

# The Church.

THEREFORE I WILL NOT BE NEGLIGENT TO PUT YOU ALWAYS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THESE THINGS, THOUGH YE KNOW THEM AND BE ESTABLISHED IN THE PRESENT TRUTH.—2 PETER, 1, 12.

VOL. I.]

COBOURG, U.C., SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1837.

[NO. VI.]

## Original Poetry.

FOR THE CHURCH

"Lord, I will follow thee."  
LUKE ix, 61.

Thine, Saviour, thine the voice which bids the soul,  
From sin redeem'd, no longer cleave to earth,  
But soar on eagle-pinion to the skies,  
Aspiring to her incorrupt inheritance—  
The promised portion of salvation's heirs,  
To which they are, through faith, by God preserv'd.  
Say then, shall worldly trammels still enchain?  
Shall pleasure's syren voice, alluring still,  
Keep back the spirit from its purchas'd rest,  
And bid the CHRISTIAN'S soul still cleave to dust?  
Away! delusive, visionary joys,  
Which mock the reason by an empty name,  
Presenting nought of joy's reality.—  
No more arrest my steps, no more ensnare  
My wayward heart;—"Lord, I will follow thee."  
Spirit of Grace! attest the firm resolve,—  
Firm, if by thy Divine support confirm'd,  
But utter weakness if of that bereft.  
Oh! shed throughout my soul constraining Love,—  
That love of Him, who, from Eternity  
Has lov'd his own, and loves them to the end;  
Who died, who rose, who lives, that they may live:  
Then shall each passing hour, from sin redeem'd,  
Behold me "pressing onwards to the mark,"—  
The noble prize of those, who, "call'd in Christ,"  
Shall grasp victorious an unfading crown.  
Father of mercies! let a suppliant child—  
Rebellious once, but now by grace subdued—  
The small remains of life devote to Thee,  
And dedicate as bought with highest price,  
Soul, body, spirit,—for they all are thine:  
Aid him, as wise, to circumspectly walk  
Redeeming time, for these are evil days.  
Does Mercy whisper—"Now th' accepted time,  
Not yet Salvation's day is clos'd in night,"  
And still shall Satan's drudgery waste my strength,  
Reserving nought for him who claims my all  
But refuse gleaning at the vintage close?  
Forbid it Gratitude! forbid it Love!  
Draw thou my soul—"LORD I WILL FOLLOW THEE."  
W. T. C.

## BISHOP BURGESS.

The Right Rev. Thomas Burgess, D.D. F.R.S. F.A.S., and formerly President of the Royal Society of Literature, was born in the year 1755, at Holdham, in Hampshire. He received his education at Winchester School, and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford: of which last he became Fellow and Tutor. He took his degree of A.M. in 1782; that of B.D. in 1791; and that of D.D. in 1803. An early display of extraordinary literary abilities procured for him the friendship and patronage of Shute Barrington, Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards Bishop of Durham, who, about the year 1790, gave him a prebend in Salisbury Cathedral: and on being translated to Durham, presented him also to a prebend in the Cathedral of that See. His next advancement took place under the administration of Mr. Addington (who had been his fellow student at Winchester and Oxford) and who, unsolicited, conferred on him, in 1803, the vacant See of St. David's. From the moment of his elevation to the Episcopal Bench, the learned Prelate displayed the most devoted and exemplary attention to the concerns of his diocese, and was unceasing in his efforts to benefit those placed under his jurisdiction. With this view, his Lordship planned and formed a Society for the foundation of a Provincial College within the Diocese for the instruction of Ministers for the Welch Church who have not the means to obtain a University education. The College at Lampeter now stands an imperishable monument to the activity and benevolence of his Lordship in the Principality. In 1825, upon the death of Bishop Fisher, Dr. Burgess, through the interest of the Bishop of Durham, exercised in his behalf with Lord Liverpool, was translated to the See of Salisbury, of which he took formal possession on the 6th of July 1825—his predecessor having expired on the 8th May. Throughout the twelve years during which his Lordship has presided over that diocese, he laboured zealously to improve the means of Divine worship—to correct every approach to neglect or irregularity—and, in a word, to increase and nurture the flock committed to his charge. Nor have the temporal wants of deserving individuals who have been brought under his notice received less attention at his Lordship's hands than their spiritual necessities; the extensive range of his benevolence is attested not only in the munificence of his contributions to public works of charity, but in the unobtrusive deeds of private alms-giving. Although the studious and retiring habits of the excellent prelate led him to take little part, personally, in public affairs, for some years past, it is scarcely possible for those unacquainted with him to form an adequate idea of his active business habits, and the facility of access at all times afforded by his Lordship to those who had occasion to communicate with him on matters relative to the diocese; or to invoke his aid—that aid never solicited in vain—in the prosecution of any good and useful work. The same habits which induced a life of apparent seclusion in his Lordship, while engaged in the duties of his diocese, prevented him from taking any active part in the House of Peers: but his proxy was never withheld, when any measure affecting the interests of true religion and of the Church, of which he was so efficient a member, called for the exercise of his parliamentary privilege. During the whole of his long ministerial life, the laborious and powerful pen of Bishop Burgess was constantly employed in advancing the cause of his heavenly Master, and the true interests of mankind. His first publication appeared in 1780: and within a few

months only of his death, the venerable prelate wrote and published a letter to Lord Melbourne, on the Irish spoliation measure; the vigorous tone of which letter affords no indication of a decaying mind. Indeed, we believe it may be with truth affirmed, that almost up to the last hours of his existence, the extraordinary mental faculties of the deceased remained unshaken. Full of years and of honour, this faithful servant of the Lord is called to inherit a fairer portion than this world can bestow: and while his loss is deplored, not only as a local bereavement, but as a national deprivation, we may find consolation in the reflection, that the accumulated fruits of his many year's labour remain a bright beacon and example to all. In the year 1796, the late Bishop (then Mr. Burgess) married Miss Bright of Durham, half sister of the Marchioness of Winchester, who still survives his Lordship. The marriage was not productive of any issue.

## THE PERSIAN CONVERT.

(Concluded.)

About a week after this Mohammed Ali visited his father again, and remained with him nearly two hours. They as usual wept much together, but with very different feelings. The father rose up to kiss his son; but instantly recollecting himself, drew back, saying, "you are unclean, how can I?" A second time he rose up, and again sat down; but at last, the feelings of the father overcoming the prejudices of religion, he rose up, kissed his eyes, his cheeks, and his mouth, with much affection. He afterwards washed his mouth, the part that had come in contact with his polluted son.

For some time the old man could not comprehend how his son should have been led to renounce Mohammedanism. He was, to use his own expression, "eating wonders," and could account for the apostasy in no other way than by supposing that the English people had administered medicine which had entirely bewitched him, or that the devil had taken full possession of him. He was constantly sending him notes or messages, or telling him of circumstances that he thought would win their way to the son's heart, and touch his feelings or awaken his fears, and cause him to waver. On one occasion, the old man told him that he had received information that the people of Derbent had been filled with wonder and grief at one of their Begg having renounced the religion of his father, and become a Christian: that his cousin, who is president of the Mohammedan council there, did not leave his house for five days after hearing the mournful tidings; and that a number of the principal ladies of the town had collected together, and wept over him as over one who was dead.

At last, however, the old man gave up all such efforts at re-conversion as quite useless. He consoled himself with the only consolation his principles afforded him. He came to this conclusion, "It has been decreed from eternity that my son should be an infidel, and who can fight against the decree of God?" After this, he treated his son, who frequently visited him, with uniform kindness, interrupted only by occasional paroxysms of angry feeling. He even came to see him at the mission house, and once took tea with me in a very friendly manner. No impression of the truth of Christianity seems ever to have been made upon his heart; and about three years after his son's conversion, he was permitted, in answer to repeated application, to leave the place of his exile, and to return to Derbent.

Mohammed Ali, after his conversion and baptism, was never happier than when conversing with his countrymen upon the great subject of religion, and endeavouring to spread the knowledge of its saving truths among those who were labouring under the delusions from which he had been delivered. He went to the Caravanserai; he accompanied the missionaries to the Tartar villages; and often times, in the midst of much abuse and at considerable personal risk, upheld the honors of the cross. In the spread of the truth as it is in Jesus, he was deeply interested; and information of the conversion of sinners, especially from among Mohammedans, was to him a source of purest joy.

In this manner, Mohammed Ali, or as he was named at his baptism, Alexander Kazem Beg, continued to be employed; assisting the missionaries in the acquisition of languages—learning English and Hebrew from them—conversing with his countrymen,—itinerating among the Tartars, and, by the composition of tracts and letters, endeavouring to make himself generally useful. It was hoped he would soon be able to give himself entirely up to the duties of a missionary, than which there was nothing he himself more earnestly desired: and the most pleasing anticipations were indulged in of the immense good he might in that capacity be the means of effecting. But in the autumn of 1824, all such hopes were suddenly destroyed by the arrival of an order from General Yermoloff, the Governor-general of the southern provinces of Russia, commanding the Persian convert to enter into the service of the emperor, but allowing him to select the department in which he would prefer being employed. Not long afterwards, another order was received from the same quarter, forbidding him to engage in any missionary operations, or even to go beyond the boundaries of the city of Astrachan, without the permission of the police master. The reason why such orders were issued, was never discovered, although persons acquainted with the political and religious state of that country will be at no loss to conjecture. By the advice of the missionaries, he was induced to select the department of the college of foreign affairs, as the most suitable for his talents and acquisitions, and presented a petition to that effect to his excellency Count Nesselrode, who then presided over that department. Nearly twelve months elapsed before an answer was returned

to that petition. In the mean time, the hopes of the missionaries having been thus destroyed in reference to this interesting young man, and many other occurrences of a political nature having taken place, which rendered the continuance of their exertions in that empire inexpedient, the establishment was in a great measure broken up: and in the years 1825, and 1826, all the missionaries returned to England, with the exception of Mr. Glen, who remained to finish a translation of the Old Testament in the Persian language, which at the desire of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he had previously commenced.

When passing through St. Petersburg, I was permitted, along with my respected friend Dr. Paterson, to have the honor of an interview with His Excellency Prince Galitzin, at the Emperor's summer palace in Tzarskoe Celso. I then laid before him the leading facts of the preceding narrative, and begged his interference with his Imperial Majesty, on behalf of my young friend. The Prince entered fully into all the feelings that were then expressed, and requested me to write him such a letter as he could with propriety lay before the Emperor. I did so; but what effect the letter produced is not known. A few months after it was written, the emperor died. Before he died, but very probably without his knowledge or consent, Mohammed Ali received a communication from government, stating that he was appointed to the office of teacher in a public school at Tomsk, a city of Siberia, some thousands of versts from Astrachan; and at the same time commanding to set out for it without delay. With a sorrowful heart he parted from those of the missionaries who still remained, and commenced his journey to the scene of his exile—for such in reality it was intended to be. On his way thither, it was necessary he should pass through Kazan, the seat of one of the Russian universities. He had been provided with a letter of introduction to one of the most eminent of its professors—Dr. Fox, a German physician. He was so much pleased with the young convert, so struck with his talents, so interested in his history, that he immediately introduced him into the society of the principal persons in that city; who upon a short acquaintance with him, determined to apply to the minister of state to change the destination of the young man, and, instead of appointing him to a school in Siberia, to make him the Professor of Oriental Languages in this University. After considerable delay, and with great difficulty, the prayer of the petition was granted, and, to the delight of his friends, Alexander Kazem Beg was appointed Professor in the University of Kazan. There he now is, high in general estimation, steadfast in the faith, and, although almost entirely cut off from communication with those who are of similar sentiments with himself, and destitute of those religious ordinances which are so necessary to the health of the soul, yet maintaining his profession, and adorning the doctrine of God his Saviour by a life and conversation becoming the Gospel.

May the everlasting arms be beneath him and around him; and faithful unto death, may he at last receive the crown of life!

## SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 4.

EGYPTIAN MUMMIES.

GENESIS i. 26.—"So Joseph died, and they embalmed him, and he was put into a coffin."

When Joseph died, he was not only embalmed, but put into a coffin. This was an honor appropriated to persons of distinction, coffins not being universally used in Egypt. Mallet, speaking of the Egyptian repositories of the dead, having given an account of several niches found there, says, "it must not be imagined that the bodies deposited in these gloomy apartments were all inclosed in chests and placed in niches; the greater part were simply embalmed and swathed after the manner that every one hath some notion of; after which they laid them one by the side of another without any ceremony; some were even put into these tombs without any embalming, or such a slight one that there remains nothing of them in the linen in which they were wrapped but the bones, and those half rotten."

But as Belzoni in his account of Egypt enters more fully than any other author into the subject of the Egyptian mummies, a somewhat lengthened extract may not be unacceptable to our readers. Not content with a superficial and hasty survey of these mansions of the dead, he penetrated into the very inmost recesses. "After forcing your way" he observes, "through these passages, in some of which there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, and through which you pass like a snail, in a creeping posture, and that too through a length of two or three hundred yards, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions, which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall, the faint light of the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects which surrounded me seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting; till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though fortunately I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. Frequently nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and ventured to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian it crushed like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight,