

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

The father of this indefatigable and eminently useful servant of God, it is well known, was a clergyman, much persecuted by some persons of his own parish. The wretches, who hated their pastor, had twice attempted, without success, to set his house on fire. They succeeded in a third attempt. At midnight some pieces of burning wood fell upon one of his daughters, and awoke her. At the same time Mr. Wesley, hearing a cry of "fire" from the street, started. His wife was very ill at the time, and therefore slept in another room. Bidding her and the two eldest girls go shift for themselves, he burst open the nursery door, where the maid lay with five children; she snatched up the youngest, and bade the rest follow her: the three elder did; but John, who was at this time six years old, was not awakened by all this, and in the alarm was forgotten. By the time they reached the hall the flames were all around them, and Mr. Wesley then found that the keys of the door were above stairs. He ran and recovered them, a minute before the staircase took fire.—When the door was opened a strong north-east wind drove in the flames with such violence, that none could stand against them. Some of the children, however got through the windows, others through a little door into the garden. Unable to do either, owing to the state in which she then was, Mrs. Wesley, after three times attempting it in vain, rushed through the flames into the street, and escaped with some slight scorching of the head and face. At this time the child was heard to cry in the nursery; until that moment he had not been remembered. The father ran to the stairs, but they were then so nearly consumed that they could not bear his weight, and being utterly in despair he fell on his knees in the hall, and in agony recommended the soul of the child to God. John, a mean time who had been awakened by the light, ran to the door, and finding it impossible to escape there, climbed upon a chest that stood near the window. He was seen from the yard, there was no time to fetch a ladder; but it was, happily, a low house: one man was hoisted up upon the shoulders of another, and was then able to take him out at the window; a moment later, and it would have been too late. The whole roof fell inward, or they must have all been crushed together. When the child was carried into the house where his parents were, the father cried out, "come neighbours, let us kneel down, let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children; let the house go; I am rich enough!" This providential escape was ever remembered by John Wesley through life with the deepest gratitude. Under one of his portraits there is the representation of a house in flames, with this motto—"Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

THE FIRST OATH ON BOARD.

'My lads,' said a captain when reading his orders to the crew on the quarter-deck, to take the command of the ship, 'there is one law that I am determined to make, and I shall insist upon its being kept; indeed it is a favour which I ask of you, and which as a British officer I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen—what say you, my lads, are you willing to grant your new captain, who promises to treat you well, one favour?' 'Hi, hi, sir,' cried all hands. 'Please to let's know what it is, sir,' said a rough looking hoarse-voiced boatswain. 'Why my lads,' said the captain, 'it is this: that you must allow me to swear the first oath in this ship: this is a law I cannot dispense with; I must insist on it; I cannot be denied. No man on board must swear an oath before I do: I am determined to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board H. M. S. C.—. What say you, my lads, will you grant me this favour? Remember you will come aft to ask favours of me soon: come, what do you say, am I to have the privilege of swearing the first oath on board the C—?' The men stared, and stood for a moment quite at a loss what to say. "They were taken" says one, 'all aback.' 'They were brought up,

says another, 'all standing.' They looked at each other for a moment, as if they they would say why there is to be no swearing in the ship. The captain reiterated his demand in a firm but pleasant voice, 'Now, my fine fellows, what do you say, am I to have the privilege from this time of swearing the first oath on board?'

The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company announced 'Hi, hi, sir,' with their accustomed *three cheers*, when they left the quarter deck.

'I say, Jack,' said one of the sailors to the boatswain's mate, as they went down the main-hatchway ladder, 'My eyes, but what a skipper we've shipped now,—stand clear jaw tackling fore and aft now;—look out for squalls now, every dog on board—mind you don't rap out, Jack, as you generally do—clap a stopper on the red rope now—keep your eye upon the corporal, all hands—the captain's to swear the first oath—depend upon it, he'll have the first fellow to the gangway who swears an oath before he begins.'—The effect was good, *swearing was wholly abolished in the ship.*

EPISCOPACY.

FORCE OF TRUTH.

Many of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the remarkable facts related in the following article from the Banner of the Cross, but for the information of others, and especially for the calm consideration of those who oppose Episcopacy, we place them on record in our columns—convinced that nothing is wanting to produce a universal return to that primitive and divinely constituted form of Church government, but a diligent and unbiassed and teachable reading of the Scriptures and ancient authors, from which it will be evident, "that from the Apostles' times there have been three orders of ministry in Christ's Church—Bishops, Priests and Deacons."—Ed. C. C.

EARLY CHURCHMEN OF CONNECTICUT.

A short time previous to that year 1716, a pious member of the Church of England, by the name of Smithson, settled in Guilford, in this State. In that year, Mr. Samuel Johnson, of Guilford, (afterwards the Rev. Dr. Johnson,) through the kindness of Mr. Smithson, was first made acquainted with the Book of Common Prayer. He was immediately struck with the beauty and propriety of the Liturgy,—with the appropriateness of its arrangement,—with the purity and elevation of its sentiments, and with the deep and pervading piety that breathes throughout all its devotions. The prejudices in which he had been educated, and which he had before entertained against the same Liturgy, at once gave way to the light of truth, and he continued to be an admirer of it, even long before he came into the Episcopal Church.—About the same time he fell in with, and read that excellent discourse of Archbishop King, *Of the inventions of men in the worship of God*, which served to strengthen the doubts he had before entertained concerning the expediency of extemporary prayer. He also read some other books on the various points of Church order and government. These gave him a very favourable impression of the expediency, though they did not convince him of the necessity of Episcopal ordination and government. After having been connected with Yale College for some time, he was ordained over the Congregational Church in West Haven, A. D. 1720.

The year preceding, 1719, the Rev. Timothy Cutler, who had been ten years minister of the Congregational Church in Stratford, was chosen President of Yale College; and the year preceding that 1718, the Rev. James Wetmore, a classmate with Mr. Johnson in Yale College, was ordained over the Congregational Church in North Haven. The same year, 1718, Mr. David Brown, another classmate of Mr. Johnson, a member of the Congregational Church, and a native of West Haven, was appointed Tutor in Yale College. Among these, who were all men of more than ordinary intellect, and of more than common intelligence, a close intimacy had subsisted for a long time, and frequent conferences were held in the library of the College, on various subjects, literary and religious.—

Owing to the previous impressions made on the mind of Mr. Johnson, the doctrines and practices of the Primitive Church were often made the topic of conversation. The attention of such men,—all sincere and diligent inquirers after truth,—having been turned in that direction, they pursued the investigation of the subject with as much diligence and thoroughness, as their situation and their means would allow. The result was, that at the annual Commencement of the College, in 1722, the Rev. Mr. Cutler, President of the College; Mr. David Brown, a Tutor in the same; Rev. Samuel Johnson, Congregational minister at West Haven; and Rev. James Wetmore, Congregational minister at North Haven, were ready to avow their belief in the divine institution and perpetual obligation of Episcopacy; in the language of Dr. Johnson himself, they declared, that to them "it appeared plain, that the Episcopal form of government was universally established by the Apostles wherever they propagated Christianity; that through the first order of the ministry, called Bishops, the power of the Priesthood was to be conveyed from the great Head of the Church; and that although Presbyters preached and administered the sacraments, yet that no act of ordination or government was for several ages allowed to be lawful, without a Bishop at the head of the Presbytery."

Among the associates of the foregoing persons, occasionally meeting with them at the College library, should be mentioned, the Rev. Samuel Whittlesey, minister of the Congregational Church at Wallingford; Rev. Jared Elliott, minister of the Congregational Church in Killingworth; and the Rev. John Hart, minister of the Congregational Church in East Guilford, now Madison. At the same time, when Messrs. Cutler, Johnson, Brown, and Wetmore, declared their belief in the invalidity of Presbyterian ordination, the Rev. Messrs Whittlesey, Elliot, and Hart, were prepared to say that they *doubted the validity* of the same. The three last mentioned gentlemen, living some distance from New Haven, had not been able to give the subject that attention the others had bestowed upon it, and consequently were not as well informed concerning it.

It is not possible for us, at this time, to appreciate the effect produced upon the community by this declaration. Here was Episcopacy, bringing along in imagination, all those dire and dreadful evils that most of the community associated with the name of Bishop, springing up in their very midst. The plague had broken out among them, and some of the best of their men had fallen victims. But such a state of things could not long continue. The people felt that Episcopacy must be crushed, or Congregationalism would be in danger, and the College, for which they had done, and from which they expected so much, was likely to be ruined. Yet they were not willing to give up these men, and no effort was left untried, no pains were spared to bring them back. Arguments, and entreaties, and exhortations, were used by turns.—Love of self, of home, of friends, of country, and of kindred, were appealed to, to sway them; the loss of their places, of the confidence of their friends, and the esteem of the public, were held up to deter them. At length the three who had merely doubted the validity of their ordination, were satisfied to remain where they were, while the others, strong in the belief of the truth, embarked for England for Holy Orders. Of these, the Rev. Mr., afterwards Dr. Cutler, on his return was stationed at Boston, and chosen Rector of Christ Church, in that city, where he remained until his death, August 17, 1763, *E. 82.* The Rev. Mr. Brown died in England, 1723, *E. 25,* and the Rev. Mr. Johnson after taking Orders, *E. 25,* and the Rev. Mr. Johnson was settled at Stratford until 1754, when he was chosen President of King's now Columbia College, in the city of New York, where he remained until 1763, when he resigned the office of President, and returned to Stratford.—He continued in that Parish until his death, in 1772, *E. 75.*—Rev. Mr. Chapin.

There is a knock which will be the last knock; a call, which will be the last call; and after that more knocks or calls, but an eternal silence as to any overture of mercy or grace.—*Flavel.*