

Poetry.

A CHURCH-YARD SCENE.

(By Professor Wilson.)

How sweet and solemn all alone,
With earthy steps from stone to stone,
As a lone village church-yard lying...

over others to the faith, contains a remarkable difference.
To the Hebrews he says, "Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need;" but of those...

THE EXAMPLE OF OUR BLESSED LORD.
(From Reflections on the Epistle for the Second Sunday after Easter, by the Rev. M. J. Trower, M.A.)

The example of our blessed Saviour is here brought before us as a motive to patience, if we be called to suffer wrongfully.
The sufferings of Christ, which are here stipulated, are these: He was reviled; He suffered stripes; He was hanged upon the tree, or crucified.

THE JESUITS.
(From Macaulay's History of England.)

Before the order had existed a hundred years, it had filled the whole world with memorials of great things done and suffered for the faith.
No religious community could produce a list of men so variously distinguished—none had extended its operations over so vast a space; yet in none had there ever been such perfect unity of feeling and action.

REGENERATION IN BAPTISM AN APOSTOLICAL DOCTRINE.
(By John Bird Sumner, D.D., Now Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.)

With what feelings of confidence can a congregation have recourse to prayer, which has been accustomed to hear, that a decree has already, before the foundation of the world, gone out from God, by which the final destiny of every man is irrevocably doomed?

APHORISMS.
If a spider break his thread twenty times he will mend it again.
Make up your mind to do anything and you will do it.
If trouble comes upon you, keep up your spirit, though the day be a dark one.

THE FALL OF JERICHO.
(From a Sermon by the Rev. Henry Melville.)

The assault upon Jericho is not without prognostication of perfect success. The powers of darkness may well tremble; the menacing adversaries who line the walls that are still undestroyed, may well be faint at heart, surrounded as they are by the fragments of fortresses at least as mighty once as those which they resolve to defend.

BISHOP BURNET.
(From Macaulay's History of England.)

The fame of Burnet has been attacked with singular malice and pertinacity; the attack began early in his life, and is still carried on with undiminished vigour, though he has now been more than a century and a quarter in his grave.

DEFERRED EXTRACTS FROM OUR ENGLISH FILES.
THE ANNEXATION OF THE PUNJAB.
(To the Editor of the Times.)

It is a matter of fact, that the British Government, in its policy towards the Punjab, has been guided by a high and noble principle. The Punjab, which was once a vast and fertile empire, has been reduced to a desolation by the wars of the Sikhs.

THE ANNEXATION OF THE PUNJAB.
(Continued.)

The arrival of the Punjab has relieved us from the burden of a vast and fertile empire. The Punjab, which was once a vast and fertile empire, has been reduced to a desolation by the wars of the Sikhs.

THE ANNEXATION OF THE PUNJAB.
(Continued.)

The Punjab, which was once a vast and fertile empire, has been reduced to a desolation by the wars of the Sikhs. The British Government, in its policy towards the Punjab, has been guided by a high and noble principle.





THE FERRAR FAMILY. A Sketch of the Religious Society of Little Gidding. A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. LEWIS.

CHAPTER IV.

Alice was much affected by her uncle's kind consideration for her, and she entered upon her duties with an avidity that surprised her cousins, who remembered how monotonous she thought their pursuits before her visit to Bourne. They worked daily at the new book for the king, and had it not been for the increasing troubles abroad, the tranquillity of the inmates of the manor-house would have been unbroken.

Mr. Ferrar was ever ready to render "honour to whom honour is due," and his diocese, Bishop Williams, had a great regard for him: he paid several friendly visits to Gidding, and on one occasion was invited to confirm, not only the young people of Mr. Ferrar's family, but those of the gentry far and near. The choir of Peterborough were sent for to perform Cathedral music, and after the service the Bishop and a great number of the Clergy partook of a splendid dinner, for the master of the house, though so temperate himself, was a lover of hospitality, and knew there was a time to feast and a time to fast.

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infatuated associates he armed, mounted, and trained himself; he was their comrade and their chief, and his ambitious mind formed, at this time, projects of aggrandizement for himself, which came but too soon to maturity, through rivers of blood. The peace of our worthy family was sadly broken by rumours that a civil war was at hand, and those families who could readily transport their property, left their unhappy country in search of peace on a foreign shore.

Our young readers must not suppose that because the society of Little Gidding were pious that they were gloomy: if they saw no plays or pageants, they had their own recreations and amusements. Mr. Ferrar had selected divers dialogues and discourses, which were recited by the young party in lieu of the foolish Christmas gambols of the times. On all saints' days they began and continued it every holiday through the winter, a recitation or representation of striking occurrences, taken from ancient or modern history, in opposition to the legends of the Church of Rome.

While travelling in Italy, Mr. Ferrar was riding over some dangerous and narrow passages of the Alps, his guide was a little way before him, when, from the side of a hill between him and his guide, an ass appeared, laden with a heavy piece of timber across her back, running down the hill towards him; the road was extremely narrow, with perpendicular heights on one side, and a fearful precipitous descent on the other.

Mr. Ferrar, not hearing the tread of Mr. Ferrar's mule, looked back, and seeing the ass thus laden and approaching him, cried out, "O Lord God, the man is lost, if he had a thousand lives!" Hearing the guide's voice, he raised his eyes and beheld his danger: he saw the ass coming rapidly upon him, so that the timber, lying athwart, must of course precipitate himself and his mule into the valley beneath.

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by Mr. John Ferrar, who was most graciously received, and his gift accepted with hearty thanks. During this year a great change had taken place in the appearance and manners of Alice Weston: the lively and cheerful countenance of a heart at ease had given way to a sad and cheerless one; her buoyant spirits had fled for ever; the spring of happy youth seemed to be prematurely passing away; she had felt deeply her lover's baseness, and his own back-slidings, but she struggled against these natural feelings, and by prayer and constant employment, was able to triumph over herself.

But she had a source of uneasiness which was confined to her own bosom, in witnessing the dejection of her excellent cousin Nicholas, who treated her at all times with the kindness he had bestowed upon her previous to her visit to Bourne; yet after that he had previously avoided any conversation with her but in the presence of others; but many a time his eye was fixed upon her with an expression she alone could interpret. When she contrasted him with the selfish, worldly, wretched Villiers, she felt for him more than pity, and sighed bitterly when she thought of the past: to Isabella she always turned as to a friend when her heart was sad; and the conversation of this excellent young woman restored her to serenity and cheerfulness.

Thus lived and died Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, of whom in few words may be said, "he died the death of the righteous." His remains were deposited in a vault at the west end of the church, and the burial-service was performed by the Dean of Ely. The decease of Mr. Ferrar caused a universal sorrow in the neighbourhood, where he had done so much good: what, then, must have been the feelings of the inmates of his own house, to whom he had been a father? No more would they hear the voice of their pious guide within the precincts of this beloved sanctuary!

Alice Weston mourned deeply for one who had been more than a father to her; and for the beloved nephew Nicholas, his sorrow was deeper still; he neither vented himself in sighs or words, but he afterwards confessed that when he witnessed the peaceful end of that revered friend of his youth, he felt this world passing away from him, and that his days were numbered. Nicholas was, however, drawn from his sorrow and religious exercises by a request from the Prince of Wales, that the family at Little Gidding would make him a book similar to those given to the king. Nicholas having assisted in those, undertook to compile the Prince, and set his whole heart to the compilation of another rare volume; and after a consultation it was agreed that a concordance in four several languages would be useful and beneficial to the young prince; and when materials were provided, hearts and hands were united in the work, and setting apart so many hours each day, they met in the concordance-chamber to pursue their willing task.

Then with great confidence Mr. Ferrar said, "Let us fall into the hands of God, and not of men who have cast off humanity." Then he stirred up the men to courage by mention of the proverbial bravery and success of their countrymen on the sea, and dwelt upon the horrors of slavery, till they one and all prepared for action. The Turk approached, the English gave him a broadside, when the Turkish vessel steered off, to the wonder of the Englishmen, till they perceived to leeward a larger vessel and probably a better booty, which they did not wish to lose. They now thanked God and their gallant passenger for his wise conduct and good advice, and could scarcely believe that he had not been "a captain of the sea."

Mr. Ferrar's attachment to the established Church was a remarkable feature in his character; he had conceived a hearty detestation of the Romish mass, having seen much of it in papistical countries. On one occasion he was heard to say, "that such a sacrifice as the adoration of the host profaned the very place wherein it was celebrated." The altar at Little Gidding, besides their usual cherishes, were so much every day to poor-house keepers in the vicinity of the manor; these he comforted, exhorted, and reproved if occasion required. He frequently penned excellent prayers, in which he interwove such clear instructions as might teach the humblest capacity; as to extemporary prayers, he used to say there needed little other confutation of that practice than to take them in short hand, and show them to the man who had used them, "ask their own judgment of them, and see if they are not ashamed of them." The acquaintance of Mr. Ferrar and Mr. Herbert began at Cambridge, and their early friendship was kept up in after life by means of letters. When Mr. Herbert was on his death-bed, he desired a friend to send his manuscript of the "Temple, or sacred gems and ejaculations," to Mr. Ferrar, saying, "If he think it may turn to the advantage of any poor soul it be made public, if not, let him burn it." It may be supposed every word of it was approved by the friend of the departed saint, and the book was printed at Cambridge, Mr. Ferrar having contributed the preface.

would say, "to live longer in such times, and worse are yet to come." At this time the Archbishop of Canterbury's house at Lambeth was attacked by rioters, which, when the dying Nicholas heard, he exclaimed, "Alas! alas! God help his Church and poor England. I now fear the words of my dear uncle were prophetic, that evil days were coming, and happy were they that went to heaven before they came." When a friend said to him, "Are you not grieved to leave this world so young, and with such high hopes?" he would answer, "I leave all to God's will, he knows what is best for me: I am too young to judge whether I had best live or die. If I live, I desire it may be to his glory and my soul's good, and for the comfort of my father, who loves me dearly; and if I die, I hope he will submit to God's will and pleasure, and rejoice at my happiness in heaven, where, by the merits of my blessed Lord and Saviour, I know I shall go from this wretched world." Two days after this he quietly expired, calling upon God: thus, at the early age of twenty-one, he was called away to glory; one who was too good to live, and who had been lived, would have seen the grievous trials and calamities which awaited his family and friends, as well as the whole nation;—the ways of providence are inscrutable, and it is not for us to judge his decrees.

Bitter and overwhelming were the tidings that were sent to the manor-house at Gidding, of the so sudden death of this inestimable young man, one who was endeared to all his family by his gentleness, meekness, patience, in a word, all the christian virtues. Truly it was a second time in a short space a house of mourning, and prepared as they were by their religious education, to bow with submission to the will of God, yet nature for a time would have her way, and there were three persons in that diminished household who could scarcely be consoled: Mrs. Ferrar mourned as a mother, she had lost the object of her pride and joy, her gifted and excellent son; Isabella had lost the companion of her childhood and the friend of her youth; and Alice wept for him with feelings of love and regard which she had not dared even to avow to herself, till he was lost to her for ever. But ere time had healed their first sorrows, the now desolate family were roused to trials of another kind, and soon after the death of Nicholas Mr. Ferrar had a visit from Bishop Williams: he condescended with them on the past, and he warned them of the future; he hinted that Little Gidding was a marked place, and advised Mr. Ferrar to remove his family at once to some secure retreat, out of the reach of those who had maligned and accused them; he took leave in sad solemnity, giving them his blessing and praying for them.

The kingdom was now a scene of civil and religious wars: the king's troops were routed in every direction; Oliver Cromwell's interest: daily gained ground on every side, and the death of the good king filled the loyalists with horror and dismay; and history informs us of the cruelties committed by the puritans upon the clergy, of the desecration of churches, the spoliation of Church property, and the firing of dwelling-houses. Numbers of blameless pastors, unable to continue their duties, fled to foreign countries to linger out their lives among strangers, in poverty and privation; others there were, who, though deprived of their benefices, yet gathered together a little flock in secret, and preached the true faith. Not many days before the fearful tragedy of the king's death took place, certain soldiers of the parliament took their way to Little Gidding, with the intent to plunder the house, but the family had prudently removed to another part of the kingdom on the coast, where they might safely get off to France in the case, when the furious zealots, not content with ransacking the house, turned their attention to the church, shewing particular spite to the organ, which they broke up, and made a large fire, at which they roasted several of Mr. Ferrar's sheep, killed on the spot; having partaken of this impious feast, they seized all the plate, linen, furniture and provisions which were moveable. And in this sweeping devastation perished many valuable works, of both Mr. Ferrar and his nephew, which needed a better fate. The soldiers put up their horses in the church, and before their departure burnt the manor-house to the ground. Little is known of the Ferrar family after their dispersion, but we cannot doubt that the hand of the Lord sustained his faithful servants in the hour of peril, for we have records in aftertimes of different families who were proud to say, "they were descendants of the pious family of the Ferrars."

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