

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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[Vol. I.]

Poetry.

THE CHURCHES OF OUR LAND.

BY MARY ANNE BROWN.

They lie in valleys buried deep,
They stud the barren hills;
They're mirror'd where proud rivers sweep,
And by the humbler rills,
A blessing on each holy fane,
Whoever they may stand,
With open door, for rich and poor,
The churches of our land!

Ye boast of England's palaces,
Her cities and her towers—
Of mansions, where her sons at ease
Dwell 'midst her greenwood bowers;
But a deeper sense of reverence
God's temple should command,
While knee shall bend, and prayer ascend,
In the churches of our land.

Oh! pleasant are the pealing bells,
Heard at the Sabbath time,
Calling to prayer from hills and dells,
With their melodious chime;
And glorious is the sacred song,
Swelled by a fervent band,
When the organ notes do proudly float
Through the churches of our land.

They stand, the guardians of the faith,
For which our fathers died;
God keep those temples still from sear,
Our blessing and our pride!
Our energies, our deeds, our prayers,
All these should they command,
That never foe may lay them low,
The churches of our land!

SERMON BEFORE THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Preached in the year 1841.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS CLOSE, OF CHELTENHAM.
1 CORINTHIANS, i. 21.

After that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.

(Concluded.)

3. This is the last point of comparison to be instituted.—We have seen that the world is in the same lost condition as it was heretofore; and that we are using precisely the same Apostolic weapons, in attempting its conquest for Christ. And now I have, lastly, to inquire, Whether the results are also identical? Whether, in the words of my text—*it has pleased God to save them that believe?* Here I would not shrink from instituting the test of comparative numbers. I have long contended—and the more deeply I investigate the subject, the more extensive my acquaintance with the operations of modern Missionaries, and the more narrowly I examine the ancient Scriptural history, the more deliberately I come to the conclusion—that the success in these last days is even more wonderful than that which followed the Apostles themselves! Considering our peculiar disadvantages—that we have no miracles, no gifts of tongues—no united Church—few godly Christians to represent us in distant climes—laden with the curse of Babel, the diversity of language—encountering difficulties unknown by the Apostles, and destitute of their extraordinary gifts—considering all these things, the present progress of Christianity appears even more wonderful, and more clearly marks the footsteps of the Most High, than did the first promulgation of it in the world! The more fully and patiently this subject is investigated, the more probable is it that any person must come to that conclusion.

But this is not the particular point to which our attention is now drawn; because the character of the success described in my text has no respect to numbers. The declaration of the Apostle with regard to the first promulgation of the Gospel, is simply this: *It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.* We have seen how they believed, and the nature and extent of the salvation which followed:—they destroyed their idols, and abandoned their evil practices; they became virtuous, pure, spiritual, holy; they were initiated into all the conflicts of the Christian life, and were adorned with all the graces of the Holy Spirit. Now, if we turn to our modern Missions, and inspect the various Stations in different parts of the world, is there any thing of this kind discernible? Is there any similar work in progress? Do the Heathen destroy their idols? Are their impure books burned? Are individuals, tribes, or nations, turned from dumb idols to serve the living God? Is there the same development of Christian graces in the hearts of these diverse people? In North-West America, in the plains of India, in New Zealand, among the poor Negroes, are there any of those traces of spiritual uniformity which bear the impress of divine energy?—in a word, are the results identical? We confidently answer—*they are!* And perhaps it is difficult to conceive of evidence more satisfactory, or of reasoning more conclusive, on any subject, than this. The argument may be illustrated by natural philosophy. The man of practical science puts nature into his crucible; he measures the atmospheric gases; he explores the strata of the earth; he tests the chemical properties of different substances; and he finds nature's response everywhere, and always the same. And what is the inference which he draws from his experiments? He concludes, that the laws by which the physical world is governed are uniform and identical. By the same process of reasoning, in spiritual subjects, we shall arrive at a similar conclusion. Uniformity of experience will establish uniformity of operation;—identity in the effects will establish identity of cause. If, in the Sacred Histories of the Old and New Testaments, in the records of our Missionary labours, and in the perceptible operations of our own minds,

we find a strict uniformity and identity, we argue, that the same power must, in all these cases, have been exercised.—And these are precisely the facts. The silent tear trickles down the black cheek of the Negro, and that emblem and evidence of penitent sorrow also steals down the fair cheek of the European: sweet hope beats high in the once-dark and cheerless bosom of the African and Asiatic: the same trials, temptations, and corruptions, are encountered by all: the conflict is identical—the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh: the same victories are achieved—the savage cannibal, the reclaimed profligate, and penitent sinner of every grade, are meek, and clothed and in their right mind, together sit at the feet of Jesus! More accurate resemblance cannot be conceived, whether we regard the nature and moral qualities of man, as developed in his natural, unconverted state, or the uniform effects produced by the preaching of the Gospel; and the conclusion is inevitable, that it is the same power of God which in all these cases exercised—the same mighty energy, the same secret influence of the Holy Spirit. When our poor fainting and feeble Missionaries, in distant lands, preach *Jesus and the Resurrection*, and tell of God's melting pity in sending His Son to save the guilty and the lost; when we hear of hearts relenting, and turning away from sin, and believing in Jesus; then are we sure that the Gospel has been preached, with the *Holy Ghost sent down from heaven*: we could not be more confident respecting the Apostles themselves. Because, we are certain that nothing but divine grace can accomplish this: we are sure, that to turn men from darkness to light, to raise them from the death of sin to a life of righteousness, is the work of God alone. When, therefore, we see these children of the desert so changed and sanctified, how can we for a moment doubt? How can we avoid the conclusion? how can we hesitate respecting it?—*THIS THING IS OF GOD!* Brethren, the world is—as it ever was—a lost and perishing world: the remedy which God hath provided is still the same—a faithful Gospel, simply preached: the result is everywhere identical—sinners are redeemed, and saved, and justified; and some of us shall at length be permitted to share their crown of glory, and to meet them around the Redeemer's triumphant throne!

And now, beloved Brethren, what shall I say more, in conclusion? Oh that I knew whence to gather arguments convincing, and motives persuasive to arouse you to do that which you ought to do, even without persuasion! Oh that I knew how to move you to pity; and how to cause the full and glorious tide of Christian benevolence to flow down on this occasion; so that you might cast into the Treasury of the Lord the willing homage of your hearts—*hearts, convinced of the preciousness of Christ, and of His unsearchable riches!* Shall I lead you beside some fair and verdant spot in the moral wilderness, now the *Garden of the Lord*, fenced in and enclosed—the humble Missionary Station, with its Scriptural Schools, and its happy children gathered together; its modest Church and Sabbath-bell assembling the Converted Heathen for Divine Worship, who were but as yesterday the children of wildness and of sin, and now are consistent members of the holy family of Christ?—We ask your love and sympathy for our infant Christian Churches. The converts are young, and feeble; and they desire and deserve your prayers, as much, or perhaps more than when they were unenlightened Heathens. They are as little children. God is calling them out of Egypt: He is drawing them with cords of a man, with hands of love! Their Pastors, our pious Missionaries, are training these children for God; and they seek your intercessions on their behalf. Oh pray that the Lord may view each of these favoured spots as a vineyard of red wine, and keep it, and water it every moment!—*Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon our garden, that the spices thereof may flow out!*

It is not necessary for me to adduce information corroborative of these general statements: the "Report" which follows is more than sufficient to establish their truth. But, as the botanist culls his rare specimens of beautiful fruits and flowers from distant lands, arranges them in their different classes, and displays their various and distinctive beauties; so, if it were needful, could we gather from all countries of the world examples of the fairest graces of the Holy Spirit—the loveliest, rich, ripe fruits of Christianity, the most blessed effects of civilization—a high state of cultivation of the mind and of the heart—specimens of every grace and virtue which can be named;—and all these exhibited in men who, but a few years since, were in the darkness and bondage of abominable idolatries. These are some of the evidences which God has given of His co-operation in this great work: here we record, not what we have done, nor what our Missionaries have done, nor what our Society has done, but what GOD has been pleased to do among the Heathen, by their means. To Him we will ever give all the glory, and ascribe all the praise, by Christ Jesus!

But, if the success which has crowned our efforts and toils will not animate you—if the smiles of the garden of the Lord will not attract you, nor prove sufficient to enlist you in our cause, both hand and heart—oh, then think, I pray you, of the groans of the miserable, of the sighs of those that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death! Think of our fainting Missionaries! Let the last sigh of Martyr, and the last prayer of Wybrow, wafted across the deep dark waters, sink into your hearts! Let the tears of the weary sur-

vivors plead with you for increased exertion and prayer, that more Labourers may be sent forth into this harvest! Oh that the spirit and the mantle of those faithful soldiers in the Missionary army, who have fallen in its battle-field, may descend and rest upon others, who may be willing to be baptized for the dead—filled with holy zeal, and ready to encounter deaths of—the love of Christ constraining them!

Well assured are we, that this is the only principle which can be relied on—*THE LOVE OF CHRIST ITSELF.* Let me then inquire, Is Christ precious to you?—Do you know Him?—Do you love Him?—Do you cleave to Him?—Is He your meat and drink—Do you daily feed on Him?—Is He your hope, your comfort in trouble, your friend, when all are contrary to you? If this be your blessed portion, and Christ be indeed precious to you, then show how much you love Him, by cheerfully parting with your money for His sake. It cost Him much to redeem your souls:—oh, do not "serve your God with that which costs you nothing!" To you we must anxiously turn, as the only real friends of our Institution. To you we are constrained to express a fear, that some are forsaking us—that some have turned away from us, or look coldly upon us—some have departed on one side, some on the other—some to the cloister, and some to the tabernacle!—*Will ye also go away?* Our old friends, and the old friends of Gospel Truth, must rally around us; fresh animation must be infused into their efforts; indolence and sloth and indifference must be shaken off. Sacrifices must be made. What, Brethren! does the annual sum of one guinea adequately express your love to Christ, and your sense of the perishing condition of the Heathen? Does the casual sovereign, heedlessly cast into an occasional collection, sufficiently express your sense of God's love to you in His Dear Son? Oh! "by His agony and bloody sweat, by His cross and passion, by His precious death and burial!" I beseech you, pity the benighted Heathen!—think of them; pray for them! Interweave their cause with your social prayers and your family devotions:—forget them not in the lonely chamber, when God is near to you;—then, think on the perishing, and remember the lost! Consider what Christ has done for you; and then ask, What have I done for Him? Unless you, our choicest and dearest friends in the different parts of the kingdom, redouble your efforts—unless you begin to make greater sacrifices—unless you are ready to deny yourselves for Christ's sake, and to pour in, not of your superfluity, but of your necessity, to this glorious cause—it must, humanly speaking, languish and fail. What! shall it be said, that such an Institution as this resembles a spendthrift who annually exceeds his income? When that increasing expenditure clearly arises from extended operations and usefulness among the Heathen, can it be that the wealthy members of the Church of England will not meet the emergency? God deliver us from that condemnation!—An extensive acquaintance with the middle, and even the lower orders of society, convinces me that they are exerting themselves much more, in proportion, than their richer neighbours. Many a beautiful instance of unobtrusive self-denial in humble life has come to my knowledge, which I have felt it my duty to conceal, lest its publication should injure him who has performed it; but it is recorded in Heaven—it is registered by Him, who said of a poor woman in the Gospel, *She hath done what she could.* Happy would it be for us all, could the same testimony be borne of us!

Finally, remember, Christian Brethren, who hath said, *Ye are the light of the world*—This great institution is like the city set upon a hill. Long may it diffuse its light upon the tributary mountains, and amidst the dark glens of Heathenism! But each individual contributor—and more especially the humble laborious Collector of the poor man's pence—is also the light of the world;—he is as the candle in the cottage, placed in the candlestick, and giving light to all that are in the house—equally kindled by Him who said, *Let there be light, and there was light.* The same Hand which set the sun in the firmament, placed the glow-worm in the summer's bank;—each shines by divine command, and each proclaims the wisdom and the glory of the Creator.

If this, then, be the high character, and this the glorious designation of each individual believer, with what weight of responsibility should his Master's injunction sink into his heart—*Let your light so shine before men*—in all the private, domestic, social duties of life—in all the tenderness, meekness, and grace of Christianity—and in all the glowing zeal and fervent love which desire and wait for the salvation of the lost and of the guilty—thus, *Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*

AGAINST PREVAILING ERRORS.

THE LORD BISHOP OF HEREFORD,
(R. MUSGROVE, D. D.)

To recommend reserve in preaching the Atonement to "any but to those who have made some progress in grace" is to take an unwarrantable liberty with the Word and purposes of God. The apostles were bidden to "go into all the world, and to preach the Gospel to every creature." But what sort of Gospel will that be, in which the Atonement, through faith in a crucified and risen Saviour, is not to be at all, or but seldom heard of, or not "explicitly and prominently brought forward"? True, it was preached by St. Paul "to the Jews, and it became a stumbling-block" to them; "to the Greeks," and they esteemed it "foolishness." And if, unhappily, any of our people should labour under like delusions, so far from concealing this

"great secret" from men, standing, as it were, on the brink of a dangerous precipice, let us speak the louder and more plainly, and warn them straightway of their peril, by pointing at once to the cross of Christ as their only refuge, and stay, and safety.

Restriction on the use of Scripture would be likely soon to result from reserve in displaying any of the treasures it contains, and disuse of preaching would follow, though preaching, and hearing, and reading the Scriptures are manifest means of grace, as well as public and private prayer and the sacraments of the Church.

Our own articles insist upon "the sufficiency of Holy Scripture for salvation." We have all solemnly pledged our belief of these articles—in their literal and grammatical sense—and we are not at liberty "to put our own sense and comment to be their meaning." But we surely fall into a snare, and tamper dangerously with our consciences, if we add anything to the Scriptures as necessarily binding on our belief; if we countenance the use of prayers for the dead, or the invocation of saints, or any other unscriptural tenet, on the ground that the Church condemns these notions only as sanctioned by the Church of Rome, or on any other pretext; or if we speak disparagingly of justification by faith only, and set up works as in the remotest degree meritoriously instrumental to that end, unduly elevating the merit of fasting, alms-deeds, mercifulness, or the like; or if we attribute to the sacraments a more exclusive efficacy than they were meant to have; or if we think of any other than the one great Mediator and Intercessor. And we are to blame if we encourage any revival of ceremonies and usages not authorized by the rubric, and contrary to the simplicity and spirituality of the Gospel, which, by substituting vain, and profitless, and variable forms for inward and vital holiness, tend to draw off the mind from the true and real object of worship.

Forms are not wholly matter of indifference. If, on the one hand, the Roman Church, in her childish fondness for forms, has multiplied them beyond measure, attributing to them something of a sacramental principle, while others have been absurd enough rashly to reject even those which are manifestly ancient and approved, our church has wisely retained such, and such only, as are essential to secure order and vitality to the service.

It will be sufficient to have named these and other like errors to put you on your guard against them. Your own proficiency in the Holy Scriptures—your acquaintance with the Liturgy and with the most profound and pious writers of the Church, and the remembrance of your ordination vows, will be the best security against the errors of which we have been speaking. If such deviations from the truth have been of late propounded, we cannot believe that, fenced round about as our Zion is with testimonies so directly opposite, they can spread very widely, or have any long continuance. And as history informs us of a time, when similar errors were broached and resisted; and by the good providence of God were overruled and dispersed, we would fain persuade ourselves of a like happy result in this our day. Cautioned by the past in our own country, and by what is everywhere seen now in countries connected with the Roman See, we should take care lest, by multiplying observances, in themselves harmless, and insisting on practices, in themselves perhaps unobjectionable, a spirit of pride and self-sufficiency be engendered, tending to weaken reliance on the efficacy and value of Christ's Atonement: and instead of making this the only ground of pardon and acceptance with God, the notion of human merit should presumptuously occupy its place. The worst error of the Church of Rome has ever been considered this, that we are justified by works, or, peradventure, by faith and works.

Neither ought we in sacred things to use words at random, as if language could never lead to error. Whereas, irreparable mischief has often sprung, and may arise again, from the misapplication of words. For instance: The Church, in her communion service, speaks of "The Table," or "The Lord's Table," or "The Holy Table," employing, not by accident, but designedly, one or other of these terms no less than sixteen times; whereas, some never speak of the same but as "The Altar," a name which our Liturgy seems to have carefully eschewed, because it was felt how much influence there is in a name; and still more, because "an Altar" implies a sacrifice, and a sacrifice implies an expiation offered up by him who ministers. A fancy which the service-book of our church does not recognise or allow. Jest such recognition should imply or countenance the suspicion of any diminution in the value of Christ's death, though the substitution has been of late produced as "a strong instance of our judicial humiliation." If some ancient authors occasionally represent the Lord's Supper as a sacrifice, writers more ancient than they, even the writers of the New Testament, apply (as does also our own ritual) the same term to absolving, to prayer, and praise; or sometimes they employ it as commemorative of the sacrifice of our blessed Lord upon the cross, "who," in the accurate language of the Church, "made there by his one oblation of himself, once offered, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world." To the joint communion of believers in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as practised among us, the strict notion of a sacrifice is wholly inappropriate; and, as Hooker, says, "Sacrifice is now no part of the Church's ministry."

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I am content to observe that there is evil, and that there is a way of escape from it and with this I begin and end.—Newton.

THE CITY OF GOD.

From the German of Dr. Krummacker, author of "Elijah the Tishbite."
PSALM xlvi. 3—5.

(Concluded.)

Oh, what a glorious prospect for the city of God, though the sky be darkened, and the clouds lower and threaten! How secure does the fair city lie, though in the midst of the sea, whose waves dash furiously against her walls! Her security, however, is not in herself, but in that Rock on which she is founded. "God is in the midst of her," and "helps her early;" "God is in the midst of her," as he is in each individual member; always working, not always felt; always active, not always to be traced; supporting, though frequently without our knowledge; constantly blessing and fruitifying, though not always according to our wish, and often in secret. But he is always at hand. "This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell!"

Blessed, my Brethren, are the eyes that see what we see. Behold, one star sings to the other, and from one end of the heavens to the other it is proclaimed, "God is in the midst of her." Oh, how majestic is the step with which he now again passes through the world—not that he may judge the world, but that he may surround it with the wall of his city of God, and stretch forth the curtains of her habitation over the hills and over the sea! The prince of this world is cast out, and we see with rejoicing how the strong, pressed by the Stronger, is forced to abandon one province after another. Not a hoof remains behind of what the Father has given to the Son. How does the faithful Shepherd call his sheep! And they hasten from every desert, and every rock, to fall on his breast, and repose in his bosom. How diligently does the great Reaper bring his sickle in the field of his harvest, and bring in the sheaves in abundance, as if winter were at hand, and haste were necessary that the last fruits might be brought home! Islands, that for thousands of years have awaited his coming, tremble with bliss at the sound of his feet; and dark heathen deserts grow light, because their Light comes and salutes with Hosannahs and Hallelujahs the day-spring from on high. The Hottentot sees the golden bark of the dearest of all guests land on his shores, and with bended knees, welcomes the Lord of Glory. The man at the North Pole grows warm, on the heart of the most faithful Shepherd, and his ice-bound world blooms like a paradise after the Prince of Peace has entered. Yes; his footsteps are bright and glorious; and mighty voices proclaim from land to land, "God is in the midst of her." Nor has he forgotten us—and though he may have latterly trodden less audibly among us, and less in the noon-day than in former times, yet his footsteps are still in the valley, and we hear the tinkling of the bells that hang to his priestly garment. If but few were added to his flock during the past year—and you well know, my beloved, that in this point we must not prescribe to him, but leave him to take his own course; for herein he faithfully follows a plan delivered to him in a holy Council before the beginning of the world—yet he has given manifold evidences of his presence in other ways. He has strengthened the weary hands of one, and upheld the sinking knees of another. The weak in spirit he has borne in the arms of his love, and counselled in due season those who struggled in doubt. He has brought one from the night of temptation into his light, and has bestowed upon another the crown of victory, after the fight was won. One he has made to hear his glad voice, saying "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee" so that being now healed, he goes on his way rejoicing;—while by another providence he has relieved the heart of a second from its heavy burden. Thus there are, doubtless, many in the midst of us to-day, with cheerful, yet penitent countenances, who acknowledge with joy and humility, "The Lord hath done great things for me. Yea, the Lord is in the midst of us—therefore have I not been removed." And truly, my beloved Brethren, is not it an irrefragable proof that Immanuel was in the midst of us, that we have not been removed, that we still remain together on Jesus's bosom and under his standard, though Satan daily roars around as if he would devour us? And see! how many a bed of pain is in the midst of us, where the bush of thorns has burnt the whole year through, and yet has not been consumed: how many a destitute family, where all was wanting, and yet the barrel of meal did not waste, nor the cruse of oil fail; how many a pilgrim, who knew not what way to take, and yet now has passed Jordan; how many a Jonah, who was about to sink into the deep, and now stands joyful and glorifying God on the shore! For the prosperity of our Christian Institutions: the happy success, far beyond all expectation, of our efforts in the cause of God, behold monument upon monument, witness upon witness, praising His mercy, and loudly proclaiming, in the triumphant language of our Psalm, "God is in the midst of her!"

And so long as a tent of Kedar shall stand in our valley, he will not depart from our valley. Jerusalem is his habitation and his rest for ever. Therefore let us not fear, since the Rock of Jacob is with us, and such a bulwark raised around us. He who bears arms against us, fights with God; and it is dangerous to take the field against him. Sooner shall the thorns overcome the fire, and the chaff resist the storm, than hell shall triumph over us, who have such a Defender.

"He helps her early," says the sacred minstrel: and truly this is the manner of our God. His help generally appears as the dawn of the morning after the night. His light, says the Prophet, breaks forth as the morning; and "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." After the gloom of

* Hosea xi. 1—4.
† Isaiah xxvii. 2, 3.
‡ Canticles iv. 16.