

what vices this near relative was degraded! To gloss over this part of his history, his memorialist charitably wishes that he had lived to publish his letters to his son himself, which would have given him the opportunity of expunging some obnoxious passages. But he who so unreservedly recommended the world, with its follies, its principles, and practices; in his latter days, to that son, thus avows that it had failed him:—

"I have seen," said Lord Chesterfield, "the silly rounds of business and pleasures, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and, consequently, know their futility, and I do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas those who have not experienced, over-rate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare; but I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaily machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant audience. When I reflect back upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry, and bustle, and pleasure of the world, had any reality; but I look upon all that has past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the sake of the fugitive dream.— Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it. I bear it because I must bear it, whether I will or no. I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can, now that he is mine enemy. It is my resolution to sleep in the carriage the remainder of the journey." Poor worldling! is this all that you have gained, even in time?

But it may, moreover, be useful to know, that this noble personage was deemed peculiarly fortunate among the worldly. We therefore quote a passage from a letter addressed to Lord Chesterfield, by a still more celebrated worldling and infidel, Voltaire, and which likewise proves that he also thought but meanly of all the world can give.

"Tully," says he, "wrote a fine treatise on Old Age, but he did not realize his assertions, and his latter years were far from being happy. You have lived longer and more happily than he did. Your lot has been, and is still, one of the most desirable in that great lottery where the prizes are so few, and where the great prize of constant happiness has never yet been drawn by any one. Your philosophy has never been decomposed by those phantoms which have sometimes overtaken pretty good heads, nor have you ever been, in any respect, a pretender, or the dupe of pretenders, which, in my estimation, is an uncommon degree of merit, and contributes to that shadow of felicity which may be enjoyed in this short life."

Here we have the testimony of one who likewise enjoyed the world's highest favours and distinctions, that its felicity is but a shadow,—that its prizes are few, and the greatest prize unattainable,—and that the man who could write a fine treatise on Old Age, was, nevertheless, (being devoid of the consolations of religion) not happy in his latter years. And we have this shadow of felicity attributed to him who himself tells us, he did not possess it. In similar language, he who is told that his lot is so favoured, compares worldly pleasures to a dream, which has no existence but in fancy. Yet, if it were real, it is not envious; for it is not durable. It withers as

certainly as the opening leaf is nipped by the frost of winter. Its tendency is to decay.— Place a man on the highest pinnacle of worldly prosperity, and there let him remain while in the body; he may feel enjoyment, but it ceases necessarily, and of itself. To suppose an impossible case, as we are constituted, that some one were continued on earth with youth, health, and all the gifts of time, for a thousand years, satiety and disgust would arise from the repetition of pleasures so unsubstantial as those the world affords.— In the possession of such, an immortal spirit cannot solace itself. They neither ennoble nor elevate. They are trifling, they are degrading, they are vain!

And is it for these that the worldly so anxiously seek; for which they, with so much eagerness, toil; and for which they lose heaven? Are these a fair exchange for everlasting life? "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united."

But possibly the young may imagine, or may be told, that religion is gloomy, and that the only satisfaction that can be derived from it, is in the hope to which it gives rise in the view of another state of existence. Ah! think not so. How many testimonies might be adduced, to give the lie to a representation so false! How many among the gay and the prosperous, have confessed, when changed by grace, that they knew not joy until they tasted it pure and unmingled from its fountain—godliness.

Perhaps we may be permitted, in proof of this assertion, to quote the language of a young and beautiful woman, living among the most distinguished inhabitants, and in the gayest circles of the French capital. Here, everything to allure was present, and the world, in all its splendour, held out its most attractive fascinations. She was the daughter of Baron Cuvier, and the name of her eminent sire ensured her the note and regard of the world.

[To be continued.]

From the Episcopal Protestant.
M'NEILE, STOWELL, MELVILLE.

"As I heard, on three successive Sundays, three of the best Preachers in England, I will copy from my Journal such extracts as will give my impression of them.

"Sunday, June 25th. Went to St. Jude's Church, (Liverpool,) and obtained a seat with difficulty, as the pews and aisles were both filled, (as they are every Sunday.) Mr. M'Neile performed the whole service, and preached on Matt. vi. 33. He expressed the meaning of the text in a single sentence,— 'that it involved a question of *degree of priority*, not of prohibition,' delivered altogether extemporaneously, without manuscript or notes, holding a small bill in his hand, which is very common in the English pulpits. Mr. M'Neile is the most self-possessed extemporaneous speaker I ever heard. His mind is exceedingly logical, vigorous, and acute; his command of language very great; his thoughts clear, striking, and well-digested; and his whole argument simple and beautifully perspicuous. His manner, however, both in the desk and pulpit, is too slow and formal for my taste. Not only his language, but every gesture and intonation, seem to be the result of elaborate study. A more natural and inartificial manner would have rendered his preaching more effective to me.

"He is the greatest opponent of Rome, and hates Popery with a holy hatred, and seldom omits an opportunity of dealing it a hearty blow. His next abomination is Tractarianism, which he regards as a modification, or rather, an undeveloped germ of Romanism, and with

which he wages an unsparing warfare. I heard him three times, and was struck each time with his constitutional antipathy to Popery.

"Sunday, July 2nd Manchester. Went to the church of the Rev. Hugh Stowell,—it was communion Sunday. The manner of conducting the services was very *American*, and therefore very pleasing. Mr. Stowell preached on the text, 'Wilt thou be clean?' He was not as striking as Mr. M'Neile, but had more warmth and Gospel simplicity. He also preaches extemporaneously with great ease and fluency. His sermon was very evangelical and practical. He is an excellent preacher and pastor, and a very spiritually-minded man, both in and out of the pulpit. He is likewise a strong opponent of Rome and Oxfordshire, and a thorough Church-of-England man. I had the pleasure of joining a celerical meeting, which assembles every Saturday evening at his house, to seek the Lord's blessings on the labours of the Sabbath; some portions of the Scriptures were read, and two or three extemporaneous prayers offered. I thought such a mode of spending an hour on Saturday evening well calculated to stir up the faith and zeal of God's ministers."

"Sunday, July 9th. London. Directed my steps on my first Sunday in London, to Camden, Camberwell, one of the Southern Suburbs of the city. I found the Church (which is neither large nor handsome,) crowded to excess before service begun. Could neither get a seat, or a place to stand in the aisles, and at length obtained a position on the staircase to the galleries, where I stood during the whole service. Mr. Melville preached on the death of Eli, and fully equalled my expectations, which had been raised very high by reading his admirable sermons. He is the most interesting preacher I ever heard on either side of the Atlantic; and his audience is habitually the most breathless I ever witnessed. The peculiarity noticed by Bishop M'Ilvaine, in his preface to M'Ilvaine's Sermons, strikes a stranger very forcibly. While Mr. M. is speaking, there is unbroken silence over the Church; but at certain pauses, as if by previous concert between preacher and hearer, there is a general movement among the dense mass, the congregation seizing the opportunity to do all their coughing, scraping, &c. The moment he resumes, there is universal silence, and all seem absorbed in the subject before them.

It is difficult to account for Mr. Melville's power over his audience. His manner is peculiar and bad. He reads closely, and uses little gesture. His voice is guttural, and rather harsh. His appearance neither intellectual nor prepossessing. Yet he is the most attractive preacher I ever listened to. His power I attribute chiefly to his luxuriant imagination, by which he is enabled to illustrate so richly and strikingly the truths which lie hidden in the mine of revelation. I know of no preacher, no writer, who penetrates deeper into the meaning of his text, or impresses it more strongly on the mind, or illustrates it more beautifully, than Mr. Melville.

Mr. M., I was glad to learn, is also considered the opponent of the Oxford theology, though I believe he says little on the subject in the pulpit. Still, I was pleased to think that his influence was thrown against what I consider erroneous doctrines; for his strength, united to the powerful influence of Stowell and M'Neil, must form a barrier around the Reformation principles of the Church of England which Romanism or Oxfordism will find it difficult to scale.

"My impressions as to the diffusion of Tractarianism in England, I will reserve for another communication. VIATOR."