

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIFE OF THE REV. THOS. FULLER.

(From Willmot's Pictures of Christian Life.)

"For happiness is not from without; so the cheerful spirit must be a richer contribution than a joint concert of worldly things;—internal peace, ease, and satisfaction of mind, rational apprehension, calm and quiet thoughts, a serene heaven within, which are the true ingredients of self-satisfaction."—Whitcomb: Select Sermons.

Thomas Fuller was born in Adwinkle, a small and retired village of Northamptonshire, about five miles from Oundle, in the year 1608. His father was rector of the parish. At the early age of twelve years Fuller was sent to Queen's College, Cambridge, where he speedily distinguished himself by the extent of his acquirements and the brilliancy of his fancy. Having taken his Master's degree, he was selected into the society of Sidney; his own college being precluded by the statutes from numbering him among her Fellows. Fuller commenced his ministerial labours in St. Benet's Church, and attracted very large congregations by the originality of his eloquence and the enthusiasm of his manner,—one of his biographers speaks of "the ravishing elegance" of his divinity. It is pleasing to suppose, that among the crowd that filled the gateway of Benet's Church, the face of the youthful Milton, then in the bloom of his dawning summer—might have been recognised. Born in the same year as Fuller, he began his university career in 1625, and remained in Cambridge until one year after Fuller had quitted it.

The merit of Fuller procured for him, in his twenty-third year, a stall in the Cathedral of Salisbury; and the rectory of Broadwindsor, Dorsetshire, enabled him to retire from college with every prospect of extended usefulness. The same earnest activity continued to mark his conduct; and, when he went up to Cambridge to take his Bachelor's degree in divinity, he was accompanied by four of his principal parishioners. Having obtained the lectureship at the Savoy, Fuller preached the Gospel of life with increased power and success. It was said, that he had two congregations, one without the walls of the church and the other within. Here a wide scene for exertion displayed itself. London he called a library of mortality; and he drew some affecting illustrations from its pages. But the tumults that preceded the civil war did not pass the door of Fuller without some injury; although in this summary of his life it is unnecessary to linger upon that passage of it.

In April, 1643, he retired to Oxford, and the metropolitan of loyalty to those distracted times, and having been appointed chaplain to one of the king's generals, Lord Hopton, he accompanied the royal army in many of its expeditions, and fulfilled the duties of his office with activity and zeal. In his hours of repose from spiritual labour, Fuller employed himself in collecting materials for his favourite History of English Worthies. In whatever place the troops were quartered, he found something in the church or its monuments to reward his researches into antiquity. He gathered information, not only from the learned inhabitants of the towns and villages, but gleaned diligently from the recollections of the poor and illiterate cottager. Fuller was a brave, as well as an eloquent man, and when his studies were interrupted at Basing House by the cannonading of Waller, he rallied and encouraged the royalists, and compelled the republican leader to retreat with great loss. The return of national peace and happiness brought tranquillity to Fuller; but he was only to see the unclouded sky, not to live under it.

He had been requested to preach a sermon on Sunday for a relative, who was to have been married on the following day; in the morning he complained of a sensation of giddiness in the head; but when his son advised him to relinquish the discourse he had promised to deliver, Fuller determined to persevere. He had, he said, often gone up into the pulpit sick, but he always came "well down again, and hoped he should do as well then, through God's strengthening grace." The spirit was, indeed, willing, but the flesh was weak. He was unable to finish his sermon, and returned to his house in Covent Garden to die. He expired upon the 16th of August, 1661, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and is buried in the chancel of the church of Cranford, in Middlesex.

Fuller has drawn the portrait of a faithful minister, whom he represents as living sermons; and he coined the word cordillogy, to express the doctrine that comes from the heart. Some of the lineaments of his Good Clergyman will be recognised in his own physiognomy. He is moderate in his opinions, and gentle in his publication; neither gliding over lukewarmness with the name of discretion, nor dignifying arrogance and pride with the title of zeal. He estimated the Christian character with a strict honesty and candour. His spiritual and his personal defects are revealed with unaffected simplicity. But for his own confession, we might never have known that he had a harsh and untunable voice.

In stature he was tall and well-formed, of a ruddy complexion, with an earnest sweetness that shaded the hilarity of his countenance; his hair, of a light colour, fell in luxuriant curls; his manner of walking is described as being graceful, and almost majestic; in dress he was negligent, in manner careless and inurbane, but easy, simple, and sincere. Absorbed in the contemplation of those numerous schemes of intellectual exertion which continually engaged his attention, he frequently passed his most intimate friends in the street without any signs of recognition. When released from the toil of literary research, he delighted to unbend his mind in familiar and mirthful conversation, without overstepping the boundary of Christian sobriety. The recreation of the body, either by sleep or diet, occupied a very small portion of his time; he took little exercise, and the earnest solicitations of his friends were scarcely able to allure him into the amusement of a walk.

But it is of Fuller, as an eloquent and learned Christian man, that I desire to speak. Of all this eminent contemporaries his genius was the most flexible and versatile. Sometimes fantastic in epigram, sometimes vehement in satire; now laughing with the joyousness of comedy, now stirring the blood with the eloquence of exhortation. His own admirable definition of fancy may be illustrated from every page of his writings. It digs without spade, it sails without ship, flies without wings, and builds without charge; it strides in a moment from the centre to the circumference of the world, and creates or annihilates imagery by a single wave of its magical wand. This fancy, walking the entire circle of the sciences and arts, belonged to Fuller. He can ring a change upon every accident of life, and find music in each. It was remarked by Malesherbes, that we are not to regard Montaigne as a man who reasons, but as a man who amuses himself. Perhaps we might apply the observation, in a limited sense, to Fuller. His task seems always to be a delight. His notes of melody gush forth with the sweetness and the abundance of nature; his is, indeed, a love-laboured song.

The transcendent merits of Fuller, both in heart and head, have awakened the affection and the admiration of men, whose names will not perish before his

own; and it is very pleasing to remember, in particular, the glowing panegyric of Coleridge. "Next to Shakespeare," he says, "I am not certain, whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous; the degree in which any given faculty, or combination of faculties, is possessed and manifested, so far surpassing what one would have thought possible in a single mind, as to give one's admiration the flavour and quality of wonder. Wit was the stuff of substance of Fuller's intellect. It was the element, the earthen base, the material which he worked in; and this very circumstance has defrauded him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of his thoughts, for the beauty and variety of the truths into which he shaped the stuff. Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men. He is a very voluminous writer, and yet in all his numerous volumes on so many important subjects, it is scarcely too much to say, that you will hardly find a page, in which one sentence out of every three does not deserve to be quoted for itself, as a motto or as maxim. God bless thee, dear old man! may I meet with thee—which is tantamount to—May I go to heaven!" This is affectionate and eloquent praise.

By Plato, memory is styled the mother of the muses, and by Aristotle, the parent of experience. The history of Fuller might exemplify their definitions. But his own description is the most beautiful and accurate. The little bee, which he portrays flying into gardens and meadows, sipping of many cups, and steering herself through the regions of air, is an emblem of his own genius. Never weary, never at rest; he seems to hover over every flower of human thought, and to extract its richest essence and perfume. A book is to him a hive. He was one of the most learned men of a learned age. Every page shines with the wisdom of a century. In Fuller, industry is only the servant of genius; what he collects, he changes. Pope has represented the figures of memory melting before the beams of a warm imagination. It is so with Fuller. The atmosphere of learning, in which he walks, is not a cold haze of vapour; it is coloured with beautiful hues, and warmed with the rays of piety and truth.

The wonderful achievements of Fuller's memory seem to belong to traditionary romance; yet many anecdotes may be very properly repeated here. Happening to visit the committee of sequestrators, who were assembled at Waltham, in Essex, they began to commend his extraordinary memory. "It is true, gentlemen," replied Fuller, "that fame has given me the report of a mortalist, and if you please, I will give you an experiment of it." The committee accepted his offer with gladness. "Gentlemen," resumed Fuller, "I will give you an example of my memory, in the particular instance in which you are now employed. Your worship has thought fit to sequester an honest but poor cavalier parson, my neighbour, from his living, and committed him to prison; he has a large family, and his circumstances are indifferent: if you will please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, I will not forget the kindness well." This story is very characteristic of the humorous church-historian, in whom wit and eloquence were combined with fervid piety, and of whom Cowper might have written, as he wrote of Bunyan:—"Witty and well-employed; and like thy Lord, Speaking in parables, his slighted word."

The style of Fuller is stamped with the character of his mind. He considered, that, while reasons were the pillars of the fabric, similitudes were the windows which gave the clearest light. Accordingly he scatters them, with great profusion, through all his elaborate and florid architecture. The reader is frequently dazzled by the blaze. He feels, like Lord Bacon in one of the Elizabethan houses, with his numerous and lofty casements, letting in such floods of light, that a visitor "cannot tell where to be out of the sun." Fancy, was the remark of Johnson to Boswell, "is a gift bestowed by our Creator, and it is reasonable that his gift should be used to his glory; that all our faculties should co-operate in his worship; but they are to co-operate according to the will of him who gave them; according to the order which his wisdom has established. Fuller certainly anticipated, in many passages of his works, this just and admirable precept; in them, his humour resembles a smile upon a thoughtful countenance; it calls forth the sweetness of its expression, without effacing its dignity or its contemplative beauty.

"There are only two writers," was the observation of Bishop Warburton, "of the genuine history of our church; Collier, the nonjuror, and Fuller, the jester." Perhaps in his Church History, Fuller indulged his humour with too great a liberality; but thoughts of beauty and wisdom are sprinkled over every page. His metaphors are often extremely apt and elegant. Two specimens linger on my memory. The first is an aphorism, full of instruction;—"and truly that religion which is rather suddenly pardoned than seasonably ripened, both commonly ungodly afterwards." The second is an image;—"Some faults make a cover for them in the twilight of the Law, which have none in the sunshine of the Gospel."

Fuller has long been famous for the skill with which he introduces some old story of ancient or modern fiction, or fiction, and applies it to the illustration of doctrine or practice. The following is a plain, but an ingenious example:—"Indeed a little skill in antiquity inclines a man to popery; but a depth in that study brings him about again to our religion. A nobleman, who had heard of the extreme age of one dwelling not far off, made a journey to visit him, and finding an aged person sitting in the chimney-corner, addressed himself to him with admiration of his age, till his mistake was rectified. "Oh sir," (said the young-old man,) "I am not he whom you seek for, but his son; my father is further off in the field." The same error is daily committed by the Romish church; adorning the reverend brows and grey hairs of some ancient ceremonies, perchance but of some seven or eight hundred years standing in the church, and mistaking these for their fathers, far greater age in the primitive centuries. He illustrates the relative positions of the Protestant and the Romanist, by the metaphor of two shepherds sitting on the summits of Welsh mountains. "Who are able to discourse together, but are obliged to travel many miles before they can meet; as dark valleys lie between the first, so a deep gulf separates the second.

It would not be an unpleasing task to draw a parallel between Cowley and Fuller. The poet and the prose-writer have some qualities in common. Cowley, who satirized, with so much vivacity and justice, the profuse introduction of brilliant thoughts and images, was himself the victim of the evil habit he denounced. In all his poems we are bewildered by the dancing lights of fancy. Like Seneca, whom he and all the authors of the seventeenth century studied and admired, he strikes out flash after flash, and seems to think that the reader will never find his way, if the path be not lit up with a perpetual illumination. If we might speak of his verses in his own fantastic manner, we might compare them to the Burman writing on a white Palm-leaf, where the characters are traced on black enamel; painted flowers, of a bright colour, adorn the ends and margins of the leaves; these are enclosed by two boards, which are frequently fastened by a precious stone. Such is often the decorated hand-writing of Cowley in his rhymes, and of Fuller in his prose. Beautiful images, rich contrasts

of colour, exquisite flower-paintings, are found in the works of both.

Fuller commenced his literary labours with a sacred poem upon the history of David, and if he had pursued the same path, the parallel with Cowley might have been closer. He would sometimes say, we are informed by Lloyd, that the art of memory was apt to corrupt the nature of it; and many of the faults of his compositions may be justly traced to the copiousness and variety of his recollections. Yet, to take up again the comparison which has been applied to Cowley—however coarse, or rudely carved, the covering of the manuscript may be, it is almost constantly fastened with a jewel; some precious moral glitter at the end of the chapter.

The reason of the philosopher Hobbes was compared by Cowley to the shield which the gods gave to Hector; shining with gold and gems, and dazzling the eyes of the enemy by its splendour, while it repelled every dart, and conferred the victory upon its possessor. The image might be applied more aptly to our theological writers—to Taylor, to Hall, or to Fuller. In their hands the weapons of truth emit a burning radiance; the bravest champions of the Church, they are also the most magnificently arrayed. Yet it should be noted, that the luxury of their imagination is tempered and restrained by the logic of their method. When they have challenged the adversary, they stoop behind their shields; when they have flashed upon his eyes with their illustrations, they retreat into the sobriety of argument.

Taylor has been supposed to succeed best in delineating large groups of figures, and Hall in the portraiture of single virtues; Fuller had more of the sweet first; and the second, than of the rich imagination of the first; and while, like the admirable Bishop of Exeter, he sparkles with conceits, and delights in curious analogies, and clashes and plays words upon words—like him, also, he often diffuses over his page the mild beams of religious wisdom, and the lovely expression of innocence and meekness, which constituted Hall the Raphael of the pen, and continue to impart to his pictures of the Christian affections, the charm and the grace of a Holy Family.

When we read the biography of Cowper, we might remember with interest, the following caution: "Many think themselves to have less saving knowledge now, than they had at their first conversion; both because they are now more sensible of their ignorance, and because their knowledge at their first conversion seemed a great deal, which since seemeth not to increase, but to decrease insensibly, and by unappearing degrees. One that lived all his lifetime in a most dark dungeon, and at last is brought out into the twilight, more admires at the clearness and brightness thereof, than he will wonder a month after, at the sun at noon-day. So a Christian newly regenerated, and brought out of the dark state of nature into the life of grace, is more apprehensive at the first illumination of the grace he receives, than of far greater degrees of knowledge which he receiveth afterwards." Nor is the next observation on the use of the affections of less value.

"The Stoics said to their affections, as Abimelech spake to Isaac, (Gen. xxvi. 16.) 'Get you out from amongst us, for you are too strong for us;' because they were too strong for their master, they therefore would have them totally banished out of their souls, and labour to becalm themselves with an apathy. But, far be it from us, after their example, to root out such good herbs (instead of weeds) out of the garden of our nature; whereas affections, if well used, are excellent; if they mistake not their true object, nor exceed in their due measure. Joshua killed not the Gibeonites, but condemned them to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, for the sanctuary. We need not expel passions out of us, if we would conquer them."

When Warburton had read Doddridge's Sermons to Young People, he wrote on a blank leaf the lines of Pope:—"O friend! to dazzle, let the vain design; To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine."

That beautiful couplet would not be ill-placed in any volume by Fuller. The elevation of the moral feelings, the correction of error, the growth of humility, the cultivation of charity,—these are a few of the themes which engage his learning, his fancy, and his devotion. He winds along a devious path, and hovers from thought to thought; but notwithstanding the circle he describes, he always returns to the original subject; and, after bewildering our eyes with the sparkling motion of his wings, he drops down suddenly upon the very spot from whence he rose. We discover in him, it must be acknowledged, abundant evidence of those mental infirmities, from which the strongest and healthiest intellect is not exempt. But, it seems to me, that the dignity of his genius appears through his weakness; and that, like the nobleman in Hogarth's picture, the coronet may be recognised, even upon his crutches.

But the cheerfulness of Fuller should not be passed over without a word of praise; it was the playful temper of Latimer and of More. It is recorded of Bishop Jewel, that he was pleasant at the table "when he fed;" and every reader who is acquainted with the biography of the 16th and 17th centuries, will recall numerous examples of the same christian happiness of disposition. To jest is tolerable, but to do harm by jest, is insufferable. Such is the wise advice preserved by Fuller. He has said, in the Holy State, that "jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season." It is related of the martyr Hooper, "that his stern and severe gravity deterred many persons from consulting him. Religion ceased to charm her children, because she spoke to them in an inharmonious voice. Very different was the manner of Latimer, and very different also was the result. During his imprisonment in the Tower, he desired a servant, who happened to be in the chamber, to tell his master, "that, unless he took better care of him, he would certainly escape him." The lieutenant of the Tower, alarmed by the message, soon appeared, to solicit its interpretation. "Why, you expect, I suppose," replied Latimer, "that I should be burned; but if you do not allow me a little fire in this frosty weather, I can tell you, I shall first be starved."

There is great happiness in the remark of Fuller, that withfulness of disposition is the sunshine of the mind; it not only lights it up, but even warms and ripens it. His was one of those joyous minds, which, in the words of the poet Daniel, *lighten forth smiles, to clear the cloudy air*. His vivacity was without a shade; his contentment without a murmur; his charity without a frown. He was equally prepared to enjoy and to suffer; and while enduring all things, we know that he continued to hope all things. He walks along the dark paths of adversity with no sullen austerity of demeanour, but seems ever to solace his mournful thoughts with some quiet tune of internal melody; his gladness resembles the placid joy of childhood, which overpreads its face with a smile of happiness, in the gloomiest weather. Fuller never cherishes grief; he never broods over his calamities with a heavy eye. He welcomes the faintest gleam of returning light, and immediately crosses over to enjoy it; we always behold him on the sunny side of life. If his road lie through a desolate country, he finds some sweet-scented flower to gather, as he travels onward.

"On Growth in Grace, 2 Pet. iii. 18. 7 Sermon upon 1 John, i. 15. "Love not the world." 8 Diary and Correspondence of Doddridge, i. li. 354. 9 Fuller's method of composition was so singular, that I copy an account of it from his Life:—"He would write near the margin, the first words of every line, down to the foot of the paper, then he would, beginning at the head again, fill up every one of these lines, which, without any interlineation or spaces, but with the full and equal length, would so adjust the sense and matter, and so aptly conjoin the ends and beginnings of the said lines, that he could not do it better, as he hath said, if he had writ all out in a continuation."—1661, p. 72. Fuller: Church History, b. i. p. 102. Cap. ii. By Fox.

He remembered, perhaps, the ancient tradition, that the search for the philosopher's stone must not be accompanied by any desire to employ it to enrich the finder; and he accordingly recommended every one who desired to obtain the jewel of contentment—that costly jewel which turns everything into gold—to divest himself of ambitious hopes and covetous thoughts. He is cheerful, because he is satisfied; he surveys the life that never spins, and blesses a humble fortune; he looks up to that orb, which first cheered the grass under the boughs of Paradise, and gives thanks to his Father in heaven, not only for the peace, but for the beauty of the night. He adores and loves Him for what He has performed for His children, and for what He has enabled His children to perform for themselves.

* See the Holy State, b. iii. c. 17.

The Garner.

GOD AND MAMMON.

The heart is not capable of two contradictory affections; and the love of the world and the love of God are strictly contradictory: in the nature of things they cannot co-exist. The heart which is disposed to love the one cannot love the other: there must always be a certain harmony between the heart and the object of its affection. It cannot love what it does not admire and value. The heart which loves God, must be filled with a sense of his perfections—it must realize his presence, and feel its relation to Him. It must admire his holiness, and desire to be made like Him. It will thirst for the knowledge of his will, and desire, above all things, to be made conformable to it.—Intercourse with God by prayer, by the Sacraments, and all the appointed means of grace will be his chief delight. And it will feel no satisfaction so great as the consciousness of being *in fact* engaged in preparing for eternity. The heart which is occupied by the love of the world, on the contrary, has such a taste for present pleasure, that it is uneasy except when it enjoys some outward good. It sees nothing but misery in self-renunciation and self-denial. The things of earth have so much value in its estimation, that they deserve to be desired and sought after. When it enjoys them, though it is still unsatisfied, it is not because it feels that they are incapable of affording it complete satisfaction, but because it would still enjoy them in greater abundance or to a greater degree. It is quite content to make the world its state of rest. The cares and desires with which it is filled, keep it in a state of constant distraction; for the objects on which it is fixed are in a state of continual change. The passions and anxieties by which it is agitated, leave no leisure for the calm and serious employment which is required in the service of God. The thoughts are engrossed by the favourite object. As the world is loved, it strikes its root deeper in the heart which loves it; and such is the vigour of its growth, that it leaves no space for any other vegetation. This is not mere metaphor; it is a sober and serious fact.—Rev. J. G. Dowling.

PRAYER.

The efficacy of prayer, to bring light and wisdom into the mind, peace into the conscience, submission into the will, and purity into the affections; to keep our garments clean, our armour bright, and our hearts joyful; to make us strong for the conflict, for service, or for suffering; to obtain sufficiency for our place and work, and a blessing on our endeavours; to secure peace with our enemies, or protection against them; to carry every point that is truly good for us; to bring down blessings on our families, friends, and country; to procure peace and prosperity to the Church, the conversion of sinners, and the spread of the Gospel: and for all things which we can desire or conceive, must be allowed by every man who reverences the Scriptures, or knows what it is "to walk with God." Did men speculate and dispute less, and pray more, their souls would be like a watered garden; fruitful, joyful, beautiful, and fragrant. Prayer is the first breath of Divine life: it is the pulse of the believing soul, the best criterion of health or sickness, vigour or debility. By prayer we "draw water with joy from the wells of salvation;" by prayer faith puts forth its energy, in apprehending the promised blessings, and receiving from the Redeemer's fulness; in leaning on his Almighty arm, and making his name our strong tower; and in overcoming the world, the flesh, and the devil. All other means of grace are made effectual by prayer: every doctrine and instruction produces its fruit, in proportion as this is attended to; every grace revives or enlivens according to the same rule. Our grand conflict with Satan and our own hearts is about prayer: the sinner feels less reluctance, and meets with less resistance, in all other means of grace, than in retiring to "pour out his heart" secretly before God; and the believer will find his chief difficulty to consist in continuing instant and fervent in this spiritual exercise. If he succeed here, all else will eventually give place before him, and turn out to his benefit and comfort.—Rev. Thomas Scott.

A FATHER'S JOY AND SORROWS.

What shall we say? which of these is happier? the son that maketh a glad father? or the father blessed with such a son.—Fortunate young man! who has a heart open so early to virtuous delights, and can find thy own happiness in returning thy father's blessing upon his own head. And happy father! whose years have been prolonged, not as it often happens, to see his comforts fall from him one after another and to become at once old and destitute; but to taste a new pleasure not to be found among the pleasures of youth, reserved for his age; to reap the harvest of all his cares and labours, in the duty, affection, and felicity of his dear child. His very look bespeaks the inward satisfaction of his heart. The infirmities of his age sit light on him. He feels not the troubles of life; he smiles at the approach of death; sees himself still living and honoured in the memory and the person of his son, his other dear self; and passes down to the receptacle of all living, in the fulness of content and joy.—How unlike to his is the condition of him who has the affliction to be the father of a wicked offspring!—Poor unhappy man! No sorrow is like unto thy sorrow.—Diseases and death are blessings, if compared with the anguish of thy heart, when thou seest thy dear children run heedlessly and headlong in the ways of sin, forgetful of their parent's counsel, and their own happiness. Unfortunate old man!—How often does he wish he had never been born, or had been cut off before he was a father. No reflection is able to afford him consolation. He grows old betimes; and the afflictions of age are doubled on his head. In vain are instruments of pleasure brought forth. His soul refuses comfort. Every blessing of life is lost upon him. No success is able to give him joy. His triumphs are like that of David, while his friends, captains, and soldiers were rearing the air with shouts of victory, he poor conqueror went up, as it is written, to the chamber over the gate and wept; and as he went thence he said, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!"—Dr. Ogden.

SPIRITUAL WISDOM.

The day is approaching when worldly literature and accomplishments shall cease for ever; but this knowledge instructs us in the way to endless bliss. Convinced of this, the great apostle exclaimed, "Yea, doubtless, I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things," Destitute of this knowledge I am nothing, though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries. Prophecies shall fall; tongues shall cease; all human systems shall dissolve; the noblest productions of genius shall perish; and all wisdom, except what is spiritual and heavenly—being, at best and in the wisest, extremely limited and incomplete—shall vanish away in the disclosures of the world to come; like those stars which, though they twinkle brightly in the midnight sky, yet melt away, and disappear, and are lost in the light of day. The most searching and comprehensive views of man here below are obscure, imperfect, partial—often erroneous; but the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus shall not cease nor be extinguished even in death, but shine increasingly in splendour, fulness, and glory, unto the perfect eternal day.

In the regions of everlasting light, the clouds which here overshadow the human understanding shall be forever dispersed, and we shall behold, continually more largely and deeply, the wonders of nature and grace; contemplating with rapturous wonder, love, and praise, the attributes and works of God displayed in innumerable glorious objects, of which imagination can now have no conception; crying, in union with the heavenly host, and with all who shall be redeemed from the earth,—Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."—Rev. Thomas Ridley.

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A first-rate assortment of Satin Vestings, Mufflers, Sealiffs, Suspenders, &c. &c., all of which he is prepared to make up in his usual good style of workmanship and very low price, for Cash. Cobourg, October 11, 1843. 326-1f

THOMAS J. PRESTON, WOOLLEN DRAPER AND TAILOR, No. 2, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING-STREET, TORONTO.

T. J. P. respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he keeps constantly on hand a well selected stock of the best West of England Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Doekings, &c. &c. ALSO—a selection of SUPERIOR VESTINGS, all of which he is prepared to make up in order to the most fashionable manner and on moderate terms.
Cassocks, Clergymen's, and Soldiers' Gowns, BARRIERS' ROBES, &c. made on the shortest notice and in superior style. Toronto, August 31, 1841. 307-1f

Messrs. T. & M. BURGESS, RESPECTFULLY inform their friends, and the public in general, that they have taken the Establishment lately conducted by Mr. G. BILTON, Merchant Tailor,

No. 128, King Street, Toronto, where they purpose carrying on the above business in all its various branches, and will be happy to receive the commands of Mr. Bilton's numerous customers, as well as those of the public in general. They hope by punctual attention to business, and keeping a superior stock of the

BEST WEST OF ENGLAND CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c. &c. and conducting the business on the same liberal terms as their predecessors, to merit a share of public support.

Messrs. T. & M. Burgess having purchased for cash, the whole of their present Stock, consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, (of superior quality) are enabled to serve their customers on very favourable conditions.

N. B.—T. BURGESS having had long experience in the CUTTING DEPARTMENT, in London, and likewise the management of one of the most fashionable Establishments in England, and since he has been in Canada, was for a length of time Foreman to Mr. T. J. PRESTON, and since then to Mr. G. BILTON, he flatters himself, from his general knowledge of the business in all its branches, that he will be able to please a majority of the most fashionable who will favour him with a trial.
Ladies' Riding Habits, Clergymen's Gowns and Cassocks, Barriers' Robes, Naval and Military Uniforms, Servants' Liveries, &c. &c., all got up in the neatest manner. Toronto, July 12, 1843. 317-1f

JOHN BROOKS, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, FROM LONDON,

THANKFUL to his friends and the public in general for the very liberal support received since he commenced business in this city, begs leave to intimate that he has REMOVED to

No. 4, VICTORIA ROW, (his former Shop having been partially destroyed by the late fire in King Street), where he hopes, by close diligence and punctuality in business, to merit a continuance of the favours hitherto extended to him. Toronto, September 26, 1843. 326-1f

A SHOP AND OFFICE to LET at No. 4, Victoria Row. Apply to JOHN BROOKS, on the premises.

JOHN HART, PAINTER, GLAZIER, GRAINER AND PAPER-HANGER, (LATE OF THE FIRM OF HART & MARCH).

RESPECTFULLY returns thanks for the kind support he has received while in partnership, and desires to acquaint his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by Mr. PORTWELL, No. 233, King Street, two doors east of Mr. BOWEN'S, where he is carrying on his business, and trusts, by strict attention and liberal terms, to still merit a continuance of public patronage. Toronto, 25th May, 1842. 47-1f

WILLIAM STENNETT, MANUFACTURING SILVER-SMITH, Jeweller and Watchmaker, STORE STREET, KINGSTON,

DEALER in Silver and Plated Ware, Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Gold and Gilt Jewellery, Jet Goods, German Watches, Britannia Metal, and Japanese Wares, Fine Cutlery, &c. Watches, Clocks, Plates and Jewellery, carefully repaired; Engraving and Dye-staining executed. The highest cash price paid for old Gold and Silver. Toronto, 1842. 262-1f

MARBLE GRAVE STONE FACTORY, No. 2, Richmond Place, Yonge Street, NEXT DOOR TO MR. J. C. BRIDGEMAN.

JAMES MCLEOD has always on hand Tombs, Monuments, Pedestals, &c. and Marble Works, of every description, promptly executed to order. Toronto, January 5, 1843. 283-1f

OWEN, MILLER & MILLS, COACH BUILDERS, FROM LONDON, CORNER OF PRINCESS AND BARRIE STREETS, KINGSTON, AND KING STREET, TORONTO. 329-1f

R. BARRETT, Copper, Sheet Iron, and Tin Manufacturer, (SIGN OF THE GILT STOVE), DIVISION STREET, Cobourg, 7th Nov. 1843. 330-3m

A. V. BROWN, M.D., SURGEON DENTIST, No. 4, RAY STREET, Toronto, December 31, 1841. 26-1f

MR. S. WOOD, SURGEON DENTIST, CHEWETT'S BUILDINGS, KING STREET, Toronto, February 5, 1842. 31-1f

J. W. BRENT, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, KING STREET, KINGSTON. FERRISS'S FAMILY PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED. Toronto, 14th 1842. 262-1f

DR. PHIBBS, (Late of Newmarket), OPPOSITE LADY CAMPBELL'S, DUKE STREET, Toronto, 7th August, 1841. 7-1f

DR. HAMILTON, (LATE OF QUELTON), Bay Street, between Newgate & King Streets, TORONTO. 326-6m

DR. HODDER, (LATE OF NIAGARA), York Street, Two Doors North of King Street, Dr. Hodder may be consulted at his residence from Eight until Eleven, A.M. 326-6m

EDWARD GEORGE O'BRIEN, GENERAL AGENT, No. 4, VICTORIA ROW, KING STREET, TORONTO. OPPOSITE WELLINGTON BUILDINGS. 332-1f

MR. J. D. HUMPHREYS, (FORMERLY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC), SINGING AND THE PIANO FORTE. Toronto, Oct. 7, 1843. 330-1f

MR. HOPNER MEYER, ARTIST, HAS REMOVED TO 140, KING STREET, FIRST DOOR WEST OF YONGE STREET. Toronto, June 24, 1842. 51-1f

MESSRS. BETHUNE & BLACKSTONE, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, &c. OFFICE OVER THE WATERLOO HOUSE, No. 134, King Street, Toronto. ONE DOOR EAST OF RIDOUT, BROTHERS & CO. December 1, 1843. 282-1f