

The Church.

"Her Foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 7, 1854.

Vol. XVIII.

No. 19

Poetry.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud he called over the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided show:
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
Over the still radiance of the lake below:
Till, all its spirit ebbing, and floated slow,
Even in its very motion there was rest.
With every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Went the traveller to the beauteous west,
Ebbing, notwithstanding, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;
With to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

Extract from the Annual Sermon, before the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity, constituting the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, preached in St. Paul's Church, Hartford, on Tuesday, October 30, 1854, by the Rev. Samuel Clarke, Pastor of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York.

His name shall endure for ever—His name shall continue as long as the sun—and all men shall be blessed in Him—all nations shall call Him blessed.—Isaiah, lxxi, 17.

This is one of the great prophecies which concern the Messiah and His Kingdom. We need not pause to state, much less to settle, the questions which have been raised as to the primary application of the words of this Psalm. That they may point to Solomon, and find in him a partial fulfilment, is perhaps probable; but they pass beyond him, and touch one greater than Solomon; as, we read the record, certain. In the fulness of this faith we shall speak, having now no words for those who question the application. The text has its place in the line of great prophecies which tell of the Saviour and His work—prophecies which open a future to us as they did to the Jew, and led us onward to the things that will be revealed. Many of these prophecies—especially those upon which the Jews of old lingered with fearful hope—center upon the great fact of the Incarnation, and upon events which more immediately surrounded the first advent. That fact and these events now belong to history; we view them in the light of the past, and hence the prophecies which point to them have not the depth of interest which marked the period of expectation. The writing has been fulfilled, and the seal is set. But there are other prophecies in the great chain which concern the days yet future; they are lights which from their high places penetrate the dim unknown, and show from the coming ages a light of the mystery that sleeps in the darkness and the silence. Why should not the Christian find in these unfulfilled prophecies what the Jew found in those which tell of the Messiah's coming—something to cheer, and strengthen, and encourage? Are we to read the glorious things that are written concerning the church and the world in coming times—the breadth of the future empire, and the completeness of the final victory—are we to read these things in sanctuaries and in closets, week by week and day by day, without thereby adding strength to strength, and power to power, and patience to patience, as we struggle to do the will of God? The text points to a period more blessed than our own, assuring at once the perpetuity and the extension of Gospel truth and Gospel institutions—how this name, which we revere, is to endure like the sun, and this faith which we preach is to spread—both living amid decay, and carried along upon the swell of centuries to a final and complete triumph. Are we to live and labor for the Master as if no such promise had place in the record of eternal truth?

Under the shadow of the text I shall propose two or three points which seem to me to belong to the subject of Christian Missions. The first point is this: THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION IS A RELIGION FOR THE WHOLE WORLD. Such it is in design, and such it is in the power of its principles. As to design, but few words need be spoken. The Gospel is a remedial system for the sin-ravages, which it assumes to cure, are as broad spread as the race of man—having source in the common parent, and extending with the population, fearlessly of time and place. The remedy has designs as broad as the plague. The Saviour came to the world and for the world—contemplating the redemption, not of a single continent, or a single generation, but of the world. And while, in a certain sense, He was "not sent but for the lost sheep of the house of Israel," yet within the narrow boundaries of a Province, He lived the life, taught the truth, and died the death, which give power and substance to the Gospel scheme; He said not to assure us, that while He dwelt under the shadow of the old covenant, and in the midst of the chosen people, the work was for the establishment of a national covenant and a wider realm. "All nations shall call him blessed." Hence, in the great miracle of the tongues, when the dwellers in distant countries heard, each one in his own language, the words of salvation, we find the promise of the law of extension; here, in the first sermon that was preached, the invitation, "Come, and be saved," was given "to all that were afar off." It is manifest, without another word, that, in the design of God, the faith which His Son came into the world to establish, is a faith for the world—or all who are born in sin.

And what is true of the Christian religion in its design, is true of it again in the power of its principles: they embrace the whole world. In them we find none of the narrowness of place or period; they are as wide, and as strong, and as true, as the laws of nature. There is no condition of humanity which these principles do not reach, no form of life that is beyond their application. They deal with human nature itself, and that nature must change ere they can cease to have power over its wants. Since the day when the Christian faith began its work, man has been busy with himself. In many respects he is not now what he was then. In his social, and moral, and intellectual state, change has followed change; spreading away from the old centres of life and thought, he has found new paths for his feet, and new truths for his head; continents have opened before him; great principles have been discovered; light has been thrown upon dark places; the fallen nature, galled by its own cravings, has sought long and found much; while, as one of the results of this progress, the human character seems almost invested with new elements, as it shapes under the pressure of the new order of things. How unlike, in many of its great relations, is the world of today to the world into which the Saviour was born—how much that was real and true then is unreal and untrue now—what fusions and recastings have been seen; the great mass laboring all along, and heaving with the throes of revolution! Truly, in one sense, the words of prophecy are well nigh fulfilled—the earth is already "new." But with all this change, the Gospel, like in its doctrines and its institutions, has the same full and direct application to man's interests and wants now that it had at the beginning. We, with all that we have done, have not originated a form of life that puts one step further from an interest in, and dependence upon, the system of Christianity. There is the same close and vital application of that system to our concerns that marked its complete adaptation to the condition of the first generation to whom its truths were preached. Time and change have not touched us here. Permit me, moreover, to observe, that, as far as I remember, this truth has not had its appropriate place in any treatise upon the evidences of Christianity. That a high place should be assigned to, no earnest thinker will deny. What power less than the power Almighty could frame a religion for the world—a religion without the marks of time or place—a religion so deeply and closely fitted to human nature, that that nature, in all the breadth of its wanderings and the power of its changes, cannot weaken the tie—a religion that, amid the revolutions that have swept down all besides, has proved itself able to survive all vicissitudes, and to do what it promises to do for man, regardless of conditions, and unmindful of time? What being, less than God Himself, could have moulded such a system, anticipated its necessities, and gifted it with immortality? Do we not know, even to demonstration, that if this work had been of man, it would have been filled with the thoughts, and just suited to the wants, of that particular age; that its views of man would have been confined to man as he then appeared, and its plan of relief to man as he then needed—that these time and place marks would have covered it, and stamped it as unfit for use beyond the century of its birth? Thus it has been with all other systems, whether of philosophy or of religion—filled with the mere thoughts and wants of the generation, the world outgrew them, and they were soon forgotten. Thus must it have been with the Christian faith, if an intellect human, and having the stamp of the age, had shaped its theory and developed its life. What was cause and effect in all other systems would have been cause and effect in this. Now, with what power infidelity would turn upon us, if either of two things were true. First, if the plan and principles of the Christian religion betrayed a provincial mind—had it by the views, and seeking to relieve the sins and sorrows peculiar to the age of country; and second, if, in the progress of time, these principles had been unable to meet the new and varied features of life, and apply themselves with constant power and effect. "This" would be the infidel's taunt—"this is your religion for the world!" But as neither of these things are true—as the reverse of both is true—why should not we turn upon him, and give the truth its power? If told, that we as Christians believe too much, what shall we say of that credulity which affirms that Christianity is of man, and that man has thus made a religion which the world cannot outgrow? The constituents of man's work, as tested in other forms, are wanting here; but here are the constituents of God's work—truth without time, power without place—both rising and living above the wasting vicissitudes of earth, ministering to the fallen nature in all its forms and periods, and thus pledging themselves to a future work, more extended and more glorious.

The second point upon which we touch is this: CHRISTIAN MISSIONS ARE THE HIGHEST FORM OF BENEVOLENCE. "All men shall be blessed in Him." The considerations which belong to this truth are too numerous to be stated—the work here is mainly one of selection. We use the word benevolence in its broader significance, not merely as wishing well to others, but as doing well for others. The will and the act are both included in the now common use of the word. We are to consider, then, first of all, that in the work of Missions we have the form in which it pleased God Himself to manifest His benevolence. He sent His Son into a world of ignorance and sin, and the truth

then and there communicated is the very truth which we, in the work of Missions, send again to those who are ignorant of Christ. In this was manifested the love of God, and here we are to find the great evidence of that love. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son." When, then, infinite wisdom and infinite love counselled together how best they could move for the uplifting of fallen man, here, in the sending of the Son, is the form which they assumed. This is God's great expression of His own benevolence; and how is it possible for us to give a higher form to ours, than by seeking to do good to others in the way which God declares to be His? Can it be that His way is not the truest and the best—can it be that we can devise another way of working that will touch deeper places and secure higher blessings? If, then, we seek other ways, to the partial exclusion of this, what less do we thereby affirm, than that we know better, than God, how to labor for human good? He thought upon man in his misery, and conceived a plan for man's salvation; He sent His Son into the world to announce and perfect that plan; the Son, under his own awful commission, sent others to publish the story of life eternal; and here, at this point of time, we are commanded to take up the work, and send along the message of the great salvation. Is there any higher work for us, seeing there was no higher work for God—Is there a sphere of action into which human faculties can be cast that has the promise and the rewards of this? A way first opened by the mighty power of Him who sitteth upon the throne—then followed by the incarnate Son, as He took and shaped it for the coming multitude—then consecrated by the everlasting Spirit—three persons, but one God, travelled, first by angels, and since by holy men of all ages—leading out from this world with its time and its miseries, to another with its eternity and its glories—what better work can life bring to us than that of showing the stranger the path, and guiding the wanderer into the lines of salvation? This is the work of Missions, and he who excuses himself from this work, under the plea that he has something greater to do, must have views of his own calling and capacities as absurd in their folly as were ever dreamed. When, then, man seeks to do good to others, and asks, as he will, how he can best labor for the end, let him remember that he may mingle his work of charity with that of duty, and find contentment in the truth that thus it pleased God to manifest His own love.

RICHARD HOOKER.

(Died 1600, aged about 47.)

He was a eulogium in himself for humility, piety and learning, and the celebrated author of the work called "Ecclesiastical Policy," wherein he judiciously set forth and defended the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England. About the year 1600 he fell into a long and sharp sickness, occasioned by a cold taken in his passage by water between London and Gravesend, from the malignity of which he was never recovered; for after that time till his death, he was never free from thoughtful days and restless nights. But a submission to his will that makes the sick man's bed easy by giving rest to his soul, made his very languishment comfortable; and yet all this time he was solicitous in his study, and said often to Dr. Saravia, (who saw him daily, and was the chief comfort of his life,) "that he did not bring a long life of God for any other reason but to live to finish his three remaining books of 'Ecclesiastical Policy'; and then, 'Lord, let thy servant depart in peace,' which was his usual expression. And God heard his prayers, though he denied the Church the benefit of those books as completed by himself; and it is thought he hastened his own death by hastening to give life to his own books; but this is certain, that the nearer he was to his death, the more he grew in humility, in holy thoughts and resolutions.

About a month before his death, this good man, that never knew, or at least never considered, the pleasures of the palate, began first to lose his appetite, and then to have an averseness to all food, inasmuch that he seemed to live some intermitted weeks by the smell of food only, and yet still studied and wrote. And now his guardian angel seemed to foretell him that the day of his dissolution drew near, for which his vigorous soul appeared to thirst. In this time of his sickness, and not many days before his death, his house was robbed; of which he having notice, his question was, "Are my books and written papers safe?" and being answered "that they were," his reply was, "Then it matters not; for no other loss can trouble me."

About one day before his death, Dr. Saravia, who knew the very secrets of his soul, came to him, and after a conference of the benefit, the necessity, and safety of the Church's abolition, it was resolved that the Doctor should give him both that and the sacrament of the Lord's supper on the following day. To which end the doctor came; and after a short retirement and privacy, they two returned to the company; and then the doctor gave him, and some of those friends which were with him, the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of Jesus. Which being performed, the doctor thought he saw a reverend gaiety and joy in his face. But it lasted not long; for his bodily infirmities did return suddenly, and became more visible, inasmuch that the doctor apprehended death ready to seize him; yet, after some amendment, he recovered the day following, which he did; and then found him better in appearance, deep in contemplation, and not in-

ferable to discourse, which gave the doctor occasion to require his present thoughts, to which he replied that "he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven. And, O that it might be soon earth!" After which words, he said: "I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations; and I have long been preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And, though I have, by his grace, loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and labored to have a conscientious regard of offence to him and to all men, yet I thought, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it! And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy unto me; for I plead not my righteousness, but his mercy which he did; and since I have failed, Lord, let it not be terrible; and then take thy own I submit to it. Let my name, O Lord, but let thy will be done," with which expression he fell into a dangerous slumber—dangerous as to his recovery. Yet recover he did; but it was to speak only to the world. Good doctor, God hath heard my day petitions; for I am at peace with all men; and he is at peace with all men; and from that blessed assurance, I feel that inward joy which this world can neither give nor take from me; my conscience bears to me this witness; and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to live to do the Church more service; but cannot hope for it; for my days are past as a shadow that returns not."

More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him; and, after a short conflict between nature and death, a quiet sleep to a period to his last breath; and so he fell asleep. And now he seems to rest like Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Let me here draw his curtain, till, with the most glorious company of the patriarchs and apostles, and the most noble army of martyrs and confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man, shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquility, and with it a greater degree of glory than common Christians shall be made partakers of. In the mean time, bless, O Lord, bless his brethren, the clergy of this nation, with efficient endeavors to attain, if not to his great learning, yet to his remarkable meekness; for these will bring peace to the last; and, Lord, let his most excellent writings be blessed with what he designed when he undertook them, which was glory to thee, O God on high, peace in thy Church, and good-will to mankind! Amen, amen.—Walton.

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

ENGLAND.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.

25, Abchurch Lane, Nov. 10, 1854.

The society, in compliance with the suggestion of several friends, has commenced a Special Fund for maintaining additional clergyman at the seat of war. The following statement was adopted at a General Meeting of the Society on Oct. 21th. The Bishop of London in the chair.

The effort which the Society has recently made to secure from the Government the regular official accounts of their proceedings has already been generally responded to. Many interesting communications have been received especially from North America, and will in due course be published.

The following extract is from a letter, dated Oct. 10th, from the Rev. R. L. Webster, Special Commissioner for the Island of Wakamau. "I have not much to communicate this quarter in the way of information. The addition to our ranks of three clergymen is by far the most important item. We were sadly in want of the districts which last year were deprived of their superintending clergy have gone back mainly, especially the island of Wakamau, in the Essequibo River. Once more again have I been applied to by the poor people, entreating me to send them a minister. The attorney of the estate also, A. Fowler, Esq., pleaded their cause very strongly; but I could only reply that the bishop was using every exertion to supply the need of the island. The Rev. R. Clarke, his lordship found it most difficult to persuade men to come over and help us. This quarter, however, by the arrival of the three clergymen above alluded to, and the return of the Rev. J. Freeman to his district, the bishop has been enabled to reorganize the island of Wakamau, and to send a minister to the more destitute and more important curacy of Wakamau. Let us hope that he will answer all their and our expectations of him.

"Rev. W. Brett will doubtless send you an account of the progress of the missions under his superintendency to the island of Wakamau. I have seen the catechist (Mr. Landry's) report for the quarter, and it appears most satisfactory. These once restless and benighted tribes of Indians seem gradually settling down into civilization in various parts of the colony. Christianity is evidently doing its work surely, though it has not been long since the Holy Scriptures in their hands in their own peculiar and as yet unwritten dialect; and this of itself is an unpeaked totem. Mr. Wadell tells me that on reading to some of the Caribbi tribe the Lord's Prayer, translated into their native tongue by Mr. Brett, the effect was quite electrical. He mentioned that they had never before seen the Holy Scriptures in their hands in their own peculiar and as yet unwritten dialect; and this of itself is an unpeaked totem. 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