

## THE NOBLE SAILOR.\*

The occurrence here related took place during the great conflagration in New York, December 16th, 1835.

It was a fearful night,  
The strong flame fiercely sped,  
From street to street, from spire to spire,  
And on their treasures fed;  
Hark 'tis a mother's cry,  
High o'er the tumult wild,  
As rushing toward her flame-wrapt home,  
She shriek'd—"My child! my child!"

A wanderer from the sea,  
A stranger marked her woe,  
And in his generous bosom woke  
The sympathetic glow.  
Swift up the burning stairs  
With darting feet he flew,  
While sable clouds of stifling smoke  
Concealed him from the view.

Fast fell the blazing beams  
Across his dangerous road,  
Till the far chamber where he grop'd  
Like fiery oven glow'd.  
But what a pealing shout!  
When from the wreck he came,  
And in his arms a smiling babe,  
Still toying with the flame.

The mother's raptur'd tears  
Forth like a torrent sped,  
Yet ere the throng could learn his name,  
That noble tar had fled.  
Not for the praise of man  
Did he this deed of love,  
But on a bright, unfading page,  
'Tis register'd above.

L. H. S.

*Melancthon's Portrait of a Gospel Preacher.*—He enters the house of God with a pious intention of preaching the unadulterated truth, and to present that which alone is useful and necessary, and not merely to delight the fancy of his hearers with human inventions, clothed in florid language. He disposes the matter of his discourse in a proper and natural order, and discusses it in a lucid and proper manner. He admonishes his hearers, and distinctly shows them how they may apply to themselves each truth. To impress it upon their minds he employs clear and convincing argument, and illustrates it with appropriate examples, that every hearer may remember it well. He holds out motives; he rouses the feelings; he alarms them by denouncing the terrible threatenings of God, awakens hope and confidence by the promise of his word. At one time he preaches the law, and then the Gospel, and explains the difference between them in the clearest manner. At one time he only explains the Scriptures, at another he addresses the heart and conscience vigorously—he excites the mind to activity, not by a mere sound of words, but by a solemn appeal to the affections. Such a preacher I knew well—it was *Martin Luther*.

*Self-Discipline.*—It is the character of the Christian Religion to inculcate the practice of self-discipline to a much greater extent than was ever even thought of before, and the Christian Religion is constantly represented by its earliest teachers as holding out perfect freedom to disciples. It appears to me certain that the practice of its precepts is calculated to ensure the greatest quantity of happiness here, as well as hereafter, because whilst it permits every rational enjoyment, it imposes restraint only in those things which are injurious. An individual who acted up to the rules of Christianity, could not but enjoy existence in the highest perfection of which it is capable.

\* Mr. L. Wilkins, nephew of Judge Wilkins of Windsor—See C. C. vol. 1, No. 4.

## From the Dublin Record.

## A HINT TO LANDLORDS.

In a certain county in the province of Leinster, there resides a landlord whose landed property is estimated at five or six thousand pounds year. This landlord had spent the earlier years of his life in the military service of his King and country. He is of a family which for many centuries had been intimately connected with the naval and military services of England. After the close of the late war, this gentleman went to reside on his paternal estate; and in common with most, if not all, the landlords in the country became the subject of priestly speculation and priestly experiment. Nothing was left untried on the part of the parish priest to reduce this high-minded gentleman to the same disgraceful vassalage to which so many of the Irish lords of the soil have been subjected. To such an extent were those vexatious proceedings carried, that both labourers and tenants were united in one common league for the annoyance of a gentleman whose anxious wish was to better their condition, and in every way to improve their grade in the scale of society. Harassed and provoked by such a system, which he beheld submitted to by the enslaved landlords around him; and not condescending to propitiate priestly forbearance or priestly favour by a despicable sacrifice of honour and principle, the tormented landlord had, for a while, serious ideas of disposing of his estate and becoming an emigrant to Canada or some other of the British colonies. The priest was in the habit of denouncing from the altar both the landlord and his family, and that in terms the most disgusting. The landlord clearly discovered the cause of the vexations under which both he and the entire country were made to writhe, and he resolved to apply the only practicable remedy. He perceived that the Protestants were rapidly disappearing from the land, through the combined operation of Popish persecution and the avaricious, though short-sighted, policy of those who ought to have nourished and protected them. There was no time to be lost, and his plan was accordingly adopted. His Popish labourers would not work for him; his Popish tenants would not pay the rent they were so ready to promise. They relied on *Captain Rock* to bear them harmless in these and all their other acts of obedience to priestly instigation. Finding that matters were growing worse and worse, the landlord resolved to surround himself with a class of persons who would have a feeling of identified interest with him; and in the first place, hired about a hundred Protestant labourers, armed them, and fitted up a sort of barrack in the immediate vicinity of his mansion. Every man's name and his arms were put over his sleeping-place. The mansion and its appendages were put into such a state of defence, that light artillery would not suffice to dispossess the inmates. Having thus laid the foundation-stone of his independence, the subject of our narrative began to build the superstructure. He was now in a position to get rid of some of the most turbulent and priest-ridden of his tenantry, who were already considerably in arrears of rent, and so far in his power; but who conceived that their landlord would not dare to eject them, lest their successors should be murdered by the Ribbonmen with whom the county swarmed. A number of Protestant families, to the amount, if we mistake not, of sixty heads of families, were sought out, accepted of the landlord's invitation, and were ready to step in as successors to the incorrigibles who were ejected. In addition to this, a Protestant colony was expressly established on the estate; and in a church in the vicinity where the average congregation did not formerly exceed a dozen, the building is now too small for the accommodation of those who repair to worship there, and is in process of enlargement. No attempt at resistance, as may readily be imagined, has been made: and the landlord is now reaping an abundant harvest of satisfaction and security: and, ere long, bids fair to lay the foundation of his county's independence, as well as his own.

Though he had conquered the Priest, he did not trample on the fallen. When all resistance ceased on the part of his reverence, from the hopelessness

of opposing arrangements so systematic and formidable, our exemplary landlord waited on the crest-fallen clerical agitator.

"Mr. —," said he, "by dispossessing so many of your flock, I am aware I must have caused a diminution of your income. I do not wish you to sustain any injury on my account, and will therefore allow you £20 per annum, in order to make you some amends."

Our narrative would not be complete, were we to pass over in silence the conduct of the once agitating Priest since this occurrence. Previously, his reverence was the rallying point for all the turbulent spirits in his parish, and, there is little doubt, a principal exciting cause of their turbulence. Now, if any of the tenantry, from ingrained malevolence or misconduct on their part, force their landlord to take steps for their expulsion—and if, as in former times, they repair to their Priest to lodge their complaint, and request his reverence to employ his dictatorial interference with the landlord—a dialogue to the following effect takes place:—

Parishoner.—"Please your Reverence, I am going to be turned out of my farm."

Priest.—"What are you going to be turned out for?"

Parishoner.—"Why, your reverence, I owe the landlord some money, and he threatens to turn me out if I don't pay him."

Priest.—"Go home, then, and pay the gentleman. What right have you to keep his ground if you don't pay him his rent?" [A very different species of advice from what he had been formerly in the habit of giving.]

In a word, the Priest is now beginning to see things in their proper light—the estate, instead of being almost, if not altogether, 'in a state of siege,' is now tranquil and happy, and rapidly prospering.

## From St. James' Chronicle.

## CONFIRMATION.

On Tuesday last, (May 23) an interesting service was held at Trinity Church, Islington. A numerous and respectable assemblage of young persons received the solemn rite of confirmation from the Bishop of London. The whole ceremony was deeply affecting. Several juvenile members of old Wesleyan families were amongst the candidates, and this public act of allegiance with the Established Church is truly commendable to the parties in question, who we are well aware, still hold a conscientious and independent union with their own religious body; but, steady to the example of their venerated founder (who repeatedly declared throughout his long and important life, "that he lived and died a member of the Church of England") they thus avouch themselves his faithful followers, while from higher principles they desire for their children those spiritual advantages offered to all who seek them beneath her catholic wings.—In the year 1782, it is recorded, that the learned and pious Dr. Adam Clarke, then an itinerant Methodist preacher, was himself confirmed by the Bishop of Norwich at Bristol. With his name may be connected those of Benson and Coke; and though last not least, the lamented Watson.

*Howard.*—It is recorded of the philanthropic Howard that being passionately fond of music, he was once tempted, while in Italy, to attend a concert of the first vocal and instrumental performers that musical country afforded; but he perceived that this indulgence served to distract his attention from the main object of his journey, and he never afterwards suffered himself to be drawn aside from his noble design of alleviating the miseries of prisons, by any of the specimens of art, (though a connoisseur,) that presented themselves in the course of his travels through the principal cities of Europe.—*Epis. Rec.*

*To-Day.*—You cannot repent too soon. There is no day like to-day: yesterday is gone—to-morrow is God's, not yours. And think how sad it will be to have your evidence to seek when your cause is to be tried; to have your oil to buy when you should have it to burn.—*Mason.*