

The Church.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER 1, 12.

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Original Poetry.

For the Church.

FAREWELL TO A YOUTH.

Go! and a thousand blessings
Around thy footsteps spring!
God's Angels overshadow thee,
And Faith with Seraph wing!

In Youth's green May remember
The Lord for thee who died;
And in life's serene December
That Lord will be thy guide.

Should the loud din of Faction
The voice of Freedom drown,
Arouse thee to the rescue
Of England's Church and Crown.

And O! if dark affliction
Thy future years o'ercloud,
And cold estrangement greet thee
From the mercenary crowd;

The hand these words now tracing
Shall be outstretch'd to rear
Thy drooping head, and wipe away
The secret manly tear.

Then fare thee well, young Pilgrim!
Earth has more thorns than flowers—
Thine the palm, that decks, unfading,
Heav'n's amaranthine bowers.

NORMAN.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Written by SIR WALTER RALEIGH, a few days before his Execution.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant,
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie!

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie!

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay,
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie!

And when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing:
Altho' to give the lie,
Deserves no less than stabbing:
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

WILLIAM JUXON,
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.*

Among those who lived during the stormy reign of our first Charles, few perhaps, if any, passed through so many offices of trust and responsibility, with so little envy and ill-will, as Archbishop Juxon. No wavering or disposition to gain favour from his enemies, at the expense of his master's service, was the cause, but rather a line of conduct which no one could carp at with even a shadow of reason. This most reverend prelate was born at Chichester, and educated at Merchant Tailors' school. From thence he removed to St. John's college, Oxford, of which society he became fellow in 1598. His inclination first induced him to prepare for the bar; and with this view he studied civil law, having become a member of Gray's Inn. God, however, destined him to fill another situation; and before completing his terms, he decided to give himself to the work of the ministry. After having pursued with great diligence his theological studies, he was ordained, and in the year 1609 presented by his college to the living of St. Giles in Oxford, where, says Le Neve, "he was much admired for his excellent and plain way of preaching; which, though it was with great strength of conviction, yet, at the same time, was with a most genuine and native simplicity." In this cure he continued, according to Antony Wood, six years, "being much frequented for his edifying way of preaching." The rectory of Somerton in Oxfordshire was subsequently the scene of his labours, where in the east window of the chancel still remains his coat of arms. On Laud's resignation, he was appointed president of St. John's; and in 1626 he filled the office of vice-chancellor of the University, being then chaplain in ordinary to the king. The penetration of Laud had early marked Juxon as a person in whom he could place the most implicit reliance; he therefore used his potent interest for his promotion, and preferments were speedily heaped on him. He was successively made dean of Worcester and clerk of his majesty's closet.—The latter situation Laud procured for him, expressly for the purpose "that he might have one that he could trust near his majesty, if he himself grew weak or infirm." The bishopric of Hereford being vacant in 1633, by the death of Dr. Francis Godwin, his majesty appointed Juxon as his successor; but before he could be consecrated, he was called to fill Laud's place in the see of London. The next honour that devolved on him was one both arduous to himself, and perhaps very prejudicial to the royal cause.—Charles, at Laud's suggestion, raised him to the office of lord high treasurer,—one of the highest political situations in the realm, and never filled by a churchman since the reign of Henry the seventh. This step, though considered by Archbishop Laud as a masterpiece of policy, raised the envy of the nobility. They began, indeed, to look on the Church as engrossing far too much secular power, and this

appointment as a decided encroachment on their rights. Notwithstanding that every party beheld Juxon raised to this pitch of greatness with feelings of displeasure, still, such was his conduct, and with so much fidelity, integrity, and skill, did he discharge his difficult office, that at a time when the king's necessities were greatest, and the clamours of the people loudest, he gave universal content, and was never questioned for his management or behaviour. Neal declares, "that enmity could not impeach him;" and Graninger truly remarks, "even the haters of prelacy could never hate Juxon." However impolitic Laud's raising his friend might have been, still we must acquit him of every sinister motive with regard to the king and Church, as the ability and honourable conduct of Juxon manifests; for his engaging manners, moderation, and mildness of spirit, would have pleased any save those who were determined not to be pleased. Laud, on his elevation, is said to have exclaimed, "Now if the Church will not hold up themselves, under God, I can do no more." On the impeachment of Strafford, he resigned his high office, and retired to his episcopal residence at Fulham, having endeavoured in vain to persuade the king to refuse his assent to the bill. The next public duty we find him engaged in, was as one of the commissioners on the king's side, in the Isle of Wight. But all treaties being at an end, and Charles reduced to the condition of a prisoner, this pious bishop attended him in his most disconsolate situation, as the messenger of peace, of comfort, and of joy, pointing to a kingdom where he should reign amongst "those who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; wherefore, they stand before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne dwells among them;" where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The scene on the scaffold betwixt the king and Juxon fitly became each party. Bishop Burnet, no friend to the house of Stuart, says, that Charles showed himself so calm and composed, that it was imputed to a very extraordinary measure of supernatural assistance. In concluding his speech on the scaffold, he addressed them as follows: "Sirs, it was for the liberties of the people that I am come here. If I would have assented to any arbitrary way, to have all things changed according to the power of the sword, I needed not to have come hither; and therefore I tell you (and I pray God it be not laid to your charge) that I am the martyr of the people." Dr. Juxon then standing by him, suggested his declaring that he died in the faith of the Church of England; on which the martyred monarch replied, "I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left by my father;" and turning to the bishop, he added, "I have on my side a good cause, and a gracious God." Juxon answered, "There is but one stage more; it is a turbulent and troublesome, but a short one. It will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you will find joy and comfort." "I go," said the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown." "You exchange," replied the bishop, "an earthly for an eternal crown,—a good exchange." His majesty then bent his neck, and the fatal blow deprived Charles Stuart of his mortal existence. The king on the scaffold called Juxon "this good, this honest man," and affirmed "that he had been his greatest earthly support and consolation in the hour of adversity."

According to Le Neve, "after this most execrable murder, the bishop was seized on, rifled of all his papers, his clothes and coffers searched, and with great threats adjured to explain what the king meant by his last word to him, 'Remember;' which he did by an answer much to the confusion of the inquirers, viz. that the king, his master, had him carry this supreme command of his dying father to the prince, his son and heir, that if ever he was restored to his crown, he should forgive the authors of his death." The bishop loved his sovereign with no feigned affection; and whilst any respect could be shewn his name, he failed not in doing it; for to the last he kept near his loved remains, following the royal corpse to its interment at Windsor, where he was forbid to perform his last duty, of reading over the burial service appointed in our Liturgy. Having been deprived of his lands, and ejected from his bishopric, he retired to his estate of Little Compton, in Gloucestershire, "where," says Wood, "he spent several years in a retired and devout condition." But brighter days were about to dawn; and "at the happy restoration of Church and king, he had the honour to place the crown on the head of the latter, and be himself both head and crown of the other." For on Charles's return he was immediately made Archbishop of Canterbury, "to the rejoicing of all those that then loved order in the Church. The solemnization was in the chapel of King Henry VII., at Westminster; where, besides a great confluence of orthodox clergy, many persons of honour, and gentry, gave God thanks for the mercies of that day, as being touched at the sight of that good man, whom they esteemed a person of primitive sanctity, of great wisdom, piety, learning, patience, charity, and all apostolical virtues." The time of life at which the archbishop had now arrived prevented him in a great degree from taking an active part in these busy times: we therefore find but few notices of him from his promotion to the see of Canterbury till his death, which occurred on the 4th of June, 1663, at Lambeth Palace, in the 81st year of his age. His body was conveyed to Oxford, where it was honoured with a funeral of the most splendid description, and buried in St. John's College Chapel.

Dr. Juxon was noted rather for his meek, firm, and holy deportment, than for celebrity as a writer, or depth of learning as a scholar. One sermon only of his is extant, on Luke, xviii, 31. Bishop Kennet also ascribes to his pen a tract entitled, "Grace and Peace: or some considerations upon the Act of Uniformity; with an expedient for

the satisfaction of the clergy within the province of Canterbury. By a Servant of the God of Peace." "It is a singular ornament to his character," again to quote Le Neve, "that he so plainly and honestly gave the king his thoughts about the death of the Earl of Strafford. Bishop Juxon remained inviolable and invincible in his fidelity and integrity, and heroically told the king, that he ought to do nothing with an unsatisfied conscience, upon any consideration in the world; by which he gained a reputation that ought to be rendered immortal in history: and throughout all the following storm, he enjoyed the greatest calm of any man in the three kingdoms." The character of this good man cannot be better described than in the words of Sir Philip Warwick,* with whom he was intimately acquainted, and therefore well known to him. "This reverend prelate," says Sir Philip, "was of a meek spirit, and of a solid and steady judgment; and having addicted his first studies to the civil law (from which he took his title of Doctor, though he afterwards took on him the ministry), this fitted him the more for secular and state affairs. His temper and prudence wrought so upon all men, that though he had the two most invidious characters, both in the ecclesiastical and civil state, one of a bishop, and the other of a lord treasurer, yet neither drew envy on him; though the humour of the times tended to brand all great men in employment. In the year 1635, this good and judicious man had the white staff put into his hand; and though he found the revenue low and much anticipated, yet with meeting with times peaceable and regular, and his master inclined to be frugal, he held up the dignity and honour of his majesty's household, and the splendour of the court, and all public expenses, and justice in all contracts; so as there were as few dissatisfactions in his time as perchance in any: and yet he cleared off the anticipations on the revenue, and set his master beforehand. The choice of this good man shows how remote it was from this king's intentions to be either tyrannical or arbitrary; for so well he demeaned himself through his whole seven years' employment, that neither as bishop or treasurer came there any one accusation against him in that last parliament, 1640, whose ears were opened, nay itching after such complaints. Nay, even after the king's being driven from London, he remained at his house, belonging to his bishopric, in Fulham, and sometimes was visited by some of the grandees, and found respect from all, and yet walked steadily in his old paths. And he retained so much of his master's favour, that when the king was admitted to any treaty with the two houses of commissioners, he always commanded his attendance on him; for he ever valued his advice. I remember, (says Sir Philip) that the king, being busy in despatching some letters with his own pen, commanded me to wait on the bishop, and to bring him back his opinion in a certain affair. I humbly prayed his majesty that I might rather bring him with me, lest I should not express his majesty's sense fully, nor bring back his so significantly as he meant it; and because there might be need for him farther to express himself, and lest he should not speak freely to me. To which the king replied, 'Go, as I bid you: if he will speak freely to any body, he will speak freely to you. This I will say of him, I never got his opinion freely in my life, but that when I had it, I was ever the better for it.' This character from so judicious a prince I could not omit, because it carried in it the reason of that confidence which called him to be his majesty's confessor before his death, and to be his attendant on the scaffold at his death; so as all persons concurring thus about this good prelate, we may modestly say, he was an eminent man."

* Memoirs, p. 94, 96.

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XVII.

THE RED SEA.

Exodus xiii. 18.—"But God led the people about, through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea."

Late in the afternoon, we landed on the opposite side, on the most sacred spot connected with the wanderings of the Israelites, where they rose from the dry bed of the sea, and, at the command of Moses, the divided waters rushed together, overwhelming Pharaoh and his chariots, and the whole host of Egypt. With the devotion of a pious pilgrim, I picked up a shell and put into my pocket as a memorial of the place; and then Paul and I, mounting the dromedaries which my guide had brought down to the shore in readiness, rode to a grove of palm trees, shading a fountain of bad water, called ayoun Mousa, or the fountain of Moses. I was riding carelessly along, looking behind me towards the sea, and had almost reached the grove of palm trees, when a large flock of crows flew out, and my dromedary, frightened with the sudden whizzing, started back and threw me twenty feet over his head, completely clear of his long neck, and left me sprawling in the sand. I saved my head at the expense of my hands, which sank in the loose soil up to the wrist, and bore the marks for more than two months afterwards. I seated myself where I fell; and, as the sun was just dipping below the horizon, told Paul to pitch the tent with the door towards the place of the miraculous passage.

I shall never forget that sunset scene, and it is the last I shall inflict upon the reader. I was sitting on the sand on the very spot where the chosen people of God, after walking over the dry bed of the sea, stopped to behold the divided waters returning to their places, and swallowed up the host of the pursuers. The mountains on the other side looked dark and portentous, as if proud and conscious witnesses of the mighty miracle; while the sun descending slowly behind them, long after it had disappeared, left a reflected brightness which illumined with almost supernatural light the dark surface of the water.

But to return to the fountain of Moses. I am aware that there is some dispute as to the precise spot where Moses crossed; but, having no time for scepticism on such

matters, I began by making up my mind that this was the place, and then looked around to see whether, according to the account given in the Bible, the face of the country and the landmarks did not sustain my opinion. I remember I looked up to the head of the gulf, where Suez or Rossum now stands, and saw that almost to the very head of the gulf there was a high range of mountains which it would be physically impossible for 600,000 people, men, women and children, with a hostile army pursuing them. At Suez, Moses could not have been hemmed in as he was; he could go off into the Syrian desert, or, unless the sea has greatly changed since that time, round the head of the gulf. But here, directly opposite to where I sat, was an opening in the mountains making a clear passage from the desert to the shore of the sea.—*Incidents of Travel, by an American.*

The Red Sea occupies a deep, rocky cavity, extending about 1160 miles in length, and its narrow breadth may be taken at about 120. Strabo has compared its shape to that of a broad river; and it does not receive the waters of a single tributary stream. The name greatly puzzled the ancients, and has occasioned in later times a quantity of much superfluous learning, to determine whether it was derived from the colour of the water, the reflection of the sand-banks, and the neighbouring mountains, or the solar rays struggling through a dense atmosphere. These various conjectures are set at rest; both the air and water are unusually clear; the theory of king Erythrus is exploded; and the name is now admitted to be merely a Greek translation of the "sea of Edom," (a Hebrew word denoting Red,) so frequently mentioned by the sacred writers. Its surface is diversified with a number of islands; some of which, such as Kotomble, and Gebel Tor, near Lohia, exhibit volcanic appearances. The western coast is bold, and has more depth of water than the eastern; where the coral rocks are gradually encroaching on their native element. These reefs are found dispersed over the whole gulph, rising, in some places, ten fathoms above the water. The bottom is covered with an abundant harvest of this substance as well as of certain plants; and, if examined in calm weather, it has the appearance of verdant meadows, and submarine forests; phenomena which procured this gulph the appellation of Yam Zaph, from the Jews, and Bahr Souf, from the Arabs, signifying (in both languages) the "Sea of Green Weeds." These beautiful productions attracted the admiration of antiquity. Strabo seems to allude to them when he speaks of trees, resembling the laurel and the olive, growing at the bottom and along the eastern coast of the Red Sea, which at ebb-tide were left uncovered, though at other times they were wholly under water; a circumstance deemed the more surprising, when contrasted with the nakedness of the adjacent shores. Burekhardt remarks, that the coral in the inlet of Akaba is red, and that in the gulf of Suez the white is chiefly to be seen;—facts which may reconcile the discordant statements of Bruce, Valentia, Henniker, and other modern travellers.

All who have frequented the Red Sea, have observed the luminous appearance or phosphorescence of its waters. "It was beautiful," says a graphic writer, who sailed from Mocha to Cosseir, "to look down into this brightly transparent sea, and mark the coral here in large masses of honey-comb rock, there in light branches of a pale red hue, and the bed of green sea-weed, and the golden sand, and the shells, and the fish sporting round the vessel, and making colours of a beauty to the eye, which is not their own. Twice or thrice we ran on after dark for an hour or two; and though we were all familiar with the sparkling of the sea round the boat at night, never have I seen it in other waters so superlatively splendid. A rope dipped in it and drawn forth, came up as a string of gems; but with a life, and light, and motion, the diamond does not know." Those sea-lights have been explained by a diversity of causes; but the singular brilliancy of the Red Sea seems owing to fish-spawn and animalculæ; a conjecture which receives some corroboration from the circumstance, that travellers who mention it visited the gulf during the spawning period—that is between the latter end of December and the end of February. The coral banks are less numerous in the southern parts. It deserves notice, that Dr. Shaw and Mr. Bruce have stated, (what could be true, only so far as their own experience went,) that they observed no species of weed or flag; and the latter proposes to translate Yam Zaph, "the Sea of Coral," a name as appropriate as that of Edom.—*Andrew Crichton.*

EASTERN SIGNS.

PROVERBS vi. 13.—"He speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers."

It should be remembered, that when people are in their houses, they do not wear sandals: consequently their feet and toes are exposed. When guests wish to speak with each other, so as not to be observed by the host, they convey their meaning by the feet and toes. Does a person wish to leave a room in company with another, he lifts up one of his feet; and should the other refuse, he also lifts up a foot, and then suddenly puts it down on the ground.

"He teacheth with his fingers." When merchants wish to make a bargain in the presence of others without making known their terms, they sit on the ground, have a piece of cloth thrown over the lap, and then put each a hand under, and thus speak with the fingers! When the brahmins convey religious mysteries to their disciples, they teach with their fingers, having the hands concealed in the folds of their robes.—*Roberts.*

JACOB'S WELL.

JOHN iv. 6, 7.—"Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well; and it was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water. Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink."

* From the Church of England Magazine.