Yet all in vain!

Wise counsels, however, are tendered by the faithful Author to the new-born child of God. "It is a just remark," says TOPLADY, "which I have somewhere met with, that the best way to be secure from falling into a well is not to venture too near the brink." And then he sagely adds, "Swim not with the stream if the tide roll downward; neither follow a multitude to do evil. It is the duty of a Christian not to be ashamed of being *singularly good*: especially in an age like this, when so many are not ashamed of being *eminently bad*. Better go with a few to heaven, than to go with much and polite

company to hell. He that fears men, and seeks to please men at the expense of Gospel truths, or of good morals, is not an honest man, much less a servant of Christ." A great diversity of paths is allotted the heaven-bound pilgrim. The face of the country he travels will not daily be the same. This is true regarding things both temporal and eternal, natural and spiritual. Travellers need not be told that the weather is not always the same. At times the affections of a saint are warm sublime, and strongly drawn up to God and to Divine things. Anon, his affections may gravitate, grow numbed and cold, and, like an eagle that is pinioned, be scarce able to creep where once they used to fly." Then, to cheer forward in the spiritual journey, the dear Pastor of Broad Hembury adds, "Yet be not cast down. You may, like Samson, be shorn of your locks for a season, *but they will grow again*, and your strength shall return as heretofore." And to the succeeding remark we beg the Christian reader's very particular attention: "Remember that comfortable frames, though extremely desirable, are *not* the foundation of your safety. Our best and ultimate happiness is grounded on an infinitely firmer basis than anything *in us* can supply. The immutability of God, the never-failing efficacy of Christ's mediatorial work, and the invariable fidelity of the Holy Ghost, are *the triple rock* on which salvation stands." This all-comprehending statement of Divine truth furnishes the believer, whether he be a "babe," a "young man," or a "father" in the spiritual life, with a weapon that no creature—terrestrial or infernal—can possibly gainsay or resist! The Lord cannot deny Himself, He cannot violate His decrees, He cannot reverse His promise, He cannot forget or disown His Covenant. Consequently, the gracious believer in the Lord Jesus Christ "is safe for ever, and can never be ultimately left or forsaken." As surely as free and sovereign grace stirred up the soul to undertake the heavenly journey, so surely shall glory crown the finish of the pilgrimage.

As to the various paths by which God is bringing home to Zion His called ones, beloved TOPLADY remarks, "It will be all one by-and-by. . . . So we at last get safe to the New Jerusalem, no matter whether we ride or walk." Meanwhile, we journey on, and, like all travellers, we must needs meet with a great variety of company on the road. Among the people of God there are diverse dispositions and idiosyncrasies. We must allow for these. "The elect will never perfectly resemble each other till they *perfectly resemble Christ* in glory." In things indifferent it is our duty to bear with one another—"in the Lord." Things fundamental fall not, of course, within this rule of Christian charity. As a vindication of dear TOPLADY from the charge of being harsh in his judgment, and guilty of ill-conditioned contentiousness, often brought against his hallowed memory by a censorious world, and, alas, by some writers professing the name of Christ, the following passage from this Essay on "Life a Journey," may here be quoted:—"Narrow as the way is which leadeth unto life, it is yet broad enough to admit persons of divided judgment *in things indifferent*. There may be several paths in one and the same road and shall I be so weak, or so

malicious, as to suppose that a professing brother is not in the way to everlasting happiness, only because he does not walk arm-in-arm with me, and tread in my particular track? I grant that there is but one road to heaven; namely, an interest in the atonement and righteousness of Christ; for, 'no man cometh to the Father but by Him.' I believe, however, and feel myself unutterably happy in believing, that this only avenue to eternal rest admits of much greater latitude than bigots of all denominations are aware of. Let, therefore, the traveller to the City of God bear in mind that amiable exhortation of Joseph to his brethren, 'See that ye fall not out by the way.' This love for the brethren, whether they were found in the Established Church or outside of it, was a common characteristic of the great Evangelical Revival of last century, and it was one in which, evidently, *TOPLADY* enjoyed a liberal share.

Following on the foregoing quotation, the Essay points out the great importance of the traveller's possessing a thoroughly reliable and experienced "guide." Christ is the only perfect Guide, and all Zion's pilgrims must needs follow in His steps. Yet believers in Him owe it to one another to be fellow-helpers. "During their passage to Canaan, good people may, by mutual exhortation, reproof, and instruction in righteousness, be occasionally guides to each other. But the two grand stated guides of the Redeemer's Church are the Spirit and the Word of God; to which may be added in humblest subordination to these two, the ministers of God. Generally speaking, these three Guides do best together." With force and discrimination, *TOPLADY* then proceeds to show how God is pleased to employ the faithful ministry of His Gospel Word to direct His elect people in the royal highway. Then he dwells on the almighty defences provided for the Church while she comes up in her weakness from the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved. She is beautifully described as travelling "under the escort of a truly invincible armada." Providence is engaged for her without, and grace within. Believers in Christ may, indeed, appear as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, yet are they "no less than kings in disguise, kings and priests unto God." The gates of hell may assault, but they shall not prevail. "They may endeavour to intercept the believer on his passage to Canaan; but God, who put it into his heart to go, will be his Guardian even unto death."

The provisions of an everlasting and well-ordered Covenant abundantly suffice for all the demands of the Church's passage through the desert to the Promised Land. No manner of thing that is good will the God of our salvation withhold from His trusting people. Gospel ordinances, and the various means of grace—public and private—indicate the loving and bountiful forethought of the Lord God of Israel. The true manna will be unfailingly continued until the Good Land be entered by the last of the journeying host! A table is spread in the wilderness by the unchangeable God of the promises. It is an all-sufficient, all-satisfying table. The presence of the Angel of the Covenant is pledged to Israel throughout the pilgrimage. From time to time, also, blessed pre-sights of the New

Jerusalem are granted to faith. "Faith is the mount, and Gospel-promises and Gospel ordinances are the pleasant windows whence (like Moses from the top of Pisgah) we survey that Good Land which is afar off. The nearer we approach to heaven, the clearer, frequently, are our views of it.

"Divinely fair, and full in sight,
The shining turrets rise!"

"I mean, if and when the light of God's Spirit shines upon faith's eye and illuminates the Gospel windows. For the keenest human eye can discern no object, and the most transparent windows in the world can transmit no prospect, if light be totally excluded."

The conclusion of this eminently scriptural Essay is occupied with a glorious description of the heavenly outlook of the Christian pilgrim. The article of death fades away in the light of the glory which, by Covenant, is promised to those whose hope centres in the tender mercy of their God. The entrance of the believer into the kingdom of rest and peace is divinely assured. "Dread not the interjacent valley; it is but the *shadow* of death; and what is there in a shadow to be afraid of? Dark as it may seem, it will brighten as you enter, and the farther you go the brighter will it prove." Then it is sweetly added—"When you have got to the extremity of the vale, and have actually breathed your last, you will find your equipage waiting for you on the other side, to take you from the body, and to set you down at the throne of God."

TOPLADY closes his remarkable article by faithfully and pointedly addressing his readers as to their personal lot and interest in the blessed hope of the Gospel. The readers of his address, he remarks, and indeed the whole world at large, are divisible into two kinds of people—"those who are travelling to Canaan, and those who are going the direct contrary way." He says:—"There are but two roads: the broad, which leadeth to destruction; and the narrow, which opens into life. Travellers all mankind are, and travellers at a very swift rate. The grand point is, 'Where art thou travelling to?'" He has encouraging words to lead seeking souls to Christ, solemn words of warning for others. Nor does he overlook the poor, stumbling, backsliding, children of God—for TOPLADY was no "perfectionist." And in this connection it is that he quotes, as was mentioned at the opening of these "Wayside Notes," four lines from his own immortal hymn, "Rock of Ages." The lines, with their context stand thus:—"Yet, if you fall, be humbled; but do not despair. Pray afresh to God, who is able to raise you up, and to set you on your feet again. Look to the blood of the Covenant, and say to the Lord from the depth of your heart—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

"Make those words of the Apostle your motto: 'Perplexed, but not

in despair; cast down, but not destroyed.'” The broken-hearted child of God is bidden, with his burden, “Away to the cross of Christ, and to the Spirit of God, for cleansing and for healing.” He is assured that his “Covenant God will then sprinkle him from an evil conscience, and make him recover the time and the ground he has lost.” When thus graciously restored, the forgiven disciple is thus exhorted: “Look upon sin as the bitterest calamity that can befall you, and consider those who would entice you to it, to be your partners in it, as the very worst enemies you have.” Soon the Land of the heavenly Canaan will be entered, and sin shall be no more. Every propensity to it will cease for ever. As a good man once said on his death-bed, “Hold out, faith and patience! yet a little while, and I shall need you no longer.” Out of great tribulation shall all God’s elect, ransomed ones be finally brought, and, as dear *TOPLADY’S* article in the venerable *GOSPEL MAGAZINE* concludes, their joyful song shall be “stirred up by His effectual grace, ‘We went forth to go into the land of Canaan; and, clothed with His righteousness and preserved by His power, *into the land of Canaan we are come.*’ Even so. Amen.”

Clifton.

J. O.

HE IS AT HAND.

(PHILIPPIANS iv. 5.)

He is at hand. Our loved and loving Master
Will soon return to this defiled domain,
Where He redeemed us by His “Cross and Passion”
From sin’s control, and Satan’s cruel chain.

He is at hand. Why should we fear the future?
Why sigh for sufferings that may never be?
Our trial-time will end when He appeareth,
And Oh! to-day our eyes His face may see.

He is at hand. Oh, then we will not sorrow
With hopeless hearts for loved ones fallen asleep.
They will awake at His all-glorious Advent.
And rise with us who lonely watch now keep.

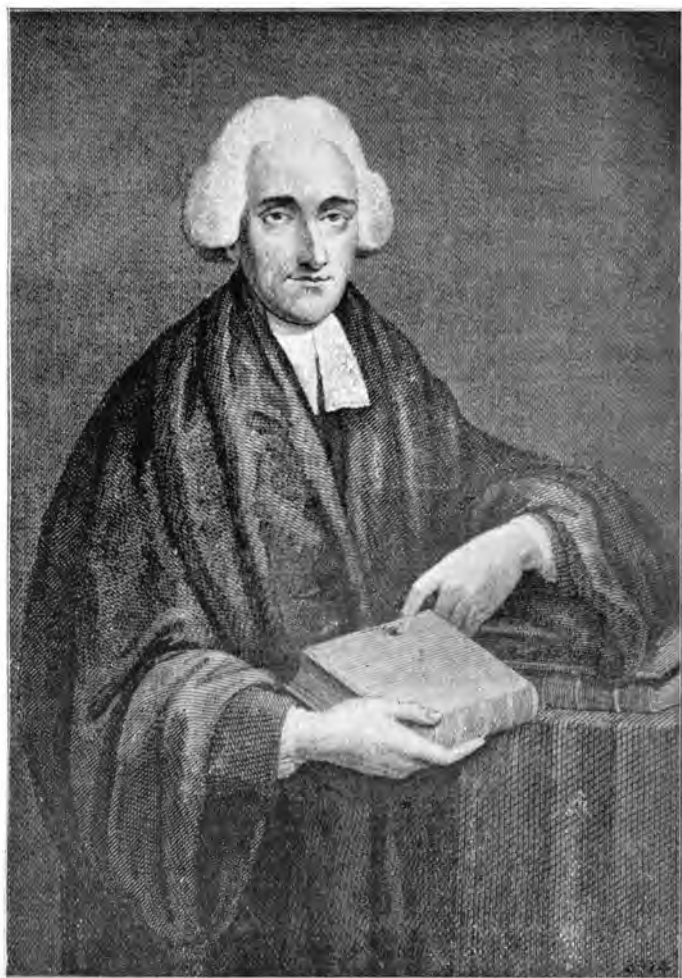
He is at hand. Then should we weakly murmur?
Our “light affliction” will not long endure,
It will be changed into a “weight of glory,”
When through the clouds He comes with angels pure.

He is at hand. Then let us serve Him bravely,
Mid opposition, hatred, and annoy;
That we may stand unshamed in His blest presence,
And meet His gaze with confidence and joy.

He is at hand. He will remove us shortly
To His fair home of love and true accord;
There, we who watch, and they that calmly slumber,
Shall be together—“ever with the Lord.”

ISA.

THE soul, I verily believe, is never safer than when with returning Mary we stand at the feet of Christ, behind Him, weeping.—*Toplady.*



REV. A. M. TOPLADY, B.A.

(Photographic reproduction from "Memoirs of the Rev. Mr. Toplady," published in 1794, by Walter Row.)

THE REV. A. M. TOPLADY, B.A.

AN APPRECIATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

"THEN said the Interpreter, 'Come in; I will show thee that which will be profitable to thee. So he commanded his man to light the candle, and bade Christian follow him: so he had him into a private room, and bade his man open a door, the which when he had done, Christian saw the Picture of a very grave person hung up against the wall, and this was the fashion of it: He had his eyes lifted up to Heaven, the Best of Books in his hand, the Law of Truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back, he stood as if he pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over his head. Then said Christian, 'What means this?' The Interpreter replied: 'The man whose picture this is, is one of a thousand. He can beget children, travail in birth with children, and nurse them himself when they are born. And whereas thou seest him with his eyes lift up to Heaven, the Best of Books in his hand, and the Law of Truth writ on his lips, it is to show thee that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners, even as also thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with men; and whereas thou seest the world as cast behind him, and that a crown hangs over his head: that is to show thee, that slighting and despising the things that are present, for the love that he hath to his Master's service, he is sure in the world that comes next to have glory for his reward.'

Thus far the immortal Allegory of JOHN BUNYAN, whose vivid picture of a faithful minister of the pure Gospel of Christ—"one of a thousand"—precisely represents the grace-made subject of this memorial article. Indeed, AUGUSTUS TOPLADY himself might ministerially have sat for this emblematical portrait, had he been contemporary with the Puritan author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The leading spiritual features of a true ambassador of Christ and pastor of souls found free and happy expression in TOPLADY'S personality and labours. His life was but a brief one, yet in zeal for the cause of God's discriminating truth, and for the eternal interests of His chosen people, he occupied a foremost place even among such eminent Christian veterans as WHITEFIELD, BERRIDGE, ROMAINE, GILL, ROWLAND HILL, JOHN NEWTON, and other of the more distinguished worthies whom our God raised up to promote the great Evangelical Revival of the last century.

TOPLADY'S BIRTHPLACE.

At Farnham, in Surrey, on the fourth day of November, in the year 1740, this valiant soldier of Christ drew his first breath. His father, an officer in the British army, died during the siege of Carthage, soon after the birth of this "goodly child," who, consequently, became the doubly responsible charge of a gracious mother.

Her wise, prayerful counsels and constant solicitude were treasured by her son with grateful and affectionate regard to the latest day of his lamentably short life. TOPLADY'S singular devotion to his excellent mother formed one of many delicate traits in his eminently tender and refined character. Among his published letters he makes not infrequent references to his maternal parent, always of a loving and reverential nature.* In his infancy he was dedicated to the Lord by his father and mother at the parish church, Farnham; but, upon personal inquiry, recently made, we find that the contemporary record of the incident has been lost, the present entry in the parochial register being a copy only of the original.†

The dedicatory prayer of faith was divinely heard, and, true to His Covenant promise, the God of all grace providentially brought the elect vessel of His mercy under the joyful sound of that Gospel by the "hearing" of which cometh a "faith" that is inseparable from eternal salvation.

TOPLADY'S CONVERSION.

Some fifteen, or possibly sixteen years elapsed—the year of the occurrence of the all-important event is diversely stated—when the supplications of parental faith were evidentially answered. Questions

* As an example of the confidential spiritual relations which he maintained with his mother—although the quotation at this early stage of our biographical sketch may appear to be somewhat anticipatory in its order—we venture to extract from Toplady's *Diary* a singularly interesting entry. It is found dated December 10th, 1767, or about a year prior to his exchange from Harford to Broad Hembury. Thus runs the memorandum in his *Diary*:—"In the evening wrote to my mother. Some particulars in her last letters to me, obliged me, in my answer, to make the following observations, among others: God has fulfilled His promises to me, so often, and in so many ways, that I think if we could not trust His faithfulness and power, we should be doubly inexcusable. That He works by means is certain; and I hope to try all that He puts into my hands. In the meanwhile, let us cast our care on Him; and remember that 'he that believeth shall not make haste.' There is one thing that pleases me much about Broad Hembury, and makes me hope for a blessing on the event, viz., that it was not, from first to last, of my own seeking: and every door, without any application of mine, has hitherto flown open, and all seems to point that way. As a good man somewhere says, 'A believer never yet carved for himself, but he cut his own fingers.' The all-wise God, whose never-failing providence ordereth every event, usually makes what we set our hearts upon unsatisfactory; and sweetens what we feared; bringing real evil out of seeming good, and real good out of seeming evil, to shew us what short-sighted creatures we are, and to teach us to live by faith upon His blessed Self. If I should exchange my present living [Harford and Fen-Ottery, Devon] for Broad Hembury, it will, I believe, be soon after Christmas. In the meanwhile add your prayers, that God Himself would be pleased to choose my heritage and fix my lot, command His gracious blessing on the event, turn the balance as seemeth good in His sight, and make it entirely His own doing, not mine. Do not let your tenderness for me get the better of your confidence in God; a fault, I fear, too common, even with believing parents."

† By the courtesy of Mr. J. W. Burningham, of Farnham, who has charge of the parish registers, the following extract has been made for this article. It will be noted that the baptism took place in the same month as TOPLADY'S birth:—"1740. Nov. 29: Augustus Montague Toplady, son of Richard Toplady, Esq." The two Christian names conferred on the child were those of his two sponsors, Mr. Augustus Middleton, and Mr. Adolphus Montague. Mr. W. Winters, in

affecting certain family property demanded the presence of Mrs. TOPLADY in Ireland. Her son, who for some time had been receiving his education at the famous school of Westminster, accompanied her, and it was during his sojourn in the Sister Isle that he was effectually called to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. To the remarkable circumstances connected with this spiritual experience, TOPLADY referred, many years later, in the following fervidly praiseful terms:—"Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name! Surely, it was the Lord's doing, and is marvellous! The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of man; the regenerating Spirit breathes not only on whom, but likewise when, where, and as He listeth." Mr. MORRIS, the lay-preacher through whose faithful Evangelical testimony the youthful TOPLADY was truly led to Christ, ever afterwards held a warm place in his heart. It is interesting to know that the particular passage of Scripture employed by the Spirit of Grace to bring this precious soul to God, was the 13th verse of the 2nd chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians: "Ye, who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ." And the blood of Christ became his life-theme from that memorable day onwards. Those lines of the poet COWPER's accurately express his experience and resolve—

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy'flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

TOPLADY'S EDUCATION.

Whether TOPLADY'S mind was led at so early a date to contemplate the responsibility of eventually entering the ministry of the Gospel is not clear. He was entered a student at Trinity College, Dublin, in the summer of 1755. By the the kind offices of the present Registrar of that College, the following certificate of TOPLADY'S Matriculation and Graduation have been supplied for use in this article.

It will be seen that his age was entered as being seventeen in the month of July, in the year 1755. According to the baptismal certificate, however, he could only have been in his fifteenth year when he matriculated. Nearly five years were apparently occupied

his *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. A. M. Toplady*, says:—"Richard Toplady, the father of Augustus, was son to the Hon. Col. Toplady (*sic*). He married Miss Catherine Bate, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bate, of Canterbury. The nuptial ceremony was performed by Mr. Julius Bate, the celebrated Hutchinsonian rector of St. Paul's, Deptford, and brother to the bride." The following entry appears in the marriage register of St. Paul's Church:—"1737, Dec. 31, Richard Toplady, Esq., bachelor, and Catherine Bate, spinster, both of this parish."

[copy.]
 TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.—EXTRACT FROM MATRICULATION BOOK.

B.A.	Date of Entrance.	Christian Name.	Surname.	Rank.	Religion.	Father's Name.	Father's Profession.	Age.	Where Born.	Where Educated.	Tutor.
VERN, 1760.	July 11, 1755.	Augustus Montague.	Toplady.	P.	—	Richard.	Gent.	17	Surrey.	Westminster	Mr. Leland.

at Trinity College, and from various sources it may be gathered that the talented young student turned to the very best account his academical opportunities. Here it was he laid the foundation of those habits of close application—so essential to literary accuracy and exact scholarship—which in the brief future divinely allotted to him gave him a foremost place in the department of theological thought, and credited him with a respectable position in the fields of philosophy and science. It would seem, from recent correspondence with the authorities of Trinity College, that few academical distinctions were at the command of that institution a hundred-and-fifty years ago. In reply to our inquiries as to whether TOPLADY had secured any honourable recognition during his Dublin course, we were courteously supplied with the following information:—"I should be glad if I could find in our records any further information such as you desire relative to A. M. TOPLADY'S college career, but, unfortunately, our records of that period are very meagre, and also, with the exception of Scholarships, there were then very few undergraduate prizes, nor, I believe, were there any annual prizes in prose and verse composition such as would have appealed to a student of TOPLADY'S peculiar genius. Should I come across anything more concerning TOPLADY that would be interesting to you, I shall gladly send it." The fact that during his studies, and when about nineteen years of age, he published, in Dublin, a volume of verses, entitled *Poems on Sacred Subjects*—a volume which in the judgment of competent critics was highly creditable to his poetic genius—shows that his fame as a hymn-writer had an early origin, and was cultivated betimes under the best auspices. He was always an unremitting student. BISHOP RYLE, in his *Christian Leaders of the Past Century*, says of him, in strict justice, "His early habits of study were kept up with unabated diligence. No man among the

spiritual heroes of last century seems to have read more than he did, or to have had a more extensive knowledge of divinity. His bitterest foes in controversy could never deny that he was a scholar, and a ripe one. Indeed, it admits of grave question whether he did not shorten his life by his habits of constant study." Be that as it may, he undoubtedly fulfilled his God-appointed mission on earth in the "twelve hours" apportioned him in the everlasting Covenant, and a wonderful mission, both in substance and variety, it was!

TOPLADY'S GROWTH IN GRACE AND TRUTH.

This elect vessel of mercy was early led into a gracious perception and apprehension of those deeper truths of Divine revelation which, being opposed to the pride of man's fallen nature, are especially unpopular and provocative of controversy in an apostate world. TOPLADY was raised up and equipped, alike intellectually and spiritually, to fight a good fight for "the faith once delivered to the saints" in an age when Arminianism and its next-of-kin error, Arianism, dominated both the pulpit and the press. The clergy, socially considered, were, for the most part, in, and of, the world. Vital godliness, as the fruit of an experimental acquaintance with the doctrinal verities of the Gospel of the sovereign grace of God, was then commonly esteemed to be mere "fanaticism" and deplorable "enthusiasm." It required the most robust and uncompromising Evangelical testimony to combat such a condition of things, and no ordinary ministerial qualifications could have faced the crisis. In TOPLADY the Lord prepared a special instrument for His work, endowing him with phenomenal gifts, sustaining him during a brief but brilliant career with supplies of all-sufficient grace, and crowning his devoted labours with enduring blessing throughout the entire realm of Christendom. His immortal hymn "Rock of Ages" alone has been used for upwards of a hundred years as a medium of acceptable worship in every quarter of the globe, and among uncounted peoples and languages.

The discriminating sermons of Dr. MANTON, the eminent Puritan divine, and Chaplain to OLIVER CROMWELL, were used, TOPLADY informs us, as the means of his being brought to see and embrace the fuller truths of the Covenant salvation of God. Thus, in a letter to Mr. AMBROSE SERLE, the learned author of *Horæ Solitariae* (dated 1773), he describes the way by which the Holy Spirit led him into the glorious liberty of the children of God:—"I well remember that, in 1758, when I first began to discern some of the absurdities and impieties of Arminianism, my mind was in a similar state of fluctuation for many succeeding months. Dr. MANTON'S sermons on the xvii. of St. John were the means through which my Arminian prejudices received their primary shock: a blessing for which an eternity of praise will be but a poor mite of acknowledgement to that God whose Spirit turned me from darkness to light. But"—he adds—"it was a considerable time, and not until after much prayer, and much reading of both sides of the argument, ere

my judgment was absolutely fixed. . . . I shall, when in heaven, remember the year 1758 with gratitude and joy: as I doubtless shall the year 1755, in which I was first awakened to feel my need of Christ." TOPLADY was thus about eighteen years of age when he was delivered from the soul-ensnaring fallacies of free-willism and its miserable consequences. When the day providentially arrived that he should become a public teacher of others, he was, therefore, found to be a workman needing not to be ashamed, an expositor of God's Word "apt to teach" and capable of tracing experimentally "the footsteps of the flock," as well as a powerful opponent of the dominant error of his times.

TOPLADY'S ORDINATION.

His Ordination to the ministry of the Church of the Reformation in England was to TOPLADY a profoundly solemn event. His was no formal subscription to the XXXIX. Articles of that Church. In his honest Christian belief the only true interpretation of Evangelical dogma and Protestant testimony, therein enshrined, was that which—in our degenerate days—is contemptuously styled "Calvinistic." His learned writings in later years, especially his treatise on *The Church of England Vindicated from the Charge of Arminianism*, proves the intelligence and profundity of his convictions in this matter.

Having graduated in Arts at Dublin, in 1760, at the age of twenty, he had necessarily to wait some time before seeking ordination in the Church of England. The intelligent, mature, and profoundly spiritual judgment he exercised in the interpretation of the Scriptural and pronouncedly Protestant standards and formularies of our Reformed Church is everywhere apparent in his voluminous writings. Perhaps, the most systematic and concise statement of his convictions on this important subject, together with an exposition of the Scriptural and historical bases on which they were founded, is to be read in a discourse which he preached at Collumpton, Devon, in 1772. The sermon, which is entitled, "Clerical Subscription No Grievance: or, the Doctrines of the Church of England Proved to be the Doctrines of Christ," was delivered by TOPLADY at an annual Visitation of the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Exeter, the passage selected for the text being Matt. iv. 23. No doubt the interval that occurred between his graduation and his ordination was consecrated, as TOPLADY'S settled habit was, to the study of the Scriptures and to such literature as in his discriminating judgment bore upon the holy vocation of the Christian minister.

The late Rev. J. E. JACKSON, Honorary Canon of Bristol, supplied, through *Notes and Queries* (4th S. vi. p. 239) the following interesting statement, affecting the formal admission of Mr. TOPLADY to the public ministry of the Word of God. We quote the Note from the late Mr. W. WINTER'S sketch of TOPLADY'S life.* It would appear that

* *Memoir of the Life and Writings of the Rev. A. M. Toplady, B.A.* By W. WINTER. London: F. Davis, 1, Chapter House Court, E.C. 1872.

an erroneous impression existed on the part of some one that TOPLADY received "Orders" in Ireland. It is a curious fact, and one which shows what an imperfect knowledge of the eminent author of the universally prized hymn "Rock of Ages" is possessed by educated persons, and even by living Divines, that an eloquent Dean of a cathedral in the Eastern Counties lately referred to TOPLADY in a London newspaper as having been a Nonconformist minister. The statement of CANON JACKSON in *Notes and Queries* is as follows:—"Mr. TOPLADY was in Ireland, I believe, on family affairs shortly before his ordination; but that he was *not* ordained in Ireland I venture to assert upon the authority of the present Registrar of the Diocese of Bath and Wells, who, at my request, has kindly supplied me from the official records of that diocese with the information that AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY was ordained by the BISHOP of BATH and WELLS; ordained deacon, June 5th, 1762, and licensed on June 7th to the curacy of Blagdon, co. Somerset; ordained priest June 16th, 1764."*

TOPLADY'S FIRST CURACY, AT BLAGDON.

His ministerial labours at Blagdon were brief, owing, as we learn, to certain conscientious scruples which he entertained, scruples of a nature highly honourable and creditable to himself personally. His early pastoral labours, though, in the case of Blagdon, but of short duration, were owned by his Lord and Master. TOPLADY, unlike the majority of young men who entered the ministry at the period of his ordination, when, for the most part, the clergy comprised mere Deists and worldlings, was deeply imbued with a fervent desire after the glory of God in the salvation of His elect people, and an intense and tender love of souls. His experimental acquaintance with the sinfulness of the human heart and the proud self-righteousness of fallen man gave form and complexion, at an early date, to his pulpit and pastoral ministrations. Though young in years, he was not a neophyte in the school of sovereign grace. The Holy Spirit accordingly sealed his Gospel testimony, and the promised "signs" followed. TOPLADY'S next sphere of service seems to have been the Curacy of Farley-Hungerford, near Bath. His official signature is, we believe, still to be found in the marriage register of the parish church. After bearing Evangelical witness in this place for about a year, his steps were ordered elsewhere.

TOPLADY'S DEVONSHIRE PREFERMENT.

In the year 1767 we find him zealously occupied in his Divine Master's business in the combined charges of Fen (or Ven) Ottery and Harpford, about nine miles from Honiton, Devon. His labours,

* Mr. WINTER appends the following footnote:—"Blagdon is situated on the northern side of Mendip, a short distance west of Burrington, and on the skirts of a beautifully rich valley, through which flows a branch of the river Yeo. It derives its original name of *Blachdone*, from its elevated situation, exposed to the northern blast; *Blac* and *Blæc* being the Saxon for cold or bleak, and *Dun* for a down or hill."

in the pulpit and among his parishioners, were beyond measure earnest, self-denying, Christful, and fruitful. A perusal of those entries in his *Diary* which refer to his first Devonshire vicariate afford abundant evidence of his self-consuming zeal for the honour of his Covenant God and for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in the hearts of His ransomed people. The two churches in which he at this time faithfully proclaimed, in eloquent and uncompromising terms, the unsearchable riches of the grace of the



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HARPFORD CHURCH, DEVON, AS IT NOW IS.

Triune Jehovah still exist, and retain, structurally, the principal features which characterized them in the time of *TOPLADY*. A simple, touching entry appears in his *Diary* about the date of his going into Devonshire—showing his deep affection for his widowed mother—a beautiful feature in his character to which reference has already been made. He writes:—"This afternoon I received a letter from my honoured mother, and my chest from London. It is a satisfaction to receive these presents and pledges of an earthly parent's love: but all the relations, and all the good things of this life, are less than nothing, and vanity, when compared with the love of Christ

that passeth knowledge, and with one glimpse of Thy special favour, O Thou gracious Father of spirits." Whether, later on, his mother, from motives of extreme cautiousness, or from some other prudential cause, had written to him on a subject affecting his pastoral movements, is not quite clear, but his *Diary* records the substance of a long letter he affectionately addressed to her, an extract from which we quoted at page 306. It possibly referred to an early exchange of benefices, in which Broad Hembury played a leading part—a "cure of souls" with which the name of TOPLADY will be associated as long as time lasts, for it covers the most fruitful and influential period of the abounding ministerial and literary services of this eminently gifted and truly consecrated man of God.

TOPLADY'S LOVE OF READING.

His love of reading must have been insatiable, and mention is frequently made in his *Diary* of authors whose works commended themselves best to his discriminating judgment. Such passages as the following illustrate this fact:—"Was much refreshed and sensibly comforted in the evening while reading Dr. GILL's sermon on the death of Mr. FALL." "Spent the evening in reading Dr. GILL's sermon on the 'Watchman's Answer,' and that great man's tract on final perseverance. Lord, grant me more and clearer evidences of my interest in that everlasting Covenant, which is ordered in all things and sure." "After breakfast left Broad Hembury, and returned home to Fen-Ottery. In the evening read BISHOP NEWTON on the Prophecies. At night was earnest with God, in private prayer, for a blessing on my morrow's ministrations, and received an answer of peace. Lord, evermore increase my mental dependence on Thy Holy Spirit. I am less than nothing, if less can be, and O I am worse than nothing, for I am a vile sinner. But Thou art infinitely gracious, and all power is Thine." "Between morning and evening service read through Dr. GILL's excellent and nervous tract on Predestination, against WESLEY. How sweet is that blessed and glorious doctrine to the soul, when it is received through the channel of inward experience. I remember a few years ago, Mr. WESLEY said to me concerning Dr. GILL, that 'he is a positive man, and fights for his opinions through thick and thin.' Let the Doctor fight as he will, I am sure he fights to good purpose: and I believe it may be said of my learned friend, as it was of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH, that he never fought a battle which he did not win." "Began LE CLERC's *Ars Critica*. A most learned, and, in many respects, useful performance, yet sadly interlarded with scepticism and profaneness. God keep me from being a mere scholar." "Rode to Honiton, where I bought WHITTY's Sermons, the excellent Professor WALEUS's Works, and two volumes of the *Cripplegate Lectures*. In the evening, on my return to Fen-Ottery, had some short but sweet rays of comfort from above." "All day within. The former part of it I was considerably out of order, and experienced something of what it is to have a body without health, and a soul without comfort. But, while I was musing the fire kindled, and the light of God's countenance shone within. I

found a particular blessing in reading Mr. MAYO'S Sermon (*Morning Exercises*, vol. iv., Sermon 4) on our 'Deliverance by Christ from Fear of Death.' "Gave GILL'S tract on Justification another reading, but without much edification and comfort. I do think that this great man's arguments for the proper eternity of this blessing, *ex parte Dei*, are unanswerable. Glory be to Thee, O Lord, for my sense of special interest in Thy everlasting love." "In the afternoon read Mr. CALAMY'S 'Account of the Ejected Ministers.' What a blow to vital religion, to the Protestant interest in general, and to the Church of England itself, was the fatal extinguishment of so many burning and shining lights! But they are now where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." "Bought CAVE'S *Historia Literaria*, BROOK'S *Dispensatory*, and ERSKINE'S Sermons in three vols. At night I spent three or four hours reading the following ones:— 'The Rent Veil of the Temple,' 'The Harmony of Divine Attributes,' 'The Believer Exalted in Imputed Righteousness,' and 'Faith's Plea upon God's Word and Covenant.' The reading of these sweet discourses was wonderfully blessed to my soul. Great was my rejoicing and triumph in Christ. The Lord was with me of a truth, and His gracious visitation revived my spirit. One moment's communion with Christ, one moment's sense of union with Him, one moment's view of interest in Him, is ineffable, inestimable!" "Before I retired to my chamber, I read ERSKINE'S Sermon (a matchless one it is) entitled, 'The Promising God a Performing God;' and the Lord set the seal of His Spirit on my heart. *I was enabled to mix faith with what I read;* and God made it a time of love, joy, peace, and spiritual refreshment to my soul. I could look and pray to Him as my Covenant God in Jesus Christ, who loved me from everlasting, and will love me without end." "Between the morning and afternoon services I read ERSKINE'S Sermon, entitled, 'The King Held in the Galleries,' not without much comfort and confirmation in Christ." "In the evening read BUNYAN'S 'Pilgrim.' What a stiff, sapless, tedious piece of work is that written by BISHOP PATRICK! How does the unlearned tinker of Bedford outshine the BISHOP of ELY! I have heard that his Lordship wrote his 'Pilgrim' by way of antidote against what he deemed the fanaticism of JOHN BUNYAN'S 'Pilgrim.' But what a rich fund of heavenly experience, life, and sweetness does the latter contain! How heavy, lifeless, and unevangelical is the former! Such is the difference between writing from a worldly spirit, and under the influence of the Spirit of God." "An observation which I met with to-day in reading DOWNAME'S 'Christian Warfare,' struck me much; speaking of the Holy Spirit as the Sealer of the elect, he asks, 'How is it possible to receive the Seal without feeling the impression?' O that I might feel it more and more!" Examples of TOPLADY'S habit of diligently employing every spare hour in profitable reading might easily be multiplied. But his power of assimilating knowledge was quite as remarkable as his thirst for its acquisition. His copious writings, covering a very wide range of subjects, display a deep and appreciative acquaintance with the literary productions of the greatest men, ancient and modern, and that not in

his native tongue only, but also in the extensive fields of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew literature.

TOPLADY'S FAITHFUL MINISTRY.

His congregations at Harpford and Fen-Ottery churches must indeed have been fed with the finest of the wheat, for "things new and old" were constantly forthcoming in his well-prepared discourses. Unlike hireling shepherds, who care not for God's flock, TOPLADY only lived and laboured for Christ's blood-bought Church, and therefore never spared himself in study and prayer in prospect of his pulpit ministrations.

Abundant proofs are forthcoming to show that the absorbing aim of his matured discourses and learned writings was to magnify *the grace* of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to encourage seeking sinners to rely entirely for justification on the infinite merits of the Son of God, as their Substitute and Advocate. Numerous entries in his *Diary* might be adduced in support of this salient characteristic of his Evangelical testimony, and no one can justly charge him with lacking in the tenderest pity and love towards perishing sinners. His presentation of the truth of God, both in the congregation and in the course of parochial visitation, was compassionate and faithful. His testimony was not "Yea" and "Nay," but "Yea" only, and that the "Yea" of the Triune Jehovah, as revealed in the everlasting Covenant. TOPLADY'S spiritual power, as a minister of Christ, was not, however, restricted to the pulpit, for, to him, to minister in the reading-desk was a very solemn reality. When he publicly bowed the knee in fellowship with his flock, he fervently sought to stimulate experimental devotion, and his *devout reading* of the Liturgy was consequently made an important means of grace at Harpford and Fen-Ottery. Had he lived in our own superficial, trifling times, when addresses to the throne of grace take the form of "sing-song," like that which Joshua described to Moses when apostate Israel celebrated the setting-up of their golden Apis god, TOPLADY would have indignantly denounced the hypocrisy and profanity of the Anglican custom of "intoning" the Scriptural prayers which we owe to the blessed Reformation, and would have declared the practice to be an intolerable insult offered to God.* Whether in the pulpit or the reading-desk, the young Vicar of Harpford showed himself a Spirit-taught servant of Christ. A few extracts from his *Diary*, on this subject, will interest the reader. Thus run some of the entries:—*"Sunday, Dec. 6, 1767. In the morning, read prayers and preached*

* The reference to Joshua's description of the musical worship which accompanied the dedication of the golden calf by Aaron is found in the book of Exodus xxxii. 17, 18. Omitting the italic words introduced by the English translators of the Hebrew original, we read as follows:—"And he said, Not the voice of shout for mastery, neither the voice of cry for being overcome—the noise of sing do I hear." "The noise of sing," not the melody of holy song, described Israel's idolatrous worship of the molten image. Modern Ritualism is the religion, not of spiritual, intelligent worship rendered by the heart to Him who is a Spirit, but merely "the noise of sing!"

at Fen-Ottery, to a very attentive congregation. In the afternoon, the congregation at Harpford was exceedingly numerous; and God enabled me to preach with great enlargement of mind and fervour. The doctrine did indeed seem to descend as the dew, and to be welcome as refreshing showers to the grass. O, my Lord, let not my ministry be approved only, or tend to no more than conciliating the esteem and affections of my people to Thy unworthy messenger; but do the work of Thy grace upon their hearts: call in Thy chosen; seal and edify Thy regenerate; and command Thy everlasting blessing on their souls! Save *me* from self-opinion, and from self-seeking; and may *they* cease from man, and look solely to Thee!" Another entry runs: "In the morning, read prayers and preached at Harpford, to a congregation tolerably large, and very attentive. Afterwards administered the Lord's Supper to some who appeared truly devout communicants. It was indeed an ordinance of love to my own soul. I experienced the presence and favour of God. I sat under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was pleasant to my taste. In the afternoon, read prayers and preached with great liberty and enlargement of mind, here, at Fen-Ottery. My subject was Acts xiii. 39. The sermon itself (excepting a few additions here and there) was what I had formerly written in Ireland, in the year 1760, a little before I quitted College. I can never be sufficiently thankful that my religious principles were all fixed long before I entered into Orders. Through the good hand of my God upon me, I set out in the ministry with clear Gospel light from the first; a blessing not vouchsafed to every one. Many an Evangelical minister has found himself obliged to retract and unsay what he had taught before in the days of his ignorance. Lord, how is it that I have been so signally favoured of Thee! O keep me to the end stedfast in Thy truth. Let me but go on experimentally and sensibly to know Thee; and then it will be absolutely impossible for me to depart from the precious doctrines of grace; my early insight into which I look upon as one of the distinguishing blessings of my life." Once more: "Read prayers and preached, in the morning here at Fen-Ottery; and in the afternoon at Harpford, to a very large congregation, considering the quantity of snow that lies on the ground, and the intenseness of the frost, which render it almost equally unsafe to walk or ride. I opened the ministrations of this year [1768] with that grateful acknowledgment of the Apostle, 1 Cor. xv. 10, 'By the grace of God I am what I am;' which was my thesis both parts of the day. My liberty, both of spirit and utterance, was very great in the afternoon. Looking on my watch, I was surprised to find that I had detained my dear people three-quarters of an hour; and yet, when I concluded, they seemed unwilling to rise from their seats; notwithstanding the unusual intenseness of the cold. Lord of hosts, who hast all hearts in Thy hand, work in my hearers both to be, to will, and to do, Thy good pleasure." An entry referring to an Easter Sunday service at Harpford, when he was suffering acutely, and he had considerable difficulty in reading the Liturgy, is touchingly interesting. "I went up into the pulpit and besought the Lord to

Engraved for the Gospel Magazine.



FAC-SIMILE OF THE ENGRAVED PORTRAIT WHICH APPEARED IN
"THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE" IN FEBRUARY, 1777.

manifest His strength in my weakness, and He graciously did. I preached three-quarters of an hour, with wonderful strength and enlargement of soul. Awe and attention were visible on every face. I was enabled to exert myself greatly, and to pour out my whole soul in the ministry of the Word. The sense of God's presence, together with the sweetness and dignity of the subject I was upon, melted me so, that, I think, I was never more strongly carried out. Once in particular, I could scarce refrain from bursting into tears. Hoarse and disagreeable as my voice sounded, yet, I am convinced, the voice of the Holy Spirit made its way to many hearts. Indeed, all were struck, if there is any judgment to be formed by appearances. My wonder at the ability with which I was endued, and my gratitude to the blessed God for the comforts that were experienced, will hardly suffer me to desist from saying more of this memorable opportunity. Lord, who would not trust Thee? Who would love Thee? The work, O God, was Thine; and Thine be all the glory! Amen, Amen."

For some time, the providential leadings of God had been pointing TOPLADY in the direction of an exchange of parochial charges, and the proposal being mutually satisfactory to the Vicar of Broad Hembury—Mr. LUCE—and himself, it was finally decided upon. On Sunday, April 10th, 1778, he conducted Divine worship at Fen-Ottery and Harpford for what he believed was the last time. An entry in his *Diary*, referring to the occasion, states that at Harpford Church he preached to a very great congregation, and he adds: "At this church God did indeed open to me a door, both of knowledge and utterance; insomuch as I could not possibly confine myself to my notes; but was carried out with extraordinary enlargement, readiness, and presence of mind; especially while speaking of the certain perseverance of God's regenerate people, and the utter impossibility of being justified by works. I did not take my leave of my dear people. Farewell sermons, in my opinion, carry in them such an air of self-importance, that I have long resolved never to preach one again." Following on these words, he records a fervent prayer for his late flock, and for the Word he had ministered among them, as also for himself. His mind and judgment were perfectly clear as to the change in his pastoral sphere. Thus he says: "At night, in my chamber, the Lord gave me several solid assurances of His future providential goodness to me. I was enabled to know the voice of Him that spake within, and to cast the anchor of faith on what He said. My complacency and satisfaction of soul were equally comfortable and unutterable. O my God, that which Thou hast promised, Thou art able also to perform."

TOPLADY'S LABOURS AT BROAD HEMBURY.

TOPLADY appears to have entered on his ministrations at Broad Hembury Church on the Lord's Day, April 17th, 1778. He states that he preached in the morning to a large congregation. He writes:—"I opened (if I may so speak) my spiritual commission by discoursing from those words, 2 Cor. iv. 5, 'We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord.' In the afternoon, read prayers and preached, *ibid.*,

to a very numerous congregation, from Jude 3." He adds, "I was enabled, both parts of the day, to go through the duties of it with much satisfaction and presence of mind; and the Word preached seemed to be relished by many, and to be well received by all."

It was during his ten years' tenure of this parochial charge—the last three of which he was non-resident, through broken health, ending in his lamented decease—that *TOPLADY'S* principal literary labours



BROAD HEMBURY CHURCH, DEVON, AS IT NOW IS.

were accomplished. Those six goodly volumes which comprise his published "Works," represent, it should be remembered, in part only the productions of his prolific mind and pen. For, although in his will he required that *all* his manuscripts should be destroyed by fire within one week of his decease (a provision which was, however, partially modified), he himself occupied two days shortly before his death, in committing many of his precious writings to the flames. Mr. WILLIAM HUSSEY, of Kennington, his dearest friend and also executor—in whose family grave at Whitefield's Tabernacle (Tottenham Court Road)

TOPLADY'S redeemed remains were deposited, makes the following statement in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.:—"We were two days occupied in the business; and those few writings which have escaped the flames, would doubtless have shared the same fate as the rest if it had not been for the intervention of Dr. GIFFORD, of the British Museum, and the Rev. Mr. RYLAND, sen., of Northampton, who called to see Mr. TOPLADY during his illness, and found him in the very act of destroying his papers. They expressed their sincere regret at this procedure, and endeavoured to divert him from the further execution of his purpose. To this Mr. TOPLADY, after repeated exhortations, at length reluctantly consented. Then, turning to me, he said, 'My dear friend, you are at liberty to do what you please with the rest,' which declaration has virtually done away the injunction laid upon me by this will. And here I cannot but lament the loss which the religious and literary world sustained from the scrupulous delicacy of Mr. TOPLADY'S mind." Mr. HUSSEY increases our own regret of an act which emanated from the humblest, dictates of self-judgment by stating that he perceived among the precious MSS. which were cast by TOPLADY'S hand into the flames "many works of taste and genius, particularly a very voluminous history of England, nearly completed."

Broad Hembury, being but a rural parish and not populous, afforded a scholarly student like TOPLADY a congenial opportunity for his special pursuits, and the Church of God will, to the end of time, continue to be his debtor for the unsurpassed productions of his truly Evangelical pen, both in prose and verse. The immortal composition, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," which first saw the light in the *GOSPEL MAGAZINE*, during the period when TOPLADY edited our pages (1775-6), has placed him in the front rank of English Christian poets. From prince to peasant that Christ-honouring song has, by the Spirit's power and gracious application, ministered heavenly peace and comfort to the hearts of both seeking sinners and established believers. It is interesting to notice, that, in the course of the gifted AUTHOR'S various religious works, the metaphor of "a rock" is very frequently present to his mind when setting forth Christ as the Alpha and Omega of the salvation of God's elect people. Like the Psalmist, of old, he sounded the key-note of his song in, "O come, let us sing unto JEHOVAH; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation." The stability and eternity of the finished atonement of JESUS for the sins of "His people" formed the sum and centre of all his teaching.

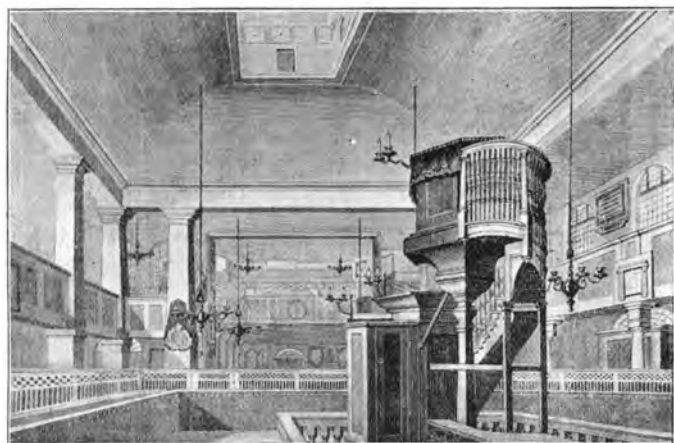
One of the practical objects contemplated in the issue of our "TOPLADY" Number, this month, is to create and stimulate a wider study of his valuable works. We know none equal to them in doctrinal, Scriptural accuracy, and lucidity. Broad Hembury, a humble country parish, possesses the unique honour of yielding one of the richest legacies of Divine truth and light granted to the universal Church of God since the dawn of the blessed

Protestant Reformation, in the sixteenth century. It constitutes a grave reflection on the judgment and spirituality of the numerous bodies of Christians in our midst that no demand for a re-issue of TOPLADY'S edifying publications has been forthcoming for the past half-century. It affords, we fear, one more proof that, what the Jesuits, in Caroline times, termed "the sovereign drug of Arminianism," has only too effectually dulled and drowsed the spiritual intelligence of the professing Christian Churches, and, consequently, has rendered them a ready prey to the attractions of Rationalism, and to the seductions of Popery, both Roman and Anglican. The robust Protestantism of TOPLADY, founded, as it was, on a heart-reception of the Divine doctrines of grace, is precisely the want of the present age, and especially among members of the Church of England. The current controversy with Sacerdotalism can only be victoriously concluded, in the interests of God's truth, by a faithful, uncompromising assertion of the doctrinal standards of our Reformation Church, as they are dogmatically and experimentally expounded in TOPLADY'S extant writings, especially in his masterly treatise, *Historic Proof of the Doctrinal Calvinism of the Church of England*. The rich harvest of Christian literature to which the unceasing labours of the occupant of Broad Hembury Vicarage, from 1768 to 1778, gave birth, is, in fact, an heirloom to the Established Church which its members are responsible to hand down to posterity. In our judgment, the Biblical, historical, and controversial value of some of TOPLADY'S writings is fully equal to that of the learned JEWEL'S *Defence of the Apology of the Church of England*, a treatise which, in the reign of QUEEN ELIZABETH, was enjoined to be set up "in some convenient place" in all parish churches, "to be read by the people," as STRYPE has recorded in his *Annals*. TOPLADY was a thoroughly loyal and intelligent Churchman, one who could give solid and unimpeachable reasons why he adhered to the Communion of Christians in which he had been reared. If Evangelical Church people were to make themselves familiarly acquainted with the grounds of his conscientious attachment to the Church of the Reformation, they would discover upon what an impregnable rock their case is founded. The originality of the great writer's style, the acumen with which he weighs and debates each question as it arises, the extraordinary breadth of his reading, the quiet humour and sanctified common sense which no attentive reader can fail to appreciate, are characteristics whose influence give a permanent value to his literary remains.

TOPLADY'S life at Broad Hembury, which comprised the last decade of his earthly service, was phenomenal in its ramifications. During that period, for instance, he came into contact with the celebrated COUNTESS of HUNTINGDON and many of the eminent leaders of the great Evangelical Revival, and in that mighty movement he took a practical part. His pastoral labours at Broad Hembury, until an enfeebled constitution obliged his residing in London, were indefatigable, and were greatly owned of the Holy Spirit. His daily life and Christian character carried with them an influence for good which the world, however it hated the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel he preached,



EXTERIOR OF WHITEFIELD'S OLD TABERNACLE.
(From a Sketch.)



INTERIOR OF WHITEFIELD'S OLD TABERNACLE.

could not impeach. Occasionally he was invited to visit the Metropolis and occupy its pulpits. Such privileged opportunities were much valued by lovers of the pure waters of Evangelical truth, and the buildings in which he bore his eloquent testimony were crowded to excess. *TOPLADY'S Diary* is rich in records of his pastoral experience amongst his rural flock at Broad Hembury. Referring to one particularly blessed day he enjoyed when ministering the Word of life to his congregation, he says:—"It was a Sabbath Day's blessing indeed. Surely nothing but heaven itself can exceed such a golden opportunity!" On the following Lord's Day he partook of a similarly rich feast, for he says:—"I never felt so intense a desire to be useful to the souls of my people; my heart was expanded, and burnt with zeal for the glory of God, and for the spiritual welfare of my flock. I wished to spend and be spent in the ministry of the Word; and had some gracious assurances from on high that God would make use of me to diffuse His Gospel, and call in some of His chosen that are yet unconverted. In the afternoon the congregation was exceedingly great indeed. I was all on fire for God; and the fire, I verily believe, caught from heart to heart." But this holy zeal, which set the entire soul of devoted *TOPLADY* aflame, coincided in its action with another consuming fire that burnt within his already delicate frame.

The climate of Devonshire was unsuited to his condition of health, and he was medically advised to reside in London. He bowed to the will of God, and, while retaining his benefice, in hope, probably, of one day being able to resume his loved duties among his loved flock, he took his departure from Broad Hembury, in 1775. In a hitherto unpublished letter of *TOPLADY'S*, which is printed in our pages this month, accompanied by a photographic representation of his cultured hand-writing, will be found an interesting allusion to the Communion Service in which he and his sorrowing congregation took part on the occasion of his conducting Divine worship in his Devonshire parish church for the last time.

TOPLADY RESIDES IN LONDON, FROM 1775 TO 1778.

Although the pulmonary malady from which he suffered sorely debilitated God's faithful servant, he not unfrequently accepted invitations to preach a full Christ for needy sinners, and towards the end of his shortening days he ministered stately on the Lord's Day and Wednesday evenings at the French Calvinist Reformed Church, in Orange Street, Leicester Fields.

His first sermon was preached there on Lord's Day, April 11th, 1776, his text being from Isaiah xlv. 22. It was during his labours at Orange Street Chapel that he published (1776) the collection of Psalms and Hymns, to which reference is made elsewhere this month. *TOPLADY'S* discourses appear to have grown in depth, force, and grandeur of Divine truth during his brief mission in London. His crowded audiences frequently included eminent representatives of the various learned professions, and personages of high social rank. The near approach of the eternal world, and the felt decline of his

mortal powers, added solemn reality to His pulpit and other utterances. His firm attachment to the doctrines of grace waxed more and more tenacious as, on the one hand, they were assailed by some, and on the other, were to himself experimentally endeared. The last sermon he ever preached was delivered there on Sunday, June 14th, 1778, from the text 2 Peter i. 13, 14.

TOPLADY EDITS THE "GOSPEL MAGAZINE."

It was during what may be rightly termed the maturest period of TOPLADY'S brief but prolific life that he was providentially called



ORANGE STREET CHAPEL, LEICESTER SQUARE.

From an old print. (See page 322.)

to the EDITORSHIP of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, namely, in the years 1775-6. His various original contributions, in both prose and verse, gave permanent character to this old-established PUBLICATION, his imperishable hymn, "Rock of Ages," alone, which first appeared therein (March, 1776), remaining inseparably connected with the Periodical which gave it birth. The facsimile of the hymn, on page 337, as it originally appeared in our pages, under the Editorship of its gifted Author, is a literary curiosity of public interest.

Many of TOPLADY'S articles were inserted anonymously, but their merit is too conspicuous to be mistaken as to their authorship. It is

an interesting fact that the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, established in 1766, is the oldest of all existing religious Magazines, and is the only one that can claim the honourable privilege of having been conducted by the pious and learned writer of "Rock of Ages."

TOPLADY TRIUMPHANTLY FINISHES HIS COURSE.

The finish of the short but brilliant course run by this exemplary follower of Christ was altogether in harmony with its start and its progress. Having, with almost literally his dying breath, formally declared in the pulpit of Orange Street Chapel his inflexible adherence to the Covenant truths he had ever maintained in the pulpit and the press, he repaired to his chamber at Knightsbridge to await the Master's home-call, which soon released his happy soul. He had for a considerable time anticipated the blessed summons, and that in holy confidence of having an entrance abundantly ministered unto him into the everlasting kingdom of His Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. About a twelve-month prior to his triumphant exodus, he wrote as follows to a friend:—"I have been at best in a most fluctuating state of health for a year and a-half past; and several times was in a near view of landing on that coast where the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick. At these times, I bless God that my cheerfulness never forsook me; and, which calls for still infinitely greater thankfulness, *my sense of personal interest in His electing mercy and in the great salvation of Jesus was never darkened by a single cloud.*" The finished atonement of his Divine Substitute was the rock on which he, by faith, entirely rested his needy soul.

"A short time before his death," says a friend, "at his request I felt his pulse, and he desired to know what I thought of it. I told him that his heart and arteries evidently beat weaker and weaker. He replied immediately, with the sweetest smile upon his countenance, 'Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching, and, blessed be God, I can add that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory.' A few days preceding his dissolution I found him sitting up in his armchair, and scarce able to move or speak. I addressed him very softly, and asked him if his consolations continued to abound as they had hitherto. He quickly replied, 'Oh, my dear sir, it is impossible to describe how good God is to me. Since I have been sitting in this chair this afternoon (glory be to His name!) I have enjoyed such a season, such sweet communion with God, and such delightful manifestations of His presence with, and love to my soul, that it is impossible for words or any language to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable. The consolations of God to such an unworthy wretch are so abundant that He leaves me nothing to pray for but a continuance of them. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. My prayers are all converted into praise. Those great and glorious truths which the Lord in rich mercy has given me to believe, and which He has enabled me (though very feebly) to stand forth in the defence of, are not dry doctrines or mere speculative points. No! But being brought into practical and heartfelt

experience, they are the very joy and support of my soul, and the consolations flowing from them carry me far above the things of time and sense.' Soon afterwards he added, 'So far as I know my own heart, I have no desire but to be entirely passive—to live, to die, to be, to do, to suffer whatever is God's blessed will concerning me, being perfectly satisfied that, as He ever has done, so He ever will do, that which is best concerning me. Welcome, ten thousand times welcome, the whole will of God. *I wish to live and die with the sword of the Spirit in my hand, and, as one expresses it, never put off my armour until I put on my shroud.* Oh,' said he, 'how this soul of mine longs to be free! Like a bird imprisoned in its cage, it longs to take its flight. Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest for ever!'"

Asked if he always enjoyed such manifestations, he answered, "I cannot say there are no intermissions, for if there were not, my consolations would be more and greater than I could possibly bear; but when they abate they leave such an abiding sense of God's goodness, and of the certainty of my being fixed upon the eternal Rock, Christ Jesus, that my soul is still filled with peace and joy." Within the hour of his death he said, "It will not be long before God takes me, for no mortal man can live [bursting, while he said it, into tears of joy], after the glories which God has manifested to my soul."

On Tuesday, August 11th, 1778, his ransomed spirit, emancipated from its decayed cage by the loving hand of his adored Redeemer, sped its joyous way to the bosom of Eternal Love. His blood-bought remains were laid to rest, till the morning of the glorious resurrection, in the family grave of his faithful brother in Christ, Mr. WILLIAM HUSSEY, of Kensington, at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road.

During the recent excavations required to be made for the re-erection of the Tabernacle, the casket containing the mortal dust of the beloved servant of Christ was identified in Mr. HUSSEY'S grave. The outer case had perished, but the leaden depository remained perfect, and the precious contents were reverently left undisturbed. By the courtesy of the present Pastor of the Tabernacle, the Rev. G. A. SUTTLE, we are able to publish a photograph, page 326, of the metal name-plate found when the grave was opened, and which originally had been placed on the exterior shell.

Mr. SUTTLE has also kindly granted us permission to produce an engraving of the memorial tablet, page 327, which formerly occupied a position adjacent to TOPLADY'S resting-place. No inscription was placed over the grave itself, in accordance with his own wishes.

We are glad to state that the authorities of the Tabernacle are providing a more practical memorial than any mural tablet could possibly be.

The substantial pile of buildings now in course of erection in Tottenham Court Road (the new Whitefield Tabernacle), includes—in its basement—a capacious room, beneath the floor of which lie the

redeemed remains of God's honoured servant, and this has been dedicated to the memory of the distinguished divine and sacred poet. When the foundation stone was laid last year—a deeply interesting ceremony in which it was our privilege to take part—the name of "TOPLADY HALL" was given to this apartment. The room will be used

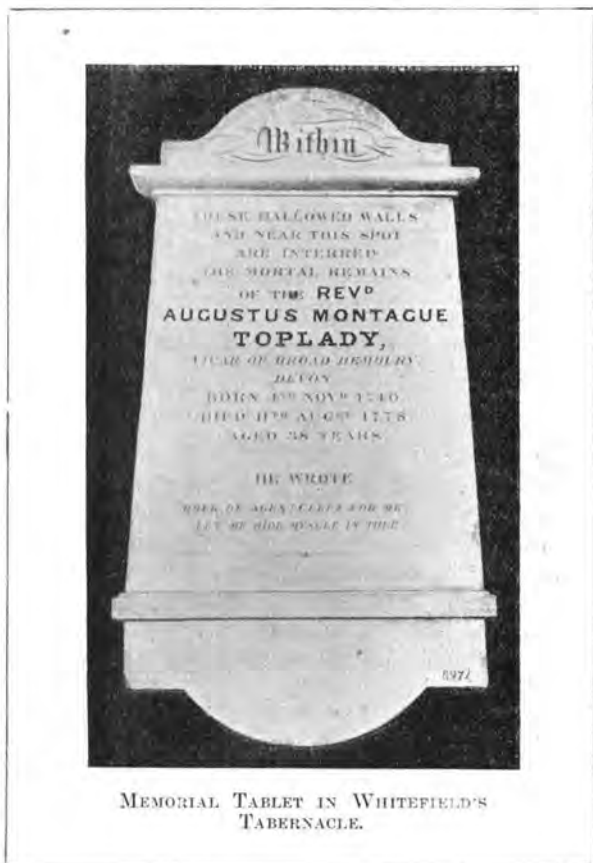


METAL PLATE, AFFIXED TO THE OUTER CASKET,
AS FOUND IN TOPLADY'S GRAVE.

for Sunday School work, and devotional purposes—a memorial such as the faithful VICAR of BROAD HEMBURY would have cordially approved. There, then, lie the precious ashes of the sweet-singer of Zion, and there will his "Rock of Ages, cleft for me" again and again be sung by the lips of the young, while he who penned the pilgrim-song will be engaged in the more perfect services of the upper sanctuary, with "the glorified spirits in heaven."

On the subject of commemorating TOPLADY'S life and labours, we

cannot close this Appreciation without referring to the recent-erection of a memorial tablet in the chancel of Broad Hembury Church. It is an unaccountable fact that, for 120 years no local recognition of TOPLADY'S connection with that historic church was forthcoming; and it was only a year ago that a suggestion was made—by Mr. WILLIAM PREBBLE, of Balham—that by public subscription a suitably



MEMORIAL TABLET IN WHITEFIELD'S
TABERNACLE.

inscribed tablet should be erected in the Devonshire church. The consent of the present Vicar, the Rev. C. LISTER JAMES, was readily granted, and, mainly through the influence of TOPLADY'S own Magazine, sufficient funds were raised, and the tablet was unveiled on the 20th of January, this year, at a deeply interesting service, as our readers were informed in our February number. The inscription is fairly legible in the engraving of the tablet, over-leaf, and it will be noticed that the one way of Salvation—by grace,

through faith in Christ alone—is simply, yet fully set before all who visit Broad Hembury church, and read the indelible lines. The introduction of the complete first stanza of “Rock of Ages” is a very gratifying feature in the monument. But that to which the Christ-honouring PASTOR himself would undoubtedly have accorded his preference are the two verses which set forth so dogmatically and simply the salvation of God’s elect—Ephesians ii. 8, 9.

But the record of God’s servant is on high. His works follow him. The truths they enshrine are imperishable, eternal. His burning zeal for the glory of God’s free and sovereign grace offers a powerful example for all to follow who “name the name of Christ” because they have been chosen, and called, and kept. May the SPIRIT of grace Himself awaken in us a holy zeal for “all the counsel of God,” and enable us “earnestly to contend for the Faith once delivered to the saints.” Like TOPLADY, may it be ours, even unto life’s latest breath, to assert, maintain, and defend the Covenant truths which have been revealed to us by the TRIUNE JEHOVAH—FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST, bearing with meekness and patience the “offence of the cross.”

“Careless (myself a dying man)
Of dying men’s esteem;
Happy if Thou, O God, approve,
Though all beside condemn.”

DREAD not the interjacent valley; it is but the shadow of death; and what is there in a shadow to be afraid of?—*Toplady*.

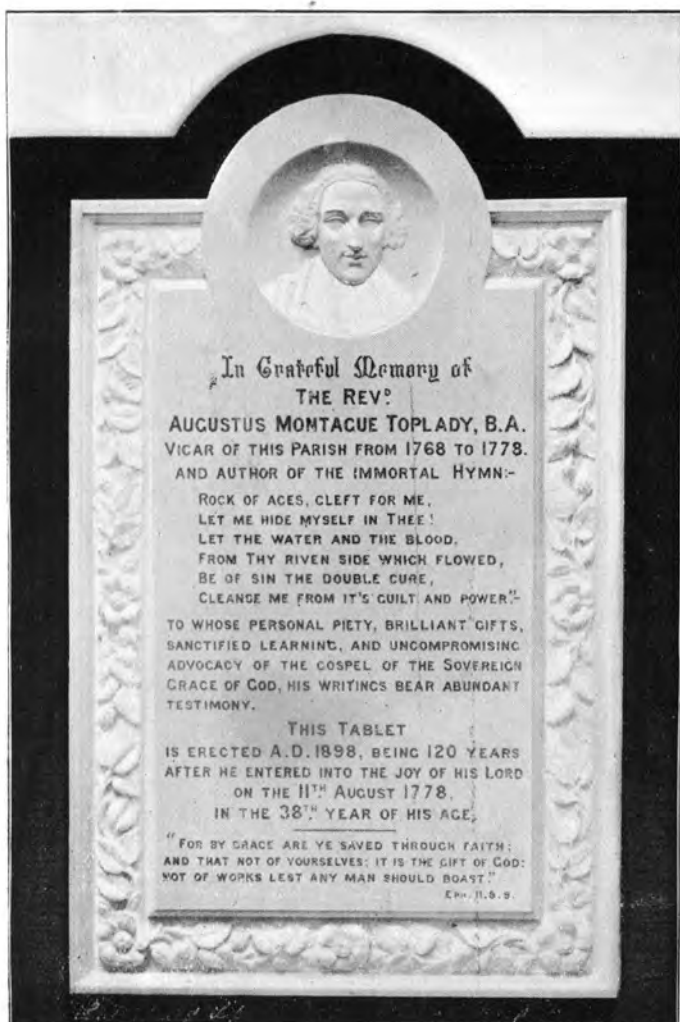
UNRENEWED nature spurns the idea of inheriting eternal life as the mere gift of Divine Sovereignty, and on the footing of absolute grace.—*Toplady*.

BEG the Lord to show you the depth of your fall. Free grace, finished salvation, imputed righteousness, atoning blood, unchangeable mercy, and the whole chain of Evangelical blessings, will then be infinitely precious to your heart.—*Toplady*.

BLESSED be God for tempering distress with joy! Too much of the former might weigh me quite down; too much of the latter might exalt me above measure. It is wisely and kindly done, O God, to give me a taste of both.—*Toplady*.

THE brightest saints below ever had, and ever will have, their dark sides. Abraham, Noah, Job, David, Hezekiah, Jeremiaah, Paul, Peter, John, were sanctified but in part. On earth, God’s converted people are each a compound of lights and shades. In glory we shall be all light, without any mixture of shade whatever.—*Toplady*.

WERE all the treasures of ten thousand worlds displayed to my view, the sight of them, the mere sight, would not make me the richer or happier; it is the knowledge of peculiar property in any blessing that felicitates the soul. In this the comfort lies. And thanks to Divine grace, I can look upon all the unsearchable riches of Christ as my own.—*Toplady*.



In Grateful Memory of
THE REV^d

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, B.A.
VICAR OF THIS PARISH FROM 1768 TO 1778.
AND AUTHOR OF THE IMMORTAL HYMN:-

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME,
LET ME HIDE MYSELF IN THEE!
LET THE WATER AND THE BLOOD,
FROM THY RIVEN SIDE WHICH FLOWED,
BE OF SIN THE DOUBLE CURE,
CLEANSE ME FROM IT'S GUILT AND POWER:-

TO WHOSE PERSONAL PIETY, BRILLIANT GIFTS,
SANCTIFIED LEARNING, AND UNCOMPROMISING
ADVOCACY OF THE GOSPEL OF THE SOVEREIGN
GRACE OF GOD, HIS WRITINGS BEAR ABUNDANT
TESTIMONY.

THIS TABLET
IS ERECTED A.D. 1898, BEING 120 YEARS
AFTER HE ENTERED INTO THE JOY OF HIS LORD
ON THE 11TH AUGUST 1778,
IN THE 38TH YEAR OF HIS AGE,

"FOR BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED THROUGH FAITH:
AND THAT NOT OF YOURSELVES: IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD:
NOT OF WORKS LEST ANY MAN SHOULD BOAST."

Eph. 2:8,9.

MEMORIAL TABLET,
ERECTED IN BROAD HEMBURY CHURCH, 1899.

TOPLADY'S HYMN—"ROCK OF AGES.

(A MONOGRAPH.)

BY THE REV. J. E. WALKER, M.A., CHELTENHAM.

THE hymn of TOPLADY, "Rock of Ages," seems a close paraphrase upon the very words of Holy Scripture. From time immemorial God has given Himself the name "the Rock." Five times this name occurs in the Song of Moses, and its use there is very suggestive. Moses the man of God had stood, in the earlier days of his ministry, and soon after the law was given, before the Lord upon the Rock of Horeb, hidden within a cleft of which he had seen the glory of the Lord pass by, and there he had heard the gracious proclamation of the Name of the Lord. It was the dispensation of the law, and yet the lawgiver's ears had heard the name of Triune Godhead—"Jehovah, Jehovah, God"—proclaimed by the Divine Voice in the accents of the Gospel. The name of the Covenant-Jehovah is followed immediately by *seven** attributes of grace, the number of perfectness and the number dedicated to the co-essential Spirit in His seven-fold operation of grace (Rev. iv. 5). How excellently the heart and thoughts of God are thus expressed, as if so sweetly pre-occupied with the everlasting purposes of mercy and grace in Christ, who is our Rock, that "Sinai" with its cleft "becomes the sanctuary" (Psalm lxxviii. 17, Hebrew), where *grace*, which eternally preceded the law in the Covenant of life and peace (Zech. vi. 12, 13) between the Father and the Son, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, for the salvation of the elect, takes accordingly to close precedence in the all-blessed name (1 Peter i. 18, 20; Cf. also Gal. iii. 16, 17).

Before we leave the Mosaic books of the Old Testament, mention must be made of the Rock smitten for the yielding of water when the congregation was ready to perish for thirst. A devout commentary of the late BISHOP WORDSWORTH has some words explanatory of the type—of its awful sanctity, and of the analogy the sins of Moses and Aaron in striking the rock a *second* time offers with the blasphemous sacrifice of the Mass, and the sacrilegious pretensions of the "priesthood" of the great Latin apostasy. His words are worth transcribing (on Numbers xx. 1-12):—

"The rock was to be smitten but *once*. But still, wherever the Israelites were, they were to be refreshed by water from the Rock. 'The Rock,' says St. Paul, 'was Christ,' and, since Christ was to suffer once, and once for all (Heb. ix. 26, 28), therefore the Rock was to be smitten once and once only, at God's command, *by the rod of Moses*. So Christ was once smitten by the curse of the *law* (Gal. iii. 10)." "The waters from the Rock (he adds) are not to be educed by *smiting* the Rock *again*. This is the error of the Church of Rome, which feigns that Christ is ever being smitten, ever being sacrificed. This is an error like that for which Moses was excluded from the Promised Land (the earthly type of heaven). These streams

* "Abundant in goodness and in truth" must be reckoned as two, rather than one.

of living water are not to be had by smiting the Rock, which has been smitten *once* for all.

"But how are these streams to be had? By the ministry of the Word. The Rock is *not* now to be smitten again, but to be spoken to.

"Thus the sin of Moses (and Aaron) affords a double warning to Christ's ministers.

"I. That they should not imagine that they themselves are sources of Divine grace. ('Must we fetch you water out of the Rock?')

"II. That they are not to suppose that Christ is to be again slain, or that 'the sacrament of the altar' repeats or continues the sacrifice of Calvary. Their office is to elicit the streams of living water by the ministry of the Word. Thus discharging the duties of their ministry, they may find a place of rest for their souls in the heavenly Canaan (1 Tim. iv. 16)."*

The words of the beloved disciple, in his Gospel and in his Epistle, (John xix. 34; 1 John v. 6) are the inspiration of the lines—

"Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of 'sin the double cure."

And it is sung of Him whose name is Jesus, because He came to save His people *from their sin*.

In the cleansing of the leper, the bird that, being slain, had a typical relation to the atoning death of our Lord, in contrast with the living bird, that, dipped in the blood of its fellow, presented so vivid a type of the Ascension of Jesus Christ, "not without blood," as our Intercessor, into heaven for us, was "killed over running" or "living" (Heb.) water. How beautiful is the similitude of the ever-living un-intermittent grace that flows from the fountain of the broken side, and from the merit of our Lord's death, of which the scarlet (John xix. 34), the hyssop (John xx. 29), and the cedar wood, † because of its sweetness, presented so lively a type. The smitten Rock presents the same image of the perpetual energies and activities of the eternal grace, flowing through the merits of the crucified Son from the heart and eternal purpose of the eternal Father. The Hebrew expression, "living water," is opposed to all stagnation. God's love in Christ knows no stagnation. Its springs in the heart of God are everlastingly active, for there is nothing inert or passive in the Divine nature. Its infinite abundance of love and grace has eternal motion, and, in and through the wounds and merits of Christ, the smitten Rock, the allfulness of God has really and indeed poured itself forth to His people. It follows them with the same self-giving and perennial grace, in

* Some more than questionable words of reference to baptism are omitted.

† The comparative incorruptibility of the cedar wood may be typical of His flesh who saw no corruption. The hyssop is not the type of faith, for it was in the hand of the priest. It is the type rather of the humiliation of Christ, our only High Priest, who sprinkles the soul to cleanse it inwardly. He only can apply the merit of His precious blood by His Word and Spirit.‡

healing, chastening, comforting, refreshing, preserving acts of love and grace all the days of their pilgrimage (1 Cor. x. 4).

The writer has often wondered that the use of this supernaturally-given "living" water in the sacred laver of the tabernacle has not been insisted upon as an evidence in type and symbol, that the antitypical water of John iii. 5, must be something more than the elementary and corruptible water of the visible sign; to be rightly interpreted, therefore, only of the *living* Word and the inward renewal of the Holy Ghost by the Word (Titus iii. 4-7; Eph. v. 25, 26). Thus the spiritual and supernatural relation between the eternal Word—incarnate, crucified, and smitten for us on the cross—with the Word inspired and written, is at once discovered. (*Cf.* also the Lord's own use of the words "living water" in John iv. 10-14).

In the Psalms God is often called the Rock. This one example may be taken: "Lead me to the Rock." So sings the sweet Psalmist of Israel in Psalm lxi. 2, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." What an absolute confutation is here given to the Unitarian heresy! "No man who is only man," sings another Psalm (xlix. 7-9), "can redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him. He must let that alone for ever." But our Rock is the Rock of eternity. The ransom has been paid by One of whom Moses sang, "He is the Rock: the God of truth, just and right is He" (Dent. xxxii. 4).

This "Rock of our salvation," then, is "higher than" our nature. He took, indeed, our nature—though without the sin of our nature fallen in Adam—and so He became a Rock of refuge and mercy to our sinful nature. But He who redeemed the Church by His wounds and blood is infinitely "higher than" our nature, being the co-essential Son, the Person of the eternal Word, "the Second Adam," "the Lord from heaven," in whom is the mystery of "God manifest in the flesh," by the Hypostatic Union of Two natures in One Person, for the redemption of the Church of God.

The use of this image of the Rock, though only implied and not verbally expressed, must not be overlooked. It is in Isaiah: "Who are these," cries the Prophet, "that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" How lovely is the dual image: the souls moved—not by any free-will of their own, for free-will has been a *non-ens* since Adam destroyed it by the fall, in which he made himself and his posterity the bond-slaves of sin through the corruption of will. No; these happy souls are borne along by the quickening, life-giving breath of the Almighty Spirit (*Cf.* John iii. 7, 8), and they fly to the open windows—as the true rock-doves—of the wounds of Jesus.* Had not the eternal Strength—stronger than any rock; had not the eternal Love received and suffered the wounds of the Passion—not the outward wounds of the sacred flesh, but the inward wounds, of which those were only the visible mystical signs, in the judgment of sin (Zech. xiii. 7), the Rock could have been no home to the doves of grace. A smitten

* *Cf.* The Sermon "On Repentance," in the works of JOHN BRADFORD, Christ's blessed Martyr, pp. 75, 76.

Rock, a wounded Christ, a crucified and living Jesus only can shelter souls that flee for hiding from eternal wrath. An unwounded Rock would only hurt unto death the doves that dashed vainly against its polished, unyielding marble. There is no shelter for sinful souls, no refuge for the wings of faith, "but in the wounded side" of Him who died and rose again.

Only two brief remarks upon the doctrinal truth and beauty of *TOPLADY'S* hymn may be added.

It is too often supposed that repentance and the tears of the heart for sin have in themselves a cleansing virtue and efficacy. One verse in that exquisite poem of *GEORGE HERBERT'S*—"The Sacrifice"—is utterly marred by this vain and Christ-dishonouring heresy—"Those drops, being tempered with a sinner's tears." A thousand times No! Far rather would we confess, with good *BISHOP BEVERIDGE*, that our very tears of inward heart-contrition need themselves to be washed from soil and sin in the most precious blood of the Lamb, "who was slain, and who liveth for evermore."

How clear and distinct is the testimony to the great doctrine of imputed righteousness in the words, and how absolute the rejection of the deadly doctrine of salvation by works—

"Nothing in my hand I bring ;"

and—

"Naked, come to Thee for dress"!

It is strange how many, who would shudder at the impiety of the Unitarian heresy, can yet dare to speak of our Lord's human life of three-and-thirty years as "the life of an individual Jew," so separating it from His death, as if it had no essential relation to His mediatorial work. And yet this, being partial Socinianism, is not without an impiety of its own, for it ignores the fact that during all those years the human life, with all its acts, sufferings, humiliations, and with its perfect obedience, as a life "made under the law," must necessarily have had a Divine meritoriousness as the life and acts of God Incarnate—a life, therefore, of absolute, and unique, and infinite value and worth: a life lived for us, and at last given for us. How true and Divine and Scriptural, and how exactly according to the Reformed faith, which is the really old and apostolic faith, are the words of a precious relic of sub-apostolic days—the anonymous "Epistle to Diognetus:" "Oh, sweet exchange! oh, unsearchable operation! that the sin of many should be hid in a single Righteous One, and that the righteousness of One should justify many transgressors!" To which the sweet words of an Italian martyr may be added—they contain all the hope of the soul justified in Christ: "He took all my sin to give me (in sweetest exchange) all His righteousness."

But we must hasten to a very solemn close. To whom does *TOPLADY'S* immortal hymn belong with right of usage? *Only* to the living family of God, and to those whom the Spirit of life has quickened into a gracious sense of sin and need, that they may flee into Christ the Rock. None else—however many do use its words, merely because every hymnal contains it, and it is elevated by the

preference of many worldly-religious persons of eminence into a kind of classical dignity in the world of hymns—have any spiritual right to use it. Would it not be a charity to the poor souls who throng all our churches and use the holiest words in a dead, formal use, void of all living and inward feeling, if before the singing of Psalms or hymns a plain, heart-searching question was sometimes asked: "Will our singing of these words be a vain, soul-hardening mockery, or a true expression of the heart's worship made and offered to Him, who only hears the voice of the heart?" It is to be feared that the multiplication of religious services, in these last and Laodicean days, is really the awful increase of "the sacrifice of fools" (Eccl. v. 1), and not any evidence that "the sacrifices of God, a broken and a contrite heart," are more experienced, and therefore more continually offered unto Him (Luke xviii. 8). We do not know any more beautiful expression in the language of sacred poetry (upon this very hymn too) of the vital difference between a merely vocal and conventional, and a gracious and experimental use of the self-same words, than these which follow:—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue,
Sang as little children sing,
Sang as sing the birds in June,
Fell the words, like light leaves
down
On the current of the tune,
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Felt her soul no need to hide?
Sweet her song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that each might
be,
On some other lips, a prayer:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully,
Every word her heart did know,
Rose her song as storm-tossed
bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer:—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,"

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."
Lips grown aged sung the
hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak, and eyes
grown dim.
Trembling though the voice and
low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow:
Sang, as only they can sing,
Who life's thorny ways have
pressed:
Who behold the promised rest:
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid;
Never more, O storm-tost soul,
Never more from wind and
tide,
Never more from billows' roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eye,
Closed beneath the soft grey
hair,
Could the mute and stiffened
lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would
be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

TOPLADY'S HYMN BOOK.

THE venerated name of AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY will be dear to the Church of God as long as time shall last, through his best-known, incomparable hymn, "Rock of Ages," uttered by dying lips of prince and peasant, youth and age, in all conditions, times, and places.

Memory recalls one incident wherein a young lady was taken to hear the late dear Editor, Mr. GEORGE COWELL, and the emphasis which, through the Holy Spirit's guidance, he laid on the words "for me" and "in Thee"—

"cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,"

was so blessed to her that when dying, a few weeks later, she thanked God with her latest breath that the Holy Spirit flooded her soul with light and joy as she beheld Jesus her Substitute, through hearing only once the repetition of those two lines.

The "immortal TOPLADY" has been often the expression used of the author of "Rock of Ages." And he is immortal indeed in two senses of the word,—immortal because he is in Christ, and therefore ever liveth, and immortal in his work below, for this God-given hymn will live also, and continue bearing fruit for eternity.

However, the object of my writing is not to dwell upon the hymn or its writer; this will be done by other pens; but to give a few brief particulars of TOPLADY'S own hymn book, the collection of hymns which he compiled for the use of his congregation, the identical volume which he always used, and, to quote the words of WALTER ROW, a former Editor of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, he "always carried in his pocket." This very book now lies before me. It is marked in several places by TOPLADY himself. It is, borrowing the language of his biographer, "replete with the richest odours of Gospel truth," and is a precious possession for two reasons; first, because of its first saintly owner, having been so constantly used by him, his eyes resting so frequently on its pages; and, secondly, because it was also in the possession of dear Dr. DOUDNEY, the beloved fifty-three years Editor of this Magazine. He prized it greatly, and knowing this, I felt all the more deeply the proof of his regard when he put it into my hands as a gift one bright day in May, 1890, on the deck of a Southampton steamer, during one of those delightful sails between Portsmouth and Southampton, which brought him so much pleasant change of air and scene in the last years of his sojourn on earth. He told me of the hands through which it had passed, and gave me, with the book, a little parcel of letters concerning the dear worn but carefully preserved volume.

Perhaps my readers will feel interested in a short description of it. The binding is not the same that covered it in 1776, for on one of the fly leaves in W. Row's handwriting are these words: "This is the original hymn book; and when it was in blue boards, used by Mr. TOPLADY in Orange Street Pulpit. W. Row, July 10, 1834." If, as before stated, it was constantly carried about in his pocket, the binding became worn, and "blue boards" are not the most

satisfactory bindings for wearing well. So it is evident that W. Row had the treasured little volume re-bound in the brown cloth which now covers it, and which bears marks also of age and usage. It was printed in old-fashioned type, the long S's and occasional curly C's looking so quaint, the spelling also different in some instances to the present. The date of printing is 1776, so the volume is now more than 120 years old.

On the title page, as you will see from the illustration, it is stated that these "Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Worship" were "collected (for the most part) and published by AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, Vicar of Broad Hembury."

Then follow three Latin sentences, and below them—"London, Printed for E. and C. DILLY, 1776." These sentences have been literally translated as follows:—

"Behold, the Muse fashions for herself a garment wherein she may take up sacred fire with holy hands."

"Who can deny that the seed of piety and holiness exists in the exercise of these meditations?"

"How becoming it is to the justified soul—the soul that is melting with the sense of His love—to sing in the fulness of joy the New Song to her justifying God—the song of mutual reconciliation!"

Amongst the published writings of TOPLADY will be found a very interesting account of the life of WITSRUS, the writer of the last two Latin sentences. He was admittedly a brilliant scholar, a good man, and a devout hymnologist. There is a Preface, of three pages in length, written by TOPLADY, which commences thus:—

"God is the God of truth, of holiness, and of elegance. Whoever, therefore, has the honour to compose, or to compile, anything that may constitute a part of His worship, should keep these three particulars constantly in view."

Then, after reminding the reader that in like manner as we cannot pray without the enabling grace of the Holy Spirit, so neither can we sing spiritually and acceptably without the same gracious Spirit, a dissertation follows upon the origin and merits of hymns, and he concludes thus:—

"But remember, reader, that 'none can' truly and savingly 'learn the song of the Lamb' who are not 'redeemed from the earth' by His most precious blood (Rev. xix. 3). Pray, therefore, for the effectual operation of the Holy Ghost on thy heart, to apply and make known to thee thy personal interest in the Father's election and in the Son's redemption. So wilt thou not only sing with understanding, but with the Spirit also bearing upon thy soul; and be able experimentally to say—

As from the lute soft music flows,
Obedient to the skilfull hand;
So, tun'd by Thee, my spirit
owes
Her harmony to Thy command.

Touch'd by the finger of Thy love,
Sweet melody of praise I bring;
Join the enraptur'd choirs above,
And feel the bliss that makes them
sing.

"The holy unction of the sacred Spirit's influence is, in the following

P S A L M S
 A N D
 H Y M N S
 F O R
 P U B L I C A N D P R I V A T E
 W O R S H I P.

Collected (for the most part), and Published,
 By AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, A. B.
 Vicar of BROAD HENBURY.

*En, sanctos manibus parvis at sumeret ignes,
 Vesilem se Mica facit.* COULET DAVANUS.

*Quis neget, in hauris meditationum praxi, nucleum p
 atis, sanctitatisque, situm esse?*

WISSIUS, de Q. C. l. iii. c. 4.

*Quam decorum est animæ justificatæ, et in animæ
 sensu liquefacti; plena júbilo, cantibus, stans, cantibus
 redactionis munitæ, justificanti Deo occurrere!*

Thad. S. S.

L O N D O N.

Printed for E. and C. DILLY, 1770.

*A living and dying PRAYER for the HOLIEST BELIEVER
in the World.*

1.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the Water and the Blood,
From thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of Sin the double Cure,
Cleanse me from it's Guilt and Pow'r.

2.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fullfill thy Law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for Sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone !

3.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to thy Crofs I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for Drefs ;
Helplefs, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly :
Wash me, SAVIOR, or I die !

4.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar through tracts unknown—
See Thee on thy Judgment-Throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in THEE !

A. T.

pages, most earnestly and frequently invoked. May it richly descend upon, and be abundantly felt by, as many as read and make use of this book. Amen.—AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, *London, July 26, 1776.*"

The sainted compiler evidently spared no pains in collecting from various sources, for he observes of this collection, commencing with the modest remark, "I can only observe that (excepting the very few hymns of my own which I have been prevailed with to insert), it *ought* to be the *best* that has yet appeared, considering the great number of volumes (no fewer than between forty and fifty) which have, more or less, contributed to this compilation."

In those days of few books, "between forty and fifty" meant much searching; very different to 1899, when poetical effusions, sacred as well as secular, are very, very numerous—some eminently feeble, some singularly fanciful, with a few here and there full of savour and sweetness, yet less frequently possessing the grandeur of the old hymns.

It is interesting and instructive to see TOPLADY'S corrections and interlineations of hymns in this little brown volume, some in pen and some in pencil. For instance, in hymn 96, commencing—

"'Tis done: my God hath dy'd,"

the words "my God" are lined out, and "Jesus" is substituted in pencil; which is, indeed, a more God-glorifying and correct expression, for God did not die—Christ, in the human nature, the flesh He assumed when He was named Jesus, died.

Another hymn (217), commencing—

"Jesus, from my proud heart remove
The bane of self-admiring love!—"

has the name "Jesus" crossed out, and "Dear Lord" substituted. Here the Lord is appealed to as God, therefore "Dear Lord" is far more appropriate than "Jesus," the humiliation name He bore in our nature.

In another hymn (262, verse 7)—

"From ev'ry proud, self-righteous boast,
Sweet Jesus, set me free,"

the name "Sweet Jesus" is crossed out, and "Dear Lord, now" placed instead; doubtless from the same motive which prompted the correction mentioned above.

In hymn 320—

"O Jesus, I see
My Bethesda in Thee,"

he altered to—

"O Saviour, I see
All my hope is in Thee;"

and in verse 4, last line—

"And I know it is mine when my God is in me,"

TOPLADY has corrected to—

"And I know it is mine when applied to me."

The reason is obvious.

In hymn 220, verse 3—

“With such a wretch (just heir of hell),”

he has crossed out “wretch,” and placed “one.”

As, also, in hymn 354, verse 3—

“I, a wretch undone and lost,”

he altered to—

“I, who was undone and lost,”

rightly judging that the child of God and heir of glory is not a lost “wretch.”

Hymn 79 commences—

“In vain do blind Arminians try
By works themselves to justify;”

this he corrected, and wrote—

“In vain do sinful creatures try.”

There are other corrections and emendations, but from the foregoing instances the reader will be able to judge how carefully the great hymnologist studied every word, and, doubtless, if the LORD had seen fit to prolong his life here, he would have issued a revised edition of his hymnary.

Dr. DOUDNEY became the possessor of this little volume in 1881; it was given to him by Miss LUSCOMBE, of Plymouth, on the completion of the forty-first year of the Doctor's editorship of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. He gave out several hymns from it on one occasion from the pulpit of St. Luke's, Bedminster.

On the inside of the cover has been pasted a copy of the baptismal register of TOPLADY, signed by the Vicar himself and the Churchwardens. On the flyleaf is an original Latin poem in ten lines, written and signed by TOPLADY.

Another original signature of TOPLADY's has been affixed to the next page, with notes written by WALTER ROW in 1834, and by Dr. DOUDNEY in 1881.

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,” is hymn 337, and stands amongst the others almost exactly in the same wording as in the compilations of to-day.

On referring to the letters which accompanied the gift of this volume, addressed to HENRY LUSCOMBE, Esq., Plymouth, by DANIEL SEDGWICK, in July and August, 1872, we find this volume has been very jealously guarded and valued by WALTER ROW. He never parted with it during his lifetime, neither would his son afterwards. WALTER ROWE, senior, venerated the memory of TOPLADY. He was taken by his father to hear him when he first preached at Orange Street, and so great was the congregation to hear him, that he “used to be at the chapel door at nine o'clock every Sunday morning, well supplied with slices of bread-and-butter, for if he ventured out of the chapel he could not enter again, so great was the multitude that pressed to hear Mr. TOPLADY.”

From this letter we find that Mr. TOPLADY was very often at Mr. Row's house, and that Mr. Row followed his remains to the grave.

It is refreshing to know how greatly the truth was valued in those days. How sadly have we degenerated from our forefathers! The Word of the Lord was precious in those days. It is precious now to the hearts of His people, but they are "a little flock," few in number, weak in worldly influence, but precious in His sight, and hereafter they will mingle with the great multitude which no man can number around the throne in glory.

Well, we revere the name of AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, and rejoice to know his living voice was welcomed whilst here, even as his written works are still, more than 120 years after his home-call, the solace and instruction and joy of very many pilgrims Zionward.

I cannot close this paper more fittingly than by giving the reader one or two extracts from this choice hymnal, so full of richest clusters of sweet expression and deep soul experience. One of these hymns (number 10), after the mention of the design of Christ's love saying, "'Tis a wonder below, and a wonder above," goes on—

"He came from above
Our curse to remove.
He hath lov'd, He hath lov'd us
because He *would* love:
When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom
or shore.

"Love mov'd Him to dye.*
And on this we rely,
Our Jesus hath lov'd us, we cannot
tell why;
But this we can tell,
He hath lov'd us so well,
As to lay down His life to redeem
us from hell.

"For you, and for me,
He pray'd on the tree;
The pray'r is accepted, the sinner is free:
That sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny."

— From hymn 338 the last three verses, with the exception of four lines, are still in some of our hymn books, commencing, "Inspirer and Hearer of pray'r;" but the first three verses are not so well known, and are so vigorous and grand in their measure, that I must give them:—

"What tho' my frail eye-lids re-
fuse,
Continual watching to keep,
And, punctual as midnight re-
news,
Demand the refreshment of
sleep;
A sov'reign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at
hand:
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

"From evil secure, and its dread,
I rest, if my Saviour is nigh;
And songs His kind Presence
indeed
Shall, in the night season,
supply:
He smiles, and my comforts
abound:
His grace, as the dew, shall
descend,
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

* Old spelling.

“ Kind Author and Ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own, Thou hast helped me till now.
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence Thou hast prov'd;
Nor wilt Thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally lov'd.”

And now, dear reader, to finish with a few triumphant lines from hymn 353:—

“ And when we remove
To Thy palace above,
Our heaven shall still be to sing of Thy love.
How great is our bliss!
But O, what is this
To that fullness of joy which we soon shall possess,
When, at home with the Blest
In glory we rest,
And for ever sit down at the heavenly feast!
O the infinite height
Of our solemn delight
While we look on the Savior * and walk in His sight!”

NETTIE.

THE all-wise God, whose never-failing providence ordereth every event, usually makes what we set our hearts upon unsatisfactory, and sweetens what we feared; bringing real evil out of seeming good, and real good out of seeming evil; to show us what short-sighted creatures we are, and to teach us to live by faith upon His blessed Self.—*Toplady*.

WHEN the silver cords of life loosen apace—when the last pins of the earthly tabernacle are taken out—when the lips of the expiring saint turn pale, and the blush forsakes his cheek, and what little breath he draws returns cold—when his limbs quiver—when the pulse forgets to beat, when the crimson current in his veins begins to stagnate, and the hovering soul is just on the wing of glory—fast as the world darkens upon his sight, fast as the mortal part of his composition subsides and falls off from the disimprisoned spirit; he brightens into the perfect image of God, and kindles into more than an angel of light. Jehovah visits him with smiles of everlasting love; Jesus beckons him to the regions of eternal day; the blessed Spirit of God wafts him, with a gentle gale, over the stream of death. The angelic potentates deem it an honour to usher in the ransomed soul and convey the precious freight. Disembodied saints, who were landed long before, throng the blissful coast, to congratulate the new-born seraph on his safe arrival. When a believer lands in glory, the whole Church Triumphant may be supposed to welcome the new admitted peer. He makes a public entry into the celestial city, the Jerusalem which is above.—*Toplady*.

* Old spelling.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY TOPLADY.

THE following letter, in Mr. TOPLADY'S own hand-writing, has been kindly placed at our service for the present number of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE by a Bristol friend. It is addressed to "William Lunell, Esq., Great Cuffe Street, Dublin," and is much worn by age. The date is indiscoverable. Its contents, however, settle the point approximately, and it may be taken as probably 1775, after TOPLADY'S leaving Broad Hembury for the metropolis. His allusion to the last Communion Service conducted by him among his attached flock in the West of England is very touching. Some parts of the letter are so much injured, especially that whence a seal, or large wafer—probably the seal bearing TOPLADY'S crest—has been cut out, that we are obliged to omit certain words. In such cases, brackets are employed to indicate omissions.

COPY OF THE ORIGINAL LETTER.

Very soon after I had expostulated with my Hon^d & most Dear Mr. Lunell, from Farley; I was revived with the Sight, and more than a little comforted by y^e Perusal, of a Letter from Him; which happily convinced me, that He had not forgot the meanest, tho' not the least affectionate, of His Friends. I sh^d have thank'd you, Dear Sir, immediately on receiving it: but, being on the point of Removing hither, I thought it best to repress my Gratitude for the present; as opportunity of private conveyance might possibly occur from hence.

On arriving here, I found myself doubly your Debtor; my Mother having laid by for me your obliging Favour of last November. I can only repeat, as I do from the Bottom of my Heart, my warmest Thanks for these continued Testimonys of Xtian Esteem. I most heartily wish I was worthy of such Friendship. My Returns would then be more adequate to the Obligations you personally confer; tho' the condescension, on your Part, would not be so great as now. However, undeserving as I am, (may I more & more feel myself so!) I yet trust, that we shall never cease to hold spiritual & epistolary Communion with each other, 'till, with one of us Mortality is swallow'd up of Life.

The Sunday before I left the West, was a Day much to be remember'd. I was greatly enlarg'd, in taking leave of a People, to many of whom God seems to have given the Hearing Ear. I administer'd the Lord's Supper to a number of weeping Communicants; nor do I remember if that Ordinance was ever accompany'd with so signal a Blessing to my own Soul. The gracious Melting appear'd to be general; and the overpowering Flame of Holy Love was, I believe, caught from Heart to Heart. We seem'd to sit under the Savior's shadow with Delight; & his Fruit was pleasant to our Taste. When all was over, we bid a personal and particular Adieu to each other, tho' with many Tears, yet with an Hope that appear'd full of Immortality. Amidst all their Tenderness & Affection, there was something in their Manner which seem'd to say, "We shall one Day

meet again." And so, I trust, we shall; in that Place of Love, where Ministers and People part no more, but are for ever with the Lord, & with each other :

"Where Congregations ne'er break up,
" & Sabbaths never end."

I suppose, Dear S^r, I need not tell you, that I am now with my Hon^d Mother; who, I fear, breaks apace. As I have not found it eligible to accept of any ecclesiastical employ that has hitherto offer'd; I am, at present, rather in the capacity of a waiting, than a working servant. Nor do I doubt, but the great Master of the Vineyard, in whose Hand all our Times are, will, when He sees good, open an effectual Door. In the mean while, I am happy in sitting at His Feet, and in receiving His Word from the Mouths of abler Messengers (whose shoes' Latchet I am not worthy to unloose) 'till the Pillar and the Cloud more visibly point out my way.

I had lately the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Wilkinson, at her son's House: and I find, that the High Church folks at Swift's Alley are going on at the old dog-trot Rate, of a why, we can't brag; slow and sure; we are "not so good as we ought to be; but still not so bad as some."

I trust the faithful Few at Back Lane, go on to prove what is the acceptable and perfect will of God. Amidst all their Discouragements, may they hold fast the Truths, and enjoy the heavenly experience, of the Gospel! I am hardly surpriz'd at Brother Allen's jumping into the whimsical Reverys of Sandiman: or that His Religion should adopt some of those odditys, with w^{ch} his private Life abounds. However, as I believe Him upright, I doubt not, that when the novelty is over, he'll be brought back to the old Point, and say with Judah in y^e Prophet, "I will go, and return to my first Husband, for then," &c. For my own Part, y^e more I see of mankind, the more I am convinc'd that we must distinguish between nature and Grace in the same Persons; and ascribe all good, to the latter, nor wonder that evil and error sh'd issue from the former. I sh'd not be surpriz'd to hear, that Mr. Prosser, together with long Walton, and short Neal, were overtaken with the same Delusion. Mr. Sandiman has made some Havock in London; and went to America (compassing sea and Land) to make Proselytes; where he very narrowly escap'd being punish'd as a Vagrant and a Disturber of the Peace. The noise, his Disciples made here, begins to subside: and 'tis hop'd that some, who were turn'd out of the way, are in a measure heal'd. Their system answerably to the name of it's Author, being a *sandy* one, will hardly, I sh'd think, obtain long with those who are built upon the Rock; but fall to pieces of itself. They who have experimentally tasted that the Lord is gracious, cannot, at the long Run, rest short of the inward Blessing formerly enjoy'd; even the comforts of the Spirit's Presence, and the heartfelt unction of a Saviour's Love. Like the magnetic needle, however they may vibrate for the present, they will, one Day, recover their primitive Direction, and point to Jesus, the Polar

Star. I assure you, Dear Sir, I am happier in my present connection. I look upon the Church of Eng^d as a sort of general Asylum, where the narrowness of Party, the Rage of Faction, and the mischiefs of Novelty, are less known, than in most other Denominations.

“Here, like a Shepherd gazing from his Hut
 “touching his Reed, or leaning on his Staff;
 “as on a single [. . .]
 “I hear the Tumult of the distant Throng.”

I am really growing as much a Quietist, as My Dear Friend. I desire, with you, to cultivate and enjoy “the silent Heav'n of Love,” abstracted from name and external Attachments. May we, thro' the Holy Spirit's descending Influence, rise higher, daily, into that state of Soul, wherein God and Xt. are All in All. With this wish & Prayer, I conclude myself,

Hon^d & Dear S^r,
 Your most affectionate
 most oblig'd Brother & Serv^t,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

P.S. Having been so long your Debtor for Favors received, I must observe further in my own vindication, that, ever since my coming to Town, 'till very lately I defer'd writing, 'till Mr. Gurney sent off a packet to Ireland, in w^{ch} he promis'd to inclose a letter to you, and so give me early notice [. . .] did it. But, having given me y^e slip, I'm obliged to [. . .] Post, or not at all. My Mother's and my joint Respects [. . .] on you and Mrs. Lunell. I beg y^e favor of being remember'd [. . .] kindest manner, to Mr. Manypenny, & M^r & M^{rs}. Fenwick.

The appended photograph of the closing lines of this autograph letter of Mr. TOPLADY's will enable the reader to form a judgment on the character of his hand-writing, and especially that used by him for his signature.

REMEMBER, that you must lie low at His feet, if you would bask in the shinings of His face.—*Toplady*.

I CAN testify, by sweet and repeated experience, that singing is an ordinance of God, and a means of grace. Lord, fit my soul to bear a part in that song for ever new, which the elect angels, and saints made perfect in glory, are now singing before the Throne and before the Lamb!—*Toplady*.

THE golden chain of Providence is let down from the throne of the Supreme, through all the ranks of animated and of inanimated nature; guiding and governing every individual spirit, and every individual atom, by such means, and in such a manner, as best comport with the dignity, the efficacy, the wisdom, and the love of Him who holds the chain, and has implicated every link.—*Toplady*.

scals. They 'no have experimentally eared that the Lord is gracious, cannot
at the long Run, rest & share of the inward Blessings formerly enjoyed, even the
Comforts of the Spirit's presence, & the least self Motion of a Sinner is Love.
Like the magnetic needle, however they may vibrate for the present, they will,
one Day, recover their primitive direction, & point to Jesus, the Polar Star.
I assure you, Dear Sir, I am happier & happier in my present Connection.
I look upon the Church of Engld as a Sort of general Asylum, where the
near-ness of Party, the Rage of Faction, & the mischiefs of Novelty, are
less known, than in most other Denominations.

"Here, like a Shepherd gazing from his Hut
"touching his Reed, or leaning on his Staff;
"as on a ~~single~~ ^{single} ~~sheep~~ ^{sheep} of the Desert throng."

I am really growing as much a Quaker, as my Dear Friend. I desire, with
external Attachments, may we, thro' the Holy Spirit's descending Influence,
with the Pist & Tongue, I conclude myself, HOPE & DEAR SIR

P. S.

Having been so long your Debtor for
Favors received, I must observe further
in my own vindication, that ever since
my coming to town, till very lately, I desor'd writing, I will Mr Gurney des
sent off a packet to Gravel, it wd be promis'd to inclose a letter to
you, it to give me early notice.
Given at 48 Ship St. 17th 18

My Mother's & my joint Respec
& Favor on being remembered, I
and Mrs Newrick

Your most affectionate,
most oblig'd Brother & Servt,
Augustus Toplady.

Post, or not at all.
on you & Mrs L. well. I beg
in best manner, to Mr Marypen,

SACRED POETRY BY TOPLADY.

TOPLADY'S imperishable hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," has, of course, permanently taken premier position among his very numerous poetical compositions. A not inconsiderable number of sacred songs, however, follow, in order of religious and of literary merit, at no great distance behind their universally accepted leader. Several of these are widely known, as, for instance, those beginning :—

- (a) " Compared with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see ; "
- (b) " Immoveable our hope remains,
Within the veil our anchor lies ; "
- (c) " A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing ; "
- (d) " Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ; "
- (e) " When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay ; "
- (f) " Deathless principle, arise ;
Soar, thou native of the skies ;"—
- (g) " I saw, and lo ! a countless throng,
Th' elect of every nation, name, and tongue."

There are others, however, of great value, whether considered from a spiritual, or merely from a literary point of observation, with which Christians generally are not familiar. Space will allow of our presenting one or two specimens only, but they may suffice to illustrate the point at issue.

" THANKSGIVING FOR THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

- " O THOU who didst Thy glory leave
Apostate sinners to retrieve
From nature's deadly fall ;
Me Thou hast purchased with a price,
Nor shall my crimes in judgment rise,
For Thou hast borne them all.
- " Jesus was punished in my stead,
Without the gate my Surety bled,
To expiate my stain ;
On earth the Godhead deigned to dwell,
And made of infinite avail
The sufferings of The Man.
- " And was He for His rebels given ?
He was ; the Incarnate King of heaven
Did for His foes expire ;
Amazed, O earth, the tidings hear :
He bore, that we might never bear,
His righteous Father's ire.

“ Ye saints, the Man of Sorrows bless,
 The God for your unrighteousness
 Deputed to atone:
 Praise Him, till, with the heavenly throng,
 Ye sing the never-ending song,
 And see Him on His throne.”

PRAISE FOR CONVERSION.

- “ Nor to myself I owe
 That I, O Lord, am Thine;
 Free grace hath all the shades broke through,
 And caused the light to shine.
 Me Thou hast willing made
 Thy offers to receive;
 Called by the voice that wakes the dead,
 I come to Thee and live.
- “ Why am I made to see,
 Who am by nature blind?
 Why am I taken home to Thee,
 And others left behind?
 Because Thy sovereign love
 Was bent the worst to save;
 Jesus, who reigns enthroned above,
 The free salvation gave.
- “ Though once far off I stood,
 Nor knew myself Thy foe,
 Brought nigh by the Redeemer's blood,
 Myself and Thee I know;
 No more a child of wrath,
 Thy smiling face I see;
 And praise Thee for the work of faith
 Which Thou hast wrought in me.
- “ With me Thy Spirit strove,
 Almighty to retrieve;
 Thou sav'dst me in a time of love,
 And said unto me, 'Live.'
 By Thee made free indeed,
 I felt Thy gracious words;
 Thy mantle over me was spread,
 And I became the Lord's.
- “ Jesus, Thy son, by grace,
 I to the end shall be;
 Made perfect through Thy comeliness
 Which I received from Thee.
 I drink the living stream,
 To all believers given,
 A fellow-citizen with them
 Who dwell in yonder heaven.
- “ With all Thy chosen band
 I trust to see Thee there,
 And, in Thy righteousness to stand
 Undaunted at Thy bar.”

"THE PROPITIATION.

"THY anger for what I have done,
 The Gospel forbids me to fear;
 My sins Thou hast charged on Thy Son;
 Thy justice to Him I refer;
 Be mindful of Jesus and me!
 My pardon He suffered to buy,
 And what He procured on the tree,
 For me He demands in the sky."

The definiteness of Evangelical doctrine, asserted in vigorous Bible-warranted terms, everywhere traceable in such compositions as the foregoing, contrasts forcibly and favourably with the enervated, sentimental, free-will hymns which bulk our modern compilations, and, alas, satisfy the ordinary congregations that worship in our churches. Can nothing be done, we ask, to repair this deplorable lapse from the high Scriptural standard of sacred song which characterized the times of TOPLADY, NEWTON, BERRIDGE, COWPER, and their compeers? The influence of congregational hymnology upon the public mind is incalculably great, for good or for evil; and, certainly, all who desire to maintain purity of Christian doctrine and spirituality of worship should set their faces against the devotional use of hymns which sacrifice, if they do not pervert, the glorious Gospel of God's sovereign grace for the gratification of the tastes of the unregenerate multitude.

REMINISCENCES OF TOPLADY.

SOME years since, the following interesting statement, written in 1835, was recorded in the *Remembrancer*, edited by our beloved brother, the Rev. WILLIAM LUSH:—"On Sunday morning, the 14th of June, 1778, we heard Mr. TOPLADY, at Orange Street Chapel, deliver a short discourse after the curate, Dr. ILLINGWORTH, had preached. His health was then rapidly declining, and his earthly tabernacle quite emaciated. It was a painful sight to behold him, for he could scarcely support himself in the pulpit, and his delivery was attended by a hectic cough, and a shortness of breathing; nevertheless, the consolations of God to him were neither few nor small. He was full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and seemed, by the feelings he evinced, to be in the very suburbs of heaven, into which, a few weeks after, he entered. The portion of Scripture he addressed his auditory from, were the words of the Apostle Peter, 'Yea, I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance, knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as the Lord Jesus Christ hath shown me.'

"It was a most memorable sight, never to be forgotten, and it is at this moment as lively in my recollection as it was fifty-seven years since. His unbounded confidence in the fulness of God, and his joy and rejoicing in Christ Jesus, we have not words to describe. He appeared more like an inhabitant from heaven than a mortal man, encumbered with disease and pain.

“Our chief view in relating the above particulars is to notice an incident which took place at the time. The Lord’s Supper was to be administered that morning, as the chapel was occupied by the French Protestants always in the evenings, the place of worship being only temporary. Mr. *TOPLADY*, at the close of his address, in reference to the ordinance, observed that he perceived some of his elder brethren in the ministry, of another denomination, present; he invited them to come and join with him in commemorating the dying love of the Lord Jesus Christ. He observed that, when we get to heaven, it will not be known which particular fold we belong to here on earth. There will then be no mark of distinction; we shall mingle our voices together in one united chorus of praise and thanksgiving. Then why not, he said, imitate the celestial company here, and have as much of heaven below, before we arrive at that blissful abode?

“There were present at the time Dr. *RYLAND*, of Northampton, and Dr. *GIFFORD*, librarian of the British Museum, Baptist ministers, who accepted the invitation; the former standing, and the other kneeling, participated in the symbols of the body and blood of Christ, with other beloved friends and the congregation. The sight to us was highly interesting and pleasingly gratifying, and more so now in recollection.

“The popularity of Mr. *TOPLADY* was such, arising from his extraordinary and singular talents as a public speaker, that he attracted the attention of crowds of auditors. The churches wherever he preached were constantly thronged. At the chapel in Orange Street, Leicester Fields, he was attended by overflowing audiences; several literary and eminent characters made up part of the congregation. Our accidental station in life brought us into contact with remarkable men who flourished at that period, so that their persons were familiar to us. At one time we remember seeing, in that barn of a building as it was then, Sir *JOSHUA REYNOLDS*, *DAVID GARRICK*, Dr. *ROBERTSON*, and *CATHERINE MACAULY*. His superior talents attracted the higher orders, by that manly freedom and dignity of action and elocution which commanded reverence and attention. He always spoke from the immediate feelings of his heart, the sympathy of which reached the hearts of his hearers. Nor were the lower orders less attracted; the poor of God’s flock hung, as it were, on his lips, and many of them received the word of God from his mouth with joy and gladness of heart. At a premature age, in the beginning of his celebrity, it pleased God to take him to Himself.”

MAY I never more, on any pretext whatever, rob Thee (or rather, deprive my own soul) of Thy due worship; but make all things else give way to communion with Thee.—*Toplady*.

SURELY the shedding abroad of Divine love in the heart, and a good hope through grace, frequently conduce as much to the health of the body as to the health of the soul.—*Toplady*.

JUVENILE DIARY OF A. M. TOPLADY.

(Reprinted from the "CHRISTIAN OBSERVER" for September, 1830.)

"THE writer of the following remarks has in his hand an unpublished Diary, kept by A. M. TOPLADY when a boy, at Westminster School. As a relic of so remarkable a man, it may be considered a literary curiosity, but it is too juvenile to render it altogether worth publication. Still, it contains so many graphic traces of the early character of that pious, gifted, though by no means faultless divine, and is written so much in the striking style of shrewdness and talent which characterises his mature compositions, that the transcript of a few pages, as a specimen, might not be unwelcome to the reader. * * *

"* * * They are too boyish to be read without a smile; so boyish, indeed, that it was at first intended to extract only a few of the graver passages; but this would not have given a fair view of the character of this remarkable child: remarkable in his seriousness, his conscientiousness, his shrewdness yet simplicity, and in the very circumstance of his keeping a regular Diary of his thoughts and actions. His filial affection and duty, are delightful. Those who have read his life and writings will not be uninterested in some even of the most trivial of the following childish notices, as displaying in an incipient state those characteristics which marked the future man."

* * * * *

THE DIARY.

1751.

October 20th I began to write a book of duty, and ended in December. November 27th, began another, and ended in February 25th, 1752.

On Shrove Tuesday I wrote a sermon; I have three more of my own composition.

1752.

Feb. 28th.—My dear, dear, dear mamma bought me a set of boxes all one in another, very beauteous and useful.

My aunt, in 1752, Feb., gave me a large black box to keep my writings in. I make vast progress in my book, and have vigorously and industriously endeavoured to do my tasks well. I always pray to my God as I go to my school.—My aunt gave me a seal. My dear mamma gave me a pulpit cloth of white all-a-piece, laced with a broad gold lace.—I always love God, and endeavour to cast away all impurity and all sin whatever. When I was a very little boy I found a pocket-book with clasps, purse, and hinges of solid silver. Before I went to Deptford I had bought out of my own money a large strong bookcase, in 1751.

March.—I wrote a manual of prayers. 24th and 25th, very ill: my mamma provided me with every thing needful, like a kind, indulgent parent as she is. 26th, also very ill: staid from school. March 19th, I went to Mr. Darby's; very civilly entertained.

April 7th.—Mamma told me that I was as good to her as ten children; see the tenderness of a kind, dear mother! 4th, I went to Mr. Darby's; very genteelly entertained. 5th, went to my uncle Charles's; he gave me threepence. In the morning, I found a halfpenny. My aunt Betsey invented a terrible mistake of me. I have a little garden at Mr. Bunting's: she said she sowed some horse-radish in it; that I had pulled it up. In a fortnight I saw a great head

(which I took then to be of flowers) of horse-radish. I told her of the mistake, and of the consequences which would attend getting a bad character on me: on which she multiplied her number from one piece of radish to two; stands in it, and that I told a lie; but thanks be to God, I scorn one. God forgive her! for I do.—April 6th, dear mamma gave me several books. Very ill with the toothache.

I shall add in my journal the prayers I say before I go to school, going there, and coming back.—“Blessed be thy Name, O most righteous Lord, who hast given me the advantage of learning. Grant I may receive it readily and put the benefits of it to good uses. Make me not to err, as some other school-boys do. Suffer me not to be tempted by my own heart's lusts, or by the dissuasions of bad company; arm me against their snares, and grant I may keep a watch over myself, never to perpetrate any crime. Grant I may never fall from Thee; nor leave so kind, so bountiful, so faithful a Master as Thou art! Amen.” *Going there:* “O Lord God, dear Redeemer, heavenly Father, dear Protector, grant I may nor have any anger from Dr. Nicholls, Dr. Lloyd, or any of the ushers, that may proceed from any one cause whatever, and in particular (here I name my fears). Amen. Grant also I may not have any quarrels with my schoolfellows. Grant that peace may circulate in our hearts, as if we were brothers. Amen.” I always join in the prayers which are said in the school: and though I do not understand the prayers, yet I join in the Lord's prayer, and say this following: “Receive my praise, O Lord, for protecting me from all anger. Grant that nothing may come to interrupt the unity which ought to subsist between dear mamma and me. Grant that all my power and strength and might vigorously unite to promote Thy glory. Amen.” *Coming back:* “Thanks be to Thee for my progress in learning, and for all Thy goodness, kindnesses, and comforts. Amen.”

April 11th.—My dear mamma, having heard my prayers, cried tears for joy, and said that she hoped I should never leave the right road; and bid me beware cautiously of sin, that God's heavenly grace might be with me. Having thought of some graces I should practise should I survive her: First, I must beware of impatience, that is, murmuring at her death, and despairing of God's lifting me up again; therefore I must keep a heart of thanksgiving and faith: thanksgiving, in praising Him for sparing the life of mamma so long as to instruct me in the right paths; and faith, in reliance on His good providence that He will mercifully assist me, and give me the comfort of His upholding consolations. So let her Christian graces and pious example be an everlasting pattern for me to copy. She hath often told me that the best kindness to her, after her death, was not to deviate from God's laws. Her kind and good instructions, I hope, will be a memorial of that tender regard she had for me; and her edifying discourses be lasting monuments of her praise. She is affable and obliging, but her complaisance does not need bounds of truth; and in private pious and discreet. Then I will comfort myself by endeavouring to gain as high an esteem for religion, and as great a detestation of vice as she has: I must refrain from immoderate grief, and renew my faith and reliance on God's mercy, and doubt not but she will be in a *felicitate* state in the kingdom of Christ. Amen.

May 14th.—Went to Deptford; walked there and back. They desired me to stay some few days; but as mamma bid me go home the same night I rather chose to obey her than to be in pleasure by disobedience.

May 15th.—I set down these rules: First, I must beware of spiritual pride secondly, of uncleanness: thirdly, of lying: fourthly, of neglecting that great precept of loving God with all my heart, mind, and strength. The love of God consists in a thorough obedience to His mandates, which gives such pleasing ideas that the soul is transported in a manner beyond itself. 'Tis that is comforting when we are alone; and the only thing that can charm or delight me, when I think, are the strange mysteries of religion. With what astonishment do I meditate, when I consider the benevolent, kind love of our dear Castle of Defence (God) to us! I am lost in admiration at so worthy a greatness. O Lord, who is like unto Thee? Thy mercies are surprising, Thy clemency lasting and constant, and Thy extensive bounty always liberal. O my kind Benefactor, my dear Lord, who is King of glory but Thee,

O Thou Most High? In these and such like raptures, my soul breaks forth; and I think I could say with David, "I care not what men can do unto me," and "though I should walk through the valley and shadow of death, I should fear no evil;" it being so high a subject of love (the Redeemer of the world): I think no kindness could come up to it.

I am now arrived at the age of eleven years, namely, Nov. 4th, 1752. I praise God I can remember no dreadful crime: and not to me but to the Lord be the glory, Amen. It is now past eight o'clock, and now I think fit to withdraw, but yet my heart is so full of divine and holy raptures, that a sheet of paper could not contain my writings.

May 16th.—I hear that my grandmamma said that my mother would bring me up a scourge to herself. This is the love of my grandmother, who before my face pretended kindness, but behind my back could stab me, by taking away my reputation with my mother. I went to my uncle Jack's: he never asked me to sit down (*very rude*). When I first came in he set an ill look, and made me repeat my message several times over, which was, "Sir, mamma presents her service to you, and hopes you are well." He, having set a very rude look, asked me, "Why did you not come on Sunday?" I told him that I should have waited on him according to his desire, but that "*I dah ton sehtole tif of emoc tuo fo a yadnus*;"* and besides that, we were in *heus tnaw fo yenom*, that every day seemed two, and that I had not good *squikeots*. He never asked me to sit down, but sent my mamma *out saening*, and my aunt *out* more: she gave me a shilling.

July 15th.—Went to aunt Betsey's, who set forward a most dreadful quarrel, calling me names, &c, &c, &c, &c, &c; and after the most abusive and gross language she bid me get out of the house. Mamma made it up; and on Sunday, 19th, I went and dined with her.

Aug. 1st.—Went to Farnham the 25th; almost drowned, the cramp seizing me in a pool of water.

Aug. 15th.—Evans, the King's scholar, was drowned. Mr. Emsted Bateman died the beginning of this unhappy year; and Coke (the evil son of a Justice of Peace), Mr. Lewis, Sarah Tate and several others, have popt off this year.

Aug. 30th.—I have for this month past been very kindly invited to Mr. Lodwin's, in Norfolk; his son made me very genteel speeches, &c.

Nov. 2.—Mrs. Loveday paid me a very genteel compliment, which I am very undeserving of; viz., she said I am a second Timothy, who from a child had known the Scriptures. I do not set this down from my vanity, knowing everybody's fair speeches are but compliments.

Dec. 5.—I received a most abusive letter from my Aunt Betsey. 19th, I heard my Aunt Betsey had set my uncle at Deptford against me, telling him I had made my uncle John rude to her, in making him cut off her income.

23rd.—Went to my uncle Jack's to dine. I ran the gauntlet sorely; for I carried two or three of my sermons to show to my cousin Kitty, as she had often desired me: my uncle took hold of them, and read part of one, and asked "who's I got them out of?" I told him nobody. He shook his head, and said, "he knew what children can do before now." I still urged that I really did not take them out of any one, but they were my own. He bid me hold my tongue, and not make it worse by denying it. "You cannot persuade beyond my senses; you know they are not yours, for you have taken them out of Bishop Andrews" (a fine bishop, truly, to make no better sermons than these!) He went on, "If you were my boy I would flay you alive" (a fine friendly expression from an own uncle!) "for doing such things and fetch the truth out of you." "Sir," says I, "it hath been the great care of my mamma, who hath laboured with me night and day, to avoid lying. I hope I scorn it, and I am sure I do in this particular." "Well," says he, "I have no business with it." A little after this, Mrs. Bate came into the room, and Miss and she

* A language which I made when I wanted to put anything down in private. [This private language is only reversing the letters of each word. A little pride seems to have been mixed up with his secrecy.]

were in a close whisper, and now and then looked at me. At night I came home,

1753.

Jan. 27.—My aunt Betsey sent for me, and after the most ungentle treatment, flew at me, and beat me sadly.

31st.—Went to school all day; mamma in a very ill temper for the best part of the day.

Feb. 9th.—Went all day to school. Jack Tempest owes me a penny.

10th.—He paid me.

13th.—Ten o'clock play; mamma was in a most terrible temper.

March 4th.—A whole holiday; preached a sermon before my aunt, on Isaiah i. 16, 17 verses. She gave me a shilling.

9th.—Mamma has given me a black velvet waistcoat, which I like vastly, because it is the first plain waistcoat I ever had, and makes me look grave and like a man. It was the kinder in mamma, because last summer I had two blue waistcoats, &c. I put this down that I may not forget mamma's kindness, but to be dutiful and grateful.

10th.—Had a rash bad hard slap from my usher, for all I carried him gold but the Thursday before. Had a letter from my uncle, Rector of the new church at Deptford; but I don't care much for him, because when I went down to stay a day or two the last Christmas but one, Mrs. Bate cut me fat meat, though she knew I did not love it; no more don't her children, yet she makes them eat it. Oh, the difference there is between their mamma and mine! But I was determined I would not dine there the next day, though I knew nobody thereabouts but their dog; and I set off to wander all about Greenwich Park; and it was a mighty pleasure to me, because I looked great, as if I had dined somewhere else; for when I came home my cousins and Mrs. Bate asked me about it vastly, where I had been, &c.; but I was sure not to tell them, because it made me look like somebody.

April 15th.—Sunday; went to Queen's Square Chapel; heard a good sermon. In the afternoon to the Broadway Chapel; heard a most miserable hum-drum sermon preached by Mr. Holt.

29th. The prayer I said on the last day of April: "Most benevolent Lord of all things, who governs Thy chosen servants with the sceptre of mercy; look on me, O my Lord and my God; dispose my heart every way to what is strictly just and pious; guide me with thy Holy Spirit, so that I may spend the approaching month in equity and purity. Grant, O most merciful Father, that no accident nor casualty may happen to me this new month, but protect and keep me, O God of my salvation. Amen."

May 6th.—Went to the Presbyterian meeting house, but I had enough of it.* Oh the beauty there is in the religion which is established (among us)! so sweet a liturgy creates devotion in every breast. My aunt gave me a great hunk of cake.

10th.—Pinnock says that he defies the "stratagem, and devices of the devil, and the provocations of men and the fury of his own passions to make him murder any man. I bid him beware, though strict, as others have split on the work of presumption.

12th.—Walked over the bridge with my aunt; met my dear Boy (a dog that I love vastly). He is a grateful, good-natured dog. I love him more than any dog. He is a good half-a-yard high, for I measured him; chiefly black, only two legs which is spotted with white. His head is black and shining; the lower part of his back black and white; he has a beautiful white mark round his neck, like a collar. I also know another dog—that is Mr. Hancock's, in Turtle Street—his name is Pompey; he will fly at anybody that meddles with me, an instance which one Christian ought to show to another; and therein most dumb creatures are to be copied after, because every bird, dog, cat, and every animal, knows its benefactor and loves him.

* And well he might, for Presbyterianism in London had in those days well-nigh degenerated into the most meagre moralism, if not into Unitarianism.

15th.—I believe I shall never forget my great deliverance on Aug. 25. 1752. I was walking with some boys, and as you go out of the Churchyard door, by the minister's house, there is a walk with a little ditch on one side; and, instead of going on, you turn on the left hand over the fields, and there is a large place, like a moat, that runs round the minister's gardens, and supplies the town with water. In that very place I stripped myself and washed myself; my foot either giving way, or the cramp seizing me, which it was I cannot tell, being in great disorder, I sank, and according to my account was some time under water, carried away by the stream for the space of three yards. I was insensible all the while I was in it, only preserving that I knew the water was running in at my mouth, which I could not shut, and in at my ears. I stopped at some rushes, and made shift to get on them, and so in vast perturbation I got again on land. Mr. Woodward told me I stared like a madman for several minutes. Bob Trimmer told me if I had been drowned he would have got me out. Said I, "I thank you, but it would have done me more good if you had got me out while I was alive; afterwards my friends could have got me out." I shall never forget how my head ached, and what a great deliverance I had, for which I cannot return God thanks enough.

Aug. 23rd.—On this day twelvemonths I was like to be drowned at Farnham, where I was born and christened; and on that sad, unlucky day I say an annual prayer I made on purpose. I went to church that day before I went into the water, and perhaps for that reason God saved me. In remembrance of what an extraordinary escape I had, I went now to St. James's Church and put up a bill of thanks. Afterwards mamma and I took a walk to Hyde Park; we carried Boy (*the dog*) with us.

Sept. 2d.—Went to aunt Betsey's. She is quite out of the way. She is so vastly quarrelsome; in short, she is so fractious and captious and insolent that she is unfit for human society. Read the Bible; mamma one chapter and I another; and read also the "Pilgrim's Progress." Poor mamma is a little out of temper.

4th.—Went to St. Cleman's (quare, Clement's), where our Saviour's sermon was reading for the lesson. I stood up and said little ejaculations, such as, "Lord, make me merciful, that I may obtain mercy."

8th.—Mrs. Stapleton came to our house, whom I treated with a pot of my plum jam. If I had known she would have taken it I would not have offered it to her.

15th.—Collected some of my old prayers together, with much trouble and pains.

16th.—This is the last day of my holidays, to my sorrow. I read and prayed a great while at home.

Oct. 8th.—Sat up late about my farce, which I intend to show Mr. Garrick, master of Drury Lane Playhouse. It is called "Cyorone."

Nov. 4th, Sunday.—My birthday, on which I enter into my thirteenth year.

29th.—Lord Norris promised me to go with him to see the lottery drawn to-morrow.

30th.—Was dressed on purpose to go with the dishonourable Norris till twelve o'clock, who promised to be at our house by nine. Fate defend me from such noblemen.

Dec. 16th.—Went to uncle Jack's, in Bloomsbury Square. I asked the footman if my uncle was at home. He said "he was." I desired to speak with him. The man said "that my uncle had left word with him to bid me never come there no more, and that he would read neither letter nor message that comes to him from us." Pray God look upon it. Amen! I have done no more harm to him than a child unborn. I thank God I am conscious that I have not done anything to [him], nor do I know to what cause to attribute his *un-uncly* behaviour. We do not want his assistance, for we have another estate of my father's coming to us in March.

21st.—Carried an entertainment of my making, called "The Shepherds' Dispute, or Rural Queen," all in verse, to Mr. Garrick; he desired me to come at the end of the season, and he would look it over.

22nd.—Mamma is in a dreadful temper.

1754.

Jan. 27th, Sunday.—Went to St. Martin's Church. Heard a poor, mean sermon, and a very long one, by Dr. Piere, Bishop of Bangor. The only good thing in it was when he said, "to conclude."

Feb. 2nd.—Wrote the following hymn:—

Great God and just, Almighty and Supreme,
Whose bounteous goodness is above my reach;
Thy grace shall be the subject of my theme,
Gentle and gracious, and in mercy rich.

Whilst I am Thine I dread no fierce assault
Which Satan, earth, or any foe can give;
Renew my heart and rectify each fault;
Cleanse me from sin, and every want relieve.

Let not my ghostly enemy conspire
To damp the lustre of my heavenly crown;
Ever my soul with sacred thoughts inspire,
And fill my mind with meekness like Thine own.

Purge, Lord, my heart with sanctity and grace,
Make me for ever to continue Thine;
That every pious gift I may possess,
Reform my life and every thought refine.

Always my soul with sacred grace supply;
From sin and every crime my mind defend;
No evil will I fear whilst Thou art nigh,
My Advocate [and] unabraising* Friend.

I made but two scratchings in it, and it came all flop into my head without studying.

May 18th.—Dr. Wilbraham came to me. I keep my bed; had a very shocking draught to take. Very hot and restless; cannot eat.

19th.—The doctor came again. Oh how I burn! like firebrands. I thought the mud in the streets would do me good; better than nothing to cool my parchings. Took two nauseous draughts.

20th.—Worse and worse, if possible. Attended again by the doctor, who always comes in his chariot. Let blood at night, by Mr. Clark; had a rather better night.

21st.—The doctor again; worse than ever. Oh my cruel aunt, to make me go on the water in such a heat! Poor dear fatigued mamma is quite worn out; there has not passed a night but she has been up four or five times. The doctor came as usual. I have had Mr. Varley for my apothecary. Very bad all day; hot and restless all night; sore in every joint. Rolled in my bed till eleven at night, and poor precious mamma got up and went at that time of night to my doctor and apothecary. I was blistered at twelve; had a tolerable easy night.

Attended by my doctor and apothecary. Had my blister taken off and a plaster put on.

25th.—Most marvellously better.

The Diary contains many other remarks and circumstances; but the whole would be too long, and the foregoing may serve as a specimen.

* From the old English *braide*—to awake, to cry out suddenly, to scold (whence, to *upbraid*), in which sense, with the privative *un*, Toplady writes "*unabraising*."

Correspondence.

A TRIBUTE TO TOPLADY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—As one of your many privileged readers, I am deeply interested in the coming "TOPLADY" number. His, dear saint of God, is indeed a name well worthy, "through the abundant grace bestowed upon him," of being perpetuated, seeing what a wealth of Divine truth he bequeathed to the Church of God on earth.

My mind is carried back to the year 1880, when a dear friend, the late Rev. F. HOARE, of Derby, took temporary duty at Sidmouth, and it was through his and his dear wife's great kindness that I was privileged during a visit to them, to see some of TOPLADY'S haunts. How well do I recall the keen interest of dear Mr. HOARE as he delighted to take us about and point out this and that spot as having been trodden by the truth-inspired writer of "Rock of Ages."

One evening he led us for a lovely stroll over some moorland country, until, at the outskirts of a pine forest, we reached an eminence from whence a beautiful panorama of the country below was viewed. "And it was here," said he, "that TOPLADY saw what proved to be his 'own Vicarage on fire.'" On turning to TOPLADY'S Diary it is deeply interesting to read the following entry:—"Tuesday 8. Our family dining early to-day, Mr. HARRIS (of Wellington) and myself took a walk, about two in the afternoon, to the top of Fen-Ottery Hill. Looking round from thence, I observed to him how plainly we could see the two churches of Harpford and Fen-Ottery, in the vale beneath us. Perceiving, however, a pillar of smoke rising into the air, at a little distance from Harpford tower, I asked my companion what he thought it was? He replied, 'I suppose they are burning stroil.' Imagining this to be the case, we continued our walk, for, I believe, full three hours, round Ailsbear Hill and other parts of the common. Coming at last to Micklam in our circuit, we called on old farmer FRANCKE; and werch ardy seated, before he asked us 'whether we had heard of the fire at Harpford?' Adding that, 'according to the best of what his eldest son could discern, it was farmer ENDICOTT'S house that was burning.' The wind being pretty strong, north-east-by-east, I knew that if it was Farmer ENDICOTT'S house, or any of the adjoining ones, the Vicarage house and offices must be in imminent danger. I posted away for Harpford without delay, and being got within near view of the village plainly perceived, by the course of the smoke, that the Vicarage had actually taken fire. By the time that I reached the wooden bridge I met a man who was coming to acquaint me with what had happened; upon seeing me, he saluted me with the words, 'Sir, your house is burnt down to the ground,' and entering the village, I found it almost literally true. . . . What I chiefly enter down this account in my Diary for, is this, viz., as a memento of

God's great goodness to me in a way of both providence and grace. Though I was not certain whether the expense (above the insurance) of rebuilding the Vicarage house with its appendages might not eventually fall on me (notwithstanding my resignation of the living last January 23), by Mr. LUCE's probably refusing, in consequence of the misfortune, to complete our projected exchange; yet neither the report, nor the sight, of this alarming visitation made me so much as change countenance, or feel the least dejection. This could not proceed from nature, for my nerves are naturally so weak that in general the least discomposing accident oversets me completely for a time. It was therefore owing to the supporting goodness of my God, who made me experience the truth of that promise, 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day so shall thy strength be.' Surely we can both do and endure all things through Christ enabling us. Had any one told me beforehand, 'You will see the Vicarage all in flames without the least emotion of mind,' I should have thought it impossible. But the strength of God was made perfect in my weakness, and therefore it was that my heart stood fast, believing in the Lord. Oh, may Thy grace be ever sufficient for me."

I send you the views of Harpford Church (see p. 312), the scene of one of our drives. The views were photographed for Mr. HOARE, and subsequently reproduced by Mr. WINTER, of Derby. The photographer pointed out the leaning of the south wall, which would naturally lend a curious effect to the picture. We lingered long in that quaint little church, thinking of the heavenly-minded and immortal soul that had so lovingly and zealously ministered there. The oak pews of the old-fashioned high backs and doors were nearly white with age, and oh! so worn. "A worse church to speak in," wrote TOPLADY, "I never knew."

The entrance to the church is by a little porch, and over the door, hanging by a large nail, in the crudest printing, was a board, with the significant words, "This is none other than the house of God: this is the very gate of heaven." How many times was it even so to the minister and his flock there! We may judge so by the entries in his Diary, such as the following:—"December 6th, 1767. In the afternoon the congregation at Harpford was exceedingly numerous; and God enabled me to preach with great enlargement of mind and fervour. The doctrine did indeed seem to distil as the dew, and to be welcome as refreshing showers to the grass. Oh my Lord, let not my ministry be approved only, nor tend to no more than conciliating the esteem and affections of my people to Thy unworthy messenger; but do the work of Thy grace upon their hearts, call in Thy chosen; seal and edify Thy regenerate; and command Thine everlasting blessing on their souls." Again, "Sunday, 20th. Was indisposed the former part of the day. Read prayers and preached in the morning but languidly. In the afternoon God renewed my strength with much freedom of soul, to an exceeding large congregation at Harpford. This day my soul has been like a chariot without wheels; and afterwards mounted as on eagles' wings. Blessed be God for tempering distress with joy! Too much of the former would weigh me quite

down; too much of the latter might exalt me above measure. . . . 27th. In the morning read and preached at Harpford to a congregation tolerably large, and very attentive. Afterwards administered the Lord's Supper to some who appear to be truly devout communicants. It was indeed an ordinance of love to my soul. I experienced the favour and presence of God, and sat down under His shadow with great delight."

Once he makes a note of a very large congregation at "Harpford, considering the quantity of snow which lies upon the ground, and the intenseness of the frost, which render it almost equally unsafe to walk or ride," when he delivered two sermons from the words, "By the grace of God I am what I am." In the afternoon, continuing the morning's subject, his soul was so at liberty that on looking at his watch, he was surprised to find that he "had detained my dear people three-quarters of an hour, and yet when I concluded they seemed unwilling to rise from their seats; notwithstanding the unusual intenseness of the cold. Lord of hosts, who hast all hearts in Thine hand, work in my hearers both to will and to do of Thy good pleasure."

Once more. "Sunday, 31. Between morning and afternoon service I made some very important additions to my sermon (on Eze, xxxvi. 25-27)." In delivering it at Harpford in the afternoon to an exceedingly large congregation (once he speaks of seven hundred in Harpford Church), "God was with me of a truth; His Word was eagerly received and seemed to be deeply felt by many. I think I have seldom, if ever, seen such an appearance of usefulness among my Harpford people since I knew them, as this afternoon. Dr. P——, of Ottery, seemed to be touched from above. Lord, bring him sensibly and experimentally within the bond of the Covenant, if it please Thee, and likewise all the elect souls who have heard me to-day."

Who dare number the souls "born again" of dear TOPLADY'S ministry by the power of the Holy Spirit! Are they not all written in the Lamb's book of life? And shall not that day declare how the Lord magnified His Name And honoured the promise which His dear servant pleaded? "Preached at Harpford to a congregation indeed. 'Behold the Lamb of God' was my subject. O Lamb of God, cause me and those who heard me this day to behold Thee here in the light of special faith; and hereafter in the light of endless glory." Surely we may take up his prayer—

"In Thy Gospel chariot, Lord,
Drive through earth's remotest bound,"

and pray that this effort of yours, dear sir, to further still the cause of truth may be greatly owned and blessed of God, that He may, as TOPLADY wrote—

"Give some vanquished hearts to say,
Love Divine has won the day."

I should like to have touched upon the subject of his sweet hymns as they well up from that grace-refined mind. But other contributors far more capable will doubtless bear their testimony to those precious, soul-sustaining words, "Rock of Ages," as also to the thrilling, transporting poem, "I saw, and lo! a countless throng," and to the words of comfort in illness, "When languor and disease invade," as well as to the dying believer to his soul, in those sublime words, "Deathless principle, arise," with others.

But I forbear, and close this letter with the sweet truth which actuated his mind in writing, and ours in the consideration of, this "little while" of separation between the Church militant and the Church triumphant:—

<p>"A little while, and we shall soar To yonder promised land, And meet our brethren gone before, Enthroned at Thy right hand.</p>	<p>"Thy praise shall actuate each tongue, Thy love our hearts en- flame; And we with them shall sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb."</p>
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That a rich outpouring of the Spirit may be upon the beloved Editor and his readers, is the prayer of,

Bristol, April 7th, 1899.

Yours very truly,

RUTH COWELL.

TOPLADY MEMORIAL HALL.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—With many of God's people, I rejoice that you are bringing out a special "TOPLADY" number of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. I fear too little has been done to call attention to the character, life, and teaching of the immortal writer of "Rock of Ages," a man whose power as a servant of Jesus Christ was not limited to his wonderful verses, but found expression in a ministry of manifold excellence in the pulpit and through the press, a man who matured early, and who in a very few years served the kingdom of Christ as few men are privileged to serve it even in double the length of time. Christendom is too apt to lose sight of the worker and his work, forgetful that the worker should be an example, and the work an inspiration to subsequent generations. In the case of one so honoured of God as the Rev. A. M. TOPLADY we are now amending our ways. The memorial at Broad Hembury is a very gracious and grateful achievement, and we are now completing in the metropolis of the world what we are hoping will be a worthy and fitting memorial of him in the form of "Toplady Hall," connected with Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, London. Beneath this hall his hallowed ashes await the sound of the resurrection trumpet. The hall will accommodate nearly a thousand persons, and will be used for the

propagation of the faith so tenaciously held and taught by both Mr. TOPLADY and Mr. WHITEFIELD, a faith which is at once the joy of the saint and the bulwark of freedom.

It was my privilege in the autumn of 1898 to see the casket containing Mr. TOPLADY'S dust duly encased with concrete, the plate of the metal coffin being left upon it for purposes of identification should there ever again be occasion to disturb the spot. The plate of the outer coffin, which had crumbled to dust, was preserved, and is now in our care. It is in an almost perfect condition, the whole of the cut inscription being clearly legible.

Some years ago, when the idea of "Toplady Hall" was submitted to the public by my lamented predecessor, the Rev. J. JACKSON WRAY, some of the readers of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE sent donations towards the cost. These were duly banked, and after nearly ten years have been used for the purpose for which they were sent. The total cost of the new Whitefield Memorial Church and "Toplady Hall" will exceed £13,000, a large portion of which is still required. Lovers of truth of all denominations have become contributors, and I am daily praying that God will dispose His servants to send help, that we may use these memorial buildings for His glory, free from the encumbrances which a heavy debt would entail. Need I say how grateful I shall be to receive donations towards the building and furnishing of "Toplady Hall" from any of the numerous readers of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE?

Praying that the faith for which he contended will ever be as stoutly and nobly "kept" by the followers of our Lord in these later times,

I am, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,

London March 13th, 1899.

GEORGE A. SUTTLE, *Minister.*

[We cordially endorse our brother's appeal.—ED.]

SOME GEMS FROM TOPLADY.

SPIRITUAL comfort is a tender plant, and requires much delicacy of treatment.

It is a great and blessed thing when we are enabled to cast ourselves on the promises. It cannot possibly be done without faith, and he that believeth shall be saved.

PRIZE the Covenant of redemption which is a better Covenant, and founded on better promises, than that which Adam broke. The Covenant of works insisted on a perfection of personal obedience; the Covenant of grace provided and accepts the perfect atonement and righteousness of Christ as ours.

EVERY sigh which the penitent sinner breathes is treasured up, and every tear he sheds is noted down. His prayers are consecrated, and wafted to the throne by the incense of Immanuel's intercession. And at the destined time he shall ascend on the wings of angels to his seat in paradise, where kindred spirits, who rejoiced at his conversion here, will congratulate his happy arrival there.

Protestant Beacon.

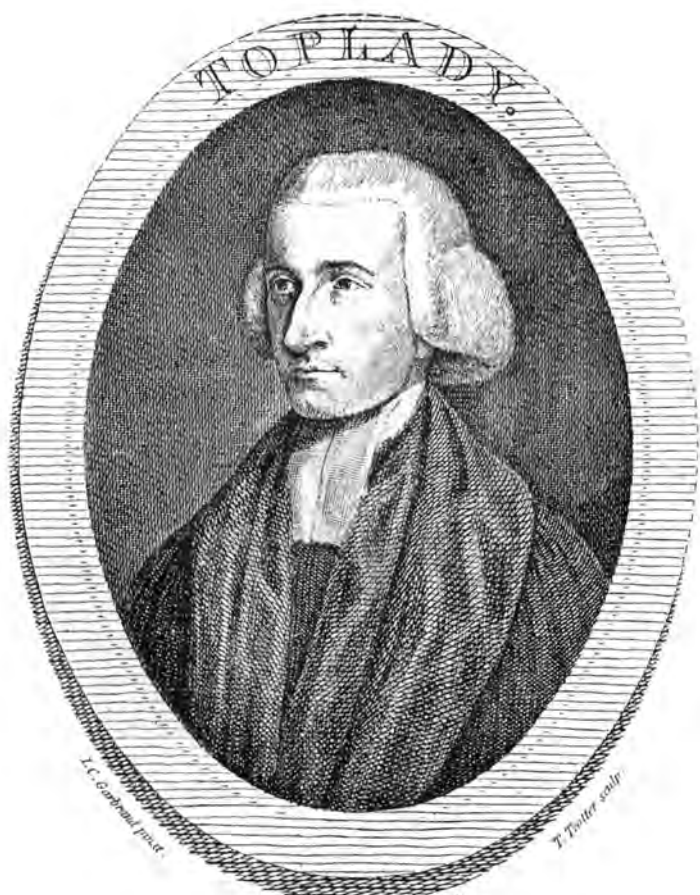
TOPLADY'S PROTESTANTISM.

THE Protestantism of TOPLADY is the only true Protestantism, namely, that which is built on a *sound doctrinal basis*.

His opposition to the corrupt Roman Church was evoked by the false creeds it professes, and by its antagonism to the pure faith of the Gospel of the grace of God. The *Arminianism* of Popery he considered to be its chief inspiration. He ably enforced that view by an appeal to the plain facts of history. An instance—on amongst very many—may be here quoted.

He writes:—"When ARCHBISHOP LAUD's papers were examined, a letter was found among them, thus endorsed with that Prelate's own hand: 'March, 1628. A Jesuit's letter, sent to the Rector at Brussels, about the ensuing of Parliament.' The design of this letter was to give the Superior of the Jesuits, then resident at Brussels, an account of the posture of civil and ecclesiastical affairs in England, an extract from it I shall here subjoin: 'Father Rector, let not the damp of astonishment seize upon your ardent and zealous soul, in apprehending the sodaine and unexpected calling of a Parliament. We have now many strings to our bow. *We have planted* that soveraigne drugge Arminianisme, which we hope will purge the Protestants from their heresie; and it flourisheth and bears fruit in due season. For the better prevention of the Puritanes, the Arminians have already locked up the Duke's (of Buckingham) cares; and we have those of our own religion which stand continually at the Duke's chamber, to see who goes in and out: we cannot be too circumspect and carefull in this regard. I am at this time, transported with joy, to see how happily all instruments and means, as well great as lesser, co-operate unto our purposes. But to return unto the maine fabricke:—*Our foundation is Arminianism*. The Arminians and projectors, as it appears in the premises, affect mutation. This we second and enforce by probable arguments.'"

TOPLADY then makes comment thus: "The 'soveraign drug, Arminianism,' which, said the Jesuit, 'we (*i.e.*, we Papists) have planted' in England, did indeed bid fair 'to purge' our Protestant Church effectually. How merrily Popery and Arminianism, at that time [CHARLES I.], danced hand in hand, may be learned from TINDAL [*TINDAL'S Contin. of Rapin*, vol. iii., 1758]:—"The churches were adorned with paintings, images, altar-pieces, &c., and, instead of Communion tables, altars were set up, and bowings to them and the sacramental elements enjoined. *The Predestinarian doctrines* were forbid, not only to be preached, but to be printed; and the Arminian sense of the Articles was encouraged and propagated.' The Jesuits, therefore, did not exult without cause. The 'soveraign drug,' so lately 'planted,' did indeed take root downward, and bring forth fruit upward, under the cherishing auspices of CHARLES and LAUD. HEYLYN, too, acknowledges, that the state of things was truly



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From an Original Picture in the Poſſeſſion of Will^m Hayſey Eſq; Lincolnſhire.

FAC-SIMILE OF AN ENGRAVED PORTRAIT (1783).

described by another Jesuit of that age, who wrote thus: 'Protestantism waxeth weary of itself. The doctrine (by the Arminians, who then sat at the helm) is altered in many things, for which their progenitors forsook the Church of Rome: as *limbus patrum*, prayer for the dead, and possibility of keeping God's commandments, and the *accounting of Calvinism to be heresy at least*, if not treason.'

What would be the language of TOPLADY to-day, were he among us to witness the Arminianized, and therefore Romanized, condition of our National Protestant Church? Earnestly do we exhort our esteemed readers to make themselves intimately acquainted with TOPLADY'S learned and unanswerable treatise, *Historic Proof of the Doctrinal Calvinism of the Church of England*, from which we have just quoted.

With a view of stimulating this desirable object, we propose, in future numbers of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, to introduce considerable extracts from TOPLADY'S historic work, under the heading, "THE PROTESTANT BEACON." Alike, for historical research, lucidity of judgment, zeal for the principles of the Protestant Reformation, and for doctrinal soundness, we believe the treatise under notice stands unique in the literature of post-Reformation times. Every opponent of the Arminian-Sacerdotalism which, in the Established Church, is rapidly bringing about a solemn national crisis, should equip himself from the well-provided armoury of TOPLADY. He himself drew freely from the Word of God, and it is no small privilege to follow such a veteran leader in the fight with Antichrist.

AN interest in the Covenant of grace is of more value than all the worlds God hath made.—*Toplady*.

AMIDST all our discouragements, in ministering to others, and amidst all our doubts respecting ourselves, there is yet a foundation both sure and steadfast, even the rock of God's eternal election. Were it not for this, how would my hands hang down! and what hope could I have for myself or others? But this sets all to rights.—*Toplady*.

INHERENT grace is the dawning of eternal glory; and eternal glory is the perfection of inherent grace. They are parts of one magnificent and undivided whole: grace is the earnest of glory; glory is the full possession of grace. Grace is the first-fruits; glory the unbounded harvest. And he that hath the former shall certainly have the latter.—*Toplady*.

It is no novelty for the doctrines of grace to meet with opposition, and, indeed, few doctrines have been so much opposed as they. Such is the imperfect state of things below, that the most important advantages are connected with some inconveniences. The shining of truth, like the shining of the sun, wakens insects into life, which otherwise would have no sensitive existence. Yet, better for a few insects to quicken, than for the sun not to shine.—*Toplady*.