

The Breeze.

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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TO A STREAMLET.

Beautiful silvery wanderer,
Who windest thy secret way
Through flowing meads, still warbling
A soft and quiet lay;
By the shadowy wood, tall waving
Its green ancestral plumes,
And the hedgerow, where the daisy
Breathes out its mild perfumes:

Adown the sloping hill,
And along the valley deeps,
Laving one side of the old Church wall,
Where the sober ivy creeps:
Through the broad park of the rich,
By the castle's oaken door,
And chanting the same placid tune,
By the cottage of the poor:

Beautiful silvery wanderer!
For ever blithe and free,
Why dost thou seek the river,
For the river seeks the sea?
Sweet streamlet! wouldst not rather
In thy rural home abide,
Than rush to the Atlantic
With the foam of ocean's tide?

Beautiful wanderer! go not,
The flowers that fringe thy way
Would surely droop for love,
And the tender grass decay.
The bending willows love thee,
And the wild-winged birds would pine;
Beautiful streamlet! go not
From this quiet haunt of mine.

BENJAMIN GOUGH,
Southern Churchman.

MEDITATION FOR LENT.

Christ himself, and his apostles and prophets, teach us to die unto sin and the world, that is, to depart from pride, covetousness, fleshly lust, anger, hatred, and malice; but to turn unto God and ask for grace. Then comes the Physician, our sins are forgiven, the broken heart is bound up and the pain is healed. Otherwise we are not profited, though we were to profess ever so much concerning faith. True faith renews the man, deadens sin in him, makes him alive in Christ: he then lives in love, humility, meekness, and patience. Behold, thus is Christ to thee the way of life; thus thou art in him a new creature. But if thou persist in thy sins, and wilt not die unto them, but consentest to the old Adam—how canst thou be a new creature? How canst thou belong to Christ, seeing thou wilt not crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts? (Gal. v. 24.)

Though, then, thou wert to hear ten sermons a day, though thou wert to make confession and to go to the Lord's table week after week, thy sins would not be forgiven, and thy labour would be vain. The hindrance is this, that thou hast not a penitent, broken, and believing heart, wanting to receive the healing medicine. The word of God and his sacraments are medicine truly, but they profit not the heart void of repentance and faith. Pour thy scented ointment upon a stone—what good can it do? The substance has no fitness for it. Sow thy best wheat amidst a growth of thorns: no fruit will come to perfection, because the thorns are not rooted out. If thou wilt not be born anew in Christ, the birth of Christ will not profit thee;—if thou wilt not die unto sin in Christ, his death will not profit thee;—if thou wilt not rise in Christ from sin, his resurrection will not profit thee. If thou wilt not enter upon a heavenly walk and conversation, Christ's ascension to heaven will profit thee nothing.

But arise thou with the prodigal—lament thy transgression—abhor and avoid sin—ask for grace, and behold by faith the crucified and wounded Jesus as the Israelites were told to look to the brazen serpent; say truly "God be merciful to me a sinner"—then all is forgiven and forgotten, though thy transgressions were equal to the sin of the whole world beside. No prevailing is the sacred blood of Christ. Such efficacy is in the redemption wrought by his death; so through faith is the whole merit of Christ imputed to the penitent and believing soul. God delighteth in showing pity and granting pardon, for it is then that the death of his Son bears fruit and takes effect, and the very angels in heaven rejoice to see how the dear blood of Christ was so freely shed on Calvary.—From TRUE CHRISTIANITY by Johann Arnold, General Superintendent of the Clergy of Zelle, died 1621.

BEARING HIS REPROACH.

HEB. XIII. 13.

Consider, O Christian, what the Saviour's reproaches were. There is not an indignity that can be named, which was not made a matter of wilful misrepresentation against the Lord of glory. Even the most innocent and most inconsiderable things were made subjects of bitter and vilifying observation. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" "How knoweth this man letters?" "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" "Thou art a Samaritan." "This fellow casts out devils by the prince of the devils." "This man is a sinner." "He is a sabbath-breaker." "He deceiveth the people." "He blasphemeth." "He is a friend of publicans and sinners." "He is a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber." "He hath a devil, and is mad." Such were some of the reproaches that were heaped upon our meek and holy Lord while he lived, and doubtless none of them were forgotten or softened by his enemies when he was dying.

By the good providence of God, we are at present exempted from open persecution in our beloved land. There is no cross of nails and wood erected now for the Christian, but there is one of words and looks, which is never taken down. On this we must suffer. It is

the will of God that we should be "freed from sin," and be "made perfect" through sufferings. Were there no cross, there should be no crown. Our nature must be purged. We never know ourselves till we are tried; consequently, we cannot fight against our besetting sins till we be made acquainted with them. Self must be crucified. But instead of enduring these trials with reluctance, and with many efforts to escape, the Christian should go through them willingly, and esteem it an honour to become a partaker of his Master's ignominy. The apostle St. Paul strives, as for a crown, to attain to the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, Phil. iii. 10. He counted it his highest earthly honour: he regarded it as a pledge of eternal glory. Endeavouring constantly to avoid even the appearance of evil, as did our Master, we shall yet find, like him, that our words and actions are subject to the most unexpected misconstructions. The world does not understand the principles on which the Christian acts, and, therefore, can only interpret all he does according to those by which it is itself actuated. The Christian, therefore, to encourage himself under any sore and bitter reproach, should consider it in a fourfold respect. First, in regard to the reproach itself, it is only words—sounds that vanish in the air: as soon as they are uttered. Secondly, in regard to those who vilify and misrepresent him; that it may be found no personal malice, but the unavoidable result of the application of their own worldly principles: and therefore they are to be pitied; and even if evidently malicious, are to be prayed for, and forgiven. Thirdly, in regard to himself; that it can do him no harm; but will do him much good if he bear it patiently. And lastly, in regard to his God and Saviour; that it is a token of his love, a proof of his own discipleship, and a pledge of future honour and glory.

Let him consider also what infamy and dishonour the men of this world willingly endure for the sake of sinful pleasures, and mere temporary profit. Shall the servants of God, then, be outdone in zeal by the servants of Satan? They care not for the disgrace, if only they obtain their end. They calculate loss of character by the gain it brings, and by the happiness by which it is counterbalanced. If they win, they smile and care not who despise. When, then, the Christian thus witnesses the power of evil principles, shall he not be ambitious to exhibit the superior energy of those that are heavenly and eternal? He knows, too, that however much he may be reviled by others, no one has so much reason to despise him, as he has himself. Lying low, therefore, in his own estimation, and humbling himself in secret to the very depths, he should so live as to put it beyond the power of the most slanderous enemy, either to sink him lower in his own opinion than he has already cast himself, or to accuse him justly of a single wrong done to a fellow-creature.

Let the Christian, therefore, in this trial as in every other, earnestly pray for the supply of the Spirit of grace. Without His indwelling and sustaining power, we always fail—we cannot but fail. To be despised and reproached will naturally and immediately excite sinful resistance, anger, and perhaps retaliation. But, with the indwelling aid of the Holy Spirit, the Christian will be enabled to exhibit patience, meekness, and gentleness; and to return kindness for their malice, love for their hatred, and prayers for their reproaches.

THE ONLY PURGATORY.

The Church's Mind upon Prayer for the Dead.

The only purgatory, wherein we must trust to be saved, is the death and blood of Christ; which if we apprehend with a true and steadfast faith, it purgeth and cleanses us from all our sins, even as well as if he were now hanging upon the cross. The blood of Christ, saith St. John, hath cleansed us from all sin. The blood of Christ, saith St. Paul, hath purged our consciences from dead works to serve the living God. Also in another place he saith, We are sanctified and made holy by the offering up of the body of Jesus Christ done once for all. Yea, he addeth more, saying, With the one oblation of his blessed body and precious blood, he hath made perfect for ever and ever, all them that are sanctified. This then is that purgatory, wherein all Christian men must put their whole trust and confidence: nothing doubting but if they truly repent them of their sins, and die in perfect faith, that then they shall forthwith pass from death to life. If this kind of purgation will not serve them, let them never hope to be released by other men's prayers, though they should continue therein unto the world's end. He that cannot be saved by faith in Christ's blood, how shall he look to be delivered by man's intercessions? Hath God more respect to man on earth, than he hath to Christ in heaven? If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins. But we must heed that we call upon this Advocate, while we have space given us in this life; lest, when we are once dead, there be no hope of salvation left unto us. For, as every man sleepeth with his own cause, so every man shall rise with his own cause. And look, in what state he dieth, in the same state he shall be also judged, whether it be to salvation or damnation.

Let us therefore not dream either of purgatory, or of prayer for the souls of them that be dead; but let us earnestly and diligently pray for them which are expressly commended in Holy Scripture, namely, for Kings and Rulers, for Ministers of God's holy word and sacraments, for the saints of this world, otherwise called the faithful; to be short, for all

men living, be they never so great enemies to God and his people, as Jews, Turks, Pagans, Infidels, Heretics, &c. Then shall we truly fulfil the commandment of God in that behalf, and plainly declare ourselves to be the true children of our heavenly Father; who suffereth the sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and the rain to fall upon the just and unjust. For which and all other benefits most abundantly bestowed upon mankind from the beginning, let us give him hearty thanks, as we are bound, and praise his name for ever and ever. Amen.

OUR LOSS HER GAIN.

From Sermon occasioned by the death of Mrs. Col. MacLachlan, by the Rev. R. V. Rogers, Minister of St. James' Church, Kingston, and Chaplain of the Provincial Penitentiary. Published by Request.

Our sister has ceased from her labours, and entered into rest—has experienced the blessedness of the dead which die in the Lord. In her own expressive words: "Having enjoyed the peace that religion affords in this life, she has entered on that happiness which restores every thing we have most loved, to dwell for ever with them in the presence of our Heavenly Father—no more bidding adieu."

Mrs. MACLACHLAN'S Christian cheerfulness, added to the fear of giving pain to a husband, deceived the suspicions of even a husband's love; and although so ill, at one time, not to think it improbable that she should not see her native land, yet Colonel MacLachlan was not aware of this until they had arrived in England, and that she had prayed she might live to reach her brother's peaceful retreat. This prayer was granted; and on arriving, she exclaimed, "Thank God, I have reached dear Merton, that haven of rest," and returning to her room, expressed a wish to be left alone, no doubt to return thanks to Almighty God for granting her prayer.

After a surgical operation, which was rendered necessary, Mrs. MACLACHLAN rallied a little. On the Sunday previous to her death, she requested the prayers of the Church, which were granted; and yet it was not until the Thursday evening preceding her death that her dear husband began to entertain serious fears of recovery; from which time, he writes, "she was constantly engaged in prayer." On Friday night she told him "not to be distressed, and that she would soon be at rest." Prayers were read around her bed on Saturday and Sunday, of which she signified her consciousness by the most angelic smile. On the morning of the day she breathed her last—that day week—as she came into her room, she said, "Oh what a beautiful day! This is Sunday! I shall soon be at rest!" "She sank into eternal rest perfectly conscious and happy," writes her husband; adding, "Her thoughts for some days had been evidently removed from this world. The last words I heard her utter were, 'JESUS SUFFERED FOR US!' and she appeared to be engaged in mental prayer until released."

Such was the closing scene of our beloved sister's pilgrimage. Admitting her own words in relation to the death of a pious servant, we may say, "What a change for her in a few days, from a suffering bed to Paradise and eternal happiness!" Who does not say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" (Num. xxiii. 10.)

How ILLUSTRATIVE IS SUCH A DEATH OF THE BLESSINGS OF A BELIEVER'S END! How calm! How free from all that can disquiet! Kept in peace, the mind staid on God! It is the calmness of a mind, however sensitively alive to its state, alive to all around. "Oh! what a beautiful day," &c. It is not stupor, induced by expiring nature. True, the body was all but destroyed, but this enabled the spirit to anticipate its freedom the more joyfully; "I shall soon be at rest!" More than calmness—it is cheerfulness! so cheerful as to communicate a portion of itself to the afflicted husband; to comfort with that consolation wherewith itself is comforted of God, bidding him not to be distressed. (See Is. xxiv. 3, 4.)

Looking at this death, may we not say, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints!" OF SUCH VALUE TO THE BELIEVER, as that all the circumstances—the time, when; and the place, where—are all ordered. Of such importance to the cause of Christ, as that it shall be when and where His praise can best be set forth. All things, whether life or death, are stipulations in the covenant, "well ordered and sure?" (See 1 Cor. iii. 21, &c.)

Whence was our departed sister strengthened with such strength? She said to a friend shortly before her departure—"I have not waited until this time. I know in whom I have believed." Her dying testimony is, "Jesus suffered for us!" THE ATONEMENT WAS HER HOME. Other foundation she rested not on, than that which was laid. Mrs. MacLachlan had followed her own exhortation, given years before: "My own most beloved child, let us seek him earnestly!" and had realized her anticipation, "richly shall we be rewarded."—By prayer, as the appointed channel, she makes known her requests. In answer to prayer, "grace to help" was granted, realizing the Prophet's confidence, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on thee, because he trusteth in thee." (See Is. xxiv. 3, 4.)

And now, PRAYER IS TURNED TO PRAISE! The language of want has yielded to that of joy, the fulness of joy. Not faith, but sight; she sees Him now, whom, not having seen, she loved; and loving, served, and longed for, as He is! No more hope! Things hoped for gradually melt away into fruition! Having awakened up after her Saviour's likeness, the Saint is satisfied with it. Self is

lost in Christ. Self-denial no more needed amidst the pleasures at God's right hand. Self-loathing gives place to self-admiration, possessed of a body like unto Christ's glorified body! (See Ps. xvii. 15.)

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." "Their works do follow them." Not go before, as causes, but follow, as effects of their Christian state. Our departed sister's works tell us of the measure of her reward, but have not gained the reward; that is of grace, lest any man should boast before that throne, where all cast down their crowns in humble homage. (Comp. Rev. iv. 10, and v. 8, &c.)

These works, too, are the legacy which she has bequeathed to the Church militant. Her meekness and gentleness, her patience and submission, her cheerful, willing service, are our examples, for us to emulate and copy, as followers of them who, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, had that hope which, as an anchor to the soul, kept them "steadfast and immovable" amidst the temptations of life (Rom. xv. 4. 1 Cor. xv. 58.) "always abounding in the work of the Lord."

ON "BAPTIZING" OR "CHRISTENING" SHIPS.

To the Editor of the London Christian Observer.

Every religious mind must be shocked at that mixture of profaneness and popery which we constantly hear in what is called "baptizing" or "christening" ships. The Papists are accustomed to baptize bells and other things, and, it may be, ships among the number; and with them the practice, though superstitious and unscriptural, professes at least to be reverent and religious, just like the annual benediction of the cattle by the Pope. The priest may juggle for filthy lucre, and the people be deceived by vain words; yet no person avows that the whole is intended to be a mockery.

But what shall we say of the custom to which I have alluded, in a Protestant country? The ship is named while a bottle of wine is broken on her bows, in parody of the holy sacrament of baptism. The ceremony is called "christening;" and we read in the newspapers such profane language as "the jolly baptism of wine," and "the sponsorial bottle." I was particularly shocked with this last expression, in lately reading the account of the launching of the Earl of Hardwick East Indiaman. I would not, however, have pained the minds of your readers by quoting such ungodly language, but for the sake of proposing a remedy. The launching of a ship is not an obscure transaction; it is known of beforehand; and in most cases we may hope that some of the owners, or officers, or crew, or workmen, or persons who intend to be present at the ceremony, would be led to see the profaneness of the custom, if it were properly represented to them, and to forego it. Attention might also be drawn to the subject in the newspapers, when a conspicuous launch is about to take place; and, in particular, the individual who is expected to give the name, or break the bottle of wine, might be seriously remonstrated with: for surely nothing but want of consideration could cause such awful profaneness to be persisted in. Firing guns, sounding trumpets, and many other innocent ceremonies, might be devised, if necessary, to give eclat to the naming of the ship, without burlesquing a Divine ordinance. But still better would it be if the parties concerned could be induced to consecrate the occasion to a religious use: as perhaps was the case many centuries ago, though under the influence of debasing superstition. The launching of a vessel which is to carry out human beings upon the face of the mighty deep, amidst all the perils of the treacherous elements, and with only a plank between life and death, time and eternity, might well be consecrated by faith and prayer almost with the solemnity of a Church.

A LANDSMAN.

RAINY SUNDAYS.

To the Editors of the (Philadelphia) Episcopal Recorder.

Will you permit a plain old fashioned country minister, to offer for the consideration of your readers, a few remarks upon the subject of rainy Sundays?

As I am rather old fashioned in some of my notions, I may not perhaps suit the modern views of some who may chance to read what I have written. But as no offence is intended, I presume no one will find fault with my homely phraseology.

Now I have often heard some very good people talk about rainy Sundays, in a way which seemed to me, was not right. "Well, here's another rainy Sunday," one would say, "and I suppose now we shall have rainy Sundays all this moon!" another would say, "there is nothing I dislike more than to see it rain on a Sunday"—indeed, I once heard a brother minister say, "I always feel sorry when it rains on Sunday." I know he thought it was the means of thinning his congregation, and regretted to have his people kept away from Church. But in my humble opinion, we have no right to complain about the weather at all. God cares for his Church, and he sends the rain; what are we that should be dissatisfied with the orderings of God's providence? We ought to be sorry, not that it rains on the Lord's day, but that so many, even of professing Christians, will allow a few drops of rain to prevent them from going out to the Sanctuary to meet with their Saviour. Here is the evil. It is found in that lack of disposition to do our duty at all times, and under all circumstances; there are too many fair-weather Christians, who, it is to be feared, do not profess that self-sacrificing

Spirit which our master requires of his disciples.

Now let me tell you one or two things which I noticed, Messrs. Editors, in my limited sphere, and which have a bearing upon this subject. I once knew a professed follower of the Lord Jesus, a communicant in the Church, to ride fourteen miles through a severe storm of wind and rain to receive the small sum of six dollars, which had fallen due to him that day, and though for several years he lived within two miles of the Church, I never knew him to come out upon a rainy Sunday. In fair weather he was always in his place at the Sanctuary. He had the reputation of being one of the most attentive men to his worldly business, in that section of country. Now I do not think it right to take more pains to advance our own interests, than we should take to serve God. I suppose there are scarcely any who, because it rains in the week, close their stores or stop their business, and yet they seem to think God's house must be closed; at all events, they stay away because the day is not as fair as they could wish. You have heard, I dare say, about the little boy, who asked his father one rainy Sunday, "if he was going to Church?" "No, my son," said the father, "don't you see it is raining?" "Yes father," replied the child, "but you go to market when it rains."

In the course of my ministerial duties, I have been frequently called upon to perform the marriage service for some of my young friends, and as there have been stormy wedding days, as well as stormy Sundays, I have had some opportunity of observing what effect the weather has upon the attendance of guests upon such occasions, and the result of my observations has been, that it makes little or no difference whether the day be fair or foul. I recollect an occasion of this kind not long since, when I could not help expressing my astonishment, on such a dark and stormy night to find so large an assemblage convened; even persons of feeble health, and delicate constitutions, had ridden several miles, most imprudently, I thought, to enjoy the festivities of the evening.—It is really surprising to see how readily, in the pursuit of worldly pleasure, persons can, as it were, bid defiance to the elements; they will accomplish their object, and remove a thousand difficulties, ere they will be disappointed.

Now, I am not disposed to see the house of God almost deserted—indeed in the country it is often quite deserted upon a rainy Sunday, and hold my peace, while I know that the weather seldom interferes with their worldly pleasures. It is a settled habit with some of our most active church members, not to go out upon a rainy Sunday, but let it rain ever so hard in any day in the week, and I venture to say, their business goes on as regularly as ever. In seasons of drought, I have been requested by the farmers of my neighbourhood to ask the prayers of the congregation for rain, but I have never had one come to me, after our prayers had been answered, to request that their thanksgivings might be offered to Him who gives the early and the latter rain. No, if it had rained the next Sunday, you would have found them at home and not at church. Is this grateful? Is it right? Will God receive such an excuse at our hands, for neglecting a solemn duty? You must know, Messrs. Editors, in country congregations, most persons keep horses and carriages, what is to prevent them on rainy days from going to church? It is some little trouble to be sure to get ready—their horses would get wet, and so would their carriages; but horses are accustomed to get wet, and I presume carriages would not be injured by it—a few drops might perhaps fall upon themselves; and if they are well wrapped up, would a few drops hurt them? This is all the inconvenience I have ever experienced in going to the house of God in rainy weather. And I would ask if such inconvenience is to be put into the scale against God's commands? Is there not encouragement enough in that gracious promise of our Saviour, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," to induce Christian believers, at least, to practice if needs be self-denial for the sake of experiencing its fulfillment?

Let us hear no more complaint about rainy Sundays; let us keep down pride, and if God has given us health, let us wrap up according to the state of the weather, and I venture to assert, we shall never destroy our constitutions by doing our duty in going to the house of God upon rainy Sundays.

Your fellow labourer,
SEXEX.

PRESENT STATE OF ITALY.

The Papal states are governed entirely by military power. To control a population of two and a half millions, the Sovereign Pontiff keeps a standing army of twenty-two thousand; and this number has been lately increased by a large addition. And to keep the people in ignorance of the enormous expenses of such a government, as well as of its injustice and cruelty, the most rigid censorship of the press is enforced. Still, there are thousands of intelligent, thinking minds in this unhappy country, and if they were allowed to speak out, their hatred of oppression would find a response in the hearts of the common people of the entire nation. It would be to the despotism of the hierarchy like a torch to a vast magazine of gunpowder. The government see that they are standing over a volcano; and that the utmost vigilance is requisite to prevent being engulfed in its bosom. Papacy, like the dome of St. Peter's, is cracked with its own weight; and notwithstanding the strong chains with which it has been strengthened, the seam widening,