

## Missionary Record.

1. *The Church's Sons brought back to her from far.*—A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury on Sunday, February 27, 1853, the day after the Burial of the Bishop of Sydney. By ARCHDEACON HARRISON. London: Rivingtons. 1853.
2. *A Sermon preached in the Chapel of St. Augustine's College, on February 27, 1853, &c.* By HENRY BAILLY, B.D. Warden of St. Augustine's College. London: Rivingtons.

THE biography of Bishop Broughton cannot now be written. The tears for him, which are scarcely yet dried; and the tears which, alas! are yet unshed, forbid such a review of his life and character as only intimate friends in calm moments can give. We may, however, be permitted to render an humble, but not unacceptable, service to our readers, by presenting in one connected view a few of the more prominent events in his career, for which we are indebted to the two admirable sermons before us, and to other public sources.

William Grant Broughton was born in Westminster in April 1788, the year in which the first party of English convicts, with their solitary chaplain (the Rev. R. Johnston,) were thrust out from England to the shores of Botany Bay. His early years were spent at Barnet and at Canterbury, where he received the rudiments of his education at the King's School, and where, from the age of eight years, his feet were familiar with that Cathedral in which his mortal remains are now deposited. It is said of him, that in his mature years, the mention of the name of Canterbury awoke a chord which ever vibrated intensely in his breast; it was a name which he himself said on one occasion was "like music in his ears." When he grew up, some years were at first devoted from necessity to an uncongenial profession, which he abandoned, and entered Pembroke College in the university of Cambridge. There he attained the high distinction of sixth wrangler, and graduated in 1818; five years afterwards he took the degree of M. A. It was while he was curate to Dr. Keate, the late Head Master of Eton, at the small living of Hartley Westpall, in Hampshire, that his character became known to the Duke of Wellington, whose residence at Strathfieldsaye adjoins Hartley Westpall. In 1829, some years after Mr. Broughton had left that parish, he was selected by the Duke, and sent to Australia as Archdeacon of New South Wales, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Calcutta.

In August, 1852, he quitted his diocese for the second and last time, crossed South America, inquired into the state of the Church there, and arrived last November:

"He had undergone," writes Archdeacon Harrison, "no small peril on his voyage home, while a fearful epidemic, the yellow fever, was raging on board, and his Christian pastoral zeal impelled him to supply with assiduous care to the sick and dying the sacred ministrations of religion. And when now, on the shores of England, leave was given to those who had escaped the pestilence to quit the ship and go on shore, and all immediately rose up with joy to depart, the Bishop, faithful to his sense of duty, would not leave; for there were two to whom he had been ministering who were still on the bed of sickness. And when, in these two, life had departed, and the vessel was ordered to put out again to the deep, that the bodies might be cast overboard far away from the shore, he would go with it; for those bodies, he said, should have Christian burial. And so, in the sacred words of the Church's most solemn office, he, and the seamen with him, committed those bodies 'to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the dead (when the sea shall give up her dead) and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' He performed over them the last offices of the Church, and then delivered to those of the crew who were present an address, of which one who heard it said, none that heard it could ever forget it."

The Bishop's first care in England was to spend some days with his aged mother, who survives him, it can scarcely be said, to mourn his loss. It is understood that he entered on the subject of his Mission in various conferences with the English Bishops, and with the Colonial Bishops now in England, especially with the Bishop of Quebec, who crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of meeting him. His reception at the Meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. A few days afterwards, on Feb. 1st. he attended a public meeting at Barnet, in behalf of the Society. A.M.S. report of his speech on this occasion has been forwarded to us through the kindness of the Rev. R. R. Hutton,

and, independently of its value as a relic, it is so full of reminiscences of the Bishop's past life, that we print it at the end of this notice.

The fatal illness seized him while staying at the house of Lady Gipps, the widow of his friend Sir George Gipps, sometime Governor of Sydney. For a fortnight he lingered in an uncertain state. On Saturday Evening, Feb. 19th, he began suddenly to sink, and about ten o'clock on Sunday morning he quietly expired.

"During the whole of his illness his mind seemed to dwell on religious subjects, and to occupy itself in prayer. He was constantly repeating psalms and prayers, and would lie for hours engaged in devotional exercises. His voice and articulation were scarcely changed at the last moment. His whole thoughts while he was conscious, and even when his mind wandered in delirium, were upon the Church. His faith seemed to grow brighter as his strength faded; and these were his last words, uttered not a minute before he expired, and made the more expressive of his fervent zeal and holy faith by the slight variation from the text of prophetic Scripture, and by his earnest repetition of them: 'The earth is full of thy glory—full of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'—Archd. Harrison, p. 30.

On Feb. 26th his remains were committed to their appropriate resting-place in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, close to the bust of his early schoolfellow and friend, Sir G. Gipps. The pall-bearers were, the Bishop of Quebec, Bishop Carr, Rev. E. Coloridge, Rev. Ernest Hawkins, Rev. L. Bailey, and G. Gipps, Esq. The followers and students of St. Augustine's College attended in their academical dress. The service was read by Archdeacon Harrison.

"With the first Bishop of Sydney and Metropolitan of Australasia a great and good man has been taken away from the Church and the world, and that at a time when, judging by human calculation, his life and services appeared to be of more value than ever. In such a heavy bereavement what should we do, if our hope were not in the name of the Lord, who has promised to watch over his Church? For He that keepeth Israel shall neither sleep nor slumber."—Sermon by the Warden of St. Augustine's, p. 16.

To the same impressive sermon we must refer for a careful delineation of the character of the departed prelate—"a diligent and persevering student—an orthodox, far-seeing, serious, patient, self-denying Bishop—a simple-minded, earnest, pious Christian."

We will only add that Bishop Broughton seems to have realized that model for which the latest Father of the Western Church was obliged to refer to primitive times:—*Fuerunt antea qui se totos ovibus pascentis exponerent pastoris opere et nomine gloriantes, nihil sibi reputantes, indignum nisi quod saluti ovium obviare putarent; non querentes que sua sunt sed impendentes.—Impendere curam, impendere substantiam, impendere et seipos. Et tanquam dicerent: "Non venimus ministrari, sed ministrare;" ponerent, quoties oportuisset, sine sumptu Evangelium.—S. Bernard de Consil. iv. 3.*

To be Continued.

## Youth's Department.

[Selected for the Church Times.]

## THE DESERTED NURSERY.

THE little crib is empty.

Where oft I've seen thee lie,  
So beautiful in thy deep sleep,  
Emblem of purity.

And O how silent is the place,  
Where late I heard thy voice,  
In gleeful shout or merry laugh,  
Making my heart rejoice.

Thy playthings lie around me—  
The silent rattle there,  
Gay toys and picture books are there—  
Ah, sure, thou must be near.

Thy tiny pair of half-worn shoes,  
Thy little frock of red,  
Thy white hat, and favourite whip—  
Sweet baby, art thou dead?

My trembling hand encloses  
Thy bright and clustering curls;  
Millions of gold can't buy them,  
Nor, India's gems or pearls.

'Tis all that's left to mortal sight,  
Of thee, sweet baby now;  
Oh holy Father, teach my soul,  
Submissively to bow.

Father forgive my anguish;  
Thy ways are ever just.

Speak comfort to our broken hearts,  
For Thou art all our trust.

With Thee the spirit liveth,  
So cherished and so dear;  
Sent to us for a little while:  
Our earthly home to cheer.

EXAMPLES FOR BOYS.—Some children in Philadelphia, not long ago, collected some money and made Governor Bigler a life-member of the American Sunday School Union, a certificate of which they sent to him in a nice gilt frame. When Governor Bigler received it, he wrote a letter to the children, in which he says, "I have been both a Sabbath School scholar and a teacher." This lets us into an important secret of his character. The boy that was not ashamed to continue in the Sunday School till he was old enough to be a teacher, has now become Governor of the State. But those young men who were hung in New York, week before last, before they were twenty-one years of age, never went to Sunday School, but spent their Sabbaths in prowling about the streets, seeking amusement and plunder. It is a sad day for that youth, when he begins to feel that he is too old to go to Sunday School. One is never too old to learn good things; and the boy that gives himself to the study of God's word, and yields his heart to it, will be sure to make his mark, if he lives to be a man.

The Cincinnati Gazette says that the most opulent private banker of that city, began his active life as a carrier of that paper. Of course he was remarkable for the care, speed and faithfulness with which he performed his work when a boy, or he would never have been so successful when a man. He was so well liked by the subscribers of the paper, that on New Year's day he received three or four times as much as any other carrier in the city. The foundation of his present enormous fortune was made from his small savings at that time.

Some poor boys think they are very meanly employed, because they have some things to do that are not pleasant; and they sigh for the pleasure of the rich man's son, who walks about in his fine clothes, and never dirties or hardens his hands with work. But in this case, we see how intimately faithfulness in an humble condition is connected with prosperity in future life. The news-carrier who was careful to please his customers, by the habits he formed in that capacity, and the favors he received in consequence, becomes the rich banker.

Mr. Ritner, a former Governor of Pennsylvania, was once a poor boy, an apprentice to a farmer. When his old master heard that he was elected Governor, he said, "Yes: Joseph was always a good boy."

When President Fillmore was a boy, he was an apprentice to a clothier. When he got through his apprenticeship, he was employed by his master as a journeyman. But after a while, he began to aspire to something higher, and left the clothier's business, and went to studying law. But his master said he was very foolish to do so, for he was the best journeyman in the shop.

In both these cases, we have the secret of these men's future greatness; THEY WERE GOOD BOYS: and good boys will make good men. It matters very little how boys are employed, if they are good boys, and try to excel in whatever they have to do, they will succeed in life, and become distinguished men.—N. Y. Observer.

CHARACTER FOR THE YOUNG.—Character is everything to the young, as it is the surest means to success in life. It is better than the most ample fortune; it is better than the patronage of rich and powerful friends. A young person of established character, virtuous principles, of good conduct, though he be poor, and left to his own unaided efforts, will rarely fail to make way for himself in the world. He may be assailed by misfortune; he may lose his health or fall into adverse circumstances, and so be embarrassed and oppressed in his course; but as a general rule, it cannot be questioned that a fair character for intelligence, virtue and worth, is the surest pledge of success in life. For many years I have been accustomed to watch with great interest the fortunes of the young in their progress in life; and long since I have come to the settled conclusion that in so far as success is concerned, whether in the learned professions, or in the ordinary business of men, character, virtue, a well-regulated mind and heart, is of higher value than heirship to the richest estate—than all outward advantages whatever. Such an estate, such advantages, are apt to inflate with pride, to lead to imprudence, to idleness and vice; and where this is the case, it takes but a short time to squander a fortune and bar every door to respectability and happiness. But character, I repeat, never fails. It makes friends and subdues enemies, creates funds, and opens the gates of op-