

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Ask'st thou what shall pass away !
Nought the wise would wish to stay !
All that's foolish, vain and light,
All that had foundation slight,
All that's erring, all that's wrong,
To which earth's alloys belong,
All vexation, pain and wo,
All embittering earth below.

Ask'st thou what shall still remain ?—
Winnow'd from the chaff, the grain ;
The gold, from dross by fire refined ;
The chain whose links shall ever bind ;
All that's solid, wise and good,
Of a temper'd serious mood,
All that's faithful, sweet and true,
Bright as heaven, pure as its dew.

All that's but of earth must pass,
Tainted by corruption's mass ;
All shall stay from heaven that came,
Ever changeless and the same :
All that heaven disowns, must die,
All it gave shall live on high :
All earth's storms could not destroy,
Planted by heaven, shall there yield joy.

All that's holy, all that's pure,
From its nature must endure,
For these still such fruits will bring.
As will tell us whence they spring,
But not to perfection brought,
Not all that they might and ought,
In such soil, such air as this !
That shall be in heavenly bliss.

All that fill'd with prayer the heart,
Oh ! it never can depart !
It shall among heaven's glories shine,
It shall with Eden flowers entwine :
Prayer's incense gave it rich perfume,
And faith a bright immortal bloom,
And angel wings of hope and love
Wafted it to the realms above. — *Christian Observer*

MEMOIR OF THE REV. BASIL WOODD.

By the Rev. S. C. Wilks.

With reference to the mother of Mr. Wood, his biographer continues—

The son of this admirable woman early began to follow in her steps. Of his youthful days few relics can now be traced; but from his very childhood the opening germ of piety seem implanted within him, so that he would often say, that he scarcely knew when the Holy Spirit first began to impress his youthful heart; though he was led more decidedly to devote himself to the service of God at about the age of thirteen, in consequence chiefly of the pious and affectionate letters of his excellent mother. At the age of seventeen, after studying for some time under an eminently pious clergyman, the Rev. T. Clarke, of Chesham Bois, he entered Trinity college, Oxford, where he took his degrees in due course; and he was accustomed in his latter days to moralize on the changes and uncertainties of human life, on finding that he had survived most of his academical contemporaries, and that his name stood at the head of the masters of his college.

He was ordained deacon in 1783, at the Temple Church, by Dr. Thurlow, bishop of London; and priest in 1784, at Westminster Abbey, by Dr. Thomas, bishop of Rochester. The same year he was chosen lecturer of St. Peter's Cornhill; where he continued his services during twenty-four years, with great spiritual benefit to multitudes, who frequented his edifying ministrations. In 1795, he became morning preacher at Bentinck chapel, Mary-le-bone; of which, being a proprietary chapel, he purchased the lease in 1793, and remained there till the moment when his lamented decease, April 12, 1831, divided him from his affectionate people, after a long and eminently useful series of labours among them for nearly forty-six years.

In the year 1808, an attached member of his flock, the late Lady Robert Manners, presented him to the rectory of Drayton Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, memorable as the parish of that kindred spirit, Richard Hooker, whose supposed study (lately destroyed in building a new rectory-house) his worthy successor was accustomed to point out, with much gratification, and with many a eulogy on his devout spirit, his attachment to the church of England, and

his love of peace. In this secluded retirement, Mr. Woodd was accustomed for many years to spend a portion of the summer and autumn, delighting in the meek labours of a village pastor, and introducing among his simple flock those works of pity and mercy, which he had been accustomed to superintend and foster on a larger scale in a busier sphere. This he did before he resigned, in favour of his eldest son, a few months before his death, intending, had he been spared, to devote his remaining days wholly to his flock at Bentinck chapel. It remains only to mention among the notices of his life, that he was twice married. His first wife died in 1791; his second was married to him till within twenty months of his death. And how worthy she was of him, how much she conduced to his happiness, how assiduously she assisted his charitable labours, how holy was her life, and how blessed was her end, may be seen from a memoir of her, which he had drawn up for insertion in the *Christian Observer*, in which, at different times, I had appeared interesting obituaries from his pen, of his own family and friends.

The next particular we shall notice, is his ministry. With regard to his public labours in the pulpit, it is clear that there must have been some peculiar charm in his preaching, from the very circumstance that, in a fickle and restless metropolis, amidst surrounding variety, novelty, and multiplied fascinations, he for near half a century was always encircled by a large and attached flock; not parochial, but collected by voluntary attraction: and that for many years the chapel in which he officiated was unable to contain the multitudes who desired to enjoy the benefits of his ministry. And what was that charm? Did he aspire after the cheap popularity excited by flights of fancy, eccentricities, extravagances, and volatile speculations? Or did he affect the artifices of gaudy eloquence, or the higher bursts of sublime oratory? Or did he dive deeply into subjects of obscurity and mystery, and perplex himself and others with being wise above what is written? Or had he ever some quaint device, some newly-coined notion, some phantom of the moment, to catch applause, and attract a giddy multitude? Or did he agitate party questions, and collect the bigots of a system; assembling them to hear the abuse of those who did not coincide in their own opinions? Far removed was he from every thing of this nature: no man had less of any such artifices; no man was more sober, solid, steady, uniform, and unaffected. His hearers never looked in him for any thing paradoxical, startling, or visionary; and, mild as he was, he set his face like a flint against the seductive novelties of the day. Such things may draw together an inconsistent multitude for a time, but they will not support a steady, attractive, and beneficial ministry, like his of half a century. No; the charm of this holy man's pulpit discourses, was simply the doctrine he taught, and the manner in which he taught it. His doctrine was the gospel of Christ; his manner was with the love of Christ. He told men of their guilt and wretchedness; but it was not with the spirit of a censor, but of a friend and father, anxious to show them how their sins might be pardoned, and their sorrows assuaged. The love of the Saviour, his agony and bloody sweat, his cross and passion, were his constant themes. His exhortations were, "Be ye reconciled unto God;" "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." Repentance, faith, justification, and newness of life, were among his perpetual topics. He took a large view of the value of the soul, and the price paid for its redemption; and all his discourses were modelled accordingly; pointing out the way of salvation, and the gratitude due to God for his inestimable gift; and exhorting his hearers to work out that salvation with fear and trembling, and to grow in grace, and in the knowledge and love of their God and Saviour. They were always eminently practical: not according to that false meagre notion of practical preaching, which would confine it to the inculcation of some partial moral deeds and virtues; but according to that large scriptural view which grounds holy works on a lively faith in Christ; which makes his cross at once the centre of hope and the incitement to obedience; ever setting forth the Saviour as both a sacrifice for sin

and an ensample of godly life. There might be others who could probe more deeply the human heart, and could detect more acutely the wiles of the hypocrite and self-deceiver; but in tender expostulation, in scriptural exhibition of the mercies of God in Christ, in attractive displays of the blessedness of true religion, in paternal remonstrances with those who were living only to the world, and exhortations to them to shun its snares, and devote themselves to the service of their Saviour, he was a master in Israel; and it pleased God eminently to bless his ministrations. Charity was his element; the charity described by St. Paul, in the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians: love to man flowing from love to God; the "charity that suffereth long, and is kind;" the clarity that is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." Of this charity he was ever the zealous advocate, it was one of the prominent elements of his sermons; and few clergymen have laboured with greater effect in enforcing it upon the hearts of men. To young persons his preaching was particularly attractive, from the spirit of love, simplicity, and anxiety for their best welfare, which always characterized it. To see him catechizing several hundred children, as he did every Lord's day for a long series of years, before the assembled worshippers in the house of God, was an affecting spectacle, which none who have witnessed it can ever forget. It was one of his happiest moments. He was all kindness, patience, and condescension. He exhorted, and comforted, and charged every one of them, as a father doth his children; for he had a father's heart: he loved children; and thousands of the rising generation, and of those now in mature life, remember with indelible affection his scriptural admonitions and benignant address. The poor also understood and valued his instructions. For while his whole deportment, in public and private, was such as conciliated the rich and fastidious, he would often say that he considered it the happiness of his ministry, that to the poor also the gospel was preached. To the sorrowful, the mourner, and the penitent, he had ever a message of tenderness which found its way to the afflicted heart.

In his more private ministrations, by the bed of the sick and the dying, he was eminently useful, usually dedicating, if possible, a portion of every day to these unostentatious labours. He was, in truth, a devoted minister of Jesus Christ; and eminently obeyed that injunction of the apostle to Timothy, "Follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart; but foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do gender strifes; and the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth." "He taught publicly, and from house to house, testifying repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." "He was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," knowing it to be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." He was "gentle, even as a nurse cherisheth her children, being affectionately desirous" of his people; and they were his "hope, and joy, and crown of rejoicing," whom he ardently longed to behold in "the presence of our Lord Christ at his coming."

To be continued.

The best way to bring a clever young man who has become sceptical and unsettled, to reason, is to make him feel something in any way. Love, if sincere and unworldly, will in nine instances out of ten, bring him to a sense and assurance of something real and actual; and that sense alone will make him think to a sound purpose, instead of dreaming that he is thinking.

For one mercy I owe thanks beyond all utterance,--that with all my gastric and bowel distempers, my head has ever been like the head of a mountain in blue air and sunshine.

I think the baptismal service almost perfect. What seems erroneous assumption in it, to me is harmless. None of the services of the Church affect me so much as this. I never could attend a christening without tears bursting forth at the sight of the helpless innocent in a pious clergyman's arms.—*Coleridge's Table Talk*.