

diligence and perseverance. Through his instrumentality new congregations were formed in many places, many new churches were built, and clergymen were procured. On two occasions, he made voyages to England for the purpose of raising money from the zealous friends of the Church, to assist in the building of churches in Upper and Lower Canada. In this appeal he was eminently successful. For, in addition to his high rank in life, and the respectability of his numerous connexions, his own singleness of heart, and the decided character of his piety, and devotion to the best interests of the Church in Canada were such as to give weight to his appeals which no friend of the Church could resist. Accordingly he raised, in all, perhaps rather more than £3,000, a sum not large in England, but of great service, when distributed in small portions, to assist in the building of between thirty and forty churches in new settlements.

Every church that has been built in the two Canadas within the last thirty years, is, more or less, a memorial of the zealous Apostolic Missionary, the late Bishop of Quebec, as none have been built within that period, without some agency or assistance of his, to animate the undertaking.

On the 1st January, 1825, Dr. Stewart was consecrated Bishop, to succeed the late Bishop Mountain, in the see of Quebec: and every one knows that he still continued his arduous labours, and his fatiguing journeys, until he had actually worn out a constitution never very strong. The most of you know the esteem in which he was held as a Christian, Apostolic Bishop, as well by members of other denominations, as by the members of his own Church.

To us, who belong to the Church of which he was a distinguished ornament, such a testimony as this is very acceptable, because it gives us to understand that his Christian virtues, which we esteemed, were appreciated by others out of his own pale. To you, his first congregation in this country, he was endeared as your faithful, affectionate, and devoted minister. In this character he will long be remembered by you. But we have also seen him here on three visitations, after he was promoted to the Episcopate; and at each time, we have seen him, the same humble, holy, zealous servant of the Most High God, and the same friend to all. On my ordination in the year 1815, he congratulated me, the first time he saw me, on my promotion, but, in a fatherly manner, reminded me that I should not view it in any other light than as contributing to make, and keep me humble. This exhortation which he then gave me, he truly practised himself; for the older he grew, the more humble, holy, and devoted he grew likewise. At all times, the supreme desire of his heart was to promote the glory of God, and to bring sinners to Christ. Whether as a minister, or as a Bishop, this was his ruling desire. Under his administration of ecclesiastical affairs, the church enlarged her boundaries, her ministers were increased in number, her congregations were multiplied even in the face of discouragements and opposition. Like the apostle St. Paul the care of all the churches fell heavily upon him. But notwithstanding all his cares, and all his fatigues, he was a remarkable instance of punctuality and order in the despatch of his business. He had always been in the habit of keeping a memorandum of what he had to do for every day—what persons he had to see—what he had to do with and say to them, and what letters he had to answer, that he might do every thing in season. Throughout the whole of his useful life, he continued the same humble, holy, active, cheerful and zealous servant of Jesus Christ, until his accumulated labours of body and mind brought on a premature old age, and broke down a constitution rather feeble at all times, than strong. He died in the month of July last in the sixty third year of his age.

In the beginning of the year 1834 I was his guest in Quebec for three weeks. I saw him then at all seasonable hours, and observed that, though I had intimately known him for a long time, yet I was struck with wonder at the pleasing evidence which I daily had before my eyes of his manifestly growing in grace. He was so devout, so engaged in his Master's service, but cheerful, pleasant and happy; so strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, but meek and humble; so much engaged in the cause of religion and the Church, but patient and resigned under disappointments. The affairs of the Church lay heavily on his mind, and always constituted a part of his prayers. Few men like him, are to be found, so heavenly-minded—so devoted to God—so regardless of the pomps and vanities of this world—so moderate in his wants and desires—so zealous for the salvation of sinners. We, in this place, had the first fruits of his labours in America. "He was a burning and a shining light" while he remained. Let us venerate his memory and take shame to ourselves that we have not profited more by the example and instructions of so godly a Pastor. Let us keep in mind, after his decease, what he had taught us from this pulpit, and be followers of him and others, who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises.

For the Church.

JEREMIAH XXIII. 29.—Is not my word like as fire, saith the Lord?

There is a remarkable and instructive anecdote in ecclesiastical history, which may serve to illustrate this beautiful comparison. The circumstance took place at the famous council of Nice. The following account of it is copied from Milner's History of the Church of Christ.* He says, "Before the immediate business of the Synod was entered upon, their attention was engaged by the attempts of some Gentile philosophers who appeared among them; some with a design to satisfy their curiosity concerning Christianity itself, others wishing to involve the Christians in a cloud of verbal subtleties, and to enjoy the mutual contradictions of the followers of Christ. One of them distinguished himself above the rest by the pomp and arrogance of his pretensions, and derided the clergy as ignorant and illiterate.—

* Vol. II. p. 60. The anecdote here related is mentioned by various other authors; particularly by Baker in his Reflections on Learning, who refers to Sozomen and Ruffinus, as the historians who have transmitted it to us.

On this occasion, an old Christian, who had suffered with magnanimous constancy during the late persecutions, though unacquainted with logical forms, undertook to contend with the philosopher. Those who were more earnest to gratify curiosity than to investigate truth, endeavoured to raise a laugh at the old man's expense; while serious spirits were distressed to see a contest apparently so unequal. Respect for the man, however, induced them to permit him to engage, and he immediately addressed the philosopher in these words: 'Hear, philosopher, in the name of Jesus Christ, there is one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible, who made all these things by the power of his Word, and confirmed them by the holiness of his spirit. This Word, whom we call the Son of God, compassionating the sons of men involved in error and wickedness, chose to be born of a woman, to converse with men, and to die for them. And He will come again, the judge of all things which men have done in the body. That these things are so, we believe in simplicity: do not labour in vain, seeking to refute things which ought to be received by faith, and investigating the manner in which these things may or may not be; but if thou believest, answer me now that I ask thee.' Struck with this plain authoritative address, the philosopher said, 'I do believe,' with pleasure owned himself vanquished, confessed that he embraced the same sentiments with the old man, and advised the other philosophers to do the same, swearing that he was changed by a divine influence, and was moved by an energy which he could not explain. Men will draw their conclusions from this story according to their several tastes and views. A self-sufficient reasoner will despise the instruction it contains; but he who thinks with St. Paul, will consider the whole story as no mean comment on his words, 'that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God;' nor will he much regard the prudence of those who labour to accommodate Christian ideas to the spirit of unbelievers, by which they only weaken themselves, and abate not in the least the enmity of their opposers. They will think it better to go forth in simple dependence on God, trusting that he will bless his own word with victorious energy. Such know, that even in our own times there want not instances of conversions of the same kind; and those who are still disposed to object should at least be told, that the story has the proper marks of historical credibility, whatever inferences they may be pleased to draw from it.—*Biddulph.*

L. S.

For the Church.

GRAVES AND GRAVESTONES.

To an unconverted man, the sentiments of the Christian must sound like so many enigmas; a declaration of much that he experiences must be either disbelieved or misunderstood. And the reason is clear—the latter possesses a principle which the former does not. For instance, the interest which the Christian takes in visiting the grave of a departed saint, one personally unknown to him, some who perhaps moved in a very humble sphere of life, is inexplicable to the man of the world, because the consideration of the case excites no feeling of sympathy in his heart. Death, bare death, and after that the judgment are the ungracious reflections that present themselves to him at the sight of a grave. Life and a blissful immortality are not suggested thereby as portions of a heritage awaiting him. The pagan Roman, we read, was wont to regard with extraordinary veneration those spots which had been struck by lightning, deeming them to have been marked by the scathing eye of his chief God. Such was his idea of Deity,—where His eye rested, there was wrath, and the blasting of the breath of his displeasure.—And such must be the aspect in which God is viewed, not merely by heathens, ignorant of a mediator, but by every man in a Christian land, who is not yet enlightened by the Spirit of God. Our God, the Friend and Father of Christians, is to him and them, alike, a consuming fire. Every tomb must corroborate the gloomy idea. To the disciple of Jesus, however, the tomb teaches a different lesson: to him, every tomb is a memorial of his own glorious hope,—but especially every tomb that encloses a Christian. With these he associates, not the flashing wrath of an offended God, but the untiring superintendence of a Father's eye, beaming grace, condescension and love. Like the individuals they commemorate perhaps, the gravestones may be plain and unobtrusive, not to be distinguished among the thick crop of solemn monitors to the living in the midst of which they stand,—but their record of grace causes them to differ; their simple legend deeply touches the Christian's heart; each preaches to him a sweet homily of humility and faith; each invites him to persevere in the holy path which he hath chosen. How well would it be, were every tablet in our churchyards made the vehicle of some wholesome scripture-warning, speaking as in a voice from the dead to the passers-by;—but especially becoming would it be, in the memorials which we set up of known and devoted servants of Christ. Here should always be found something in unison with the thoughts which the tombs of such persons suggest. In those graves, as in a store-house, lie folded up, tents which God himself once deigned to inhabit: from those frail tents now mouldering below, the high-destined soul looked out, as it were, from between the tottering arches, and decaying mullions of a beautiful ruin, upon scenes which were also beautiful;—but a shadow of sadness was upon them both, for the glory of the one was passed, and the glory of the other was passing: that soul felt that neither constituted her rest. Often did she yearn to be clothed upon by a body, which should no more be a ruin, but indestructible and pure, and look out upon a world whose bliss should be immortal, and scenery permanent as well as fair. That soul has now her desire; she is so clothed upon, and she possesses a world where all things are new, and whose exquisite beauties are neither marred by sin, nor clouded by the certainty of their quickly passing away. And there, with Him who was her only satisfier during her sojourn in her temporary abode below, she enjoys an intercourse

"Never to be broke off again,
Thro' all eternity."

Whilst thoughts like these are solemnizing our minds, how cheering to meet with such texts as "There remaineth a rest for

the people of God," "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,"—and a hundred others so appropriate for inscriptions. A walk in a Churchyard then becomes a means of grace. We have good reason to conjecture that the early Christians in the pure ages of the Church, visited the graves of departed brethren, and derived spiritual benefit from the associations there excited.

We may infer that this was the genuine use of the practice from the flagrant abuse of it which followed. Standing upon the grassy mounds that covered martyrs and confessors, actually within a few feet of their mortal remains, they could not but feel stirred up within them a greater warmth of love and devotedness of heart in the cause of their Lord. The very dust under their feet would else cry out against them. Such were the feelings of primitive Christians, and we, on whom the ends of the world are come, experience the same. "Would that I were such a man!" exclaimed very recently the pious Bishop of Winchester, laying his hand on the recumbent effigy of the holy Bishop Andrews in the Ladye Chapel of St. Saviour's, Southwark. Natural sympathy, the great sustainer of perseverance, is thus sanctified and enlisted in a good cause. Its effect, thus directed, is great. Satan, in the primitive days, found it to be so,—and to negative that effect, he set up a vile counterfeit. The making of pilgrimages and the touching of relics, bodily exercise which profited little, intermixed with doctrines of demons or departed spirits, were introduced:—and here, as in so many other instances, he succeeded in substituting the performance of a mere act for the possession of the spirit intended to be expressed by that act. Let us however defeat every device of this kind, by making our visits to the graves of our brethren contribute to the demolition of the idea of merit in ourselves before God: there let us be the more deeply taught, with line upon line, and precept upon precept, that by GRACE we are saved, and that CHRIST alone, without any addition of pilgrimages and touchings, is made unto us Wisdom, and Righteousness, and Sanctification, and Redemption. I will only add in conclusion that by appropriately recording on the gravestones of believers, the circumstance that they were so, combined with some striking scriptural truths, we extend that influence for good which every Christian desires to exert. Who can tell, thought the writer, as he stood by the graves of the well-known Christians, the *Young Cottager* and the *Dairyman's Daughter*,—whose memories shed a moral grace over the otherwise exquisite natural scenery of the island in which those graves are situated,—who, even the humblest and most obscure, can tell the ends for which he may be living? True it is that in the cases just mentioned, there was the pen of the ready and talented writer to record and disseminate their 'short and simple annals,' by means of which so many have been awakened from the sleep of sin. This, all cannot expect,—but God chooses the weak things of the world to bring to naught things that are mighty, and obscure things to bring about effects most visible. How know we, but that we too are links in important providences. Such honour have all his saints; so no man liveth unto himself. The Lord may be working great things by us: let us seek grace to co-operate with him. Heartily to desire this, is Christian ambition. By the humble persons over whose mortal remains we were standing, the Lord wrought; by their influence as proofs of the reality and efficacy of grace, they being dead yet speak, to the turning of many to righteousness, and the confirming of many in their most holy faith. Reader, may you and I have grace to do likewise, to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, and shine as lights in a dark world, both before, and in, and after, death.

DEO-DEUCE.

* For instance, we read in the Douay Testament, (p. 350. ed. Antwerp, 1600.) as a note on Acts xix. 16.—"The Devils knew St. Babylas and other saints, even after they were dead, when they could not speak for the presence of their relics, and when they were tormented and expelled by them, whereof all antiquity is full of testimonies. But our heretics, Luther, and Calvin, and their scholars, attempting to cast out devils sped much as these good fellows did," i. e. the exorcists, verse 13. The poor heretics, the Wickliffites, descendants of Luther, &c. come in too for an occasional fling in modern days, from similar high infallible authority. Vide a late mandement of the R. C. Ep. of Montreal.

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1838.

The observance of Tuesday last as a Day of Public Thanksgiving, in this town and neighbourhood—and in our commendations we must not omit the highly interesting and attentive congregation whom we are in the habit of meeting at Grafton—was most gratifying. The suspension of the ordinary business of life—except in a few straggling instances where probably the knowledge of the Proclamation had not reached—evinced a becoming respect for the injunction of the authorities of the land; while, from the crowds who attended upon public worship, pleasing assurance was conveyed that the feeling was wide and deep of gratitude to that kind and overruling Providence, to which we are indebted for the present peace and quiet of the country. While the "lips" speak eloquently and warmly the tribute of thankful praise, may the "lives" of all manifest the truest gratitude in their more zealous devotion to the service of a too much neglected God!

Upon the appropriateness and beauty of public worship, on such occasions, we might here dilate; but in one respect, on a day especially of public thanksgiving, is it peculiarly striking and affecting,—from the similarity which is presented in these acts of public praise to all that is revealed in scripture of the employments of the glorified and happy in heaven. The notes of praise from consecrated temples here below are but the prelude to that song of redemption which shall be sung eternally above:—these are scattered sounds of "many voices" on earth which will swell in universal chorus in heaven.

A correspondent in referring lately to the advantages and delights of the public worship of Almighty God, alluded to one cause of the partial interruption of its beauty and benefits, to which we promised, at the time, to give some consideration; namely, the practice, of which he states the grounds of complaint