The Church.

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Poetry.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

(From "Thoughts in Past Years," by the Author of the "Cathedral."

O heavenly Love, thy beaming look
Hath sternest shapes with beauty dight,
And oft relieved the darksome nook
With neighbourhood of fairer light,
Till e'en each harsh and ruder sound
Into thy melodies is bound,
So blended hope with cries of want,
That all may have a place in the celestial chaunt.

Thus have I seen in sabler tress,
A spirit that would all behold
In garbs of its own heaviness,
So set 'mid minds of sweeter mould,
That on its darkness there were thrown
The thoughts of gladness not its own,
Like cypress dressed with sunny dew,
Or crown'd with trailing flowers a dark unsmiling yew.

Thus have I seen to deeds of blame
One hurried on by towering thought,
Till brought down to the door of shame,
In his own net the Watcher caught,
Till drooping 'neath Remorse's thrall,
He all his verdant leaves let fall—
They wither'd, all around him spread,
Have cherish'd his lorn rest, and dress'd his wintry bed.

Thus have I seen a temper wild
In yokes of strong affection bound,
Unto a spirit meek and mild,
Till chains of good were on him found.
He struggling with his deep distress,
As in some dream of loneliness,
Hath found it was an angel guest,
While round him lean'd the stars from crystal cars at rest.

And thus from earthly hopes decayed,
Purer affections rise to heaven,
As when a sylvan bird hath laid,
In hollow trunk by lightning riven,
Some berry wild—the withered root
Sees springing forth a foreign shoot,
And o'er her wave a fairer stem,
With graceful tapering bower and coral diadem.

As if some Angel hither sent
Turn'd clouds into a crystal pile,
Had train'd sweet flowers o'er nature's rent,
And taught her ruggedness to smile;
That we might learn from birds of air,
Their lesson sweet of peace to share;
If we will flee beneath His wing,
Assur'd that every ill shall its own comfort bring.

Why need I fear when night may come,
If it will bring its Moon and Star?
Or what to me is sorrow's gloom,
If it will show me worlds afar?
May we but keep a constant mood,
Thus changeless through vicissitude,
Till in the strength of holy love,
We see things in the light in which they're seen above.

TRAVELLERS IN AUSTRALIA.

(From Rev. W. Pridden's Australia.)

Amid scenery varying from grandeur to tameness, from fertility to barrenness, from extreme beauty to extreme ugliness, but always possessing, at least, the recommendation of being *new*, the wanderers in the Bush are delighted to rauge. There is a charm to enterprising spirits in the freedom, the stillness, and even in the dangers and privations, of these vast wilds, which, to such spirits, scenes of a more civilised character can never possess. If it be true,—and who has never felt it to be so?—that

"God made the country and man made the town,"

much more distinctly is God's power visible in the lonely wastes of Australia, much more deeply do men [illegible] through those regions, that it is His hand that has planted the wilderness with trees, and peopled the desert with living things. Under these impressions men learn to delight in exploring the bush, and when they meet, as they often do, with sweet spots, on which Nature has secretly lavished her choicest gifts, most thoroughly do they enjoy, most devotedly do they admire, their beauty. In travelling some miles to the northward of Perth, a town on the Swan River, Captain Grey fell in with a charming scene, which he thus describes: "Our" station, "this night, had a beauty about it, which would have made any one, possessed with the least enthusiasm, fall in love with a bush life. We were sitting on a gently-rising ground, which sloped away gradually to a picturesque lake, surrounded by wooded hills,—while the moon shone so brightly on the lake, that the distance was perfectly clear, and we could distinctly see the large flocks of wild fowl, as they passed over our heads, and then splashed into the water, darkening and agitating its silvery surface; in front of us blazed a cheerful fire, round which were the dark forms of the natives, busily engaged in roasting ducks for us; the foreground was covered with graceful grass-trees, and, at the moment we commenced supper, I made the natives set fire to the dried tops of two of these, and by the light of these splendid chandeliers, which threw a red glare over the whole forest in our vicinity, we ate our evening meal; then, closing round the fire, rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and laid down to sleep."

The very same feeling of religion, which heightens the pleasures of, and gives a keener relish to the enjoyments of life in these lonely places, can also afford comfort, and hope, and encouragement under those perils and privations which first explorers must undergo. Religion is the sun that brightens our summer hours, and gives us, even through the darkest and most stormy day, light, and confidence, and certainty. And when a small body of men are left alone, as it were, in the wilderness with their God, whatever occurs to them, whether of a pleasing or of a trying character, is likely to lift up their souls to their Maker, in whom "they live and move, and have their being." When the patient traveller, of whose adventures in Western Australia so much mention has been made, had waited weather-bound on a lonely coast, never before trodden by the foot of civilised man, until eight days had been consumed in watching to no purpose the winds and the waves,—when, at a distance of thousands of miles from their native country, and many hundreds of miles from the nearest English colony, he and his little party were wasting strength and provisions in a desert spot; from which their only means of escaping was in one frail boat, which the fury of the sea forbade them to think of launching upon the deep,—when the men, under these circumstances, were becoming more and more gloomy and petulant, where was it that the commander sought and found consolation? It was in religion. And the witness of one who has successfully gone through trials of this kind, is well deserving of the utmost attention. "I feel assured," says Captain Grey, in his account of this trial of patience, "that, but for the support I derived from prayer, and frequent perusal and meditation of the Scriptures, I should never have been able to have borne myself in such a manner as to have maintained discipline and confidence amongst the rest of the party; nor in all my sufferings did I ever lose the consolation derived from a firm reliance upon the goodness of Providence. It is only those who go forth into perils and dangers, amidst which human foresight and strength can but little avail, and who find themselves, day after day, protected by an unseen influence, and ever and again snatched from the very jaws of destruction, by a power which is not of this world, who can at all estimate the knowledge of one's own weakness and littleness, and the firm reliance and trust upon the goodness of the Creator, which the human breast is capable of feeling. Like all other lessons which are of great and lasting benefit to man, this one must be learned amid much sorrowing and woe; but, having learned it, it is but the sweeter from the pain and toil which are undergone in the acquisition."

The mention of these trials to which travellers in the bush are peculiarly liable, brings naturally to mind that worst of all privations, a want of water, to which they are so frequently exposed. The effects of extreme thirst are stated to have been shown, not merely in weakness and want, in a parched and burning mouth, but likewise in a partial loss of the senses of seeing and hearing. Indeed, the powers of the whole frame are affected, and, upon moving, after a short interval of rest, the blood rushes up into the head with a fearful and painful violence. A party of men reduced to this condition have very little strength, either of mind or body, left them, and it is stated, that, in cases of extreme privation, the worst characters have always least control over their appetites.* Imagine men marching through a barren and sandy country, a thirsty land where no water is, at the rate of about two miles in an hour and a quarter, when, suddenly, they come upon the edge of a dried-up swamp, and behold the footmark of a native, imprinted on the sand,—the first beginning of hope, a sign of animal life, which of course implies the means of supporting it. Many more footsteps are soon seen, and some wells of the natives are next discovered, but alas! all appear dry. Kaiber, a native companion of the party, suddenly starts up from in a hole of *soft mud*, with which he had completely swelled himself out, and of which he had helped himself to pretty well half the supply. It is so thick that it needs straining through a handkerchief, yet so welcome, after three days and two nights of burning thirst, under a fierce sun, that each man throws himself down beside the hole, exclaiming "Thank God!" and then greedily swallows a few mouthfulls of the liquid mud, declaring it to be the most delicious water, with a peculiar flavour, better than any that had ever before been tasted by him. Upon scraping the mud quite out of the hole, water begins slowly to trickle in again.† As might be expected, game abounds here, driven by the general dryness of the country to these springs.—But the trembling hand of a man worn down by fatigue and thirst is not equal to wield a gun, or direct its fire to any purpose; so it seems as if thirst were escaped for a time, in order that hunger might occupy its place. At length, however, the native kills a cockatoo, which had been wounded by a shot; and this bird, with a spoonful of flour to each man, and a tolerable abundance of liquid mud, becomes the means of saving the lives of the party.

Such is the picture, taken from life, of some of the privations undergone, during dry seasons, in certain portions of the bush, and we must, at the risk of being tedious, repeat again the witness of a military man, of one who has seen much of the world, respecting the best source of comfort and support under these distressing trials. At such times, upon halting, when the others of the party would lie wearily down, and brood over their melancholy state, Captain Grey would keep his journal, (a most useful repository of facts), and this duty being done, he would open a small New Testament, his companion through all his wanderings, from which book he drank in such deep draughts of comfort, that his spirits were always good. And on another occasion, he shared the last remaining portion of provision with his native servant; after which he actually felt glad that it was gone, and that he no longer had to struggle with the pangs of hunger, and put off eating it to a future hour. Having completed this last morsel, he occupied himself a little with his journal, then read a few chapters in the New Testament, and, after fulfilling these duties, he felt himself as contented and cheerful as ever he had been in the most fortunate moments of his life.

[illegible] have not, but of which we think we stand in need, are ever present to our fancy, so in these thirsty soils the mere appearance of that water, of which the reality would be so grateful, is frequently known to mock the sight of man.—A remarkable specimen of this was seen at the plains of Kolaina, (Deceit), in North-Western Australia.—From a sand hill, not very far from the coast, was seen a splendid view of a noble lake, dotted about with many beautiful islands. The water had a glassy and fairy-like appearance, and it was an imposing feeling to sit down alone on the lofty eminence, and survey the great lake on which no European eye had ever before rested, and which was cut off from the sea by a narrow and lofty ridge of sandy hills. It was proposed at once to launch the boats upon this water, but a little closer survey was thought prudent, and then it proved that the lake was not so near as it had seemed to be, and that there were extensive plains of mud and sand lying between it and the rising ground. It appeared to be about a mile distant, and all were still certain that it was water they saw, for the shadows of the low hills near it, as well as those of the trees upon them, could be distinctly traced on the unruffled surface.‡ As they advanced, the water retreated, and at last surrounded them. The party now saw that they were deceived by *mirage*,§ or vapour, which changed the sandy mud of the plains they were crossing into the resemblance, at a distance, of a noble piece of water. In reading the history of mankind, how often may we apply this disappointment to moral objects! how very frequently do the mistaken eyes of mortals eagerly gaze upon the *mirage* raised by falsehood, as though they were beholding the living waters of truth itself! What appearance, indeed, does the whole world present to one who rests upon the everlasting hill of the gospel,—the rock upon which Christ's Church has been built,—except it be that of one vast plain of Kolaina, or deceit? It was no long time after the explorers of the North-Western coast of New Holland had been mocked by the *mirage* or vapour which has just been spoken of, that they had a fearful lesson of the vain and shadowy nature of human hopes and expectations. When they had first arrived off the coast, on that expedition, they had chosen an island, named Bernier Island, upon which to bury, for the sake of safety, their stores and provisions, so that they might return to them whenever it should be necessary. Bernier Island is a barren spot, formed of limestone, shells, and sand, and without a single tree or blade of grass upon it, but only wretched, scrubby bushes, amidst which the light sand and shells are drifted by the winds. Such was the remote spot, surrounded by the ocean's waves, yet not very far from the main shore, upon which it was resolved to conceal their store of necessaries, secure, as it was supposed, from every enemy. In little more than three weeks, during which the adventurers had gone through many perils, and much stormy weather, they returned again not without some difficulty, to their stores. But o approaching Bernier Island with their boat the scarcely knew it again, so vast a difference had the recent storms made in its outward appearance, so fearful were the pranks which the hurricane had played upon a land which was, in fact, nothing but loose sand, heaped upon a bed of limestone. The place where their stores had been securely left was gone, the remains of the flour-casks, salt provisions, &c. were scattered about in various directions; and the whole spot so entirely altered that it could hardly be ascertaind, except by the fragments that were seen near it. How to get back again to Swan River, the nearest British settlement, without provisions, without water, without strength, was indeed a perplexing inquiry, and to answer this the leader of the party, having left his companions for a while, set himself seriously to work. Sitting down upon a rock on the shore, he felt the gale blowing fiercely in his face, and the spray of the breakers dashing over him; nothing could be more gloomy and dreary. Inland, no objects were to be seen but a mere bed of rock covered with drifting sand, on which were growing stunted, scrubby bushes; and former experience taught him, that no fresh water was to be found in the island. Several plans of escape, all apparently alike hopeless, offered themselves to his mind, and, more fully to compose himself, he took forth his constant companion in the wilderness, and read a few chapters of Holy Writ. Contentment and resignation were thus in some degree gained, and he soon joined the rest of the party, having resolved upon that plan, which God's providence and mercy finally enabled him to carry out, without losing, from a party of twelve, constantly exposed during a very long journey to most dreadful toils, hunger, and thirst, more than one man only, who died at no great distance from the English colony. That one person was a youth of eighteen years of age, who had come out from England, led solely by an enterprising spirit, and not with any view of settling. On the return of the party under Captain Grey towards Swan River, they were so sadly pinched by want of provisions, and by thirst, that five of them were obliged to start with their leader, in order to reach the British colony by forced marches, and Frederick Smith, the youthful adventurer, was one of those that remained behind. After undergoing extreme trials, which from his age he was less able to bear than the others, he, at last, became quite worn out, and sat down, one evening, on a bank, declaring that he could go no further. He was behind the rest of the party, and the man who was with him went and told his companions that he thought Smith was dying. The next morning that man went back for him; but, being himself very weak, he did not go far enough, at all events he did not find him. Probably, the poor sufferer had crawled a little out of the track, for, afterwards, when a party was sent from Swan River in search of him, they traced, with the help of a native, his footsteps up a bare sand hill to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, and there, turning about to the left, they found the object of their search stretched lifeless upon his back, in the midst of a thick bush, where he seemed to have laid down to sleep, being half wrapped up in his blanket.* All his little articles of baggage were very near him, and, from the posture in which he was found, it appeared that the immediate cause of his death was a rush of blood to the head, which would occasion no great suffering in his last moments. A grave was scraped in the sand by the searching party, and Frederick Smith was buried in the wilderness wherein he had died, and which he had been among the first to explore, about seventy-six miles northward of the Swan River.

A piece of wood found upon the neighbouring beach was placed at his head, and then the solitary spot was forsaken for ever by the mourning companions of the departed youth, who left

"Heaven's fresh gales, and the ocean's wave,
Alternate to sigh o'er the wanderer's grave."†

It was only six weeks before this untimely end of the young explorer, that he had set out, full of hope, on the long journey by the coast, which the party made on their return, and had been a leading character in such beautiful pictures of life in the Australian wilderness as this which is given by his friend Captain Grey. "We soon found ourselves at the foot of a lofty cascade, down which a little water was slowly dropping; and, on climbing to its summit, it appeared to be so well fitted for a halting-place for the night, that I determined to remain there. The men made themselves comfortable near the water-holes, and Mr. Smith and myself crept into a little cave, which occasionally served as a resting-place for the natives, the remains of whose fires were scattered about. A wild woodland and rocky scenery was around us; and when the moon rose and shed her pale light over all, I sat with Mr. Smith on the edge of the waterfall, gazing by turns into the dim woody abyss below, and at the red fires and picturesque groups of the men, than which fancy could scarcely imagine a wilder scene."

It is no uncommon mistake, with persons who ought to know better, to magnify the toils and hardships endured by the body, while those labours and anxieties that the mind undergoes are disregarded and forgotten. Every man engaged in an exploring party in the bush, for instance, has his severe trials to go through, but their trials are not to be compared to those of the commander of the party. How often when the rest are sleeping must he be watchful? How frequently, while others are gay, must he feel thoughtful? These remarks may easily be applied to the following description of the coast near Shark's Bay, in the N. W. of the island of New Holland. There was great beauty in the scenery, both the sky and the water had that peculiar brilliancy about them to be seen only in fine weather, and in a very warm climate. To the west lay a boundless extent of sea, to the eastward was a low shore fringed with trees, not only down to the water's edge, but forming little green knots of foliage in the ocean itself; behind these trees were low wooded hills, and in front of them were numbers of pelicans and water-fowl. There was only about three feet depth of clear transparent water, through which were seen many beautiful and large shells, and various strange-looking fish, at some of which last one or other of Captain Grey's men would sometimes make an attack, when loud peals of laughter would rise from the rest, when the pursuer, too anxious to gain his object, would miss his stroke at the fish, or, stumbling, roll headlong in the water. The fineness of the day, the novelty of the scenery, and the rapid way they were making, made the poor fellows forget past dangers, as well as those they had yet to undergo. But this was more than their commander was able to do. "My own meditations," adds Captain Grey, "were of a more melancholy character, for I feared that the days of some of the light-hearted group were already numbered, and would soon be brought to a close. Amid such scenes and thoughts we were swept along, while this unknown coast, which so many had anxiously yet vainly wished to see, passed before our eyes like a dream, and ere many more years have hurried by, it is possible that the recollection of this day may be as such to me."

Among the wonders of Nature to be met with in the Australian bush, the large rivers occasionally dried up to their very lowest depth by the extreme drought, are very remarkable. Few natural objects can equal in beauty and utility a river in its proper state,—

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full;"

but few can exceed in terror and destruction a large river in time of flood; while nothing, surely, can surpass in horror and desolation the same object when its stream is wasted, its waters disappeared, its usefulness and beauty alike gone. This spectacle is, fortunately, but rarely seen, except in Australia, and even there only after very dry seasons. One river seen in this [illegible] consisted of several channels or beds, divided from each other by [illegible] of flood become islands; the main channel was about 270 yards in breadth, and the height of its bank was about fifteen feet. After the exploring party had passed the highest point in the channel to which the tide flowed from the sea, this huge river bed was perfectly dry, and looked the most mournful, deserted spot imaginable. Occasionally water-holes were found eighteen or twenty feet in depth, and it is from these alone that travellers have been enabled to satisfy their thirst in crossing over the unexplored parts of the bush, where no water could elsewhere be obtained. Still, notwithstanding the extreme drought by which they were surrounded, the strangers could see by the remaining drift-wood, which had been washed high up into the neighbouring trees, what rapid and overpowering currents sometimes swept along the now dry channel.

On another occasion the same singular object is powerfully described, and the feelings of men, who had long been in need of water, at beholding a sight like this can scarcely be imagined. Beneath them lay the dry bed of a large river, its depth at this point being between forty and fifty feet, and its breadth upwards of 300 yards; it was at times subject to terrible floods, for along its banks lay the trunks of immense trees, giants of the forest, which had been formerly washed down from the interior of the country; yet nothing now met their craving eyes but a vast sandy channel, which scorched their eyeballs, as the rays of the sun were reflected back from its white, glistening bed.—Above and below this spot, however, large pools of water were found, and even here, when a hole of a few inches depth was scraped in the dry channel, it soon became filled with water which oozed into it from the sand. At another stream, which the same exploring party afterwards fell in with, they were less successful and found all the pools entirely dry. The sun was intensely hot, and the poor men grew faint for want of water, while it heightened their sufferings, that they stood upon the brink of a river, or wandered along its banks with eager, piercing eyes, and an air of watchfulness peculiar to those who seek for that on which their lives depend. One while they explored a shallow, stony part of the bed, which was parched up and blackened by the fiery sun: their steps were slow and listless, and it was plainly to be seen how faint, weak, and weary they were; the next minute another pool would be [illegible] at a distance reach; now they hurried on towards it with a dreadful look of eager anxiety—the pool was reached—the bottom seen; but, alas! no water: then they paused, and looked one at the other with an air of utter despair. The order to march from this distressing spot was unwillingly and slowly obeyed. So fondly does the human soul cling to the very faintest semblance of hope, that the adventurers would rather have wandered up and down these barren and arid banks, in vain search after water, than tear themselves away by one bold effort from the deceitful expectations held out to them by the empty channel.

It was on his return from a journey attended by perils and privations like these, that Captain Grey relates the following simple occurrence, which may help to make men value more highly, or rather prize more justly, the many little comforts they may possess:—The Captain had left some of his men behind, and was hastening with all speed to the settlement of Perth, in Western Australia, in order to get assistance and necessaries for them. Starting an hour and a half before daylight, he reached the hut of Williams, the farthest settler, north of Perth, in time to find the wife and another woman at breakfast. He had known Mrs. Williams, and, forgetting how strangely want and suffering had changed his appearance for the worse, he expected her to remember him again. But he was mistaken for a crazy Malay, nicknamed Magic, who used to visit the houses of the out-settlers. Hurt at his reception, "I am not Magic," exclaimed he.—"Well then, my good man, who are you?" inquired they laughing. "One who is almost starved," was his solemn reply. "Will you take this, then?" said the hostess, handing him a cup of tea she was raising to her lips. "With all my heart and soul, and God reward you for it," was the answer; and he swallowed the delicious draught. Who can fail of being reminded, upon reading this anecdote, of those gracious and beautiful words of his Redeemer—"Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward"? (Mark ix. 41.)

* See Mitchell's Three Expeditions in Australia, vol. i. p. 38.

† An expedient used by the natives in Torres Strait, on the northern coast of Australia, for getting water, may here be noticed, both for its simplicity and cleverness. "Long slips of bark are tied round the smooth stems of a tree called the *pandanus*, and the loose ends are led into the shells of a huge sort of cockle, which are placed beneath. By these slips the rain which runs down the branches and stem of the tree is conducted into the shells, each of which will contain two or three pints; thus, forty or fifty placed under different trees will supply a good number of men."—FLINDER'S *Voyage to Terra Australis*, vol ii. p. 114.

A different plan for improving the water that is hot and muddy, is thus detailed by Major Mitchell. To obtain a cool and clean draught, the blacks scratched a hole in the soft sand beside the pool, thus making a filter, in which the water rose cooled, but muddy. Some tufts of long grass were then thrown in, through which they sucked the cooled water, purified from the sand or gravel. I was glad to follow their example, and found the sweet fragrance of the grass an agreeable addition to the luxury of drinking.

‡ "The most singular quality of this vapour or *mirage*, as it is termed, is its power of reflection; objects are seen as from the surface of a lake, and their figure is sometimes changed into the most fantastic shapes."—CRICHTON'S *Arabia*, vol. i. p. 41.

§ See two other curious accounts of the effects of *mirage* and refraction in Sturt's Expeditions in Australia, vol. ii. pp. 56 and 171.

* The artless description of this sad discovery, given by one of the natives who accompanied the party, may be not unworthy of the reader's notice:—"Away we go, away, away, along the shore away, away, away, a long distance we go. I see Mr. Smith's footsteps ascending a sand-hill, onwards I go regarding his footsteps. I see Mr. Smith dead. We commence digging the earth. Two *sleeps* had he been dead; greatly did I weep, and much I grieved. In his blanket folding him, we scraped away the earth. We scrape earth into the grave, we scrape the earth into the grave, a little wood we place in it. Much earth we heap upon it—much earth we throw up. No dogs can dig there, so much earth we throw up. The sun had just inclined to the westward as we laid him in the ground."—GREY'S *Travels in Western Australia*, vol. ii. p. 350.

† See a like melancholy history of the death of Mr. Cunningham, in Mitchell's Three Expeditions, vol. i. p. 180, *et seq.* How thrilling must have been the recollections of his fellow-travellers in the wilderness at the simple incident thus related: "In the bed of the river, where I went this evening to enjoy the sight of the famished cattle drinking, I came accidentally on an old footstep of Mr. Cunningham in the clay, now baked hard by the sun. Four months had elapsed, and up to this time the clay bore the last records of our late fellow-traveller."

THE HARVEST.

(From a Sermon by the Lord Bishop of Fredericton.)

Few things remind us more forcibly that we live in a sinful, disordered world, than this: that our blessed Lord selects the most joyous season in the whole year, as a type of the most awful and stupendous event that can be conceived, the last judgment. Undoubtedly we do well to rejoice in the harvest season if it be favourable, and to give God thanks that, whatsoever it be, it is sure to be better than we deserve; but our Lord here (Matt. xiii 39—43,) seems to check and chasten our joy when he bids us look upon the harvest. There, he seems to say, look upon the type of your own condition. This world is but the field in which the good and evil are growing together for a future separation; the one to be gathered into God's eternal garner, the other to be cast out into everlasting fire. When you see the corn bending under its weight, and the tares growing by its side, think you see holy men, by the assistance of God's grace, "doing all such good works as God has prepared for them to walk in," and ripening for eternity. Imagine you see also unholy persons, blasphemers, thieves, liars, fornicators, adulterers, covetous, despisers of God, vain boasters, implacable, unmerciful, all who forget God, and obey not the Gospel of his Son, waxing worse and worse, and ripening for their doom. Nay, carry your minds still further. When you enter the harvest field, and either yourselves ply the sickle, or witness others doing it, behold the awful work of those mighty spirits who are appointed to make the separation between the just and the unjust at the last judgment. Without being able to make any more resistance than the sheaves of corn and the tares make to those who cut them down, the wicked shall be seized and consigned to that place of torment for which their obstinate rejection of God's long forbearance and offered mercy has fitted them, while the righteous shall shine with a lustre and glory unknown in a world of sin and woe; made like to their Saviour and the holy angels.

"The harvest is the end of the world." The first truth which we here learn is that an end will soon be put to all our opportunities and means of grace, and the character which is now forming in us will then be more fully displayed. All that we have enjoyed from our infancy till now, all the blessings which we at present enjoy, are means for our gathering in our spiritual harvest. *The corn or the tares are ripening.* The grace of God which fell on us at baptism, the striving of the Spirit in our hearts since that period, the voice of conscience, the authority and example of parents, the words of Holy Writ, the lessons of the Prayer book, the advice of friends, the scourge of afflictions, the pressure of poverty, the turn of prosperity—all are intended for this end. We never hear a sermon, but it either profits or injures us; we are never present at prayers, but we may sow or reap, or neglect our field; there is a vast, a present, a growing responsibility upon us; would that we were aware of it. Would that we thought more frequently, do I revive and grow as the corn in the field of the Lord? Are the fruits of the Holy Spirit growing in my heart, love and peace, meekness and [illegible], and sobriety, liberality and good-will? For these are the full corn in the ear which the heavenly Husbandman looks for, the only fruit which pleases him, and which he will acknowledge as such.

When the harvest is ripe there will be no time to grow fruits, but to gather them. The virtues of the Christian life, the good works which the Christian is to shew forth, are not to be produced all at once, nor in a day, much less in a day of harvest.

And, further, the very trials of our state are necessary for the gradual formation of the fruits. Patience cannot be ripened without provocation; love, without enmity; temperance, without temptation to excess; joy, without sorrow; hope, without adversity. But when trial is ended, then it is too late to think of beginning to be in earnest about these graces. They must be in actual possession, or they cannot be had at all. The time of our trial will then be past. Let us dwell a little upon this awful, yet most needful thought.

The time of our trial. Few persons probably realize that this present state is in all its parts a time of trial. To us who live in the midst of a careless, sinful world, eternity seems at so vast, so immeasurable a distance, that it is as if it would never come. Men die and pass away from the scene of their earthly pilgrimage, but the world forgets them. The sympathy of the world is brief, its friendship is hollow and selfish, of the world is brief, its friendship is hollow and selfish, its cares are many, its business is pressing, its pleasures are multiplied, and in the midst of this bustling, noisy life, it seems as if it would never come to an end. Responsibility is forgotten, the account which each of us shall give for himself is hid and out of sight; life seems the reality, but eternity an unreal and shadowy thing, a tale of priests, a jest, a dream—Such is too often our view of life; but this shadow (as we term it) lengthens upon us, and draws nigh in spite of all; life, though it grows busier, waxes feebler; character is rapidly formed and fixed, and ere we are aware of it, we ripen for eternity, and pass rapidly into it. Our trial is no longer; our fixed state begins.

Now as this should make us especially anxious what kind of characters we form, what kind of company we keep, what life we lead, and how we spend our days, so it should make us think more of every opportunity of improvement: means of grace seem, [illegible] we neglect prayers in the week, because we can come on Sunday; we come to church only once on Sunday, because we may come twice, or can go to an evening service; or we intend to do what we never perform: but measure these means by eternity, and what do they appear? From the longest life one must always deduct the days of infancy, when we could not understand; the days of childhood and youth, when we often would not; the days of old age when we cannot; the days of sickness when we are so hindered; and how few clear days remain!

Measure, then, these few days, if you can, against a measureless eternity; against millions, milllons, millions of years; against something we know not what is,—it is not time, it is not to be counted by time, a dark unfathomable gulf, into which time is but a single drop poured down the cataract, and lost at once. How precious will time appear! yet how short, when eternity resumes its mighty reign! How blessed will those be, whose seed in time has been a harvest for eternity!

PURSUIT OF HOLINESS.

(From "Profession and Practice," by the Rev. Hugh White, M. A.)

Ever, while engaged in that pursuit, keep in your constant recollection, that in the work of your sanctification, as well as in your justification, the Holy Spirit testifies of Christ, and glorifies Christ, as all in all. Yes, it is the righteousness of Christ, on which you are exclusively to trust, from first to last, for acceptance with God, and eternal glory; and it is altogether essential to your walking acceptably and comfortably with your covenant God, in the path of holiness, that you keep this truth continually impressed on your heart, that you may abidingly cherish a filial spirit, humbly assured of your heavenly Father's love. It is the meritorious sufferings and all-prevailing intercession of Christ, to which you are indebted for the indwelling of that blessed Spirit, who has taken up his abode in your hearts to renew in you the image of the holy God. It is the cross of Christ, from which you are to draw the most affecting considerations, to inspire you with the abhorrence of sin, the love of holiness, and the most grateful solicitude to abound in the work of the Lord, and consecrate every talent you possess, yea! every moment of your time to the advancement of his glory; feeling, that to be instrumental in glorifying Him who died for you, is not merely your bounden duty, (for He has a right as your Creator and still more endearingly as your Redeemer, to the entire devotedness of your whole heart and life to his service,) but also your highest happiness, for his service is itself its own exceeding great reward. It is the glory of Christ, which you are to seek by your progress in holiness to promote. It is the character of Christ which is the pattern of perfect holiness after which you are to be modelled; and this glorious transformation can only be effectual by continual supplies of the Spirit of Christ. Thus you must ever remember, that it is only as being in Christ, the great fountain-head of divine influence, in whom all grace for his people, is treasured up—only as being one with Christ,—a member of his mystical body,—a living branch of the true vine, that you can bring forth fruit to God.—And thus will every step of your progress in holiness still more endear you to that precious Saviour, to the Alpha and Omega of all your blessings, and of all your bliss. Keeping these thoughts abidingly in view, with what ardour should you engage in "following after holiness," when you reflect that in this pursuit you are treading a path in which the Divine Forerunner has gone before you; in which all his people, in every age, have trodden and uniformly found, that it was indeed a way of pleasantness and a path of peace. A path in which you are cheered along by the encouraging approbation of all the angels of God in heaven, and the pleading prayers of all the members of Christ's mystical body on earth, the invisible and visible witnesses of your high and holy career; a path on which the light of God's countenance continually shines—where the track of our Saviour's footsteps is distinctly seen,—where the sweetest whisperings of the spirit's voice are breathed into the soul,—where every step of progress is a step of advance towards the happiness and glory of the blessed God himself, and which will, ere long, conduct you into his immediate presence, there to rejoice in perfect likeness to him, and everlasting communion with him, with joy indeed unspeakable and full of glory.

And while you should be thus encouraged by the assurance of success, in your pursuit of holiness, you should be still further stimulated by the prospect of perpetuity of possession. In choosing this pursuit as your all-in-all of happiness, you are choosing "that good part which shall never be taken from you."—Every acquisition you make in spiritual knowledge, light, and joy; every step of advance you gain in conformity to the character of God, is a source of wealth, of glory, and of happiness, of which nothing can deprive you. These are treasures laid up in a secure place, where "rust and moth cannot corrupt, and where thieves cannot break through and steal."—This is a glory of which a more successful competitor [illegible] grow dim with age, or be tarnished in its lustre, by the sullying breath of an ungodly world. This is a happiness which no earthly change of circumstances can alter or affect. Poverty cannot steal it from you; sickness cannot waste it away; sorrow cannot embitter it; death cannot destroy it; eternity cannot exhaust it. Yea! so far from this, the happiness which flows from holiness, is only deepened and endeared by those very afflictions, which wither and blight all earthly enjoyments. In the abode of poverty it pours out its costliest treasures; in the chamber of sickness it whispers its sweetest consolations; in the solitude of sorrow it unveils its brightest visions; on the bed of death, it displays its noblest triumph; and, through the ages of eternity, it will be for ever deepening and for ever brightening, as the glorified spirit continually advances, closer and closer, to the source of infinite perfection; and thus having a fuller view of the divine glory manifested to its adoring gaze, as age after age rolls onward, and being continually admitted to increasing intimacy of access and communion, it passes on from glory to glory; everlastingly drawing deeper and still deeper draughts of satisfying bliss from the uncreated Fountain of all true felicity. Oh! believer, what a happiness is thine, flowing from, or rather concentrated in, the blessed God—even Jehovah-Jesus.—So secure, that death can only render it immortal; so inexhaustible, that eternity can only deepen its fulness, and increase its intensity for ever. Child of God! is *such* the happiness that the pursuit of holiness supplies?—Then *what* should be your ardour, your energy, your perseverance in the pursuit? How should it lead you to acquiesce, with the most cheerful satisfaction, in every appointment of your Heavenly Father's hand, when you reflect that his design in them all, (and his wisdom being infinite, he cannot be mistaken as to their suitableness to accomplish that design, for he is not *experimentalizing* with you,) is to bring about the very object, with which your own happiness is so inseparably linked. How should it teach you to be resigned, yea to *rejoice* in your heaviest trial, when you remember, that he casts you into the furnace of affliction, in order that your soul being purified in its refining fires, from the dross of earthliness, from the defilements of sin, may reflect, in clearer manifestation the Redeemer's image in the beauty of holiness.—And how should you instinctively shrink from every thing (however otherwise desirable) which may tend to retard, and cordially welcome every thing (however otherwise to be dreaded) which may conduce to promote the progress of that sanctification, which, the more it is advanced, makes you the more meet for glorifying God during your pilgrimage on earth, and rejoicing before him throughout eternity in heaven.

BAPTISMAL EDUCATION

(From "Sacramental Instruction," by the Rev. C. Bridges, M.A.)

Let us not forget the importance of a baptismal education, as a means of giving to the holy ordinance of baptism its full, permanent, and practical influence. The godly exhortations of Bishop Jewell are full of weight and interest: "A father must put his child in mind of his baptism; and teach him that it is a covenant of God's mercy to us, of our duty to God: that it is a mystery of our salvation; that our soul is so washed with the blood of Christ, as the water of baptism washeth our body. Let us look upon our children, as upon the great blessings of God. They are the Lord's vessels ordained to honour; let us keep them clean. They are Christ's lambs and sheep of his flock: let us lead them forth into wholesome pasture. They are the seed-plot of heaven; let us water them that God may give the increase. By you they are born into the world. Be careful, also, that by your means they may be begotten unto God. You are careful to train them in nurture and comely behaviour of the body: seek also to fashion their minds unto godliness. You have brought them to the fountain of baptism to receive the mark of Christ. Bring them up in knowledge, and watch over them, that that they be not lost—so shall they be confirmed, and will keep the promise they have made, and will grow unto perfect age in Christ."

Is it not from the neglect of this holy nurture, that many are called into the kingdom in the dawn of day, visibly sealed as the children of God, and planted in the nursery of his Church; and yet have grown up without the apprehension of a single baptismal privilege, or the practical acknowledgement of one baptismal obligation? Though their God has so graciously acknowledged their relation to him, and laid claim to them with such wondrous condescension; yet has there been no confession of the character he has conferred upon them—no honouring of its attendant responsibilities. It is a valuable testimony of Mr. Baxter—"I have always seen that God hath most blessed the children of those parents, who have brought them up most sensible of their baptismal vow, and making conscience of performing it." Let the shame of the neglect combine with the encouragement of the promise, to quicken diligence in this most responsible trust; professing in this sacred work our own personal consecration (for who can give his child freely and sincerely, except he hath "first given his own self unto the Lord?") and given our pledge, that our children should be the Lord's for ever—"a seed to serve him; counted to the Lord for a generation."

SUPPOSED USURPATION OF BISHOPS.

(From Bishop Griswold's "Apostolic Office.")

It is often affirmed, but has never been proved, that the ministers of Christ were at first all of one grade, and that the bishops usurped the authority, which, it is acknowledged, they in the early ages possessed. It is absurd to suppose that those now called bishops, made such a change. Because, if the government of the Church was left by the apostles in the hands of presbyters, they, the presbyters, must have made the change. On this supposition there were no bishops to abuse power; the presbyters usurped authority and made the change. If a thing so strange and so wicked was done at all, it was done by Presbyterians or Congregationalists. They who advance this position virtually say, that within one or two centuries at