

HE LATE REV. F. S. MINES.

It was recently our painful duty to record the demise of this devout and zealous servant of the Lord at San Francisco, California, on the 5th of August a writer in the *Churchman*, (we presume the excellent Rev. Dr. Berrian,) gives some interesting particulars in relation to his life; from which we learn that Mr. Mines was born in Virginia, and was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. He received his academical education at Princeton College and entered the Theological Seminary at that place, in order to prepare himself for the Presbyterian ministry, in which he soon attained a high position and influence. He very early gave indication of doubts and struggles in his mind, which continued for years to harass and disquiet him, before he settled down in thorough conviction, and found peace in the bosom of the Church. The motive by which he was led to change his ecclesiastical opinions and views are forcibly set forth in a series of essays which originally appeared in the columns of the *Churchman*, and have since been published in a volume, entitled, "A Presbyterian Clergyman looking for the Church." Immediately after his admission to our ministry, he was engaged as assistant to the late venerable Dr. Milnor, Rector of St. George's church, New York but soon accepted an invitation to a parish in St. Croix, W. I., where he remained for several years, and had the happiness of seeing his labours crowned with most abundant success. But his health suffering from the effects of that warm and debilitating climate he returned to the United States; and remained in the vicinity of New York, until the discovery of the golden region in California exciting such a vast tide of emigration thither his ardent spirit was inspired with the desire to "preach among them the unsearchable riches of Christ." He departed to that distant scene of his short remaining labours, and had just succeeded in gathering a large and devotedly attached congregation, and in erecting a suitable temple to his Master's honour, when his frail body gave way and his spirit entered into rest.

For the following account of his last hours we are indebted to a correspondent of the *Calendar*, in a letter from San Francisco, dated August 11.

Our Rev. and beloved Brother, FLAVEL S. MINES, departed this life on Thursday evening the 5th at a little past 9 o'clock. His last sickness was protracted more than eight months, although from first to last without local pain. The consumption of his lungs was gradually and finally entire. A distressing cough and increasingly difficult breathing with large expectoration, were the prominent features of his illness; but both cough and expectoration diminished gradually as his end drew near, until shortness of breathing, daily and at length hourly admonished us of the final scene. He died without a struggle, or even a motion of the limbs. His breathing ceased and he was gone. But when a brother dies we always feel disposed to know how he died. Did he realize the consolations of faith?—In this it is my rare privilege to assure you having enjoyed from first the unrestricted intimacy of that sacred chamber of death, and an unreserved communication of his holiest and heartfelt emotions, until having knelt alone with him and his consort by his bedside in the use of the "Prayer commendatory for a sick person at the point of departure," he died as I uttered the words "presented pure and without spot before thee." You well know his clear preception of things, his calm demeanor under all circumstances, and his warm but ever chastened exhibition of mind and heart—no characterised were all his spiritual expressions. He fully exemplified upon his death bed all he had inculcated of the consolations of faith from the pulpit, and taught us there how a Christian, and a minister of Christ should die. During many weeks he received the Holy Eucharist at my hands every Thursday morning and those communion seasons, I am free to say were the holiest and most precious I have ever witnessed or enjoyed—at every successive occasion, his aspiration rose higher, and appeared more holy, until it became manifest, that he had quite overcome the world and vanquished the king of terrors. On the day of his decease as I entered in the morning for my usual Thursday's office he took me warmly by the

hand, and with a smile which I can never forget drew me down to him (for he could speak only in a whisper) and said, "brother, it is the last time." The solemn service over he beckoned his little boy to him, and laid his hand upon his head, and prayed with and for him. It was indeed the blessing of a dying father.—But I am entering perhaps too minutely into a detail of the scenes of that sacred retreat, the holy chamber whence the good man's soul took his flight from earth. My mind reverts to that chamber by day and by night, and never, to my latest breath, can I forget those scenes; I love to dwell on them. They form an era in my life, a privilege rare beyond description. His mind was never more sound healthy and clear than during all his last sickness: and without any ecstasies, calm, placid and serene, he stepped without one fear or misgiving, from time into eternity, from earth to heaven. So let me die.

Of his labors, privations, and success in San Francisco, you will learn in detail hereafter. Suffice it to say, he shrunk from no toil or privation in his Master's cause, evening, morning, and at noon day, until he had gathered around him a large congregation, not inferior in intelligence to any one I have ever seen; and had erected a fine large Church edifice, filled to overflowing, and entirely free from debt—in which he was allowed to preach but once before being prostrated on his bed of death. He died universally beloved and respected, and of course lamented. His funeral, which took place on Sunday last, was attended by an immense congregation of hearty mourners, and we laid him down under the chancel of his Church, to rest till the great resurrection in the last day.

THE FORCE OF TRUTH.

UNITARIAN TESTIMONY TO THE EFFICACY OF THE CHURCH SERVICE.

The editor of the "Christian Inquirer" (Unitarian) thus speaks of the effects of the service of the Church:

"Another Sabbath morning we determined to carry into effect a purpose, long cherished, of going some miles into the country to hear an Episcopal brother, whom we had known intimately twenty years ago, before either had entered the ministry, and not since seen. At the proper hour, we were duly seated among other worshippers in the beautiful village church where the friend of our boyhood ministered. It was a stone edifice, seated low, like humility itself, upon the ground, embowered in noble trees, as though Nature had adopted the modest and venerable temple for her own. A calmer, lovelier morning never broke. We watched the chancel door with lively interest, to catch the first look of our old companion, anxious to read the changes in our own face by those we might behold in him; more anxious still to revive the sweet memories of youth, and the faith of friendship, by what should remain unchanged. Presently the white-robed priest lighted the gloomy chancel with his appearing; but no gleam of recognition lighted our heart. Either we had forgotten our friend, or this was not he. The service with formal precision through the sacred familiarities of the Liturgy. A strange trembling in the voices of the choir an unusual sensibility in the women of the congregation, began to give peculiar significance to the unvarying service of the prayer-book. Some marked persons in the church were perhaps sick—or dead! At length the text gave token of a funeral sermon, and not till the middle of the discourse did it appear that the rector of the parish himself our friend, had that very morning passed away, and lay dead in the neighbouring parsonage.

"The profound impressiveness of a service which owes all its novelty to changes not in itself but in human life, bringing now this and now that portion into vivid light, never struck us more. We could not but admire the wisdom which seeking neither newness nor variety, aimed by solemn repetition of the few grand truths of the Gospel, to engrave them deep upon the hearts of the people. Nor can we after patient reflection, doubt that both the great length and the great monotony of the Episcopal service have some tendency like gravity itself contending with other forces, slowly to overcome the opposition of the mind to religious truth, and to lodge the important principles and facts of Christianity in the heart of those that fall under its sway

not with equal effect in cases, but benignantly everywhere. There is too, in the impersonal form the invariableness, and the accustomedness of the service, a certain dignity, authority and restraint on self-assertion and self-indulgence, which are highly favourable to a true estimate of the Divine Being and to the purposes of worship. The evils of the system we are all familiar with. The inflexibility which concealed from us so long on the present occasion the cause of the unusual emotion in the congregation was, we must confess, painful, and almost inhuman; but perhaps, it has its good side."

THE LITURGY.

I have characterised the Liturgy as Scriptural, spiritual, practical; let me ask, finally, is it not comprehensive? What part of the counsel of God, as revealed for the salvation of man, is not there to be found? Confession, prayer, intercession, thanksgiving, praise, the profitable word of Scripture, the divinely instituted sacraments of baptism and eucharistic communion—all that the most pious and best informed character can look for, whether in his daily or occasional devotions, will be found in that treasure of religious services, the common Prayer Book, arranged in the most beautiful order of succession, and expressed in such a solemn, devotional, lucid, and harmonious style of composition, as can hardly be paralleled in any other writing not immediately divine. The causes of this excellence it would neither be unprofitable to trace nor difficult to discover. They lie, indeed, above the range of those influences to which the merit of a merely human production is imputable however holy its design or admirable its execution. Neither the learning, the piety, nor the judgment of a Ridley or a Cranmer, or any other individual of that illustrious band, nor all of them in council, could alone have sufficed to make the English Liturgy such as it is, and such as we have received it from their hands. We are indebted to these great and holy men for a judicious selection, for careful adaptation, for many admirable additions, conceived in so Catholic a spirit as to render them undistinguishable from the elder portions of the work. Our obligations to the compilers of our Liturgy are, indeed, equally great, whether we take into consideration what they rejected, or what they retained; their wisdom and their moral courage being equally evident in their casting aside so much of the old material, and in their not casting aside more. To this praise they are entitled in their character of reformers; nay, it may be conceded to them that they have left the impress of their mind on the whole collection, no less in that which they appropriated, than in that which they themselves produced: that they were not a whit behind the most eminent saints that had gone before them in the spirit of prayer, to which these compositions owe their peculiar excellence; and, in the highest sense in which the words can be employed, they touched nothing which they did not adorn. Still, a its essential part, the English Ritual claims in different and an elder origin: several portions, and these the most solemn and important, date from the Apostolic age; many more to that which immediately followed it, or, at all events, to a period long anterior to the errors of the papacy. A large proportion had been in use in the church for many hundreds of years antecedently to the usurpations of the Roman see; and for the rest, the traditions of other Apostolic Churches furnished, at least, a precedent and an authority.

On the whole, our Liturgy is not to be regarded as the work of any single man, or set of men, either in their individual or collective capacities. It is the gift and contribution of the universal church, and has become to us an accumulated patrimony, carefully husbanded and handed down from age to age. Scriptural in doctrine, spiritual in sentiment, practical in its tendency, comprehensive in form: in all these respects, in form, in spirit, in operation, and in doctrine, essentially Catholic; and, therefore, without the least mixture of fanaticism.

Such is the form of sound words which the English Christian may hear in the divine service of his church. Nor may I omit to add what is, perhaps, not the least praise to which it is entitled—it is fixed and uniform: secured against the endless change of unsettled creeds, the captious objections of contending parties,

the impatience and the fastidiousness of unsanctified and undevotional feelings.—*Cole-ridge.*

CURIOUS LEGEND.

The *Church of England Magazine* of this month has a very interesting notice of Swaffham Church, Norfolk. In describing the north aisle and tower, built by John Chapman, a wealthy parishioner, who was churchwarden in 1462 the following curious tradition is related:—"The said John Chapman was a tinker, who came by his money in the following manner. He dreamed that if he went to London-bridge he would hear news greatly to his advantage. Having gone thither, he was, after walking about for two hours, accosted by a man, who asked him what he wanted, to which he replied that he came there on the vain errand of a dream. The man thereupon rejoined, 'Alas! good friend, if I had heeded dreams, I might have proved as very a fool as thou hast, for 'tis not long since I dreamed that, at a place called Swaffham, in Norfolk, dwells John Chapman, a pedlar, who hath a tree at the back of his house, under which is buried a pot of money!' On hearing this, John Chapman hastened home, and digging under the tree, found two large pots of money!"

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References.—J. Shaw, J. McMurrich, and Walter MacFarlane, Esquires.

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