

The Bazaar.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY, WHETHER THOSE THINGS WERE SO.—Acts xvii. 11.

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THE DYING BOY.

Come nearer, mother, raise the curtain high,
And let us look upon the spangled sky;
Leave still thy hand in mine. Put back the hair
That clings around my brow; say, wilt thou wear
One of these tangled curls when I am dead,
Nor tears to bitter o'er the relic shed?
My Saviour calls me to a heavenly home,
And angels near me gently whisper "Come!"
While from their golden harps the echo rings,
I hear the rushing of their shadowy wings.
Listen, my mother; though thy voice be sweet
Unto mine ear, the gladsome strains that greet
Thy slumbering boy, have tones of deeper love,
Murm'ring about my couch, around, above,
Like music in the air. When in the sea
The red sun nightly sets, it seems to me
That angels must be there, and track their way
From the bright chambers of eternal day.
Thou'lt think of me when thou dost look on high,
In those bright mansions, far beyond the sky;
Thou'lt think of me, I know, when earth seems fair
And summer's blossoms scent the sunny air:
O, then remember that my lot will be
Where flowers unfading bloom, that I shall see
Thousands of dazzling creatures that below
Have walked in righteousness, and that I go
Where, in the glistering robes around the throne
A halo bright reveals the Holy One.
Mother, thy face is from me, but I feel
The fast, warm tears that o'er my weak hand steal,
And thou dost tremble. If I ceaseless find
Thy fond love, ever watchful, ever kind—
If thy untiring care no change could see,
Think what God's changeless love for us must be;
Though slumber o'er thy anxious heart may creep,
There's one whose eye of love will never sleep.
Dark shadows o'er my eyelids steal along;
Say, dost thou hear the angels' swelling song?
If thou couldst listen to their joyful hymn—
But, mother dearest, e'en thy form seems dim;
Thou wilt not leave me, though the night is come,
Wouldst thou couldst lead me to my radiant home!
Come nearer yet, and still my cold hand keep,
And O, sweet mother, now I faint would sleep.
Church of Engl. & Magazine.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

PROV. XXII. 6.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." There are two things in these words for us to consider—a command and a promise; and these two things are here, as everywhere else in God's Word, inseparably linked together; for, let but the command be faithfully obeyed and the promise will be most certainly fulfilled.

1.—Consider, first, the command which the text contains:—"Train up a child in the way he should go." Now, this is a command to educate children,—but, to educate them in the right way. All education is not a blessing—far from it; that education which is without godliness, which takes not the religion of Jesus Christ for its foundation, and the revealed Word of God for its rule; (and that revealed Word interpreted, not according to the conceits and fancies of any private individual, but according to the rule of the universal Church of Christ;) I say, that education which is without godliness, which takes not the Christian religion for its basis, and the Bible for its rule, is more likely to prove a curse than a blessing. That education which is merely secular, which regards man only as a being for time, and takes no notice of him as a being for eternity—which cultivates his intellect, and adorns his taste, and improves his understanding, but does not touch his heart—such education, my brethren, is worse than useless. Man is a fallen creature, mark you; and man is an immortal creature also; and, therefore, all education, to be sound, and to be useful, must deal with him as such. If, in cultivating his mind, you do not counteract the corruption of his nature, and his tendencies to evil, what do you do? You only increase his power for mischief, and make him the more expert instrument of evil. If you teach him to be wise for this world, without making him wise unto salvation, by the sanctifying principles of the Gospel, you only deal with him as if his existence were to end with the years of his life,—as if he were without a soul, and as if there were no eternity to come!

But, such, I need hardly tell you, is not the education which is commanded in the text. When we are enjoined to train up a child in the way he should go, we are commanded to educate him as a fallen and a sinful creature; and yet as a creature for whom Christ died, and for whom light and immortality has been brought to light by the Gospel. And what does such education, the education of such beings, and for such purposes, imply? It implies scriptural instruction—godly discipline—wise correction—and holy example.

1. The command of the text implies scriptural instruction. Now, teaching, to be scriptural, must combine doctrine and practice, faith and duty. Take two passages out of the Word of God as an answer to the question, What is scriptural truth? "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." This is doctrinal truth. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness, and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." This is practical truth. And both doctrinal and practical truth must be

united in our teaching: the one is not complete without the other. The one is the foundation; the other the superstructure; and any system of education which leaves out either one or the other, is defective and will fail of success.

2. Besides scriptural instruction, education implies godly discipline. And this is indeed a most important part of all religious training. Control is to be exercised over the child from the first. He is not to have his own will, nor to follow his own way. He is to be brought into subjection; obedience is to be learnt,—this is the main point with every child, obedience. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right." "Likewise, ye younger, submit yourselves to the elder. Ye, all of you be subject one to another." The principles of dutiful submission are the principles of the Gospel of Christ, and their fruits are blessed indeed, both in families and in society at large,—order, harmony, peace, and love. Now, these principles must be early enforced in the case of children, by a due exercise of authority, and by judicious restraints upon their corrupt wills; else, the contrary disposition of independence, and of casting off the yoke, will soon discover itself; and that Spirit is not from above, but from beneath,—it is the temper of those who kept not their first estate. It cast down the fallen angels from heaven. It drove our disobedient parents out of Paradise. Its fruits are the very gall of bitterness. Wherever it has shewn itself, whether in families or in nations, discord and confusion, strife and envying, turbulence and disorder, tears and sorrows; and, oftentimes, murders and bloodshedding have followed in its train! In fact, the spirit of submission is the spirit of angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven. The spirit of independence is the spirit of the fallen, of the lost! The one forms the happiness of heaven, the other has filled the earth with mourning and woe, and hell with wailing and gnashing of teeth! The one is liberty, the glorious liberty of the children of God. The other is slavery, the slavery of sin, the bondage of corruption, and the chains of darkness. The one raises us up to the image and the holiness of God; the other sinks us down to the similitude and degradation of Satan.

In the words of our admirable Hooker, of "I, w or order there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels, and men, and creatures, of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

Of what immense importance it is then that the law of submission and of order should be inculcated on the rising generation. If we would have our homes happy and our nation prosperous, we must, by godly discipline, train up children to habits of dutiful subjection. Peaceful will be those families, and blessed will be that land, where, by the grace of God on our teaching, all have been taught to submit themselves one to the other in the fear of God.

It was the praise of faithful Abraham, that he exercised this control over his family. "I know him that he will command his children and his household after him; they shall keep the way of the Lord, and do justice and judgment." On the other hand, it was the curse of Eli's home, that "his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." And what constant examples we have of the truth of these words of Holy Scripture: "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

3. Wise correction will sometimes be necessary in the education of children. For, how soon do the evil passions of our nature shew themselves in our offspring! "The wicked are estranged from the womb: they go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies." And timely correction is of the greatest possible consequence and value. "Chasten thy son while there is hope; and let not thy soul spare for his crying." What mischief foolish indulgence may produce; and how wrong are those parents, and how unscriptural is their system, who suppose that punishments are unnecessary, and may easily be dispensed with. "He that spareth his rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." Observe, however, the spirit with which all chastisements should be inflicted—in love. "He that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes."—And herein we have the example of our heavenly Father to guide us. He doth not willingly afflict the children of men; and great is the contrast oftentimes between his loving corrections and the hasty and passionate punishments of many an earthly parent or instructor. "They verily for a few days, chastened us after their own pleasure; but he son our provisor, that we might be partakers of his holiness." (Heb. xii. 10.)

4. But holy example is above all things necessary in the matter of Christian education. Every parent and every teacher, and, in fact, every older person, is like a city set on a hill to his children. They will copy him in all things, and their characters will, in a great measure, be moulded by the cast of his mind, his words, his actions,—the very expression of his countenance will be noticed. How important, therefore, that his light should shine brightly before them, and that his example should be a constant monitor of good. It is quite wonderful how quick a child is to copy the language and the sentiments of those around him. Every one of his faculties is alive to learn, and to imitate. Every person with whom he associates becomes a teacher

to him, and every thing he sees and hears becomes a lesson. It is well remarked of the young child: "His eye is quick to observe; his memory storeth in secret; his ear is greedy of knowledge; his mind is plastic as soft wax. Beware, then, that he heareth what is good; that he feedeth not on evil maxims. For the seeds of first instructions are drop into the deepest furrows."

My brethren, more children are educated by example than by teaching. Remember this, all ye that have to do with children! Elder brothers and sisters, as well as fathers, and mothers, and teachers: when you act and when you speak before children, they are observing, they are learning all the time;—take heed that you do not teach them, either by word or deed, to do evil instead of to do well! And ye, Christian parents, avail yourselves of this pious character of your little ones for good. Let them see the image of your God reflected in you; let the beauty of holiness shine in your character, and while you teach them, by your daily instructions, to hush the name of Jesus; and while you tell them of his love for yourselves and for them, let them behold, with their eyes, the spirit, and the love, and the temper of Jesus Christ set forth in your daily life and conversation; let them see that you are walking humbly, meekly, devotedly, separate from sinners, as he walked; doing good as he did, and speaking words of peace and gentleness as he spake; and so will you be training up your children most effectually, as well as most persuasively, in the way they should go; so will you win them to Christ, and behold them folded in his arms, and blessed with his eternal benediction. But, observe, this education of children must be early. They must be sufficiently young to be "trained up." It is too late to bring them up in the nurture of the Lord when their character has already been formed in this world. The text speaks of the young child—and education, in order to tell upon the character, must be begun betimes. Those, indeed, are most monstrously mistaken who let their children alone, until they are capable of understanding and of forming an opinion, as it is said, on the subject of religion. We dare not let our children alone: if we do so, the devil, and an evil world, and a corrupt heart, will not leave them alone; and unless we counteract these pernicious influences from earliest childhood, the principles of depravity will have gained strength meanwhile, and sin will have struck its roots more deeply within them, and a wicked and ungodly generation will have contaminated them already, and the lesson of Christian education will only be ten-fold more difficult and discouraging, from its having been for any previous time neglected. Brethren, you cannot begin too soon; for, begin when you may, the evil one, and the evil nature will have begun before you. Oh! if you do not begin early to train up your little ones in the way they should go, there will not be wanting multitudes of evil examples and evil companions, who will train them in the way in which they ought not to go. This naughty world is a school of wickedness, and its people are evil teachers. Satan lacks not his thousand and ten thousand false and pernicious instructors; so that if you bring not up your little ones for heaven and for God, there will not be wanting those who will train them for the devil and for hell.—*Rev. Wm. Brock, M. A., Rector of Bishop's Waltham, Hants.*

The Promise, in our next.

THE POET COWPER.

The most Christian of our poets is Cowper, —the most evangelical in his theology, the most scriptural in his standard of right and wrong, and abating the frequent satire, the most Christian in his tone. It would be difficult to find in prose clearer or more simple statements of the great saving truth than some which he embodied in his pleasant verse; whilst, with a forbearance the more admirable in a poet, he never overleaps the landmark of sacred truth for the sake of gathering bright flowers of fancy. His lofty morality is the legitimate result of his orthodoxy, and it is impossible to name another bard who keeps at a purer distance from all appearance of evil, or who eyes events and characters from so serene a pinnacle of personal virtue. His denunciations of fraud and falsehood, and avarice and cruelty, you see at once are the language of a man who himself is truthful, gentle, and open-handed; whilst in the very style and manner of his compositions there is something ethical. The limpid, happy course of his numbers, the playful benevolence that sparkles all over them, and the verdure which skirts them wherever they flow, have a benign influence on the reader's mind, and are fitted to propitiate him into personal improvement. And this is, after all, Cowper's great excellence as a Christian moralist, as it is the fairest province of didactic Christian poetry. He did what it is not so easy in sermons to do. He pointed out the every-day faults and infirmities of character with such precision and fidelity that each might see as in a glass his own natural face; and with equal minuteness of detail, he specified those duties and graces which are not to be despised because they are little. Himself a lovely example of Christian amenity, his longer poems embody the maxims and the rules which might reproduce characters akin to his own wherever the spirit of the gospel reigns. Theologians and philosophic moralists do not descend to such details. They fell the tree or square the log in the forest. They supply the rough material, and leave it to the tasteful eye and dexterous hand of other artificers to convert it into implements of daily use and elegant adornment. Topics too trivial for the axe of pulpit eloquence or stately authorship, are just the proper size for the lively

turning-lathe and clear-cutting chisel of William Cowper. A Memel pine or a Honduras log is of little use to an every-day world till it be transformed into chairs and tables, pins and bowls, writing-desks and window frames. Many sermons and essays are the rafts of rough timber in the dock; but the "Task" has transformed Tillotson and Butler, and all the rest of them, into household furniture and personal applications. But most beautifully he has done it. Than his scenes of indoor gladness and Sabbath quiet and sanctified affection, poet never produced more graceful handiwork. Like the carvings at Chatsworth and in the choir of St. Paul's, when we remember who it was that evoked these fluttering birds and pensile flowers from the unlikely block, we do not think that the man who could make so much of a fragment of timber would have been better employed in felling Windsor Forest. Cowper has shown how much of real happiness a mind at peace with God may extract from very common things. He creates no fairyland. He rears no castles in the clouds. He conjures up no Albambra, its walls built with fragrance, and its pearly roof propped on pillars of light and air. Cowper is all actual, real. He has no care for an aching heart, save that which once cured his own. He has no path to peace except the royal road, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." And if his reader be such a believer, he points him to the materials of happiness all around him. On a bright day you may find it scattered all about in this brick-walled scrap of garden ground, and especially concentrated in that clove in the corner,—that box of rickety deals with an arnful of honey-suckle flung over it, which I call my summer-house. Or, of a winter's night, you may close the windows, and shut it all into your parlour, if the waistcoat be not chinky, and if you have first taken care to bring in "godliness with contentment." Whilst the author of the "Night Thoughts" would have found nothing in the "steamy column" from the tea-urn except an emblem of our vapour life, Cowper's playful fancy, and thankful spirit mounted up in its cheerful gyrations, like the genius of domestic happiness ascending in the smoke of the family altar. Notwithstanding his own deep-seated gloom, none was ever more successful in the search after happiness. He found it in the coil of the martyr, and in the cottage of the Bible-conning peasant. He knew that Howard had it in his path of philanthropy, and Whitefield in his apostolic career; and he felt that he himself had it, writing hymns by Mr. Newton's bedside, or reading "Cook's Voyages" to Lady Hesketh and Mrs. Unwin at Olney. He was happy when feeding the hungry, —happy when fondling his tame hares. And this is a singular beauty of his writings. He shows that a believer's enjoyment is exceeding broad,—that he comes in contact with each element of true pleasure from the all-sufficient source of blessedness down to its smallest atom,—that the same well-ordered covenant which gives him acceptance with God, makes the beasts of the forest look benignly upon him, and gives him a league with the stones of the field. There is no poet who has run such a diapason of delight from infinite excellence down to those trifles which have still a trace of that same excellence in them; and whether he sympathizes with "the rose just washed in a shower, which Mary to Anna conveyed," or holds a colloquy with Beau, puzzling his "puppy brains" to make out his master's meaning, or purs responsive to Tiney and Puss; or whether he spends an evening at Weston with his elegant and accomplished friends the Throgmortons, or sits down to his desk and Homer; or whether, in hours more sacred, he sings the "hidden life," the "walk with God," "joy and peace in believing," or revels in prospect of earth's jubilee, and the glory hereafter to be revealed; he is only drinking different rills from one well-spring,—the wider or more narrow streams which flow from the fountain opened. To say that his mind was melancholy is the same as to say that Richard Baxter or Robert Hall never enjoyed an hour's exemption from anguish. Neither they did, and yet they were happy. Like an Alpine stream flowing over a glacier, peace may flow like a river through a channel of perennial pain. Doubtless, there was a wintry stratum, over which the warm affections and sunny fancies of Cowper's poetry were constantly flowing; but that large volume of pleasant, joyful feelings, he owed to the thawing influence of the Sun of Righteousness. There was a constant pain in Cowper's spirit, just as there was a constant pain in Baxter's body, but both of them had a joy above the mortal average. And what we wish to impress in Cowper's case is this, that all the gladness he possessed was heavenly in its source,—either light direct from God's reconciled countenance, or reflections of that light, or reminiscences of the joys he experienced in the season of his "clear shining."

Some think that Christianity relieves from the lesser duties, and others imagine that it supersedes the lesser joys. Cowper's poetry is a good antidote to either error. He shows that the greater involves the less, not by annihilating it, but by including it,—that by setting the heart right with God, the Gospel does not set it wrong with man,—that by implanting a supreme love to Jehovah, it does not extirpate friendship and family affection, and neighbourly feeling, and general benevolence,—and that by giving the soul to God for its chiefest joy, the Gospel does not take away the little joys, the pleasures of taste, the comforts of life, the zest of knowledge, the delights of home, but only hollows them. For instance, many professing Christians "despise the poor." No poet has done so

much to bespeak kindness for them. Many who do not despise the poor forget the beasts. But Cowper remembers God's care for oxen; and has done more than any Society to prevent cruelty to animals. And then again, many Christians have a restless tootingling after a far away happiness, and are constantly setting out on laborious expeditions and distant journeys to find it, whilst Cowper, strong in sense and in Scriptural wisdom says,— "Keep at home. It is neither in a lodge of the far wilderness, nor in a London palace, that you will find it, if you cannot find it here. Snuff the candles, stir the fire, and take down your large-printed Bible. Or go and join them in the next room, and read aloud an hour off your new book. Or if you have no particular need for that pot of jelly, take it to your bedrid neighbour down the lane, and sit a little while beside him: for you have no idea how much good a little kind conversation will do to him, and how much more good the pots of jelly will do to yourself when dispersed among old asthmatic people, than if they were consumed at home." His sober truthfulness makes Cowper the safest poet for a sentimental reader; and his spiritual healthfulness makes him a reasonable counsellor to those whose faith is feeble, or whose feelings are morbid. Most young people are fond of Cowper's poems, and they can never read them too often, nor commit too many of them to memory.—*Chr. Journal.*

THE CASTING OF THE LOT.

Trifling as this act of casting the lot for our Lord's vesture, (Psalm xxii. 18.) may appear, it is most significant. It contains a double lesson. It teaches how greatly that seamless shirt was valued; how little He to whom it had belonged. It seemed to say, This garment is more valuable than its owner. As it was said of the thirty pieces of silver, "A goodly price that I was prized at of them;" so may we say regarding the casting of the lot, "How cheaply Christ was held?"

The casting of the lot is at all times a solemn matter. Man appeals by it to something above and beyond his own judgment, and his own will; he postpones the decision of reason; he suspends the determinations of his own judgment; he divests himself, for a time, of that which constitutes him a rational and intelligent being; he ceases to act as a man; and stands forth as a creature of perplexity, that looks to some other power, or being, to decide for him. Who is that being? What is that power? Those who use the lot alone can tell. The pious Jews of old, who had recourse to it by Divine command, answer, "It is the Lord." "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." Prov. xvi. 33. Therefore Saul said unto the Lord God of Israel; "Give a perfect lot!" and Saul and Jonathan were taken, but the people escaped." 1 Sam. xiv. 41. The holy apostles of the ascended Saviour answer, "It is the Lord." "And they prayed and said, Thou Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two thou hast chosen. And they gave forth their lots; and the lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven apostles." Acts i. 24—26. The perplexed Christian answers, "It is the Lord." "I pray earnestly for his direction, and I abide satisfied with his decision." But the worldly man, when using the lot, positively refuses to give this reply. On important occasions, where his interests are at stake, he prudently repudiates the lot. But where matters are nearly on a balance, or where trifles, or amusements only, are concerned, he feels no hesitation to employ the lot, because the results are unimportant. Inquire of him, "What is it that decides? What intelligence acts, when you lay aside your own?" Whatever reply he may make in an affirmative form, this we may expect to hear in the negative, "It is not the Lord; I had no reference whatever to the Supreme Being when thus engaged." So decided are multitudes in this opinion, that they deem it profanity to entertain the idea that God can be concerned in such a matter. At the same time, however, they admit that there must be something which settles the point. Some power, or some nonentity of power, which conducts the uncertainty to certainty. To this they give the name of CHANCE. Of all words in human language that mean nothing, this is the most significant—the most emphatically nothing. The Scriptures repudiate it. Moralists, philosophers, all reasonable men, disown it. Chance is not reckoned a material thing, and if it belong to the spiritual world, in which class is it to be ranked? Judgment has been already given, that it is not the Lord; therefore, neither can it be any of the angelic powers; for they are all his servants, and engage in no work but at his bidding. It must, therefore, be counted amongst the spirits of evil, and consequently to be dreaded rather than courted. Chance is, indeed, but another name for Satan; and it makes one shudder to think, that in the casting of their lots, throwing of their dice, and the shuffling of their cards, men abandon their own reason, and submit to be guided from uncertainty to certainty, from the unknown commencement of their game to its definite conclusion, by the great enemy of their souls. Therefore, let all Christians abominate these practices. Let them cast the evil instruments of such games out of their houses. If they be so ignorant as not to know how to spend their time to better purpose, let them occupy their hands in works of charity, or peruse the writings of wisdom, or engage each other in edifying conversation. They bear sad testimony against themselves, when they reply that if they leave off these amusements, they shall fall into something worse. Unhappy inhabitants of the earth! Is necessarily laid on you to pass only from one evil to another?