"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

STAND YE IN THE WAYS, AND SEE, AND ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS, WHERE IS THE GOOD WAY, AND WALK THEREIN, AND YE SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS .- JEREMIAH VI. 16.

VOLUME III.]

COBOURG, UPPER CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1839.

INUMBER I.

Original Poetry.

For the Church. THE VISION OF WICLIFF.

Rich summer eve! the sunset heaven was flush'd and kindling all, From cloister tower the holy bells came soft and musical; And gray old Oxford from her throne of shrine and storied pile Look'd on her sleeping Isis down, and seem'd with it to smile.

Within a dim monastic hall, high arch'd and fretted o'er, A Student bent o'er gloomy tomes of old and solemn lore; A wayward beam fell on his page, his toilworn glance he rais'd, And toward the sun-flush'd world beneath with musing sadne

A change came o'er his thoughtful brow, a lustre fir'd his eye, For strange deep tones were in his ear, wild shadowy forms swept

by,—
And visions, such as bless'd the seer on Pisgah's mountain height,
Cheer'd from the Future's misty world our first Reformer's sight. *

A wailing voice was o'er the land, a dark prophetic sound,-A mighty funeral pile arose, a fear-struck crowd was round; There 'mid the range of helm and spear, of monkish cowl and hood, The victims of that bloody day, two gray-hair'd martyrs stood.

Calm as the murder'd Stephen's brow was fix'd each aged look—Wild rose the sweeping flame around, no tortur'd muscle shook:—"Courage", cried one, and prophet-like flash'd his expiring eye,—"The glorious torch we light to-day, in England cannot die!"

Then loud a warning trumpet blew, on swept the battle strain, A thousand sail bore o'er the waves the giant hosts of Spain; There came the spoils of Indian mines, the chain and torturing

The thunders of Imperial Rome, the lances of Castile.

The chivalry of England rose, her flag was on the breeze-And proud and long its crimson way'd to guard her native seas; And deep a grateful people bless'd what Victory left their own— The altars of their fathers' God, their country's stainless throne!

Ages swept on—the land grew dark beneath a thunder cloud, And trump, and rout, and battle-shout, broke through the misty Then ceas'd-o'er England's startled vales a fiend's wild laughter

And told how truth and Freedom fell on Naseby's bloody field.

The lightnings rent the murky cloud—up rose a ghastly scene, Where, on a dark-hung scaffold, stood a form of kingly mien;
A saintly Prelate by his side of comfort seem'd to tell, For his dying glance was calm and bright—so the proud Stuart fell!

The nation's cry to Heaven was heard—there came a glorious morn, When kingly right and Gospel light came back triumphant borne Years fleeted on—'twas dark again—a despot rul'd the land, And altar quak'd, and Truth look'd pale, beneath his iron hand.

A barque sped o'er the sunny Thames to seek a dungeon's cell, With sev'n gray fathers of the Church, like felons guarded well; And thousands throng'd the mourning shore with blessing, prayer, and tear And watch'd their latest martyrs pass with calm and holy cheer.*

A war-drum beat—a shout was heard—on Devon's grassy shore, The flag of long-lost Liberty a welcome victor bore; And merry bells from village fane and old cathedral pile, Told that the fight of truth was won, that Freedom bless'd our isle!

Long ages swept their shadows on, sunshine and passing storm;—At Britain's helm of empire stood a soft and youthful form—'The waves grew black before her path, the far off tempest broke, But the spirit of a line of Kings her kindling glances spoke.

The storm grew wild—the monarch call'd—uprose a glorious band, The trust of England's hour of need, the stainless of the land; And foremost in their noble ranks a stately form appear'd Whom Victory call'd her brightest one, whom Time himself rever'd!

The voices died upon his ear, the vision left his sight,-Its parting hour was beautiful, it pass'd away in light:— Outspoke our first Reformer then in high and solemn tone, STAND BY THINE ALTARS, ENGLAND! THY GOD WILL GUARD

* See Hume's account of the imprisonment of the Bishops by

THE ENGLISH LAYMAN.

NO. XXII. THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

One of those tragic spectacles of justice violated, of religion menaced, of innocence oppressed, of unarmed dignity outraged, with all the conspicuous solemnities of abused law, in the persons of men of exalted rank and venerated functions, who encounter wrongs and indignities with mild intrepidity.—Sir James Mackintosh.

to enlarge the mind, and to strengthen and purify the liam Lloyd, bishop of St. Asaph; Francis Turner, of heart, there is none more delightful or instructive, than Ely; John Lake, of Chichester: Thomas Kenn, of Bath the biography of the worthies of the Anglican Church. and Wells; Thomas White of Peterborough; and Sir which these holy men have not left us an exemplar; there a finger, the people would have risen in a mass to their is no field of learning or science which they have not extended and adorned; there is no rampart of the Chris- tempt to excite the popular sympathy, nay with the tian Faith which they have not either reared or fortified strongest desire and effort to suppress it, they proceeded by their matchless and accumulated erudition; and so to the barges that were to convey them to the Tower. great and so various are the treasures of theological literature which they have bequeathed to the world, and Thousands begged the blessing of the Bishops, even runmore especially to their fellow-countrymen,—for they ning into the water to implore it. Multitudes, kneeling the works of the Divines of our English Establishment, alone remained extant, the loss would be but little felt, cers, knelt down to receive their blessing; and it was oband but a mere stone would have been dislodged from the unshaken fortress of Christianity. Reverse the case. however,-suppose the Literature of Dissent preserved, and that of the Church destroyed,—where would be the glory of our English Theology?-where those noble and impregnable defences, constructed by the hand of a Pearson, a Bull, a Waterland, a Butler, and a Magee, against which the Infidel and Socinian level their objections and cavils, only to be shivered into a thousand fragments?

Take our divines from the cloistered study, and the halls of learning, and observe how they demean themselves in times that prove the temper of a man, and refine, or consume him, in the fires of persecution. Behold the fabric of our Reformed Church slowly rising under the patient care of Cranmer, and subsequently watered by his blood. How beautifully, as we sit abstracted from the external world, with our eyes open but not employed, and with our mental vision thereby rendered the more intense, do a thousand mitred and crosiered forms, glide across our path, and suffuse the surrounding imaginary scene with a mellow and celestial light! Meekly and thoughtfully, the kindred spirits of Usher, Leighton, and Sancroft seem to hold solemn converse. Juxon irradiates his martyred monarch's scaffold with the mild lustre of faith and hope. Jeremy Taylor, the earliest champion of toleration, indulges in his divine contemplations, and hangs not his harp upon the willows, though he weeps, and remembers Zion. The much calumniated, the munificent, the sincere, the good Laud lays his grey hairs greeted with undiminished symptoms of the general af-

by indignities, which his learning, moderation, and piety provoked. Kenn and Lake withstand the tyrant James,and oppose their crosier and "unsullied lawn" to the axe and blood-dyed garments of Jefferies. Wilson traverses the Isle of Man, and the deserted Manxmen are only restrained by the Bishop himself from bursting the prison doors, within which a godless and arbitrary Governor had dared to thrust him. Barrington, Burgess, and Van Mildert appear before us laying the foundations of Institutions, dedicated to the service of Christ, and expending sums, such as monarchs might give, noiselessly and secretly in the alleviation of human misery. But where would be the limit, if we were to recount each name that has adorned the annals of our English Hierarchy? Here and there a solitary exception, -a worldly, an ambitious, or an unlearned, prelate is thrust unworthily by courtfavour, or some sinister means, into the apostolic seat; worse even than this, there have been bishops, but few, very few, indeed, fit compeers for Judas Iscariot, but in no greater proportion to the rest of their brethren, than he to the twelve disciples-yet making all these deductions, and recollecting that the chief pastors of our Church, are after all, but frail men like ourselves, we may safely assert that the Bishops of the Church of England, as a body, by their courage at the stake, their learning in the closet, their eloquence in the pulpit, their labours in their dioceses, and their presence in the senate, have faithfully discharged the duties of their awful calling, and drawn down the blessings of Heaven upon their

It would be difficult to say which is the brightest period of our Episcopal annals, -whether the reign of Mary, when five of the Bishops joined the "noble army of martyrs" in Heaven; whether the era of the Grand Rebellion, when our venerable and loyal prelates, with their inferior clergy, were either incarcerated, compelled to fly or abscond, and in many instances harassed unto death; or whether the crisis of the Revolution, when the holy fathers of our Church resisted the King in his might, and, yet rather than violate their conscience, involved themselves in his downfall to which their firmness had mainly contributed. The details of the two former periods are perused with more of a painful and shuddering interest, and more strongly excite our horror, indignation, and compassion; but the latter is a spot in English history, on which we can gaze with not less of interest,-albeit of a nature different and not so harrowing,-while at the same time we can survey it with a degree of rejoicing and patriotic exultation, to which we could not give way, when recalling the Popish fires of Oxford, or the Puritan atrocities of the tyrannical Long Parliament.

James II., in his infatuated attempt to subvert the civil and religious liberties of England, was fully aware that the principal barrier to his unhallowed project was the Church of England. Having therefore assumed the guise of toleration, as a mask to his designs, and as a snare to entrap the Dissenters into his support, he issued, on the 27th April, 1688, the celebrated Declaration for Liberty of Conscience, in which he claimed the illegal power of dispensing with the penal laws against Dissenters and Roman Catholics, and which had for its real object the destruction of the Protestant faith, and the restoration of Popery to its long-lost ascendancy and power. A subsequent order from the King was directed to the Bishops, commanding them to cause his Declaration to be read at the usual time of divine service, by the clergy in their respective dioceses. The Bishops, as the sentinels of the national religion, took alarm at this arbitrary violation of the laws, and after due consultation determined ply with the royal mandate, but pres respectful petition to James, remonstrating against the illegality of the power which he had assumed. The days appointed for the reading of the Declaration soon drew nigh, and so nobly and faithfully were the Bishops sustained by the great body of the clergy, that "not more than two hundred in all," states Sir James Mackintosh, "are said to have complied out of a body of ten thousand." Irritated at this disobedience, the King, on the 8th June, ordered the Seven Prelates who had signed the Petition to be committed to the Tower, on the plea of having published a seditious libel against the Sovereign and

The names of these venerable champions of our faith, Of all the studies calculated to engage the attention, are William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury; Wil-There is no species of the highest human excellence, of Jonathan Trelawney of Bristol. Had they but lifted up spoke in the common tongue,—that were the writings of and supplicating Heaven for their deliverance, lined the Dissent entirely consumed by some modern Omar, and banks of the Thames as they passed. On landing at the Tower, several of the guards, and even some of the offiserved at the time, and deemed a mark of special Providential interference, that on the evening of the bishops' commitment, when they attended divine service in the chapel of the Tower, the second lesson was the sixth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, wherein they were exhorted, "to approve themselves ministers of God, with patience, in afflictions, in imprisonments."

The same manifestation of popular feeling continued unabated throughout the following days. The nobility, of both sexes, hastened to proffer their solace and assistance to the venerable prisoners, and to beg their blessing; the soldiers on guard, despite the reprimand of their commanding officer, drank their healths; and dense masses of true-born Englishmen thronged around the Tower, as if ready, should occasion arise, to do battle for the passive guardians of the common liberties. Even the dissenting ministers, though so long silent in behalf of the Protestant cause, now came forward in many instances, with a noble forgetfulness of all past dissensions, and sent a deputation to visit and encourage the Prelates, whom they had before opposed.

On the 15th June, the Bishops were brought before the Court of King's Bench, by a writ of Habeas Corpus; and after having pleaded "Not Guilty", to the charge alleged against them, were liberated on their own undertaking to appear on the trial, which was appointed to take place on the 29th of June. On this occasion, both when repairing to, and when leaving the Court, they were upon the block, committing his soul to God, and his fection, and enthusiasm in their favour. Weeping crowds fame to the charitable judgment of posterity. Hall, the kneeling in a lane to receive their apostolic benediction—

asserter of the Divine Right of Episcopacy, is buffetted twenty-nine peers offering to be their sureties, and, to-Court,—shouts and huzzas unrestrained even in the pre- trial, of imminent Protestant danger arrive,—will again sence of the judges—the bishop of St. Asaph, detained | be found faithful to the divinely-authorised Bishops of the in Palace Yard by a multitude, who kissed his hands and national Establishment. garments,-the Archbishop received with military honours, and on bended knees by the soldiers posted at Lambeth to guard him-the bells of Westminster Abbey, ringing out a jubilant peal,—and bonfires, and festivities in the streets at night, and outrages offered to Roman Catholics,-all these were prophetic incidents which were doubtless conveyed to the Bigot King. How great, therefore, must have been the infatuation, that led him to disregard the MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN, which the hand of a nation was writing on his palace-walls!

The day of the ever memorable TWENTY-NINTH of June, beheld the Bishops entering the Court, supported and attended as before. The four Judges were on the Bench; the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, and two other eminent lawyers appeared for the Crown; while among the counsel retained for the prisoners, were the names, so dear to every Protestant, of Finch, an ancestor of the present Earl of Winchelsea, and of Somers, afterwards, the great Lord Chancellor and Statesman. The trial which proceeded in the usual form, and lasted during the whole day, was frequently interrupted, by unusual and irrepressible outbreaks of the feelings of the audience. On every turn of the case, unfavourable to the prosecution, "a triumphant laugh, or a shout of joy," which the Chief Justice soon gave over attempting to check, rang ominously through the Court. Lord Sunderland, the king's prime minister, who had already become a secret Romanist, appeared as a witness; and after having gone through the ordeal of being hooted, and hissed, and denounced as a "Popish dog" by the clamorous multitude around the doors, came into the Court colourless, trembling, downcast, bowed beneath a load of public obloquy and self-reproach. Williams, one of the crown lawyers, on making some indiscreet allusion, was also received with a general hiss.

At length the counsel on either side had done their gether devoid of character. - Irby and Mangle's Tour. part, and the Chief Justice proceeded to sum up the evidence to the Jury. Two of the Bench, Wright (the Chief Justice) and Allybone, considered that the petition amounted to a libel; Holloway and Powell, pronounced it to be no libel. The Jury retired in the evening, and could not concur in a verdict, until six o'clock on the following morning. At ten the prelates were brought into Court, and the Jury through their foreman delivered in their verdict-Nor Gully.

The shouts that arose within the court at the annunciation of this glorious result, were instantly caught up by the assembled thousands from without. With the rapidity of the fiery-cross,-the war-sign of the Highlands,stunning acclamations of triumph rushed from one end of the metropolis to the other, and were not long, before swelled by the thousand voices of the soldiers, they thundered in the ears of the monarch himself, then occupied in the camp at Hounslow. The jurors were caressed as national deliverers, with a warmth of gratitude that it would be cold-hearted to call extravagant. The Bishops, preserving the same equanimity which they had evinced throughout every stage of the proceedings, and inculcating submission and respect to the higher powers, escaped as privately as possible from the overwhelming gratulations which the exultant metropolis was desirous of pouring upon them. Some renegade and faithless Churchmen fared according to their deserts, and were assailed with the reproaches and derision of the multitude. Nothing could stem the tide of universal joy. Its first ebullition was such as did honour to the piety of a Protestant nation: for the people, grateful for so signal a worship. Other more usual exhibitions of public remorning of Sunday; windows were illuminated; bells pealed; the Pope was burnt in effigy; feasting filled the streets; fire-works and fire-arms added to what a witness and the excessive exuberance of delight, as might have been expected, in too many instances ran over into lience and disorder. The country was infected with the contagious and boisterous transports of the city; the principal towns in the kingdom shared in the triumph; and the grand jury of Middlesex, although sent out no less than three times, refused to find bills against several persons who had been indicted for the disorderly kindling

Thus was frustrated the attempt of James to bring back England under the papal yoke! From this failure did the nation take courage, and steel its heart for the struggle that it perceived was so rapidly approaching to consummation! We all know how that struggle ended in the virtual dethronement of the monarch, and the preservation of our religion and laws: and though the politician, who bases his principles upon the precepts of Scripture, must ever regret that the safety of the Church nvolved the dis-crowning of its temporal head, yet God in his infinite mercy grant that, should the folly and vickedness of the Second James be re-enacted in our day, Seven Bishops may be found ready to lay down their ives in maintenance of our religion, our liberties, and our church! Five of the venerated prelates who suffered and who triumphed in 1688, conscientiously refusing to transfer their allegiance to William of Orange, were deprived of their bishoprics; and whether we consider hem as right or wrong in this respect, we cannot but point with the honest pride of Churchmen, to their sorely empted but incorruptible integrity. England has still the worthy successors of her Sancrofts and her Kenns; ner Howleys and her Sumners are fraught with the spirit

* Wordsworth, who on account of his Ecclesiastical Sketches, may well be called the Laureate of the Church, has the following noble sonnet on the Acquittal of the Bishops—its introduction

here will, I hope, relieve the prolixity of this paper: "A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent, Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire— For Justice hath absolved the Innocent, And Tyranny is balked of her desire: Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire oursing a train of gunpowder—it went, And transport finds in every street a vent,
Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.
The fathers urge the people to be still,
With outstretched hands and earnest speech—in vain. Yea, many, haply wont to entertain Small reverence for the Mitre's offices, And to Religion's self no friendly will, A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees."

would here remark, that I have borrowed my facts, and sometimes the language in which they are clothed, from Sir James Mackintosh's History of the Revolution in 1688, and D'Oyly's Life

gether with numerous gentlemen, attending them in courageously; and the English people-let the hour of

ALAN FAIRFORD. Cobourg, 28th June, 1839.

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

NO. XXI. THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.

ST. JOHN vi. 1.—"The sea of Galilee, which is the sea of Ti-

About eight o'clock we reached Tiberias, having travelled about two hours along the side of the lake: we had occasion to observe that more pains appeared to have been taken to construct the road where it was very rocky, than in most parts of Syria which we had visited. The modern town of Tiberias is very small, it stands close to the Lake of Gennesaret, and is walled round with towers at equal distances. At the northern extremities of the ruins are the remains of the ancient town, which are discernible by means of the walls and other ruined buildings, as well as by fragments of columns, some of which are of beautiful red granite. South of the town are the famous hot-baths of Tiberias; they consist of three springs of mineral water. We had no thermometer; but we found the water too hot to admit of the hand being kept in it for more than fifty seconds. We endeavoured to boil an egg, but without success, even out of the shell. Over the spring is a Turkish bath, close to the lake's side, which is much resorted to, particularly by the Jews, who have a great veneration also for a Roman sepulchre which is excavated in the cliff near the spot, and which they take to be the tomb of Jacob. Beyond the baths, a walk runs from the lake to the mountain's side, which rather perplexed us when we all engines, the least likely to effect a moral revolution amongst were taking the measures of the ancient walls of Tiberias; but it south, and that this was the fortification of Vespasian's camp, as

SERPENT WORSHIP.

NUMBERS XXIV. 1 .- "And when Balaam saw that it pleased the Lord to bless Israel, he went not as at other times to meet Nach-

"He went not to seek for enchantments." So it is translated in our English Bibles; but the word "Nachashim" means, more properly, serpents. The ancient Hindoos supposed the infernal regions to be tenanted by these Nagas, as they called them, and the sovereign of those realms bore the title of Seshanga, or the king of serpents. The Egyptians, who borrowed many of their religious, or rather superstitious rites from them, seem to have entertained the same opinion upon this point. Nothing is more common in Egyptian monuments than such representations; and the serpents have very often the symbols of government and royalty upon their beads, denoting the important niche which they occupy in the mysterious pantheism of that people. A learned work was published not long since, entitled "Serpent Worship Universal," which proves very clearly that almost every nation has fallen into the awful error of doing homage to the very symbol of the prince of darkness! But this fact, while it exhibits very forcibly the lamentable extent of sinful principle, shows us not only the value of that word which teaches us to deny ungodliness, but proves that it was known in very remote times, and is consequently as ancient as we believe it to be, since the practices of which we have just spoken seem to have originated in mistaken and perverted views of those matters which it contains .- Weekly Visitor.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS. JEREMIAH viii. 7.—"The crane and the swallow observe the

deliverance, crowded to the churches, and performed must certainly be considered, are yet peculiarly demonstrative of their devotions with an earnestness and ecstacy, and ve- the providential superintendence of the Creator. The natural hisnemence of gesture, unwonted in the character of English tory of the crane furnishes striking evidence of this assertion. Immediately after landing, we were surprised and delighted with a sicing succeeded in the evening. Bonfires blazed, even flight of birds, which we discerned at first like a thick dark speck before the King's palace, and were not quenched till the in the heavens, which gradually enlarged as it approached, and discovered at length the array and order of their flight. They wheeled along their airy movements in the form of a semi-circle, enclosing within itself numbers of smaller circles; the component parts of of the scene described as "a very rebellion in noise"; which were constantly shifting their relative positions, advancing to the front as if by a sudden impulse; then falling back to the rear, alternately occupying and giving place to others. The lively competition was constantly maintained; each of them every instant passing or passed by his fellow. All was grace and harmony, not one discordant movement throughout the whole array; every thing appeared as if regulated by a preconcerted plan, in which every nember understood and performed his part with freedom and precision, alike the subordinates and the superiors. They were too high in the air for us to hear any noise from the steerage of their wings, or to know what species of birds they were; but we judged them to be cranes. They held on their steady flight from north to south, following the course of the river as far as the eye could accompany them .- Richardson's Travels.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

St. Matthew vii. 26, 27.—"And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and docth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

The fishermen of Bengal build their buts, in the dry season, on the beds of sand from which the river has retired. When the rains set in, which they often do very suddenly, accompanied with vio ent north-west winds, the water pours down in torrents from the mountains. In one night, multitudes of these huts are frequently swept away, and the place where they stood is the next morning undiscernable. A traveller states-

"It so happened that we were to witness one of the greatest caamities that have occurred in Egypt in the recollection of any one iving. The Nile rose this season three feet and a half above the highest mark left by the former inundation, with uncommon rapidity, and carried off several villages, and some hundreds of their inhabitants. I never saw any picture that could give a more correct idea of the deluge, than the valley of the Nile in this season. The Arabs had expected an extraordinary inundation this year, in consequence of the scarcity of water the preceding year; but they did not apprehend it would rise to such a height. They generally erect fences of earth and reeds round their villages, to keep the water from their houses; but the force of this inundation baffled all their efforts. Their cottages being built of earth, could not stand one instant against the current: and no sooner did the water reach them, than it levelled them with the ground. The rapid stream carried off all that was before it; men, women, children, cattle, corn; every thing was washed away in an instant, and left the place where the village stood without any thing to indicate that there had ever been a house on the spot .- Weekly Visitor.

THE MOTH.

sect or moth. The following extracts from Niebuhr may throw light on this passage, that man is crushed by so feeble a thing as a worm. "A disease very common in Yemen is the attack of the guinea-worm, or the Vena medinensis, as it is called by the physicians of Europe. This disease is supposed to be occasioned by the use of the putrid waters which people are obliged to drink in several parts of Yemen; and for this reason the Arabians always pass water, with the nature of which they are unacquainted, through a linen cloth before drinking it. When one unfortunately swallows any of the eggs of this insect, no immediate consequence follows; but, after a considerable time, the worm begins to shew itself through the skin. Our physician, Mr. Cramer, was, within a few days of his death, attacked by five of these worms at once, although this was more than five months after we had left Arabia. In the Isle of Karek I saw a French officer named Le Page, who, after a long and difficult journey, performed on foot and in an Indian dress, between Pondicherry and Sarat, through the heart of India, was busy extracting a worm out of his body. He supposed that he had got it by drinking bad water in the country of the Mahrattas. This disorder is not dangerous, if the person affected can extract the worm without breaking it. With this view it is rolled on a small bit of wood as it comes out of the skin. It is slender as a thread, and two or three feet long. It gives no pain nor trouble as it makes its way out of the body, unless what may be occasioned by the care which must be taken of it for some weeks. If unluckily it be broken, it then returns into the body, and the most disagreeable consequences ensue-palsy, a gangrene, and sometimes death .- Scripture Elucidations.

THE PREACHING OF THE CROSS.*

On mere human computation, the preaching of the cross is, of men. It would have been easy for Mahomet to predict that, by since appears evident that the walls did not extend so far to the the processes which should be employed for the promulgation of his doctrines, multitudes of adherents would be gathered to his appears from Josephus (Wars lib. iii. c. 10. § 1.), who places it in standard. When the sword was to hew down the refractory, and this position. The lake of Tiberias is a fine sheet of water; but the faithful were promised a paradise in which the wine-cup should the land about it has no striking features, and the scenery is alto- sparkle, and the cheek of beauty smile, it required no vast shrewdness to calculate that the pretensions of the false prophet were likely to be favourably received. Give man a religion which flatters his pride, or which panders to his passions, and you will not be ong in surrounding yourself with votaries. But you should carefully observe how little there is in the doctrine of the cross, which could seem to adapt it for making way on earth. That all dependence is to be placed on the merits of a crucified Redeemer; that His death is to be our life; His blood shedding, the sole procuring cause of the forgiveness of sin-these, the glorious and fundamental truths of the Gospel, are practically the great stumbling-blocks to its reception. The words of the apostle have lost nothing of their force in the lapse of centuries, for to them that perish, the preaching of the cross is still "foolishness." We may go the round of nominal Christianity, and wherever we find self-righteousness, or Antinomianism-the idolatry of works, or the neglect of works (which is just as bad) -we shall find that an imperfect reception of the doctrine of the cross, lies at the root of the evil; and even the indifference and opposition to religion in general, which characterize the great mass of our community, are to be traced to repugnance to this doctrine. The doctrine can make no compromise with human pride; and it wages interminable war with human passion. If I receive it, then, from its very nature, I become pledged to the crucifixion of the flesh, with its affections and lusts. If I am an idolater of intellect, I must throw to the ground the censer in which I have burnt incense; if I am an indulger of appetite, I must place a bridle where I have given the reins. If I delight in accumulating the gold and silver, I must count as dross what has engaged my affections. It cannot for an instant be concealed, even from the dullest of calculators, that, in becoming the disciples of a selfdenying and crucified Lord, we pledge ourselves to a holy and determined war with sin; and on this simple account, the whole array too much to say, that even when the claims of the Christian religion are outwardly admitted, the lifting up of the Saviour is virtually the impediment to His triumphs.

Yea, and if you go back, for an instant, to earlier scenes, and re-

nember the difficulties with which Christianity had to struggle at the outset, you will readily discern that the crucifixion of its Founder was of all things the most calculated to shut up the world to an obstinate rejection of his claims. It would have seemed enough to have told the polished nations of antiquity that the Author of this new faith, had died as a malefactor, by the hands of his own countrymen, in order to have riveted them to a contemptuous infidelity, and to have for ever closed all inquiry into the truths of those announcements which apostles were busied in proclaiming in their cities. Yet it was in the face of all this apparent likelihood, nay, of this absolute certainty, of vehement opposition, that Christ made the representation in our text. We are not at present concerned with the fulfilment of His prophecy in its largest sense; we have only to observe, that whilst the preaching of the cross has been, and is "foolishness" to them that perish—to them that are saved, it has been, and is, "the power of God." In spite of what we have advanced respecting the antipathy of the men of every age to this doctrine, preaching has been successful in the exact proportion, that it has been the preaching of the cross. When the ministers of Christ have given out the truth in simplicity-when there has been the least of endeavour to smooth down what is rugged, or to varnish over what is distasteful to the natural heart, multitudes both of men and of women have been added to the church. And if you combine the facts on which we have insisted—the fact, that nothing could have appeared less likely to produce a moral revolution than the preaching of the cross, and the fact that nevertheless to this preaching must be referred whatever moral revolution has been actually produced-you can hardly fail to allow, that the Being who uttered our text must have had a keener view of the future than could be gained by mere human foresight. He prophesied (if you will allow me the expression)-He prophesied against probabilities; He affirmed that results could be brought round, which, on the commonest principles of human calculation, were sure not to be brought round. He took as it were, the offensive part of His system of religion-the part which every one decides must be kept in the back ground, if you would not have the whole contemptuously rejected; and He declared that this very part should be the engine for the subjugation of the whole family of man. And by thus freeing Himself from all earthly computations, and dealing with the future as none could have dealt, who could only have applied to its secret the shrewdness of a guess, or the reckoning of a finite arithmetic, He as powerfully manifested His Divinity, as when He poured light upon the darkened eye-ball, or hushed the waters, or broke up the sepulchres: and we commend it to you all, as a line of argument worth following out in your own meditations -the prediction of improbable results, a proof of more than human wisdom. It was quite improbable the Gospel would prove a sword on the earth; it was quite improbable that the preaching of the cross would be effectual and influential preaching. Had Jesus, therefore, spoken only as a man, He would not have spoken in the very teeth of probabilities. He might have predicted what was false, but at least He would have predicted what was likely. And

It is probable that this means a moth-worm, which is one state of the creature alluded to. It is first enclosed in an egg, from