

# The Bazaar.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY, WHETHER THOSE THINGS WERE SO.—Acts xviii. 11.

VOLUME V.—No. 16.]

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1848.

[WHOLE NUMBER 224

**THE ASHES OF WICKLIFF.**  
"In obedience to the order of the Council of Constance, Richard Flam'ng, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick scent at a dead carcass) they come—Sumner—Commissary—Official—Chancellor—Priest—Doctors, and their servants—take what was left out of the grave, and burn them to ashes and cast them into a neighbouring brook running hard by. Thus this brook has conveyed his ashes into Avon—Avon into Severn—Severn into the narrow seas—they into the main ocean—and thus the ashes of Wickliff are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

**FULLER'S CHURCH HISTORY.**  
"Even when his bones to dust were turn'd,  
Beyond the grave their vengeance burn'd,  
His warnings fill'd their guilty ear,  
They saw his awful Placid near,  
And sent their mandate forth—  
"Go—tear the Accursed from the grave,  
"Scatter his dust o'er stream and wave—  
"Void be his place on earth!"

They lay the charnel's secrets bare,  
The awful dust unmask,  
Priest—Sumner—Friar—are marsh'd there  
To aid the godless task.  
They tear the robes from the shroud—  
High springs the flame's red glow,  
Anthem and curse ring loud  
As they trumpet their Mighty foe;  
"You brook will bear him to the deep,  
"Far as our deadliest curse can sweep  
"Cast out his poisonous clay!"

The scattered dust the mem'ls fly,  
And down the waves of the dancing Swift  
His ashes float away!  
O'er quiet mead, by green-hill side  
Swift hastes to Avon's broader flood—  
And Avon sweeps a sheet of foam  
To meet the wind's kindly flood—  
And Severn, calm and free,  
Flows downward on his lonely way  
The holy freight that Avon gave  
Triumphant to the sea!

Where doth our first Reformer sleep—  
Ask of the wild waves—where?  
Search where the winds of heaven may sweep,  
Seek his bright ashes there!  
Where'er high Truth's immortal light  
Burns the thick gloom of error's night,  
Where Reason glows for eagle flight,  
Where breathe Religion's notes,  
Where Godlike Freedom's mighty voice  
Rids the weak heart of slaves' reproach,  
Where human worth a lone may claim,  
Where Genius soars on earthly fame—  
Our first Reformer's glorious name—  
Like balmy mist floats there:  
The chainless waves of ocean trace,  
Follow the rushing river—  
Each Altar marks his burial place,  
Those Wickliff lives for ever!  
*Synon, in the Canadian Christian Offering.*

**WICKLIFF'S DANGER AND DELIVERANCE.**

Described by Thomas Fuller, in the Church History of Great Britain.  
Much pity that Wickliff's own books are lost.—Here the ingenious reader must acknowledge, that many of these opinions are truths, at this day publicly professed in the protestant church. For the rest, what pity it is that we want Wickliff's Works, to hear him speak in his own behalf! Were they all extant, therein we might read the occasion, intention, and connexion of what he spoke; together with the limitations, restrictions, distinctions, qualifications, of what he maintained. There we might see what was the overplus of his passion, and what the just measure of his judgment. Many phrases, heretical in sound, would appear orthodox in sense. Yea, some of his poisonous passages, dressed with due caution, would prove not only wholesome but cordial truths; many of his expressions wanting not *grammatically*, but *salubri*, "no weight of truth, but some grains of discretion." But now, alas! of the two hundred books which he wrote, being burnt, not a title is left, and we are fain to borrow the bare titles of them from his adversaries; from whom also these his opinions are extracted, who winnow his works, as satan did Peter, Luke xii. 31, not to find the corn, but the chaff therein. And how candid some Papists are in interpreting the meaning of Protestants, appears by that cunning chymist, who hath distilled the spirits of Turcis out of the books of Calvin himself.

Wickliff appears before the Synod in St. Paul's, A. D. 1376.—Now a synod was called by Simon Sudbury, arch-bishop of Canterbury, at St. Paul's in London, the Parliament then sitting at Westminster; whither Wickliff was summoned to appear; who came accordingly, but in a posture and equipage different from expectation. Four friars were to assist, the Lord Percy to usher, John duke of Lancaster to accompany him. These lords' enmity with the prelates was all Wickliff's acquaintance with them; whose eyes did countenance, hands support, and tongues encourage him, bidding him to dread nothing, nor to shrink at the company of the bishops; "in respect of you." Great was the concourse of people; as, in populous places, when a new sight is to be seen, there never lack lookers-on; and to see this man-baiting, all people of all kinds flock'd together.

The brawl betwixt the Bishop and the Lords in the Church.—The Lord Percy, Lord Marshal of England, had much ado to break through the crowd in the church; so that the bustle he kept with the people highly offended the bishop of London, as profaning the place; and disturbing the assembly. Whence followed a fierce contention betwixt them; and, lest their interjections should hinder the entireness of our discourse, take them *verbatim* in a dialogue, omitting only their personal railing; which as it little became per-

sons of honour to bring, so it was (last against the profession of a bishop to return; who, by the apostle's precept, must be "patient, not a brawler," 1 Tim. iii. 3.)

**Bishop Courtenay.**—Lord Percy, if I had known beforehand what masteries you would have kept in the church, I would have stopped you out from coming hither.

**Duke Lancaster.**—He shall keep such masteries here, though you say "Nay."

**Lord Percy.**—Wickliff, sit down; for you have many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat.

**Bishop Courtenay.**—It is unreasonable, that one, cited before his ordinary, should sit down during his answer. He must stand.

**Duke Lancaster.**—The Lord Percy's motion for Wickliff is but reasonable. And as for you, my lord bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride, not of you alone, but of all the prelatry in England.

**Bishop Courtenay.**—Do your worst, Sir.

**Duke Lancaster.**—Thou bearest thyself so bravely upon thy parents, which shall not be able to help thee; they shall have enough to do to help themselves.

**Bishop Courtenay.**—My confidence is not in my parents, nor in any man else, but only in God, in whom I trust, by whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth.

**Duke Lancaster.**—Rather than I will take these words at his hands, I will pluck the bishop by the hair out of the church.

These last words, though but softly whispered by the duke, in the ear of one next unto him, were notwithstanding overheard by the Londoners; who, enraged that such an affront should be offered to their bishop, fell furiously on the lords, who were fain to depart for the present, and for a while by flight and secrecy to secure themselves; whilst, what outrages were offered to the duke's palace and his servants, historians of the state do relate.

Why the Archbishop and Wickliff silent the while.—Wonder not that two persons, most concerned to be vocal, were wholly mute at this meeting; namely, Simon the archbishop, and Wickliff himself. The former, rather acted than active in this business, seeing the brawl happened in the cathedral of London, left the bishop thereof to meddle; whose stout stomach, and high birth, made him the meetter match to undertake such noble adventures. As for Wickliff, well might the client be silent, whilst such counsel pleaded for him. And the bishops found themselves in a dangerous dilemma about him; it being no pity to permit, nor policy to punish, one protected with such patrons. Yea, in the issue of this synod, they only commended him to forbear hereafter from preaching or writing his doctrine; and how far he promised conformity to their injunctions, doth not appear.

Wickliff's opinions marvellously spread, and why.—In all the synod, though Wickliff made but a dumb show, rather seen than heard, yet the noise of his success sounded all over the kingdom. For, when a suspected person is solemnly summoned, and dismissed without censure; vulgar apprehensions not only infer his innocence, but also conclude either the ignorance or injustice of his adversaries. In public assemblies, if the weaker party can so subsist as not to be conquered, it conquers in reputation, and a drawn battle is accounted a victory on that side. If Wickliff was guilty, why not punished? If guiltless, why silenced? And it much advantaged the propagating of his opinions that at this very time happened a dangerous discord at Rome, long lasting, for above forty years, and fiercely followed; begun betwixt Urban VI. and Clement VII., one living at Rome, the other residing at Avignon. Thus Peter's chair was like to be broken, betwixt two sitting down at once. Let Wickliff alone to improve this advantage; pleading, that now the Romish church (having two) had no legal head; that this monstrous apparition presaged the short life thereof; and these two anti-popes made up one anti-christ. In a word, there was opened unto him a great door of utterance, made out of that crack, or cleft, which then happened in this seasonable schism at Rome.

Wickliff wonderfully preserved from prosecution. A. D. 1378.—About this time Wickliff was summoned personally to appear before Simon archbishop of Canterbury, and the rest of the bishops, in his chapel at Lambeth. He came accordingly; and now all expected he should be devaloured, being brought into the lions' den; when, in comes a gentleman and courtier, one Lewis Clifford, on the very day of examination, commanding them not to proceed to any definitive sentence against the said Wickliff. Never before were the bishops served with such a prohibition; all agreed, the messenger durst not be so stout, with a *mandamus* in his mouth, but because backed with the power of the prince that employed him. The bishops, struck with a panic fear, proceeded no farther; the rather, because this messenger *rude*ly rushed into the chapel, and the person of this John Wickliff was so saved from heavy censure, as was once the doctrine of his godly name-sake, for "they feared the people," Mark xi. 32. Only the archbishop summoned a synod at London, himself preaching at the opening thereof. We find nothing of his sermon; but his text was excellent: "Watch and pray." Four constitutions he made therein; three whereof concerned confession, grown now

much into discredit and disuse, by Wickliff's doctrine, and therefore conceived more needful to press the strict observation thereof.

Wickliff's quiet death.—[He died at his cure at Lutterworth, A. D. 1381, of the palsy.]—Admirable, that a bare, so often hunted with so many packs of dogs, should die at last quietly sitting in his form. Parsons the Jesuit snarls at Mr. Fox for counting Wickliff a martyr in his Calendar; as, so far from suffering violent death, that he was never so much as imprisoned for the opinion he maintained. But the phrase may be justified in the large acceptance of the word, for "a witness of the truth." Besides, the body of Wickliff was martyred, as to shame, though not to pain, (as far as his adversaries' cruelty could extend,) being taken up and burned many years after his death; as, God willing, we shall show hereafter.

## WANT OF MINISTERIAL SUCCESS.

From a Sermon on Jer. viii. 22. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" &c., preached by the Rev. William Cress Wilson, M. A., Rector of Widdington, in the parish church of Lutterworth, at the Visitation of the Lord Bishop of Chester, 1814; published at the request of His Lordship and the Clergy.

III. But there is another fearful consideration on which we dare not be silent, and that is the influence of example. The people may expect more of a Minister than they ought to do, forgetting that he is a man of like passions with themselves, and perhaps more exposed to the temptations of that great Enemy whose interests he is specially subverting; but what if the appeal be against any amongst us—thou whom teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law dishonorest thou God?

Oh! what if there be some such stone of stumbling and rack of offence as this; blocking up the way, the high way, which should be kept smooth and open for a sinner's return to his soul's health and safety! But even if there be no such blot upon our character, how prayerful and vigilant we should be lest any thing should be discovered in us which can hurt the progress of a sincere inquirer after truth. Our habits, our associates, our pleasures, our recreations, all should be discreetly and discriminatingly selected, so as to stand as far as may be, from the possibility of our occasioning a scandal, or being a stumbling block to those whom we ought to succour and encourage.

I have been much impressed with the thought that at this interesting period, when we have been engaged in preparing the young for Confirmation, we should specially be careful to bear in mind how important it is that we should, at all events, let them see in us the uniform and consistent exemplification of all that we call upon them to do. They may unhappily fail to find it elsewhere; but, at all events, let them see that we recognize for ourselves the obligatory character of that valuable summary contained in the baptismal vow, and which embodies all that is essential for the soul's health. Ah! let them not see that we can even approximate to those pomps and vanities of a wicked world which we tell them to renounce. There should be nothing questionable here. We must have our relaxations as well as other men, but they must not range amongst the pomps and vanities. The worldliness even of the most moral and (in the general acceptance of the term) respectable Clergyman, oh! how it eats as a canker at the root of his pastoral usefulness, and discourages many a young disciple who was beginning to turn his face Zionwards! How it confirms the dreadful stupor of man's spiritual insensibility, and cherishes his fatal self-security!

IV. But I come to another point of consideration, to which I wish most particularly to draw your attention. We shall do well to inquire, how far the want of spiritual health amongst our people may be owing to our neglect in praying for the influences of the Holy Spirit. I do not say in recognizing those influences. The days are happily gone by when the charge of enthusiasm and presumption was incurred by the avowal of this essential doctrine. But it is one thing professionally to accredit truth, and quite another thing to act upon it. It is one thing to adopt, in their entireness, all the articles of a sound religious orthodoxy, and quite another thing to let them be as the spirit pervading all our practice.

Convinced then that the dry bones cannot live without the life-giving influence of the Spirit, is it our constant prayer to heaven—  
"Come from the four winds, O breath,  
and breathe upon these slain that they may live?" (Ezekiel XXXVII. 9.)

While instant in season and out of season in beseeching sinners to turn to Christ, do we depend upon his grace to make them willing, and do we carry them on our hearts to the mercy-seat, and never cease to pray, in accordance with the spirit of our own Church services, that God "would raise up his power, and come among us, and with great might succour us?" Oh! never till the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence at our hands, and we rank amongst the violent who take it by force; never till we wrestle with God for those around us and resolve not to let him go except he give his blessing; never till we can enter somewhat into the Apostle's feelings when he wished himself

accused from Christ for his brethren's sake, can we safely conclude that we are free from the guilt of our brother's blood.

It is well to be active in our schools, and to uphold all the interests of our beloved Church, and to aim at the best adapted machinery for pastoral oversight; but what is all this, and what is the sum of all human sufficiency, if the Spirit be wanting? what but wells without water—instruments without the hand to guide them or the power to give them effect? But if we fail to supplicate this power, do we not make it manifest either that we are satisfied with a naked and barren discharge of duty on our part, or that we are utterly regardless of the promotion of the spiritual interests of the people entrusted to our care, or that in practice we belie our professed belief in the necessity of the Spirit's influence.

The times specially call upon the watchmen in Zion to proclaim on every occasion, that there must be praying as well as preaching and working. We dishonour Christ and we offend his Spirit, if we do not manifest an entire self-abandonment, and pray without ceasing for the word to be conveyed home to our people "in the demonstration of the Spirit and of power;" that they may receive it "in the Holy Ghost and in much assurance."

Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. Prayer is an appeal to that power. Prayer glorifies the excited and divine Redeemer by throwing our weakness under his omnipotence. Prayer opens the floodgates of heaven on our parched world, and brings the angel of the Covenant into the pools of our religious ordinances to give them their only efficacy for spiritual healing.

Oh! my brethren, we must be men of prayer. Here is our grand defect. It is the work of the closet that must tell on that of active and public duty. It is the sure but unseen influences of the Spirit that must work with us in all the details of pastoral service, or men, in spite of all our activity, will live and die under their spiritual maladies.

When we come to die, we may mourn that we have not laboured more for the best of Masters, and for immortal souls entrusted to our care; but our saddest thought will be that we have not prayed more. When all our efficiency depends upon supplies from heaven, and when so easy a way of access was opened to obtain those supplies, and when the promise of a faithful God made their bestowment sure, methinks it is not on a deathbed only that we shall weep to have restrained prayer, but if a tear can be shed in heaven, it will be from the thought that we so sadly neglected our Saviour's own blessed assurance, "if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

V. One word more, and I have done. Every effort for good has its attendant danger, and I think I see in the present educational movement throughout the land that of which I am jealous, and which demands our caution. It is not the fear lest we should unduly trust to the means without a dependence on a higher influence, to which I am referring, but lest in our active provision for the young we yield to a spirit of reckless despondency and consequent neglect as it regards the old. I am jealous of the sentiment not infrequently permitted to escape, that all our hope must be from the rising generation, and that their fathers are so lost in indifference, or ungodliness, or prejudice, that all exertions on their behalf are unavailing, and the pastor cannot reach them. No, the pastor cannot. Nor can he reach the hearts of the young, and effectually claim them for the service of Jesus. But when contemplating the sad condition of many in our flocks, shall we yield to a spirit of practical infidelity, and say that for them at least there is no balm and no Physician! What! shall we limit the omnipotence of the Holy One of Israel—shall we contract his piteous redemption, and undertake to throw beyond the orbit in which mercy moves any poor fellow-sinner, however hopeless his case may appear?

It is not thus that the Father of heaven is wont to act. He cannot easily abandon the sinner to hopeless misery. "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim; how shall I deliver thee, Israel! How shall I make thee as Admah, how shall I set thee as Zeboiim; mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together, I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger, I will not return to destroy Ephraim, for I am God and not man."

It was not thus that the Saviour acted when he wept over Jerusalem. And will not the Holy Comforter deign to extend his offices even to those who are afar off? and have we not seen confirmed ungodliness yielding to his hallowing influences?

I have seen, and doubtless you have done the same, even the grey-headed mourn and weep bitter tears over discovered sin, and at the thought of a Redeemer's grace and mercy yet in reach. I have seen the man whose ignorance and inveterate habits of evil seemed impracticable, yet yield to the light of heaven, and become a new creature in Christ Jesus. No, my brethren; like the husbandman, we must have long patience, and our dependence must be, not on our skill in sowing, but on the early and latter rain. We know the sad consequences of neglected privileges; but it is not for us to pass judgment on the hopelessness of any.

What, what if the Standard-bearer fainteth! No, till the warfare is over, we must unfurl the banners of our King; we must speak of his glory, and tell of his victories, and hope for great things, not because we are worthy and sufficient, but because He is waiting to see of the travail of his soul in the conversion of sinners, and He is omnipotent. He is infinite in tender mercy. His is the kingdom, the power, and the glory.

Never, never till we surrender our stewardship let us cease to make it known to all around us, nor let the glorious truth ever fail to characterize and put life into the whole of our ministrations, that there is Balm in Gilead, and that there is a Physician there.

## MENTAL ACTIVITY, AND REFLECTION.

From Dr. Auerbach's "Culture and Discipline of the Mind."

A regulated condition of the mind contributes, in a most material degree, to our progress in knowledge. In this respect, it is, in the first place, the source of a quality which ought to be carefully cultivated in early life, which I may call *mental activity*. This consists of an eager inquiring state of mind, ever on the watch for information from any source from which it can be drawn,—and ever anxious to make its information more correct and more extensive. It leads to a habit of observation, by which we learn to derive knowledge from all that is passing around us. It teaches us, further, to direct this mental activity in a proper manner, by selecting such objects as are really deserving of our regard, and by directing the mind to them with a steady and continuous attention, so that we may acquire a full and connected knowledge of all the facts and their relations to each other,—and thus prepare them for the conclusions or general principles, which they are calculated to yield. It thus tends to preserve us from frivolous pursuits, by leading us to a steady culture of those which are of real importance, and with an eager and persevering attention adapted to their true value. For among many pursuits, no man can excel in all; and the foundation of eminence is a due selection, and a leading direction of the mind to those which are thus selected. We will be at no loss to discover around us, remarkable and instructive examples of the effects produced by the want of this sound discipline of the mind. One you will find dreaming through life, without directing himself with energy to any object,—a second wasting his powers, perhaps of a superior order, in a desultory application to a variety of studies, without excelling in one,—while a third devotes himself with eagerness and zeal to some favourite pursuit, neglecting others which really merit his chief regard.

Closely connected with the habit of mental activity, is the habit of reflection on the relations of the facts which are acquired,—leading us to observe their connections, and the conclusions which they yield,—and the habit of association,—of referring facts to others with which they bear an analogy, and to principles or opinions which they tend to confirm, modify, or overturn. It teaches us also to trace among facts the relation of cause and effect, and to deduce from their general conclusions, or general principles, the law and main object of science. Now, the whole of this course of mental activity is productive not only of intellectual improvement, but of the highest mental enjoyment,—while the frivolous or ill-regulated mind is not only fatal to improvement, but is a burden to itself, and, as life advances, becomes its own tormentor. Let, then, the eager desire of knowledge carry you above those pursuits which waste the best years of so many around you, and leave them, even to the close of their days, the victims of frivolity still.

## HINTS TO MOTHERS.

In the vicinity of P.—there was a pious mother, who had the happiness of seeing her children, in very early life, brought to the knowledge of the truth, walking in the fear of the Lord, and ornaments in the Christian Church. A clergyman, who was travelling, heard this circumstance respecting this mother, and wished very much to see her, thinking that there might be something peculiar in her mode of giving religious instruction which rendered it so effectual. He accordingly visited her, and inquired respecting the manner in which she discharged the duties of a mother, in educating her children.

The woman replied, that she did not know herself to have been more faithful than any Christian mother would be, in the instruction of her children. After a little conversation, however, she said: "While my children were infants on my lap, as I washed them, I raised my heart to God, that He would wash them in that blood which cleanseth from sin. As I clothed them in the morning, I asked my heavenly Father to clothe them with the robe of Christ's righteousness. As I provided them food, I prayed that God would feed their souls with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink the water of life. When I have prepared them for the house of God, I have pleaded that their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. When they left me for the week-day school, I followed their footsteps, with a prayer that their path through life might be like that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. And as I committed them to the rest of the night, the silent breathing of my soul has been, that their heavenly Father would take them to his embrace, and fold them in his paternal arms."

Here is the influence of the *silent, unspoken* exertions of a mother: an influence which will be felt, when those external accomplishments, and fleeting enjoyments which many labour to give their children, shall be forgotten, or remembered only as the means of facilitating a rapid descent to the world of sorrow. In this little story two things strike our attention: these efforts were made *early*, and with a *reliance on the divine blessing*. This mother felt that she received her chil-

dren from God, and was accountable to him for the manner in which she trained them up. She knew that her labours would be vain, unless God should in mercy grant her the aid of his Spirit, to sanctify and save the soul; therefore, through all the duties of the day, and all the interesting periods of childhood she looked up to God who is ever near to those who call upon him, and who will listen to their cries. How happy must that household whose God is the Lord; what heavenly joy beams from every countenance, and with what glorious hopes do they look beyond the grave to that mansion provided for them in their Father's house; and thrice happy must be that mother, who, in the fear of God, and in reference to eternity, has thus performed her duty.

There are feelings in a mother's bosom, which are known only by a mother: the tie which binds her to her children, is one compared with which all other ties are feeble. It is to these feelings that the fact just stated will speak a language which must be understood; and it must strike a note on this chord that will vibrate through every fibre of the soul. While appeals are often made to him who has lived long in sin, that fall like the sound of the empty wind upon his ear; and the voice of warning thunders in its truths to hearts of adamant: the appeal now made, is to an ear which is not deaf, to a heart which can feel.

The noise and tumult of the active world often drown the "still small voice" of the gospel, which sounds in the ears of the man of business; and worldly wisdom and strict calculation sometimes lead men to neglect the question, "What will it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" But this Tract is designed for a different situation in life; for those who do not mingle in the bustle and hurry of the world, who are retired to a more quiet, though not an unimportant sphere. In some hour of silent meditation this may fall into the hands of a mother; and the duties it recommends can be performed even while engaged in the common business of the family.

It is no fiction of poetry that, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." When the mind begins to open, and the attention is first arrested by the objects that surround us, much depends upon her, who, in that tender period, shall make the first impressions upon that mind, and first direct its attention.

It is then that the mother has an access and an influence which cannot be attained at any other period. The first inquiries of the little infant must be answered by her who gave it birth. As he gazes upon those twinkling stars that glitter in the evening sky, and asks, "Who made those shining things?" it is a mother's duty to tell the little prattler of that great and good being who dwells in the heavens, and who is the Father of all our mercies.

And as the mind enlarges, the mother tells the little listener of that Jesus who lay in a manger, and died on the cross. And when she softens its pillow for its nightly slumbers, and watches its closing eyes, it is her privilege to hear it lip, "Our Father," and direct it to love that Father whose name it so early speaks. Let this golden opportunity pass, these days of childhood roll away, and the mind be filled only with fabled stories, or sportive songs, and the precious immortal is trained for some other state than the paradise above. Do you say that you are ignorant, and are not capable of giving instruction? As your child clings to your bosom and directs his inquiring countenance to you for some interesting story, you know enough to tell him of some hero or King, and can you not tell him of the King of Zion, the Prince of Peace? And what more could the learned philosopher tell this infant mind?

You are unknown and obscure, did you say? But you are known to your child, and your influence with your child is greater than that of a Legislator or General. Say not, I, who am obscure, may act without restraint, especially when secluded from the world, in the retirement of my family. Obscure! You are immortal. You must go to the judgment; and every whisper of your life will be exhibited before an assembled universe!—Secluded! What if the eye of the world does not follow you into the domestic circle? Is it not restraint enough that your child is there? That child has a soul, worth more than a million globes of gold. That child, too, may become a legislator, or a judge, or a pastor in a church. Take care, you who are a mother! You act under a dreadful responsibility. You cannot stir, without touching some string that will vibrate after your head is laid in the dust. One word of pious counsel, or one word of sinful levity or passion, uttered in the hearing of your child, may produce an effect on your children's children. Nay, its influence may be felt on the other side of the globe, and may extend into eternity. Your words are received with confidence, and "My mother told me so," is an argument of sufficient weight to convince the child of the most important truths.

Here you have an influence which no other creature can have, and can exert it in circumstances the most favourable. It is not to open to a son the stores of science, that may qualify him to rank among the learned and the wise of the world; it is not to adorn a daughter, with those accomplishments which shall attract the attention of those who crowd the hall of pleasure or move in the circle of refinement and fashion. But the object is far more noble, more worthy the undivided attention of those

\* The charges preferred against Wickliff are enumerated by Fuller in the preceding chapter. See the book called Calvinio-Turcismus.