

If his life offered so painful recollections, and called forth such deep contrition when, in the hour of death, he came to examine every instance of omission or transgression, how careful must we be to improve every hour, and every opportunity of grace; and so to remember God while we live, that we may not be afraid to think on Him when dying! And, above all, how blessed and necessary is the blood of Christ to us all, which was poor Stowe's only and effectual comfort!

In a letter of the 19th, the Bishop portrays his own affectionate character while he sketched that of his friend—

Poor Stowe was buried yesterday, in the cemetery which I had consecrated just a week before. All the Gentry of the station, as well as the Military Officers, attended, unsolicited; and his body was borne to the grave by a detachment of European Artillery-men. Mr. Parish read the Service; and I went as Chief Mourner. Sincerely as I have mourned, and do mourn him continually, the moment perhaps at which I felt his loss most keenly was on my return to this house. I had always, after airings, or other short absences, been accustomed to run up immediately to his room, to ask about his medicines and his nourishment, to find if he had wanted any thing during my absence, and to tell him what I had seen and heard: and now, as I went up stairs, I felt most painfully that the object of my solicitude was gone; and that there was nobody now to derive comfort or help from my coming, or whose eyes would faintly sparkle as I opened the door. I felt my heart sick, and inclined to accuse myself, as usual at not having valued my poor friend sufficiently while I had him, and of having paid during the voyage too little attention to the state of his health: yet, from the hour I knew he was seriously ill, thank God! I can find nothing of wilful neglect to reproach myself with; the few things I might have done better, if I had not myself been in some respects unwell, and if I had not been constantly occupied with business and correspondence: but I hope I did what I could, during the few last days; and, when his danger was told me, I gave up every thing to him, and neither read nor wrote, nor paid or received visits, nor went out of his room for a moment except for very short and hurried meals.

It will be long before I forget the goodness of his nature, the interest which he felt and expressed in all the beautiful and sequestered scenery which we passed through, his anxiety to be useful to me in any way which I could point out to him, (he was indeed very useful,) and above all, the unaffected pleasure which he took in discussing religious subjects—his diligence in studying the Bible—and the fearless humanity with which he examined the case and administered to the wants of nine poor Hindoos, the crew of a salt-barge, whom we found lying sick together of a jungle fever, unable to leave the place where they lay, and unaided by the neighbouring villagers. I then little thought how soon he, in his turn, would require the aid which he gave so cheerfully.

A day or two afterward, the Bishop adds—

Mr. Todd has absolutely refused to receive any fee for his attendance upon poor Stowe: his conduct has, throughout, been admirable: he seldom failed to call four or sometimes five times a day; he latterly always sat with Stowe, during the times that I was forced to leave him; and he and Mr. Patterson, by turns, sat up the greater part of the last three nights, to watch any turn which might be taken advantage of. Indeed it may be a melancholy comfort to Miss Stowe to know how much interest her brother's youth, recent arrival in India, and, perhaps, the manner in which his medical attendants spoke of him, excited in the whole station.

And thus ends my visit to Dacca!—a place, which, more than most others in India, I was anxious to visit; my visit to which was opposed by obstacles so numerous; and at which I have passed, perhaps, the most melancholy and forlorn three weeks that I ever remember. God's will be done! I have acted, as I thought, for the best; and I now go on, though alone and sorrowful, with an entire trust in His providence and goodness.

The death of the Bishop himself, which so speedily followed that of his Chaplain, gives peculiar interest to the following letter to Miss Stowe, wherein he so feelingly urges those topics of consolation which the death of a real Christian should suggest to his surviving friends.

With a heavy heart, my dear Miss Stowe, I send you the enclosed keys. How to offer you consolation

in your present grief, I know not; for, by my own deep sense of the loss of an excellent friend, I know how much heavier is your burden. Yet even the many valuable qualities of your dear brother, joined with that deep and Christian humility and reliance on his Saviour which he evinced in his illness, while they make his loss the heavier, should lead us to recollect that the loss is ours only—that, prepared as he was to die, it was his unspeakable gain to be removed from a world in which he had many sorrows—and, above all, that your separation from him will only be for a time, and until He who has hidden him from your eyes shall restore you to his society in a happy and eternal state of existence.

Separation of one kind or another is, indeed, one of the most frequent trials to which affectionate hearts are exposed: and if you can only regard your brother as removed for his own advantage to a distant country, you will find, perhaps, some of that misery alleviated under which you are now suffering. Had you remained in England when he came out hither, you would have been, for a time divided no less effectually than you are now: the difference of hearing from him is almost all; and though you now have not that comfort, yet, even without hearing from him, you may be well persuaded (which there you could not always have been) that he is well and happy; and, above all, you may be persuaded, as your dear brother was most fully in his time of severest suffering, that God never smites his children in vain. His severest stripes are intended to heal; and He has, doubtless, some wise and gracious purpose both for your poor Martin and for you, in thus taking him from your side, and leaving you in this world, with ~~himself~~ as your sole guardian.

A mighty and merciful Protector He is; and one who always then deals most kindly with us when we are constrained to cast our cares on Him alone, and are most sensible of our utter helplessness. This was your brother's comfort: it should be yours; and thus may both he and you have occasion for unspeakable joy hereafter. A mysterious dispensation which has deprived you of your brother, serves to bring you to a closer and more constant communion with your God.

#### DIVINITY.

#### CHARACTER OF AN ENGLISH JUDGE.

Report of the Sermon which was lately preached at the Cathedral of York, before the Judges of the Northern Circuit.

By the Rev. SYDNEY SMITH, A. M.

TEXT—Acts, xxiii. 2.—Sitteth thou here to judge me after the Law, and commandest thou me to be smitten contrary to the Law?

WITH these bold words St. Paul repressed the unjust violence of that ruler, who would have silenced his arguments, and extinguished his zeal for the Christian faith: knowing well the misfortunes which awaited him, prepared for deep and various calamity, not ignorant of the violence of the Jewish multitude, not unused to suffer; not unwilling to die, he had not prepared himself for the monstrous spectacle of perverted justice; but losing that spirit to whose fire and firmness we owe the very existence of the Christian faith, he burst into that bold rebuke which brought back the extravagance of power under the control of law, and branded it with the feelings of shame: "Sitteth thou here to judge me after the law, and commandest thou me to be smitten contrary to the law?"

I would observe, that in the gospels, and the various parts of the New Testament, the words of our Saviour and of St. Paul, when they contain any opinion, are always to be looked upon as lessons of wisdom to us, however incidentally they may have been delivered, and however shortly they may have been expressed. As their words were to be recorded by inspired writers, and to go down to future ages, nothing can have been said without reflection and design. Nothing is to be lost, every thing is to be studied; a great moral lesson is often conveyed in a few words. Read slowly, think deeply; let every word enter into your soul, for it was intended for your soul.

I take these words of St. Paul as a condemnation of that man who smites contrary to the law; as a praise of that man who judges according to the law; as a religious theme upon the importance of human justice to the happiness of mankind; and if it be that theme, it is appropriate to this place, and to

the solemn public duties of the past and the ensuing week, over which some here present will preside, at which many here present will assist, and which almost all here present will witness.

I will discuss, then, the importance of judging according to the law; or, in other words, of the due administration of justice upon the character and happiness of nations. And in so doing, I will begin with stating a few of those circumstances which may mislead even good and conscientious men, and subject them to an unchristian sin of smiting contrary to the law. I will state how that justice is purified and perfected, by which the happiness and character of nations is affected to a good purpose.

I do this with less fear of being misunderstood, because I am speaking before two great magistrates, who have lived much among us; and whom—because they have lived much among us—we have all learned to respect and regard, and to whom no man fears to consider himself as accountable, because all men see that they, in the administration of their high office, consider themselves as deeply and daily accountable to God.

And let no man say, "Why teach such things? do you think they must not have occurred to those to whom they are a concern?" I answer to this, that no man preaches novelties and discoveries; the object of preaching is, constantly to remind mankind of what mankind are constantly forgetting; not to supply the defects of human intelligence, but to fortify the feebleness of human resolutions, to recall mankind from the by-paths where they turn, into that broad path of salvation which all know, but few tread. These plain lessons the humblest ministers of the gospel may teach, if they are honest, and the most powerful Christians will ponder, if they are wise. No man, whether he bear the sword of the law, or whether he bear that sceptre which the sword of the law cannot reach, can answer for his own heart to-morrow, and can say to the teacher, "Thou wastest me, thou teacheest me in vain."

A Christian Judge, in a free land, should, with the most scrupulous exactness, guard himself from the influence of those party feelings upon which, perhaps, the preservation of political liberty depends, but by which the better reason of individuals is often blinded, and the tranquility of the public disturbed. I am not talking of the ostentatious display of such feelings; I am hardly talking of any gratification of which the individual himself is conscious; but I am raising up a wise and useful jealousy of the encroachment of those feelings, which, when they do encroach, lessen the value of the most valuable, and lower the importance of the most important men in the country. I admit it to be extremely difficult to live amidst the agitations, contests, and discussions of a free people, and to remain in that state of cool, passionless, Christian candor, which society expect from their great magistrates; but it is the pledge that magistrate has given, it is the life he has taken up, it is the class of qualities which he has promised us, and for which he has rendered himself responsible; it is the same fault in him, which want of courage would be in some men, and want of moral regularity in others. It runs counter to those very purposes, and sins against those utilities for which the very office was created: without these qualities, he who ought to be cool, is heated; he who ought to be neutral, is partial; the ermine of justice is spotted; the balance of justice is unpoised; the fillet of justice is torn off; and he who sits to judge after the law, smites contrary to the law.

And if the preservation of calmness amidst the strong feelings by which a Judge is surrounded be difficult, is it not also honourable? and would it be honourable if it were not difficult? Why do men quit their homes, and give up their common occupations, and repair to the tribunal of justice? Why this bustle and business, why this decoration and display, and why are we all eager to pay our homage to the dispensers of justice? Because we all feel that there must be, somewhere or other, a check to human passions; because we all know the immense value and importance of men, in whose placid equity and mediating wisdom we can trust in the worst of times; because we cannot cherish too strongly, and express too plainly, that reverence we feel for men, who can rise up in the ship of the state, and rebuke the storms of the mind, and bid its angry passions be still.

A Christian Judge, in a free land, should not only keep his mind clear from the violence of party feel-