

The BEREAN.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY, WHETHER THOSE THINGS WERE SO.—Acts xvii. 11.

No. 8.]

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1844.

[Vol. I.]

Poetry.

HYMNS TO ISRAEL'S GOD,

Sung by the Hebrew Children at the Anniversary of the Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, in London, on the 3d of this month.

All hail! mysterious King!
Hail, David's ancient root!
Thou righteous Branch which thence did spring,
To give the nations fruit.

At length let Israel rest,
Beneath thy grateful shade;
Their thirsty lips salvation taste;
Their fainting hearts be glad.

Fair Morning Star, arise,
With living glories bright;
And pour on their awaking eyes,
A flood of sacred light.

Let every shade subside,
Before thy powerful ray;
Shine, and their wand'ring footsteps guide,
To everlasting day.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heav'n confessed,
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my portion make,
My shield and tower.

The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all His ways:
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God:
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood.

BACCALAUREATE DISCOURSE, ADDRESSED TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF KENYON COLLEGE,

BY THE
RIGHT REV. CHARLES P. McILVAINE, D. D.
Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church
in the Diocese of Ohio, and President
of the College.

(Concluded.)

1 CORINTHIANS, VII. 29.

"This I say, Brethren, the time is short."

But there is another way of getting a just impression of the shortness of our time on earth. In common life, we form our practical estimate of the length of any particular time, by what we have to accomplish therein. Is it a work of little difficulty, little risk, little responsibility, and trifling consequences? then the time for it may be long. Increase its importance; the risk of its failure; the evils of its being found undone, when the time is out; immediately do you diminish the time and increase its value. Now, apply this obvious truth to the explanation of the common impressions of men, as to the measure of their days. You see them diligent, earnest, engrossed, in their several earthly vocations; the youth in his education; the tradesman in his business; all thoroughly taken up with work for which they are saving and improving time to the uttermost. Why this constant effort? "Because of the importance of what is to be done," they answer. It must not be risked. The time is short for such an object. For toys, it would be very long and tedious; but for this, which is so momentous, it is too brief!

And yet this momentous object,—these great things they have to do, are, to the eye that has been expanding with the view of the whole endless life of man, but little, insignificant things, confined to man's stay on earth—to this moment's walk upon the shore of the ocean. We have just been there, surveying the majestic out-lay of that boundless prospect, and estimating somewhat, the intrinsic value of the shells and pebbles at its brink; and we are compelled by the impression, to enquire of these men of anxious, earnest business, these misers of time for things of an hour, what they are doing for eternity; how it is, that the life to come, the salvation of their immortal souls, has no place of deep interest in their expenditure of time. Their practical answer is, "there is no need of haste; there is time enough." Ah! how is this? Time is short, when they have a mere thing of earth and of the body to gain, a dying thing that cannot profit but for the day. Yes, then time must be saved to the uttermost. But you need not heed its flight—enough will remain without your care, when your work is only for eternity—only to escape the endless wrath of God, and secure a saving interest in the redemption that is in Christ Jesus! Such is the wisdom of unconverted men—the wisdom of this world! So does it estimate the worth of the soul. To be saved through Christ forever, is a little and easy matter, in the practical conceptions of the many; and therefore the time for it, seems abundant and to spare. You, so much time do they seem to have for it, that as for their obligation to glorify God; to return the redeeming love of Christ; to die unto sin and live unto righteousness and become sanctified and meet for heaven, and overcome all the enemies and escape all the dangers in the way of their salvation, they can easily turn such matters out of their thoughts, and have no care about them, and bid them wait the convenience of all other and opposite concerns, and take their chance of

making their way through that crowd of jealous rivals to the audience chamber of the mind, and bid them be well pleased if they succeed at last, in getting a few days, upon a death bed, devoted to them, or a little while of worn out age, when the days have come, in which the old man says, "I have no pleasure in them." Ah! yes, ye wise men, and prudent,—all of life, and vigour, and diligence, for the things of this world—they are so momentous and the time is so short; but delay, sloth, indifference, and helpless infirmities, and a fevered brain, and a frozen heart, and a dying hour, for such matters as repentance, faith and holiness; the favour of God, and securing of heaven; they are so unimportant and there is so much time. Such is the scheme on which you practically number your days. Such is the blindness of mind; the perversion of judgement; amazing infatuation under which you are daily making your calling and election hopeless. Come let us reason together about all this.

"This I say, the time is short." And I say so, in view of what we have to do. How our time between this and the grave looks, when we set it in comparison with the life beyond, we have seen. But look at it, in view of all that is expected of us, on the part of God, and all that depends upon it, in the concerns of the soul. Short as it is, it is all we have in which to work out our salvation. You may squander, or improve it; but when its few sands are run, there remaineth no more opportunity to save your souls. Call it a span as the Scriptures do, but it is our all, for salvation. Eternity depends on it. It will make our bed in hell, or secure for us through Christ an endless home in heaven. Short indeed it is, but every moment tells. It has not an instant, without its work, its record, its account. If we take no note of many, there is nevertheless not one that is not noted, in the book of judgement, ready for the testimony of the last day. No! ye who have a ready mind to live as if this world were all there were to live for; you cannot help, do as you may, you cannot help living always for eternity; for its woes, if not for its bliss. A continued progress, in preparation for, and in the securing of the one, or the other, you can no more avoid, than you can escape the eye of God, and exclude yourselves from the jurisdiction of His law.

Oh! it is when I feel myself walking along this narrow, crumbling ledge of life, that overhangs so fearfully the bottomless abyss—stepping cautiously lest I lose my footing and perish; when I think of all that depends on my present doings; what I must strive for; what will be gained if I make my election sure; what lost if I fail; the peace of God at stake; my soul, my soul deciding its eternal doom; innumerable obstacles to be surmounted; mighty enemies to be subdued; temptations on every hand to make me delay, and err, and perish; so much of my short time already gone to waste; so much danger of coming short; so many, every day reaching their end with their work undone.—Oh! then I realize indeed that our time is little enough; that the day is far spent; and then one feels as if he wanted to go round among men and say, "Men and brethren, immortal beings, ye that ought to be working out your salvation with fear and trembling, the day of the Lord is at hand, the time is short, behold He cometh, He cometh to judge the earth."

Oh! the madness of mankind! How can they forget these things; living in this world to-day, in endless woe to-morrow, except they repent! One would suppose that their every thought would be swallowed up and lost in the idea of that near and unprepared-for Eternity; that they would more easily forget to take bread than to take thought for such a morrow. Can he who is to be tried for his life to-morrow, forget it? Can he who is condemned to die to-morrow, forget it? "And yet, poor sinners that are continually uncertain to live an hour, and certain speedily to see the majesty of the Lord, to their inconceivable joy or sorrow—can forget these things for which they have their memory, and which one would think should drown the matters of this world, as the report of a cannon doth a whisper. Oh! wonderful folly of the ungodly! That ever men can forget; I say again, that they can forget eternal joy, eternal woe, and the place of their unchangeable abode; when they stand even at its door and are passing in, and there is but the thin veil of flesh between them and that amazing sight, that eternal gulph!"

And now, dear young men, let me address myself especially to you. The subject just exhibited, was suggested by your present position in life. Time and Eternity rise up to my view, and take their stand beside you, whenever I think of this most interesting period in your existence. You have long been with us. You have secured and fastened upon yourselves the affectionate attachment of all your teachers. Those attachments, early merited and gained, have been continually strengthening, as in the progress of your course of education, your minds have been developed, your principles confirmed, your influence increased, and your whole promise of excellence and usefulness brightened. None have ever stood before us in the position you now occupy, who were regarded with a deeper, more affectionate, approving regard. We behold you now at a new era in your lives. A distinct and most important division of your time is just being terminated—another, of equal importance, beginning. You soon leave us and one another, to scatter far and wide, to different regions and various callings. You are going upon a voyage full of the wrecks of those who having embarked as you are about to do, made shipwreck of a good conscience, and all that is dear to an immortal soul. The thought comes—How shall we meet you again? When at the sound of the trumpet, we all stand

*Baxter on Repentance.

up in the great congregation of the risen dead, how shall we meet? Will you all be found in Christ? Will you all receive the sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant?" To persuade you to make sure of a result so blessed, we have solemnly, frequently, affectionately entreated, instructed, exhorted, and warned you. One more opportunity of doing so, and but a brief one, now remains. We try to improve it, remembering it is the last time.

Dear young men, I beseech you, carry with you, every where, the remembrance that you are not your own—You have been purchased by the precious blood of Christ, and the Lord has given you your work for life. How long has been meted out to each for that work, only the Master knoweth. You will soon meet again, where your day is to be accounted for, your work inspected, your wages paid. "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

You are as the fig tree planted in the vineyard. You know its history. Remember you have been "planted," not grown up by chance. In other words, the Lord has a distinct and important end for you to answer. You have been planted in the vineyard; not as a tree upon the unfenced and sterile way-side; but amidst the richness of God's mercies and surrounded by His special care. God is the Master of the vineyard. Having nurtured you with His choicest blessings, He cometh to you seeking fruit, meet for such privileges. And so will He come to you in all your future course, seeking fruit, on His favored trees. At the last day, He will come for the last time, expecting the fruit. Remember; to bring forth fruit to the glory of God is the whole business for which your existence was given to you. Will you adopt it heartily? Will you live for it? Behold, how infinite interests stand here to-day, waiting your decision. I see your danger. Two worlds contend for you.

Two empires claim you. At your right hand, stands the god of all darkness and delusion—the father of lies, arraying all his magic to make you see things as they are not, and choose things which you ought not. I see the enchantment—how it rises. What smiling scenery, what splendid pageantry comes up! The pomp and vanities of the world, how they fill the stage! The vain show in which the mimics walk, how near the similitude of truth! I pronounce the word Eternity! and instantly the illusion vanishes; the whole company of the players in their vain mockery hasten off the stage. Eternity brings reality. No enchantment can keep up its pageant in that presence. One thing only stands, when it appears—the infinite worth of the soul. Oh! behold it, measure it, ponder upon it! Then set out in life. Carry with you the constant thought, the inwrought reflection, that your life is without end; that what you are to be hereafter, forever, depends on what you are now to be, during the short time you have to live in this world; then will you feel what you are; what you ought to do; whether every moment bears you. Then, will all things in this world assume their real bearings, and confess their true insignificance. Then will the great commanding object of life, stand out alone, and every thing else take position by its connexion, nearer or more remote, with that. Then will the service of God, the following of Christ, preparation for the judgement, appear as if the universe contained nothing else deserving a thought in comparison. Then will the temptations of wealth, honour, pleasure, whatever else the men who neglect God, depend on, appear all an insolent impertinence. Time will seem short indeed, because it ends in eternity; short indeed, because it is your all in which to make ready for eternity.

Yes! dear young men, the time is short. You leave us now. We follow you with love and prayers; a few days come and go—your life here vanishes as a vapour—it has fled—and behold Eternity! and we are all gathered together—the world burnt up—the dead arisen—the judgement set—I see you before the throne; the book is opened, which is the book of life, and He who judgeth the quick and dead readeth the names written therein, and confesseth them before the father, as His people, His redeemed. I listen to hear your names.—God grant that in that day you may all be found in the book of life—none cast out for neglect of the great salvation.

"I commend you to God, and the word of His grace," and, "may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead, our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen!"

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE REV. CHARLES SIMEON,
FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, AND VICAR
OF TRINITY CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

In the earlier part of his ministry, little more than a year after his ordination, he exchanged pastoral duty with Mr. Abdy, then Curate, and afterwards Rector, of St. John's, Horsleydown—partly in order that he might be able to attend some family festivities under the roof of a relative. Mr. Abdy went to Cambridge, and Mr. Simeon occupied his friend's house in Horsleydown for a short time. Having undertaken the parochial duty, he was called one afternoon to officiate at a funeral; and finding himself in the churchyard before the procession arrived, he looked at the tombstones, hoping to meet with some text or sentiment that might furnish him with a subject of meditation. For some time he found nothing but the common-place eulogies of "sincere friend," "kind father," "good husband," and so forth. At length he cast

his eye on a stone on which was engraved the following inscription:

"When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea:
"Jesus hath lived and died for me!"

At once his soul kindled; and, animated with the words, he looked round to see if there was any one near to whom he could impart his feelings. He saw at some distance a poor woman, who seemed to be employed as he had been. He beckoned her to him, and said, "you seem to be reading the inscriptions on the tombstones: pray read this: "Can you say so? If you can, you are a happy woman." "Sir," said she, "I am not happy, but very unhappy," and indicated, by her appearance and her somewhat wild manner, that she was suffering from great anguish of mind. Mr. Simeon was beginning to inquire into her case, when he perceived the funeral entering the churchyard; he therefore hastily took her address, and giving her a little present relief, promised to call on her. On the following day he called, and found the poor woman in circumstances which excited his deepest sympathy. The room was almost without furniture. An aged woman, her mother, lay upon a wretched bed; she herself was seated upon a box; and two squallid children, were endeavouring to warm themselves over a few embers in the grate. The sight was almost more than he could bear; for he was then young as a visitor at the abodes of wretchedness.—Speaking of this visit, he said: "We fell upon our knees, and in a moment were bathed in tears. I could scarce utter my words through heaviness of heart and much weeping. To almost every petition they said "Amen, Amen! God grant it! Amen!" I was too much affected to be able to converse with them, I therefore referred them to two or three passages of Scripture, and left them. He went again the next day, and a similar scene occurred. He found afterwards, on entering into conversation with the mother, that she was an intelligent Christian, labouring under heavy affliction. The daughter, too, appeared to receive his instructions with interest and thankfulness. One day, on rising from their knees, this poor woman, whose heart was now enlarged and her mouth opened to confess, looked at him earnestly, and said: "And now, Sir, I will tell you: you know not what God has done for me, through you: you have saved both my soul and my body. When you called to me in the churchyard, I was on my way to the river, to drown myself." She then told him, that since the death of her husband she had been labouring in vain to support her aged mother and two children; but that her sufferings had been such, that she could bear them no longer. On the day of his meeting her, she had been to crave assistance from a sister who lived in that neighbourhood, and who, though well able to help her, had dismissed her with reproaches. Forlorn and desperate, she had resolved never to return to see her mother and children die; and wandered into the churchyard, only to pass the time till the dusk of the evening should enable her to effect her purpose without being seen.

Mr. Simeon continued to be the friend of this poor family till the aged mother joined the company of the redeemed in heaven. The woman herself, who became a consistent Christian, was enabled to maintain herself and her children; the children were educated, and Mr. Simeon put them under the care of some pious friends in the neighbourhood, who supplied their wants and directed their course. On one of the occasions of visiting this poor family, Mr. Simeon, having been detained longer than usual by the deep interest which he felt in their state, joined the party assembled at his relative's house so late, that his friends began to be jocular with him as to the cause of his absence. "Ah!" said he, in narrating this, and with the usual fervid moulding of his face "I had meat to eat which they knew not of." He used to speak of the invitation which he had received at this period—more than fifty years ago—to join in the festivities of his friends, as a plot kindly, but ignorantly, laid for diverting him from the over-intense pursuit of the objects which then lay nearest to his heart. The deep interest which he felt in ministering to the spiritual necessities of this poor widow, was regarded by him as graciously appointed to counteract the deadening influence of scenes and associations which he felt constrained to attend, but in which he had ceased to find pleasure.

Another instance of the zeal with which he laboured for the salvation of a single soul will not, we think, be deemed unworthy of mention. The name of Kenig is familiar to not a few of Mr. Simeon's friends who resided at Cambridge during the years 1808 and 1809. That young man, the only son of a rich merchant at Amsterdam, came over to England in the summer of 1807. He was received by Mr. Edward Simeon, his father's correspondent, and sent to his house in the Isle of Wight, partly for the sake of studying the English language of which he then knew but little. The Revd. C. Simeon was then at St. John's, his brother's house in the island, having been ordered by his physicians to abstain altogether for some weeks from the exercise of his ministry,—the first time such restraint had been deemed necessary for him. It soon appeared that young Kenig was destitute of true religion, and ignorant of its principles; but his appearance and manners were such as to invite kindly feeling and attention. Mr. Simeon's benevolent heart was drawn towards him, and he earnestly desired to win this soul for Christ. One day he was riding a few yards in advance of a party of which Kenig was one. Kenig, seeing Mr. Simeon alone, rode up to join him; and perceiving that his lips were in motion, though he was not en-

gaged in conversation, inquired with his usual simplicity "what he was saying?" Mr. Simeon replied "I was praying for my young friend." These words made a deep impression upon the interesting youth, and caused him to regard Mr. Simeon as one who was deeply concerned for his welfare. His mind had, in part, been prepared by the providence of God for this impression, which might otherwise have been transient: for just then he had been called to think on the subject of prayer by the following circumstance. The party who were making the tour of the island, arrived at an inn, where Kenig and another gentleman were necessitated to occupy a double-bedded room. That gentleman, before retiring to rest, knelt down to prayer by his bed-side. This, it afterwards appeared, was a new sight to the young Hollander; but it went to his heart. He had been long unhappy, from feeling the unsatisfactoriness of the things which are ordinarily accounted capable of conferring happiness; but knew not the better way. Immediately, however, as he afterwards declared, he said to himself, "How happy is that man! What would I give, to feel myself in the hands of an Almighty Guide and Protector, as he surely does!" Under this conviction he fell upon his knees, which he had not before done in private for years; and the very next morning he unbosomed himself to his companion. He was thus prepared for the reply of Mr. Simeon to his inquiry, and was not repelled, but encouraged, by it. That watchful shepherd, perceiving that the Spirit of God had marked this stranger for Himself, resolved to do all in his power to train him for happiness and usefulness. After a sojourn of some weeks in the island, he invited him to take up his residence at Cambridge, and then, for months, did he spend no small portion of the day in cultivating the mind of this young foreigner, and storing it with divine and human knowledge. The improvement of the scholar in all useful knowledge, but especially in spiritual discernment and devout feeling, was such as amply to repay his generous teacher. Indeed, his progress in the divine life was rapid, and soon put to shame some who had contributed to the happy result. In a tour through England and Scotland, which he subsequently made, Mr. Kenig, not content with seeing and reporting upon the ordinary objects of interest to a traveller—of which however he was a diligent observer—explored, as he went, the abodes of misery—the infirmaries, and the cottages of lonely poverty, ministering to the sufferers instruction and consolation, as well as pecuniary relief.

The remembrance of that youth, graceful in person and beaming with benignity, is even now redolent with every thing lovely and of good report. He was, in fact, ripening for early removal to a higher sphere. He returned to Holland, where he died of consumption, but not till he had been permitted and enabled to witness for his Saviour a good confession in his native city. The report of his behaviour during his death-illness excited considerable interest and surprise in Amsterdam, where his family was well known. Many, it has been stated, seemed to say: "What new thing is this?"

Such blessings from above seemed to precede and follow this good man, even when he was sent, as it were, into the desert. Surely his "steps were ordered by the Lord, who delighted in his way." How aptly might be applied to him the sentiments of Bishop Horne, speaking of the conversion of the Ethiopian Eunuch: "He who sent Philip to a desert place, did not send him there for nought, but raised a fair and fragrant flower, which, having bloomed for its appointed time on earth in the beauty of holiness, now displays its colours and diffuses its odours in the paradise of God;—who, whenever he pleases to bless the labours of his servants, can cause the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad for them, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Another of the many interesting traits of Mr. Simeon's character, was the delight with which he observed the spiritual progress and growing usefulness of other ministers, even when there might seem to be a temptation to the feeling of jealousy, as if another were rising to supersede him. This truly Christian feeling was manifested in a striking manner on his return to Cambridge from the Isle of Wight. During his residence there, and for some time before, his friend and curate Mr. Thomason, who had previously performed only a subordinate part in the ministrations at Trinity Church, had been called out to the vigorous exercise of all his powers in the work of the ministry. Through the grace of God he had been enabled to rise to the occasion. No one, who remembers his sermons at Cambridge during that year when Mr. Simeon was for the most part disabled from duty, will be backward to acknowledge that his improvement in the course of a few months was extraordinary. There was at that time a richness and fulness in Mr. T.'s discourses, such as was not always found in Mr. Simeon's. This devoted servant of Christ, who loved his Lord with all his heart, and was thankful for His sake, either "to be abased or to abound," was much struck and delighted, on his return, with what he saw and heard from his beloved colleague. After hearing him preach, he turned to a friend and said, "Now I see why I have been laid aside: I bless God for it."—Preston's Memorabilia of the Revd. Chas. Simeon.

THE ANGLICAN TOWARDS NON-EPISCOPALIANS.

It does not form any part of the design of this volume to discuss the abstract question, "What constitutes the Church?" although the subject may be incidentally adverted to. The very best answer that we have ever seen to that question, is contained in the nine-