# The Church.

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## THE INFIDEL APPLYING FOR HOLY BAPTISM.

*(From "Gathered Fragments," by the Rev. John A. Clark.)*

A deathbed's a detector of the heart.
YOUNG.

They who deny the truth and credibility of the Bible, though they often laugh at the weakness and delusion of Christians, and make loud boast of the fearlessness and undisturbed tranquillity with which they can look upon the approach of death, most generally in that dread and trying hour turn cowards. The eagerness which they manifest to unsettle the faith of others, and the reckless and impious air with which they lay their desecrating hand upon all that is holy, are but symptoms of the pangs within—are but wretched shifts to drown that awful voice which the Spirit of God is ringing in the startled ear of conscience.

So it was with Mr. Lindsley. In fleeing from the Spirit of God, he rushed into the pathway of guilt. To still the voice of conscience, that he might travel that path undisturbed, he tried to disbelieve the Bible; but the truth had been graven in such deep and living characters upon his heart, that it could not be thus erased. Whenever he allowed himself to reflect, the burning conviction, in spite of all his avowed infidelity, still clung blistering to his heart, that there was an awful hell, in which God would one day punish him for his sins. Death, therefore, whenever it was brought near, came clothed in tenfold terror.

An event illustrative of this remark occurred while his family still remained with him. In returning on horseback one night, from a scene of revelry, he was thrown from his horse, and so seriously injured that his life for some time was despaired of. During his confinement it was observable to all who visited him, how bitter and dreadful the thoughts of death were to him. Not a word of infidelity, nor an oath, dropped from his lips while he lay thus near the confines of eternity.

Hopes were then entertained that a permanent change would be wrought in him. But the first place he visited, after leaving his sick room, was a rum-stall. He immediately returned to his former courses, apparently with increased relish—certainly with more unbridled indulgence.

It now became evident to all, that the excess and dissipation in which he indulged would soon break down his constitution, and terminate his life. The event showed that these apprehensions were well grounded.

A few months after his acts of cruelty had banished his wife and daughter from his home, he was attacked with an inflammatory complaint, which daily became more and more alarming, and threatened to terminate speedily his earthly career.

He at first did not consider his disease dangerous, and, therefore, with the help of his companions, who were often with him, he for a while kept up his spirits. The profane jest, the loud laugh, and the merry carousal, dissipated the gloom and tediousness of the sick room. But as the violence of his disorder increased, the visits of these profligate companions became more seldom. For vice and profligacy do not love to look upon the grisly features of the king of terrors.

Mr. Lindsley began to feel the want of that kind attendance which mitigates the sufferings, and eases the pains of a sick-bed. He thought of his mother—she was in her grave. He thought of his wife—wormwood and gall were in that thought! Why was she not by his side? Often had she tended round his bed of sickness with all the nursing care and tenderness which fond attention could dictate. Why did not her meek and gentle form now stand by the side of that couch of languishing? Ah, he knew too well the cause; and the remembrance of it was like a poniard to his heart.

Mr. Lindsley had now to spend many hours alone—they were hours of darkness, of desolateness, and direful anguish—often filled up with oaths, imprecations, and blasphemy. At times the frail form of his much injured and heart-broken wife would seem to glide before him—and then for a moment his feelings would relent, and the determination would be formed, that she should be entreated to return. But as the thought was revolved over in his mind, pride would start up, and force him to a different conclusion. "No," he would say, "never shall the words I uttered when she for the last time bade me adieu, be recalled. I then said, and the word shall never be revoked—*Go—go to those you care more for than for me, and know that your presence will never be again welcomed beneath this roof, till my body is borne lifeless over that threshold.*"

It was in the midst of these reflections, that the minister of the place, a young man, ardent in his feelings, and bent upon being faithful to the souls committed to his charge, called upon Mr. Lindsley. He was acquainted with the history of the man, and knowing that he stood upon the borders of eternity, he thought it his duty to warn him of the awful plunge he was about to make. With a firm and fearless voice he told him, "That dying in his present state he would sink into everlasting ruin—that nothing but the blood of Christ could wash away the ten thousand stains of guilt with which he was defiled—that he must repent—that he must have faith in Christ—that his heart must be changed, else there was not the slightest hope for him—that he had no time to spare—that he ought to pray every instant until death stopt his breath—and that with his permission he would now appeal to the throne of grace in his behalf."

All this was kindly intended. It evinced faithfulness on the part of the man of God. But at the same time, there was, perhaps, a want of prudence in *the manner* in which this conversation was introduced. It stirred up the fierce passions, and exasperated the maddened feelings, of this dying profligate. His "face gathered blackness," and there was visible upon every feature wrath, and bitterness, and scorn. Stubborn and unsubdued, he spurned all his entreaties and counsel, and bade him "not to presume to be *his mouth-piece* to the Almighty."

A few days after this interview, this wretched man became, for the first time, impressed with the full conviction that he should never recover. The thought of death, judgment, and the solemn realities of the Bible, filled his soul with consternation and dread. Like a drowning man, he now stretched out his hands—eager to grasp at anything that afforded the slightest hope of keeping him from sinking into the dreadful gulf that gaped beneath. He remembered that the Rev. Mr. Z— was officiating in a neighbouring village. On a former occasion, when in great affliction, this man had poured the balm of christian consolation into his wounded heart. It was he that officiated (he then being their pastor) at the funeral of Mr. Lindsley's son, whose death has been noticed in the former part of this narrative.

For the character of this man Mr. Lindsley still retained a high respect. And now that life seemed waning, and the awful scenes of eternity were ready to burst upon him, he felt no disposition to wear longer the wretched mask of hypocrisy. He wished for a spiritual counsellor. A request was accordingly sent to the Rev. Mr. Z—, soliciting the favour of a visit.

This man was truly venerable and apostolic in his appearance. Age had added to a stout and well proportioned form a dignity that comported admirably with his sacred office. The sweetness of his temper, and the amiability of his heart, exhibited themselves not only in the soft and persuasive accents in which he spoke, but in the striking and uniform urbanity and gentleness of his manners. But with this great mildness, he united decision and energy of character. In all matters of indifference, the benevolence of his heart led him to be as yielding to the wishes of those around him as the flexile reed to the wind; but where duty or principle was involved, he was as firm and immovable as the ocean rock that has remained for centuries unmoved, amid the fierce dashing of ten thousand waves.

Such was the character of the man that, in obedience to the summons he had received, now approached the sick-bed of Mr. Lindsley. Kindness beamed upon his countenance as he entered the room, and the first expressions of sympathy he uttered for the sufferer before him, gave naturally a serious and religious turn to the conversation. He affectionately entreated the sick and dying man to "acquaint himself with God, and be at peace." He set before him, in a succinct manner, the way of salvation—"repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ."

To all this Mr. Lindsley seemed to listen, as to something that was to be said, as a matter of course. As Mr. Z—— paused, he rather abruptly, and in a tone that savoured very little of broken-hearted contrition, said, "Sir, I have sent for you to baptize me."

"Nothing," replied the man of God, "can give me higher satisfaction, than to administer to you this holy rite, if you can exhibit evidence that you possess proper qualifications for receiving it. It is not to be concealed," continued Mr. Z——, "for standing here as the minister and messenger of God, I dare not 'speak smooth things or prophesy deceits,'—it is not to be concealed, that you have lived in open and avowed disbelief of the Christian religion—you cannot receive baptism without declaring your decided belief in the truth of this religion."

"That I can honestly and sincerely do," said the sick man.

"No man liveth and sinneth not," continued the aged minister; "and every returning sinner, before he can be admitted into the fold of Jesus, must confess, bewail, and renounce his sins—the best man living has sins enough to mourn over—and must be finally saved, if saved at all, by free and unmerited grace.—But, *you*, I say it in kindness, *you* have been no common sinner. There is a load of guilt on your soul, which, if its whole weight be felt, must press you down very low in the depths of sorrow."

"I know it, I feel it," replied Mr. Lindsley, with more emotion than he had before exhibited; "I have been a wicked, a very wicked man, but I repent me of my sins."

"You are then willing to declare that you solemnly and for ever 'renounce the devil and all his works,'—that you will hereafter turn from and detest sin, and whatever is sinful?"

"I am ready to do this," responded Mr. Lindsley.

"O, sir," continued the faithful minister, "it is a very solemn business to put ourselves in the attitude of covenanting with God. His piercing eye looks into the inmost recesses of the heart—he sees the hidden motive,—he cannot be deceived,—he will not be mocked; allow me to read the interrogatories that will be addressed to you at the time of baptism."

Here Mr. Z—— read, from the baptismal service, the questions that are put to the candidate immediately previous to his receiving that solemn ordinance, inquiring of the sick man, at the close of each question, if he could in sincerity subscribe to what was there demanded.

To each of which he replied by the single monosyllable, "Yes."

"Mr. Lindsley," said this venerable negotiator between God and man, new energy lighting up his countenance as he spoke: "Mr. Lindsley, I wish you to be saved—and therefore I must deal faithfully with you. Have you indeed considered what it is to receive baptism? have you weighed the meaning of those questions? have you thought how much is implied in renouncing 'the sinful desires of the flesh, so that you will not follow nor be led by them?' Consider what a state of affections this implies. No matter what may be your wishes, your desires, or your inclinations,—if they are not in strict accordance with the holy will of God, you bind yourself by the most solemn of vows to 'renounce' them—to give them up—to sacrifice them—though the effort cost you as much pain as the amputation of an arm, or the plucking out of an eye. Are you ready to sacrifice self, and bow thus submissively to the will of God?

"Consider in whom you profess faith! In Christ! That Christ whom you have denied, abjured, and blasphemed. In receiving baptism you declare, that abandoning every other hope, you look to him alone for salvation—you cast yourself upon his free mercy—fully sensible that unless he saves you by an act of infinite grace, you must perish—and that if you perish, you are determined to perish at the foot of the cross.

"Consider also that you are to vow, that you will not only abandon your former courses, and habits, and sins,—making a complete surrender of yourself to Christ, your King; but that you 'will obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of your life.' What surrender could be more perfect than this? What profession of religion could be more solemn or unqualified?

"Now, sir, are you willing thus to give yourself up to God? Allow me to specify. You cannot but be sensible, if you have any right views of your own past conduct—you cannot but be sensible that you have injured—cruelly injured your family. The only reparation that you can now make them, is a frank and humble acknowledgment of the ill-treatment they have received at your hands. Nothing can prevent your making this acknowledgment, unless it be a remaining 'sinful desire of the flesh.' That desire you must sacrifice, or never receive baptism from my hands."

The religious feelings which at this time existed in the bosom of Mr. Lindsley had been awakened solely by the fear of death, and the dread of that punishment that follows death. While occupied by this one absorbing emotion, which grew more intense with every advancing step of terror's king, the proud and rebellious spirit of depraved nature lay in a state of dormancy—but it was not subdued. Agonized at the thought of dying in guilt, and dropping into endless perdition, Mr. Lindsley was anxious to perform some external act of religion, from which he might gather some gleam of hope: forgetting in this hour of mental agony, that external ordinances can be of no avail, without the heart is right in the sight of God.

That which determined him to send for the Rev. Mr. Z——, at this time, as his spiritual counsellor, was the uniform character this man sustained for dove-like gentleness and universal benevolence. With such a counsellor he hoped his path to the grave would be rendered smooth, and his passage to the eternal world easy; and that he would be spared the painful business of laying bare to the severing knife the dark depravity and deep corruptions of the inner man.

When, contrary to his expectation, his spiritual counsellor applied a searching caustic to every wound, and with a discriminating perception that seemed almost divine, touched that string in his heart to which a thousand feelings of concealed, but deep-rooted depravity vibrated,—making *a reconciliation with his family—an acknowledgment to them of sorrow and contrition for the many evils they had suffered at his hands*—the sole condition upon which he would administer baptism to him—Mr. Lindsley hastily replied, and the tones of his voice were those, not of an humble, dying penitent, but of a self-willed and unsubdued sinner,

"That acknowledgment, sir, I can never make."

"Then," said Mr. Z——, with a solemn and emphatic tone, "I can never baptize you. And," continued he, "as I see no prospect of being of any further service to you, I will now take my leave."

He accordingly arose and proceeded to take his departure. His hand was already upon the latch of the door, when the sick man, raising himself up in his bed, his countenance exhibiting ten thousand conflicting and soul-racking emotions, exclaimed,

"O, my God, must I then die unbaptized!"

The kind-hearted minister, affected even to tears at this sudden burst of feeling, turned round and said,

"Deluded man, baptism cannot wash the deep corruption—the crimson stains of guilt from your heart. Until your feelings are changed, and your stubborn will subdued, there is no hope for you."

"Hear me," said the sick man, gathering new strength from the intensity of internal and agonized feeling. "Hear me—if *you* desert me, then there is no hope;" and as he spoke, torrents of scalding tears coursed down his haggard cheeks—"I wish to be baptized for several reasons—one is, that I may declare my belief in the Chtistian religion, which, although I have often abjured with my lips, I have never doubted in my heart. I am sensible that I am now near eternity, and that hell is yawning beneath the very place where I lie. I would be saved. My pride has been my ruin. That prevented me from giving up my heart, and from going forward to unite myself with the Church of Christ, at a season when the Spirit of God wrestled powerfully with my soul. O, had I then accepted of the overtures of mercy, chosen the Lord for my portion, and bound myself by a solemn and inviolable vow to the service of my Maker, what a tremendous wreck should I have avoided! My pride just now would not suffer me to make peace with the wife of my youth, and the child of my early love. Yes, I have *cruelly injured them.* They were all that is kind, gentle, holy, affectionate, and lovely; and, amid all the bitter breathings and envenomed rancour of this wretched heart, I have ever loved them, and love them still."

Exhausted by this effort to unburden the conflicting emotions of his soul, Mr. Lindsley now sunk back upon his bed in silence. A milder and more subdued aspect sat upon his countenance, than had before been observed.

Mr. Z—— then told him, that on his way to visit him, he had fallen in with Mrs. Lindsley and Mary Anna, and that they were now in the village, ready to fly to his embrace. "Will you not," continued he, "allow me to call upon them, and assure them that you truly deplore the misdemeanours of your life, and desire, before you depart hence, next to being reconciled to God, a perfect reconciliation with them?"

To this Mr. Lindsley immediately consented, and in a few minutes the wife and daughter were at his bedside.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF ROMANISM.

*(Fiom the Irish Ecclesiastical Journal.)*

The sermon of the Padre Ventura, pronounced in Rome, at the obsequies of Mr. O'Connell, and that of Dr. Miley, preached in Dublin on a similar occasion, claim some share of attention, on account of the auspices under which they were delivered, and are now placed before the public. Dr. Miley's sermon was preached in the Metropolitan Church in Dublin, in the presence of twelve Roman bishops, and of a crowd of inferior clergy; while of Padre Ventura's discourse, Dr. Miley himself informs us, that "it was rehearsed beforehand in the hearing of the Pope," and that when it was delivered, "the Governor of Rome was present, so were the ambassadors of the various courts of Europe; cardinals, prelates of the papal court; bishops, archbishops, and patriarchs, from every region of the globe; the students of the pope's own seminary," &c. That, "when it was intimated that there might be some difficulty as to its being published in Rome, the pontiff smiled;" and, accordingly, it was "stamped with the *imprimatur* of the master of the sacred palace, published at Rome (and published uncurtailed), and is now read with admiration throughout all Christian countries.

The views, therefore, which are advanced in these sermons possess a sort of official authority, which is seldom given to addresses of this kind. The sentiments of the speakers, not only unchecked but approved, may be fairly taken as the sentiments of the Church on whose behalf they speak. This is peculiarly the case in regard to Father Ventura's sermon. The pope has it "rehearsed" in his presence; the pope "smiles" when doubts about its publication in Rome are expressed; and finally it appears, sanctioned by the pontiff himself, under the *imprimatur* of the master of the palace, and with all the distinction and weight of a religious publication, issuing under such auspices from the centre of Roman Catholicism.

Upon the literary merits of Father Ventura's discourse we do not purpose making any comment. As panegyrists, neither he nor Dr. Miley have succeeded in striking out any very new path for themselves.—Thus,—for eloquence we find Mr. O'Connell placed above Æschines, Demosthenes, Hortensius, Cicero, &c., whose separate excellencies he contrived to unite in his own person; as a public character his achievements are greater than those of Napoleon, Cæsar, Constantine, Hannibal, Charlemagne, &c.; in various other particulars he is compared with several of the characters of holy Scripture, as Moses (as a reservation of Joshua as a parallel for Mr. John O'Connell), Daniel, St. Paul, &c.; in short, he is, to use the words of Father Ventura, "one of the brightest glories of Catholicity,—the greatest, the most extraordinary, the most stupenduous individual of modern times, previous [as the orator checks himself with graceful recollection] to the period at which Pius IX. revealed himself to this earth."

But there are two points really worthy of notice in this discourse of the Papal preacher. One of these is the intensely virulent tone which it breathes throughout against Anglicanism and Protestantism, which are for the most part carefully confounded (a favourite trick of Romish tactitians). Considering the liberal character and policy of the present pope, the mild and conciliatory aspect which Romanism has so often assumed of late, the events which have recently occurred in England, and the number of English who were expected to hear or read this sermon, we should scarcely have expected to be told (without taking the falsehood into account) that "the Anglican heresy renewed the cruelty of ancient tyrants;" that the Irish people "fatten with their sweat and blood the parasite ministers of error" (meaning thereby the clergy of the Irish Church); or to hear of the "intense hatred" and "refined malice" of Anglicanism, or of "the hoary felons of heresy," or (to give one passage at length), of—

"The shameful origin of the Reformation; the beastly nature of its author; the dissoluteness of its apostles; the blasphemies and contradictions of its doctrines; the baseness of its manœuvres; the hypocricy of its promises; the iniquity of its spoliation; the cruelty of its massacres; the horror of its sacrileges; and the mighty misfortunes it has brought down upon the loveliest countries of Europe."

The reader will recollect again, in whose presence all this was rehearsed, and with whose *imprimatur* it goes abroad.

The other point in this sermon to which we allude is the peculiar view of Mr. O'Connell's character taken by the preacher. It was a delicate and difficult task, one would have thought, to deal with such a subject under such circumstances; to adjust the measure between censure and praise; to distinguish between the services and the life; to honour the frail and sinful man, if it might be, but without compromise to the religion which gave him honour. But the scruples of Rome possess elastic qualities, and Father Ventura is a fearless eulogist; he at once gets rid of all the difficulties of the subject, by putting a bold face upon the matter, and eulogising Mr. O'Connell *as a religious character.* Even the case of the duel in the earlier part of his career is fully met.—There is no shuffling or shrinking from it. The Orange corporation were "modern Philistines," and Mr. D'Esterre was their "Goliath," nay, he was a "sicario," *i. e.*, a mere cut-throat, and Mr. O'Connell was a new "David," or may have thought he was. It is true, the Council of Trent speaks of duelling as simply "diabolical," "*a diabolo invectum*," and, therefore, the preacher admits that "he was culpable;" but he was penitent: and then follows ingeniously, as an after-palliative, an account of the devotions of his subsequent life, especially to the Blessed Virgin, towards whom he was animated with feelings of "extraordinary devotion and tenderness."

Now, to our mind, there are few stronger arguments against the claims of the Romish Church than are afforded by its treatment of cases of which Mr. O'Connell is an instance. The moral standard which it recommends affords a fair and intelligible test for judging the pretensions of a religious system; in proportion as that standard is lowered the Christianity which adopts it must necessarily have become corrupted. Now, let any unprejudiced person endeavour to form an estimate of Mr. O'Connell's life (and no man of modern times can be pointed out as having lived, acted, and spoken more than he did in the presence of others)—his half century of unceasing agitation, in which, as he boasted, an excitable people were held on the verge of insurrection (and therefore the riper for the outrages which blacken that whole period)—his ungovernable tongue—his mendacious assertions—the abuse heaped upon his opponents—the delusive pledges whose falsity he knew, and by which he persevered in leveying immense sums of money, whose expenditure was never explained—let these and such things be taken into account, and then let it be remembered that the question is not whether Mr. O'Connell served the Romish Church and deserves her gratitude—not whether his faults can be extenuated, or any palliation offered for the unscrupulous means which he employed to accomplish his purposes—but whether, being such as he was, he deserves the honours awarded to him by Rome, of a *Christian* hero. In a word, if the encomiums pronounced by Father Ventura upon the saintliness of Mr. O'Connell's character were not sincerely bestowed, the sanction impressed upon them is nothing less than a prostitution of religion to mere secular purposes; but if they were so given—if Mr. O'Connell really was, what the preacher represents him, a *religious character* in the estimation of the Romish Church, how darkened must be the moral atmosphere which pervades a system that presents such a model to be admired and imitated!

Dr. Miley's sermon is very much an echo of that of the Roman orator. He commences with the inquiry, "Would I deny that he is dead?" And then proceeds to reason himself, at considerable length, into an assurance of the fact; the most conclusive argument apparently being contained in the further question, "Was it not this miserable right hand, alas the day! that closed his eyes?" Dr. Miley is the same gentleman who first wrote from Genoa to announce Mr. O'Connell's death, and whose letter on the subject opened with the assertion, startling enough from the pen of a Romish theologian, "O'Connell is in heaven." He is also introduced into the pulpit by the same [illegible] the Romish archbishopric of Dublin when the office next becomes vacant.

The sermon proceeds to unfold and refute "a sort of muffled rumour," to the effect, "that the expenses of that Roman triumph are to be paid by us;" an alarming rumour, and one which it was most important immediately to silence. Accordingly, a considerable part of the sermon is devoted to dispatching this "stupidly absurd" report, which, it seems, was believed but groundlessly; for we are told that, in "the treasures which it cost, there was not one-half farthing of alien coin."

The latter part of this sermon admits us more intimately into the religious life which the Roman preacher had already so highly eulogised. The principal feature of it is observable, being that form of creature-worship into which the latter Roman Church has so deeply fallen. We are told that Mr. O'Connell "placed all the great things upon which he ventured under the especial patronage of the Virgin Mother, whom he never failed to make his advocate;" and we are given at length his daily devotions, with the following extract from which we shall conclude these remarks:

"Remember, O most compassionate Virgin Mary! that from all ages it is unheard of, that any one was forsaken who, placing himself under thy maternal protection, implored thy assistance, and begged the favour of thy prayers. Animated with the confidence which this inspires, I fly to thee, O Virgin of virgins, and Mother of God! and in the bitterness of my sorrow I throw myself at thy feet.—O Mother of the Eternal Word, despise not my humble supplication, but listen graciously, and mercifully grant the request, which from my heart I make thee.—Amen."

He was not satisfied with this, but added.

"Remember, O most blessed Virgin Mary! that no one ever had recourse to your protection, implored your assistance, or sought your mediation without obtaining relief.

"Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, behold me, a wretched sinner, *sighing out my sins before you; beseeching you to adopt me for your child, and to take upon you the care of my eternal salvation.* Despise not, O Mother of Jesus, the petition of your wretched client; but hear and grant my prayer.—Amen."

Such is the character—such the description of piety, held up by the Roman Church, as a model to its members. We repeat, that had Mr. O'Connell been praised for any service or services, while his errors were condemned, or even admitted, the case would have been very different; it is his *life* which is panegyrised. Is such teaching reconcileable with the principle of Christianity?

## ELIZABETH LADY CAPEL.

*(From "English Churchwomen of the 17th Century."*

Hardly any of the ladies of this period call forth more interest for her husband's sake than the wife of Lord Capel; and there is something pleasing as well as striking in the harmony and the contrast that exist between his brilliant course and noble death upon the scaffold, and her calm widowhood and peaceful death-bed.

She was descended from the family of the Morisons, at Cashiobury, in Hertfordshire, of which she became the only representative, when her father, Sir Charles Morison, had lost all his other children. Her parents were anxious to find a suitable marriage for her, and after much consideration, and the refusal of many who were proposed for her, they gave her, in her seventeenth year, to Arthur Lord Capel, Baron of Hadham. Lord Clarendon, in his character of this loyal nobleman, thus speaks of his domestic life: "He had always lived in a state of great plenty, and general estimation, having a very noble fortune of his own by descent, and a fair addition to it by his marriage with an excellent wife, a lady of very worthy extraction, of great virtue and beauty, by whom he had a numerous issue of both sexes, in which he took great joy and comfort; so that no man was more happy in all his domestic affairs, and he was so much the more happy, in that he thought himself most blessed in them.

"And yet the king's honour was no sooner violated, and his just power invaded, than he threw all those blessings behind him; and having no other obligations to the crown than those which his own honour and conscience suggested to him, he frankly engaged his person and his fortune, from the beginning of the troubles, as many others did, in all actions and enterprises of the greatest hazard and danger; and continued so to the end, without ever making one false step, as few others did, though he had once by the iniquity of a faction that then prevailed, an indignity put upon him, that might have excused him for some remission of his former warmth; but it made no other impression on him than to be quiet and contented, whilst they let him alone, and with the same cheerfulness to obey the first summons when he was called out, which was quickly after."

The character of Lord Capel in private and public life cannot here be pursued, but must be referred to, if not already well known, in Clarendon's History, where we see him both as he was at the age of twenty-five, in the height of wealth and prosperity when the rebellion begun, and as soon after his king's death, he laid down his life upon the scaffold. A petition was presented by his lady, and discussed by Cromwell in Parliament, who having highly praised him, concluded by saying that he knew him well, and knew him to be the last man in England that would forsake the royal interest; and still dwelling upon his virtues, turned them into reasons for his destruction, because whatever condition he was in, he would be a thorn in their side. Bishop Morley thus relates his preparations for death and farewell to his wife and other relations:

"The next morning, [March 8th, 1649,] at the hour agreed between us, which was between six and seven, I came to him again, and found him ready to receive me. We went into a chamber alone together, where after some spiritual conference suitable to the present occasion, I first prayed with him, and then he prayed himself, with very great zeal and fervour, and for others as well as for himself; nay, for his enemies as well as for his friends, but especially for the king, the kingdom, and the Church. And all this with such apt and unaffected expressions, and in so regular a method, that one might easily perceive prayer was a thing he had so often exercised, that it was grown habitual to him.

"Having thus prepared himself, he did with great humility and devotion receive the holy sacrament, together with the Earl of Norwich and Sir John Owen, who were condemned to suffer with him, but are yet (thanks be to God) both living; and will live, I hope, to see justice done upon those who did condemn them.

"Having received the sacrament, and being much comforted by it, (as finding in himself all the gracious effects of it,) he was presently put to the trial of his spiritual strength, by taking his leave of the nearest and dearest relations that can be betwixt flesh and blood, and the strongest ties that a noble nature can have unto the world. For that excellent lady his wife, and his eldest son, together with two of his uncles, and his nephew, Sir Thomas Corbett, came all into the room at once, (as being not permitted to do it severally,) and at once assaulted him (as it were,) with such passionate looks, gestures and words, bemoaning and bewailing him and themselves, (his lady especially,) with such sweet and tender expressions of love, sorrow and pity, that the greatest natural courage in the world must needs have been shaken with it, had it not been supported (as he was) with more than human strength and firmness. I am sure it was the saddest sight that ever I saw, and such a one as even that great courage of his could not choose but be a little softened and melted with it; but he quickly recollected himself and then, with a cheerful countenance, told his wife and the rest that he and they must all submit, not only with patience, but cheerfulness to the Divine Providence, which no doubt had, and would, order all things, and as should be best for him and them too, though perhaps it did not yet appear to them to be so.

"Then having recommended the care of his children and servants unto his Lady, he commended both her and his sons, as they loved him, to forgive his enemies, 'and though,' said he unto his son, 'I would not have you neglect any honourable and just occasion to serve your king and country, with the hazard of your life and fortune; yet, I would have you engage yourself, (as I, thanks be to God for it, have done,) neither out of desire of revenge, nor hope of reward, but out of a conscience of your duty only. My land (said he) was so settled upon you by your grandfather, that no pretence of crime in me can deprive you of it. The best legacy I can leave you is my prayers for you, and a verse of David's Psalms, which I command you, upon my blessing, to make a part of your daily prayers, as I have always made it a part of mine: 'Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path,' Psalm 27th. For I have always loved plainness and cleanness, both in my words and actions, and abhorred all doubling and dissimulation, and so I would have you to do also. Then he gave him his blessing, and having embraced his uncles and nephew, he took his last leave of them all, not without some tears on his part, as well as many on theirs; his poor lady being not able to support such a weight of grief, did sink under it, and was fain to be carried out from him. As soon as all were gone, and none left in the room but he and I: 'Well, Doctor,' said he, 'the hardest thing that I had to do here in this world is now past, the parting with this poor woman; let us now again to our main concernment.'"

Before his death, he entreated Dr. Morley to comfort her when he was gone.

He left four sons and four daughters, of whom Theodosia, named after his own mother, was afterwards married to Lord Clarendon's eldest son, and was remarkable, as Lady Cornbury, for her beauty and for her sudden early death.

It was in March, 1649, that Lord Capel was beheaded, and his wife survived him during the eleven following years of Cromwell's usurpation, dying a few months before Charles II. was restored. In her widowhood she occupied herself in the care of her children and household, in works of devotion and charity, spending money in alms, even beyond the advice of the clergyman whom she employed as her almoner, obeying and assisting the ministers of the Church during the times of trouble, and devoting part of every day to the exercise of prayer, meditation, study of the scriptures, and reading, from which she never suffered herself to be diverted by business or company. A Bishop who knew her well, and had observed her mingled sweetness and gravity of demeanour, was accustomed to say, that he never saw any become herself so well as good Lady Capel.

About four years before her death, she lost her second son, Charles, then grown up to be a gallant and hopeful young gentleman, when she sent for her spiritual adviser, Mr. Barker, as she habitually did on any occasion of grief, and addressed him in these words: 'Sir, I pray be free and plain with me, and tell me seriously and unfeignedly what sin or vice did you ever take notice of in my practice or conversation? for I am sure something is amiss, and something God would have amended in me, that he does thus continually ply me with crosses.'

As she was patient in her afflictions, and careful to improve them, so she was diligent and active in fulfilling her duties, and received strength to go through all that was required of her, notwithstanding the delicacy of her education and tenderness of her constitution. In her family devotions she required the attendance of all her servants, on which point only she showed herself a strict mistress, and would tell Mr. Barker that she never pleased herself in her family duties, nor thought that she had served God acceptably, unless she had all her family about her.

This account of her life is given by Mr. Barker after many years' intimate acquaintance with her, and he also attended upon her death bed, which through the severe sufferings of several months was the scene of inward peace and joy as well as of unwearied patience.

"One time indeed," he says, (and never but that once,) "when I was with her, I found her labouring under some inward conflicts and thoughtfulness touching her spiritual state and condition; but those such as right well became the pious hope and humility of a Christian: whereupon, when I desired her, that if any particular scruple did trouble her thoughts, and lay heavy upon her spirits, she would please to ease her mind of it and let me know it, that I might the better fit and order my applications to her. To which she returned me this answer: that she had been very faithful in her examination of her conscience, and had desired God to assist and direct her in that search, and yet could not find out any one particular sin which did afflict her spirit more than another; but however confessed herself a great sinner before God. She was (it seems) very desirous to take as much shame and guilt to herself as possible, that so she might leave the more glory for the free grace and pardon of God.

"And accordingly, still as she cast down one eye upon sin at any time, she was ever careful to keep the other firmly and steadfastly fixed upon her Saviour... This was the right complexion and constitution of her piety; an equal temperament of fear and hope, of humility and confidence; as her hope was evermore a fearing hope, so was her fear always a believing hoping fear. She carried too deep a sense of sin in her conscience to be proud of any virtue or worthiness of her own, and was always (even under her greatest conflicts and agonies) too good a Christian to despair of pardon."

Towards the latter part of her sickness, she twice received the blessed Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, and both times with expressions of dovotion and reverence; on the first of these two occasions, especially, when though her strength was much decayed, and her pain sharp, she would receive upon her knees, saying to Mr. Barker, that as long as God lent her the use of her knees, she resolved to use them in that solemn service, as a testimony of her unfeigned humility and reverence of the majesty and dreadfulness of those sacred mysteries.

After she took to her bed, she sent for him more frequently than before, and three days before her death, she asked and received the Church's last comfort and blessing, the benefit of Absolution, which she took with great thankfulness, and showed a heavenly comfort and peace ensuing upon it.

Her last days were full of the grace of God, who granted that wish which she had often expressed with submission to his good pleasure, and gave her some sensible tastes of heavenly joy, fresh comforts daily breaking in upon her soul, her former fears vanishing, and her whole mind sweetly composed into a pious confidence. A few days before her death she spoke to the following effect, addressing herself to her minister:—

'O, sir, what a gracious God have I! How rich in his mercies towards me! How favourable in his corrections of me! The thing which I so greatly feared, (a painful torturing death,) He has turned into ease and comfort; and my worldly cares and thoughtfulness for the provisions of my children, He has also in a great measure taken off my hand: and now, what do I lingering and tarrying here any longer? All my work is done, and the world has no farther need of me. Why may I not forthwith go to my God? Is it not much better for me to be dissolved, and to be with Christ?' These and such like heavenly sayings were her usual discourse with him, so that he rejoiced whenever she sent for him.

On January 26th she sent for him four several times to pray with her thrice in the morning, and once in the afternoon, at which last time all her children, except one who was not then in town, were present, and joined in the prayers. Soon after, he was summoned again, to perform his last ministerial office, the recommendation of her soul into the hands of Almighty God, and then her senses beginning to fail, she drew her last breath a few minutes afterwards in much peace and sweetness.

"I have in my time been with several dying persons," concludes Mr. Barker, after a solemn protestation of his earnestness, "seen their piety, observed their patience, taken special notice of their whole carriage and behaviour, yet never in all my life did I see such an uniform samplar of piety, nor a whiter soul return to its Maker."

She died on January 26th, 1660, and was buried with her husband at Little Hadham, in Hertfordshire.

## Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

### ENGLAND.

THE HARVEST.—The following letter has been addressed by the Bishop of Exeter to the Archdeacons within his diocese:—

Bishoptowe, *August* 23, 1847.

Dear Mr. Archdeacon,—It having pleased Almighty God to bless this country with a harvest more than commonly abundant, at a time when an unprosperous season would have produced evils which it is painful to contemplate, I am confident that I shall have the warm concurrence of yourself and of all the Clergy of my diocese when I request you to address a letter to the several Deans Rural of your Archdeaconry, informing them of my earnest wish that the thanksgiving "For Plenty" be used in all the Churches in the diocese henceforth to the end of the month of September.—I am, dear Mr. Archdeacon, your faithful friend and brother,

(Signed) H. EXETER.

An order in Council, published in the *Gazette*, arranges the boundaries of a new district for spiritual purposes, constituted out of the parish of Leeds, in the diocese of Ripon. It is to be named "The district of All Saints, Leeds." The stipend of the incumbent is to be £150 a-year, to be paid by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, so soon as a Church shall be finished and consecrated for the district; in the meantime, the Minister is to receive only £100 a-year.

A new church, dedicated to St. Stephen, has been erected in the parish of Paddington, and an ecclesiastical district assigned to it. The Church which is now completed is a neat and conveinent structure in the gothic style of architecture, capable of accommodating 1, 200 persons, more than two-thirds of the seats being unappropriated, and entirely free. It will be consecrated in November.

On Tuesday last, the consecration of the new district Church of St. Mark's Glouster, took place. The Church seems calculated to contain about 500 or 600. The attendance of Clergy was rather numerous, about fifty taking part in the service. The Bishop was attended by two of his chaplains—The Revs. Murray Browne, and G. N. Barrow. There were also present, Archdeacon Thorp; Revs. Sir George Prevost and Sir John Seymour, T. A. Hedley, A. Sayers, W. F. Powell, W. Wiggin, &c. &c. The prayers were said by the Rev. Mr. Barlow, the Incumbent. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J Clements, on the 5th verse of Psalm xciii. A collection was made at the offertory for the Church Building Society, who had guarranteed the expenses over the subscriptions.

The Church at Great Dalby has been reopened, having been closed for the purpose of re-pewing and making other alterations and repairs, the collections at the morning and evening services amounted to £63.

ROYAL MUNIFICENCE.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, has been pleased to contribute £25 towards the church now building in St. Paul's district, Camden Newton.

The Rev Dr. Hook has been appointed rural dean for the southern division of the deanery of the Ainsty, in the Archdeaconry of Craven.—*Morning Post.*

The Bishop of Ripon has established twenty new rural deaneries in the archdeaconries of Richmond and Craven.

On Tuesday, the new church of Kingston Deverill, Wilts, was consecrated in the presence of a numerous assemblage of clergy and laity, by the Lord Bishop of