

From the London Jewish Expositor.

### SPECIMEN OF WELCH PREACHING.

At a Meeting of Ministers at Bristol, the Rev. Mr. — invited several of his brethren to sup with him, among them was the Minister officiating at the Welch Chapel, in that City. He was an entire stranger to all the company, and silently attentive to the general conversation of his brethren; the subject on which they were discoursing was, the different strains of public preaching. When several had given their opinion, and had mentioned some individuals as good preachers, and such as were models as to Style of Composition, &c.; Mr. —, turned to the Welch stranger, and solicited his opinion, he said, "he felt it a privilege to be silent, when such men were discoursing, but that he felt it a duty to comply with his request." "But," said he, "if I must give my opinion, I should say, that ye have no good preachers in England." "No," said Mr. L., "no," said he, "there are no such preachers as we have in the Principality." "I know," said Mr. Z. "you are famous for jumping, in Wales, but that is not owing I suppose, so much to the strain of preaching which the people hear, as to the enthusiasm of their characters." "Indeed," said the Welchman, "you would jump too, if you heard and understood such preaching." "Why," said Mr. Z. "do you think I could make them jump, if I were to preach to them?" "You make them jump!" exclaimed the Welchman, "you make them jump! a Welchman would set fire to the world, while you were lighting your match." The whole company became much interested in this new turn of the subject, and, unanimsly requested the good man, to give them some specimen of the style and manner of preaching in the Principality. "Specimen," said he, "I cannot give you, if John Elias were here, he would give you a specimen indeed—O! John Elias is a great preacher."—"Well," said the company, "give us something you have heard from him." "Oh no," said he, "I cannot do justice to it, besides, do you understand the Welch language?" They said, "no; not so as to follow a discourse," "then," said he, "it is impossible for you to understand it, if I were to give you a specimen." "But," said they, "cannot you put it into English?" "Oh," said he, "your poor meagre language, would spoil it, it is not capable of expressing those ideas a Welchman can conceive; I cannot give you a specimen in English without spoiling it." The interest of the company was increased, and nothing would do, but something of a specimen, while they promised to make every allowance for the language. "Well," said the Welchman, "if you must have a piece, I must try, but I do not know what to give you, I do not recollect a piece of John Elias, he is our best preacher; I must think a little, well, I recollect a piece of Christmas Evans. Christmas Evans was a good preacher, and I heard him a little time ago, at an Association of Ministers. He was preaching on the depravity of man, by sin; and of his recovery, by the death of Christ; and he said, 'Brethren, if I were to represent to you in a figure the condition of man, as a sinner, and the means of his recovery by the cross of Jesus Christ—I should represent it somewhat in this way—Suppose a large grave-yard surrounded by a high wall, with only one entrance, which is by a large iron gate, which is fast bolted. Within this wall are thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, of all ages, and of all classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave; the grave yawns to swallow them, and they must all die, there is no balm to relieve them, no physician there, they must perish. This is the condition of man as a sinner, all, all have sinned, and the soul that sinneth it shall die. While man was in this deplorable state, Mercy the darling attribute of the Deity, came down, and stood at the gate, looked at the scene, and wept over it, exclaiming, 'Oh, that I might enter, I would bind up their wounds, I would relieve their sorrows, I would save their souls. While Mercy stood weeping at the gate, an embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of heaven to some other world, passing over, parted at the sign, and heaven forgave that pause, and seeing Mercy standing there, they cried, Mercy!—Mercy! can you not enter? can you look upon this scene and not pity, can you pity and not relieve?—Mercy replied, I can see, and in her tears she added, I can pity, but I cannot relieve? Why can you not enter? Oh said Mercy, Justice has barred the gate against me, and I cannot, must not unbar it. At

this moment, Justice himself appeared as it were to watch the gate. The angels enquired of him, why will you not let Mercy in? Justice replied, my law is broken and it must be honoured.—Die they, or Justice must. At this there appeared a form among the angelic band, like unto the Son of God, who addressing himself to Justice, said, what are thy demands? Justice replied, my terms are stern and rigid, I must have sickness, for their health; I must have ignominy, for their honor; I must have death, for life, without shedding of blood there is no remission. Justice, said the son of God, I accept thy terms, on me be this, wrong, and let Mercy enter.—Who, said Justice, will you perform this promise? Jesus replied, four thousand years hence, upon the hill of Calvary, without the gates of Jerusalem, I will perform it in my own person. The deed was prepared and signed in the presence of the angels of God;—Justice was satisfied, and Mercy entered, preaching salvation in the name of Jesus. The deed was committed to the patriarchs, by them to the Kings of Israel, and the Prophets, by them it was preserved till Daniel's seventy weeks were accomplished; then at the appointed time, Jesus appeared on the hill of Calvary, and Mercy presented to him the important deed. Where, said Justice, is the Son of God? Mercy answered, behold him at the bottom of the hill bearing his own cross; and she departed and stood aloof at the hour of trial. Jesus ascended the hill, while in his train followed the weeping Church. Justice immediately presented him the deed, saying, this is the day when this bond is to be executed. When he received it, did he tear it in pieces, and give it to the winds of heaven? No, he nailed it to his cross, exclaiming, it is finished! Justice called on holy fire to come down and consume the sacrifice. Holy fire descended, it swallowed his humanity, but, when it touched his divinity, it expired; and there was darkness over the whole heavens, but, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace good will to men."

"This," said the Welchman, "this is but a specimen of Christmas Evans."

### ON BROTHERLY LOVE.

That the end of Christ's coming into the world was the temporal and eternal happiness of mankind, every one who professes allegiance to the Saviour readily admits. True it is, indeed (and, in most points of view, melancholy is the contemplation) that professors of the Christian faith widely differ in the view they take of the Gospel truths. The object, however, of the present paper, is not to offer any observations on the truth or falsehood of this or that particular tenet; but rather to call the serious attention of every professor of Christianity to the contemplation of one of the first duties of his profession—the mark and evidence by which alone, be his favourite tenet what it may, he can possess any well-grounded assurance, that the Spirit of Christ dwells in him—I mean the duty of brotherly love. This, we have the Saviour's assurance, is the necessary concomitant of a true and living faith—the test and trial of vital religion in the soul. If this be wanting, profession can be but hypocrisy; for, as St. John says, "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Permit me, then, my fellow-christians, to ask you, through the medium of "The Pulpit," from which I address you, and with the sincerity which ought ever to actuate the Christian professors, are you members of the Church of England, or Dissenters of any denomination from her communion? Do you, by the habitual exercise of prayer to God, and a constant eye to your own unworthiness, endeavour to cultivate towards each other a spirit as far as possible of constant and universal brotherly kindness and charity? Are you ever seeking, without regard to selfish views and party feelings, to do good unto all men, to the whole household of faith; to extend the Redeemer's kingdom upon earth; to promote the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all mankind; ever disposed to esteem others better than yourselves; ever seeking to go from strength to strength according to the means and ability afforded you, instructing the ignorant, reclaiming the wanderer, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry; in fine, endeavouring "to adorn the doctrine of God, our Saviour, in all things," ever remembering that you are not your own, but "bought with a price," a great and precious price, the sacrifice of the only begotten Son of God; that, through Him you can now only (be your

favourite tenet what it may) have access unto the Father; by him only, at the final consummation of all things, be presented and accepted? That this is the Spirit which must be in you, if you "be in Christ Jesus," can neither be gainsaid nor denied; but is this, O Episcopalian, Calvinist, Arminian, or whatever you may by profession be, the Spirit which is in you? If highly favoured of God, is it arrived at a correct view of vital religion, are you not—aye, even whilst professing to feel that "by the grace of God," and by that alone, "you are what you are," and professing also "to be ever looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of your faith"—are not you, even you, secretly in your heart, like and with the feeling of the proud pharisee in the Gospel, thanking God "that you are not as other men are?" Are you not, at this moment, looking upon many, very many of your fellow-professors with the eye of scorn and contempt, and that even without a due knowledge either of their sentiments, feelings, or opinions on religious subjects? Nay, do you not even presume to consign very many such to the place "of blackness and darkness?" Is this the Spirit of Christ? Is this the fruit of holiness, the growth of grace, the manifestation of the mind which was in Christ Jesus, of that mind which must be in you, if you are his?

Let me earnestly beseech you, my fellow-christians, to think deeply on these plain questions, and if your hearts answer them not aright, oh! lose not a moment in seeking the acquirement of that "love" which is the "bond of perfectness," of that "charity" without which "we are nothing!"

LAND RECOVERED FROM THE OCEAN.—Some philosophers have thought that the disintegration of rocks, the gradual crumbling down of the mountains, and the vast quantities of soil continually carried by the rivers into the sea, must have the effect of raising the waters, or causing them to gain upon the land, and finally of submerging the whole earth. St. Pierre, on the other hand, in his Studies of Nature, contends with great zeal, that the relative proportions of ocean and land have always been the same as now. Certain it is, that if the sea has extended its dominions in some places, the land has also encroached upon the sea in others.—Volcanoes rising from the very bosom of the ocean, or near its shores, have piled up mountains to the clouds, and hallowed out new abysses for the waters. Coral islands have been built by insects above the reach of the waves. The continual agitation of the sea by storms and tides, drives to the shore and heaps on the sides of the continents and islands the loose matter floating in its gulfs and the sands formed by the crumbling of its own rocks. Thus the contest between the two elements of water and earth seems to be an amicable one, each seeking who shall give the other the most.

While authors have been disputing on this subject, more practicable men have been quarrelling to whom the land recovered from the sea should belong. A case of this kind has been lately tried and settled in England. At Hastings, in Sussex, one of the famous old Cinque Ports, is a piece of ground of considerable extent formerly covered by the sea, but now occupied with buildings and inclosures. The sand beach thrown up by the waves was first covered with earth for the purpose of being converted into a cricket ground. Afterwards cottages were built upon it and warehouses, and parts of it were inclosed for yards and gardens. About four years since when the value of land had risen, a greater rage for speculation prevailed in Hastings as elsewhere, the occupiers began to extend their enclosures, and a general rush was made by others, each enclosing what he could get for the purpose of building. At length between two and three hundred houses were erected on the illuvial land, inhabited by about a thousand persons. In the scramble for the little territory thus newly acquired to the dominions of Great Britain, the crown was not an idle spectator. The King's Commissioners of Woods and Forests claimed the entire tract, inclosed and uninclosed, to the great dismay of the numerous occupiers. A decision however has been lately had in the case, which puts the title of the crown out of the question.—It has been settled that the land forsaken by the sea is not the property of the Crown, but of the owner of the nearest land above high water mark. This is equitable for the owner, for as he must lose at all events when the sea encroaches upon his land, it is but just that he should be allowed to possess what the sea adds to it.