

The Young Churchman

"Feed my Lambs."

No. 8.]

TORONTO, JULY 1st, 1851.

[PRICE 3D.]

[Original.]

THE CHURCH SCHOLAR'S NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Gospel according to St. Matthew.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Ver. 12. *John was cast into prison.*] The circumstances under which John the Baptist was cast into prison, are recorded in the xiv. chapter of St. Matthew. "Herod [Antipas, son of the Herod who slew the infants at Bethlehem] had laid hold on John, and bound him and put him in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife; for John said unto him, It is not lawful for thee to have her."—The prison was the fortress of Machærus, situated to the N. E. of the northern extremity of the Dead Sea.

—*he departed into Galilee.*] Our Lord had previously been in Galilee, and had performed the miracle at Cana. (John ii. 1.)—The departure here referred to was from Jerusalem, whither He had gone to keep the Passover (John ii. 13).—In the interval between His baptism and this departure into Galilee, He had begun His public ministry, and had attracted the attention of men. At Jerusalem, he had expelled the money-changers from the temple (John ii. 15); and had instructed Nicodemus on the subject of the new birth "of water and of the Spirit" (John iii. 5). And in passing through Samaria, He had informed the woman of Samaria of the well of water which he would cause to spring up in the hearts of those that joined his kingdom (John iv. 14),—i. e. of the constant supplies of the Holy Spirit, which they should have invisibly imparted to them, by virtue of their union with Him, through

union with His Body, the Church which He was about to found.

Ver. 13. *leaving Nazareth.*] The cause of His leaving Nazareth, was the event related by St. Luke (iv. 28, 29), where, after offence taken at his public teaching, his fellow-townsmen "were filled with wrath, and rose up and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong."

—*Capernaum which is upon the sea coast.*] So called to distinguish it from another Capernaum, spoken of by the Jewish historian Josephus. The sea referred to was the Sea of Galilee.

Ver. 14. *Isaiah the prophet.*] The precise words of Isaiah, as they stand in our English Bibles, are these: "The dimness shall not be such as was in her vexation, when at first he lightly afflicted the land of Zebulun, and the land of Naphtali, and afterwards did more grievously afflict her by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, in Galilee of the nations. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." Isaiah ix. 1, 2.—St. Matthew gives simply the substance, and some of the expressions of the prophecy.—By the fact that our Lord shed the first rays of the light of His Gospel on "Galilee of the Nations," it may have been intended that the people of Judæa should be gradually led to embrace the truth, that the salvation secured by our Lord was for the benefit of "all nations," as well as the Jewish.—The population of this region was very much mixed, many foreigners from Egypt, Arabia, Phœnicia, and elsewhere dwelling there.

Ver. 17. *From that time.*] From the time of our Lord's removal to Capernaum; where

He resided so much, that in Matthew ix. 1, the place is called "His own city."—Capernaum was situated on the north-western shore of the Sea of Galilee; and its name signifies the "Village of Nahum."

—*Repent.*] This was also the burden of the teaching of John the Baptist the harbinger of our Lord.—"Repent?"—"the whole habit of your thoughts, ideas, and principles must undergo a revolution.—Those that comprehended what the work intended to be accomplished by the Divine Messiah really was, were very few.—The mass of men in the world were, at that time, in a state of debasement, in mind and morals, beyond anything that we can well conceive.

—*The kingdom of heaven is at hand.*] This kingdom was even then in the act of being introduced into their midst.—The kingdom of heaven signifies the visible society of men, who join themselves to Christ in the way which Christ has commanded, viz., by Baptism.—This society is a kingdom, organized together, with commissioned officers and agents, throughout all the world, appointed to carry out the will of the King, Christ Jesus.—This kingdom would exist in integrity, were the kingdoms of the earth abolished. It is continually growing and absorbing into itself all tribes and tongues. It was this kingdom which was symbolized to the prophet Daniel by the stone which was "cut out of the mountain without hands," and which "brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold:"—by such expressions was represented beforehand the miraculous way in which "the kingdom" should grow and spread and fill the world, evidently proving that it was the institution of God. Thus indeed Daniel himself (ii. 44) interprets the figure. "The God of heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever."—We have seen the fulfilment of this prediction from the time of our Lord's advent until now: we may be sure that it will continue to be fulfilled, "even unto the end of the world." This kingdom is what we call the

Church.—In every nation of Christendom, there is one branch of the Church founded by our Saviour—and this all the Christians of that nation ought to join. Wherever there is, in any nation, the appearance of more branches of this Church, existing together at one and the same time, all of them must be schismatical except one; because Christ is not divided, and it is not His will that in any nation His Body, or Kingdom, should seem divided.—Within the limits of the British Empire, the English Church is the legitimate, antient, unbrokenly-descended branch, of the Church founded by our Lord Jesus Christ.—From this central and original organization, the Christian denominational bodies within this empire have, at different dates, and for different causes, separated themselves. Reunion should be the earnest desire and effort of those who long to see the fulfilment of that prayer of our Lord—"that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us."—John xvii. 21.

Ver. 18. *Simon called Peter.*] Simon, afterwards surnamed by our Lord, Peter; i. e. "of the Rock,"—on the occasion of his energetic declaration, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God!"—This was the great truth which constituted the Rock on which the Church founded by our Lord, was built.—Simon's earnest confession of it, on the behalf of all the Apostles, when our Lord asked them, "Whom say ye that I am?" caused him to be surnamed "of the Rock."—We should look upon the word "Peter," as an epithet, rather than as a proper name: thus St. John and St. James were in a similar manner styled by our Lord, "Boanerges,"—"Sons of Thunder"—from their impetuosity, possibly on the particular occasion referred to Luke ix. 54.

Ver. 19. *Fishers of men.*] "The kingdom of heaven [i. e. the Church founded by our Lord] is like unto a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind; which when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away." Matthew xiii. 47, 48.—All who bear the Apostolic Commission received by our Lord, are those who are to

gather men into the Church, and train them there as Christians.—This promise to Peter and Andrew, that they should be gatherers of men into the Church, was made after the occurrence of the miraculous draught of fishes, when the former, terrified at the proof exhibited therein that God was working so near him, exclaimed to our Lord—“Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord!”—Luke v. 8.

Ver. 20. *They straightway left their nets.*] After conferences held with our Lord, they quickly made up their minds to relinquish their occupation, and join the little band which was beginning to accompany him, believing him to be the Messiah.—There had been intercourse between our Lord and Peter and Andrew, before this their direct call to follow him as immediate attendants. We learn from St. John (i. 40), that both brothers had been disciples of John the Baptist, and that Andrew was the means of bringing Peter into the presence of our Lord.

Ver. 21. *James the son of Zebedee.*] This was James the Greater, or Elder,—afterwards slain by Herod, grandson of Herod the Great. James the Less, or Younger—also surnamed “the Just,”—another Apostle,—was the son of Alphæus, of the family of Mary, the mother of our Lord.—The latter is believed to have been the author of the Epistle of St. James, in the new Testament.

Ver. 23. *teaching in their synagogues.*] The word “synagogue” properly means “an assembly,” or “collection of People.” But at length it came to mean “the place of assemblage.”—So “Ecclesia,” or “Church,” is properly an “Assemblage;” but in common language, it signifies also “the place of assemblage.”—Each synagogue was made somewhat to resemble the great Temple at Jerusalem, just as the ordinary Churches in a Christian diocese now are arranged to a certain extent after the pattern of the cathedral, which is supposed to be the mother-church from which they have sprung. Indeed there appears to have been the same relation between the synagogues and the Temple at Jerusalem, as there is in every Christian Diocese between the various parochial churches and the great cathedral where the

bishop of the diocese generally sits. The Christian system has been a transcript, on a world-wide scale, of the Jewish system, which embraced but one diocese, so to speak.—The service in the synagogues was according to a set form, consisting of nineteen prayers or collects: after these came the reading and exposition of the Law and the Prophets. The exposition was made by one of the official ministers of the synagogue; or by any person whom they might invite to address the congregation. Thus our Lord and His Apostles were often permitted to teach the people in the synagogues.

—*the Gospel of the kingdom.*] The glad tidings of the new dispensation or Church, wherein, by the free grace of God, it is made possible for all men to be saved.

—*healing all manner of sickness.*] All evil in the world arises from the fact, that the human race is a fallen race. Our Lord shewed by his healing bodily disease, that he had power over all evil; that he was the Redeemer of the human race from the effects of their fall.

Ver. 24. *throughout all Syria.*]—“Syria” is an abridgment of “Assyria,” derived from Ashur, mentioned in Genesis x. 11.—Syria, at the time referred to by St. Matthew, was bounded on the east by the Euphrates, and a portion of Arabia; north by Mount Taurus; west by the Mediterranean; and south by Arabia.

—*those which were possessed with devils.*] Our Lord was He who was to bruise the serpent’s head.—Extraordinary visible influence was permitted to be exercised by demons (here called devils) or evil spirits, over the souls and bodies of men, during the time of our Lord’s sojourn on the earth, and for some time afterwards; in order that it might be evidently seen that He had perfect power over spiritual, as well as over physical or bodily evil; and that we, witnessing His victories, might put our whole trust in Him in Him in our resistance to evil within ourselves and in the world.

Ver. 25. *Decapolis.* The name signifies “Ten cities.” The ten cities referred to, situated principally on the east side of the River Jordan, were Scythopolis, Philadelphia,

Raphanæ, Gadara, Hippos, Dios, Pella, Gerasa, Canatha, and Damascus.

— *beyond Jordan.*] The region eastward of the Jordan was called Peræa, which has the signification of “beyond” or “across.”

[Original]

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT ENGLISH CHURCHMEN.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD COBHAM :
died 1417.

The labours of Wickliffe left their traces behind them. The thunder of his eloquence and the ardency and energy of his zeal, had roused in the hearts of the laity a spirit of resistance to the tyranny of Papal Aggression ; a longing for the truth and a yearning after calmer and happier days. The good work, nevertheless, did not proceed without strong opposition. The Monks used all their efforts to prevent any further extension of the movement, and, through their influence, a bill was secretly carried through the House of Lords, which declared that all who preached without license against the Catholic faith, should be imprisoned until they justified themselves according to the law of the Church ; but as it was enacted but by one branch of the legislature, it fell to the ground chiefly through the strenuous opposition and protest of the Commons.

Notwithstanding all opposition, the Lollards increased, and, at the time of the accession of Henry the Fourth, had become so numerous and powerful, that the clergy exerted all their influence to induce him to wage war against them. This Prince, eager and anxious, on ascending a usurped throne, to conciliate so powerful a body, passed a most stringent edict by which any person suspected of heresy might be imprisoned at the discretion of the ordinary, fined, or delivered over to the secular power to be burnt to death. This was the famous ordinance called the writ *de heretico comburendo* or “for the burning of Heretics.”

The priests were not slow in availing themselves of the authority committed to them by this act. The first victim of their rage, and the first Christian martyr in Eng-

land was Sir William Sautre, rector of St. Osithes, in London, who, after a mock trial, was condemned to be burned to death—the principal ground of his condemnation being his assertion, that the sacramental bread was still bread after it had been consecrated.— This sacrifice appeased their wrath for a season. Nine years elapsed before the pile of martyrdom was relit. On this occasion the victim of the spirit of intolerance was an obscure individual, one William Badley, a tailor by trade, who was burnt to death under circumstances of peculiar atrocity.

We now turn to the subject of our memoir, the history of whose life is so mixed up with that of the Church at this period, that further separation is unnecessary, and we will retrace our steps a little, in order to give some account of the earlier years of this English martyr.

Sir John Oldcastle, often called the “good Lord Cobham,” was born in the reign of Edward the III. He obtained his peerage by marrying the heiress of Lord Cobham.— In early life he became a convert to the doctrines and a zealous supporter of the Wickliffites, and being endowed with a large amount of worldly wealth, he had the will to use it in the furtherance and promotion of his Master’s glory. Besides spending immense sums in the transcription and circulation of the great Reformer’s writings, and the maintenance of a number of his disciples as itinerant preachers throughout the country, he encouraged students at the University of Oxford by bountiful stipends to propagate these opinions in every direction. Their spread was the occasion of a commission of enquiry being instituted, which reported that in Oxford was to be found the nest of heresy, and that its growth and diffusion was mainly owing to the example and patronage of Lord Cobham. Proceedings were commenced against the noble delinquent, but on the interference of the monarch, who was sincerely attached to him as a faithful servant and friend, they were stayed for a season. Henry undertook the task of converting him from his errors, and convincing him of his high offence in separating from the Church—but in vain ; he replied to his ar-

guments and entreaties in these plain and energetic words: "You, most worthy Prince, I am always ready and prompt to obey; unto you, next my eternal God, I owe my whole obedience, and submit thereto, as I have ever done, all that I have either of fortune or of nature; ready at all times to fulfil whatsoever ye shall, in the Lord, command me.— But as touching the Pope and his spirituality, I owe them neither suit nor service, forasmuch as I know him by the Scriptures to be the great Antichrist, the son of Perdition." This undaunted answer much enraged the King, and a more effectual aid could not have been afforded to the adversaries of the unfortunate nobleman. Henry no longer attempted to shelter him from the storm with which he was threatened. The proceedings were recommenced; Oldecastle failing to appear on citation, was pronounced contumacious and solemnly excommunicated.

Under these circumstances, Cobham, seeing that the next step would be fatal, unless precautionary measures should be taken for its prevention, drew up a confession of his faith, which he entitled "The Christian Belief of the Lord Cobham," and laid it before the king, humbly begging of him to peruse it carefully, and then lay it before a council of pious and learned divines for examination. But the loyal and virtuous nobleman had the sorrow to see it received with coldness and austerity, and referred to one of the most implacable of his enemies, Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury. He then offered to adduce one hundred knights, who would bear testimony to the innocence of his life and opinions. The answer he received was a warrant for his committal to the Tower, to which he was immediately hurried. He was brought up for examination before a consistory, composed of Arundel, the Bishops of London and Winchester, and the Lieutenant of the Tower. On his recantation being demanded, he drew forth from his bosom his former confession of faith, and, having read it aloud, declared it to be his answer. After some time spent in consultation with his confères, the Archbishop thus addressed him: "Come hither, Sir John. In this your writing, are many

good things contained, and right Catholic also; we deny it not. But there are other points, concerning these articles whereof no mention is made in this your bill; and therefore, ye must declare your mind yet more plainly." This crafty speech was put to him in order to draw from him something which would ensure his condemnation, but Cobham perceived its drift, and declared his determination to give no answer but what was contained in his confession. To this Arundel replied, "Sir John, beware what you do; for if you answer not clearly to these things, especially at the time appointed you only for that purpose, the law of holy Church is, that compelled once by a judge, we openly proclaim you a heretic." "Do as ye think best, for I am at a point," was the reply that met this threat.

Two days after this, his examination was resumed, but this time, before a promiscuous assemblage of monks, friars and others, who regardless alike of decorum and charity, did not hesitate to shew their hatred against their noble and illfated victim, by a torrent of all kinds of vulgar and vindictive epithets. Arundel advised him, then, to ask for absolution, but he replied, in an earnest and fervent tone, "Nay, forsooth I will not; for I never yet trespassed against you, and, therefore, I do not want your absolution." Then kneeling down on the pavement, and raising his hands towards heaven, he continued to exclaim, "I shrive me here unto Thee, my eternal living God, that in my youth I offended Thee O Lord in pride, wrath and gluttony; in covetousness and licentiousness. Many men have I hurt in mine anger, and done many other horrible sins! Good Lord, I ask Thee mercy." As he made this devout confession, his eyes streamed with tears; but, rising, he exclaimed with a loud voice. "Lo! these are your guides good people: lo! for the breaking of God's laws and commandments they never yet cursed me; but for their own laws and traditions most cruelly do they treat me and other men, and therefore both they and their laws, by the promise of God, shall be utterly destroyed."

After a long series of questions concerning

several of the dogmas and unscriptural tenets of the Church of Rome, to which he gave characteristic and consistent replies, his doom was finally pronounced by the Archbishop in due form. This sentence, though couched in the most virulent and unfeeling terms, failed to move the pious and heroic noblemen. It rather tended to confirm his resolution in the good cause he had undertaken to defend; and when Arundel had concluded, he thus replied, "Though ye judge my body, which is but a wretched thing, yet am I certain and sure ye can do no harm to my soul, no more than could Satan upon the soul of Job. He who created it will of his infinite mercy and promise save it; I have therein no manner of doubt: and as concerning these articles before rehearsed, I will stand to them even to the very death by the grace of my eternal God!" Then turning to the court, he extended his hands, and said in a louder tone of voice, "good Christian people, for God's love be well aware of these men! for they will else beguile you and lead you with themselves to destruction; for Christ saith plainly unto you 'If one blind man leadeth another, they are like both to fall into the ditch.'" Having spoken in this manner, he knelt down and exclaimed, "Lord God Eternal, I beseech Thee, of thy great mercy's sake to forgive my pursuers, if it be thy blessed will!"

The execution of the sentence was deferred for some reason or another, for fifty days, but before the expiration of that period, he effected, through the agency of some of his friends, his escape from the Tower. He fled into Wales, and there found a safe retreat for four years.

In the mean time his enemies were not idle. Through their agency a miserable attempt was made to fasten upon him the stigma of the crime of high treason.—The facts are these: A report was circulated that an army of rebel Lollards, numbering at least twenty thousand was assembled in St. Giles' Fields, with the intention of attacking London, and it was further maliciously reported that Lord Cobham headed that army. Henry sent a party of armed men to ascertain the truth of this rumour, but on their

arrival they found but a few individuals, twenty of whom fell beneath their too ready swords without a show of resistance, and the rest to the number of sixty were made prisoners. This pretended rebellion furnished the persecutors of the Lollards new reasons for shedding their blood, and no less than thirty-nine, amongst whom might be found the names of Sir Roger Acton, and others of great worth and respectability, were burnt alive, with every circumstance of atrocity to render their sufferings the more acute. A bill, too, was passed rendering heresy liable to the same penalties as treason; an act manifestly aimed at Lord Cobham. Shortly after he was discovered by Lord Powis, and a party of soldiers, against whom he defended himself so bravely that his pursuers began to faint, and only owed their success to a woman's ferociously breaking his leg with a stool. He was taken to London and put to death by being hung in chains and burnt alive. He died as bravely as he lived. As a soldier, a nobleman and a christian, he was alike distinguished. Devoted to truth, he spent his life in its defence, and sealed his profession with his blood, and will add another name to the noble army of martyrs, who will stand up at the last day to bear witness against the mighty wickedness of the apostate Church of Rome.

POETRY.

[Original.]

TO MY MOTHER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Scarce can the little lark be seen,
Lost in the sunny sky;
But oft its sweet toned voice is heard,
Upon the zephyr's sigh.

And from the grove the warblers join
In chorus wildly gay;
Each has its song, but all accord,
And hail thy natal day.

The flowers peep forth, the mountain rills
Sparkle in merry play;
All nature seems to lift her voice,
Upon this happy day.

Then shall my heart alone be mute—
Shall I no tribute pay,
No!—love and gratitude combine
To bless thee on this day.

[Selected.]

A CHILD'S SELF-EXAMINATION.

Before in sleep I close my eyes,
 These things I must remember thrice ;
What I've been doing all the day,
 What were my acts at work or play ?
 What have I *heard*, what have I *seen* ?
 What have I learnt, *where'er I've been* ?
 What have I learnt that's worth the knowing ?
 What have I done that's worth the doing ?
 What have I done *that I should not* ?
 What duty was this day forgot ?
 Before in sleep I close my eyes,
 These things I must remember thrice ;
 If I've done ill, then I must pray,
 That God would take my sins away,
 And for the merits of His Son,
 Forgive the evils I have done ;
 Then pardon'd daily, fill'd with love,
 I'll be prepared to dwell above,
 And there, with angels round the throne
 The love of God forever own.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

TRAINING INSTITUTION AT PORT LINCOLN
 IN THE DIOCESE OF ADELAIDE,
 SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

We are glad to be able to communicate some account of the movements of the Ven. M. B. Hall, in this work, which appeared first in a letter addressed by himself to the *South Australian Register*.

The spot first selected by the Archdeacon and his party, was the Island of Boston, lying at the entrance of Port Lincoln.

"On the 10th September, 1850," writes the Archdeacon "we set up our tent upon Boston Island—an island of great beauty and many attractions, forming the shelter to the far-famed harbour of Port Lincoln. It will readily be understood, that our object in choosing that locality was principally seclusion—that we might be cut off from the society of blacks living in a wild state, and protected from the unwelcome intrusions of evil-minded persons amongst the whites. These advantages we set against the formidable disadvantage that no permanent fresh water had (as yet) been discovered upon the island. We thought that we should be in a position to make a closer search for the necessary element than had ever been made before—we trusted much to the acknowledged natural sagacity of the natives in such cases—we determined to persevere in making well after well, so long a hope

remained of our obtaining the object of our search. However, all our expectations—all our efforts proved fruitless. Salt water! salt water! was the oft-told tale of every well that was sunk. So prevalent is salt in composition of the soil, above as well as below, that even the rain-water as it trickles down the sides of the hills, when but newly fallen from the clouds, tastes almost like the briny sea itself. Our wants in the meantime had been supplied from a fine natural reservoir in a rock, where pure water to the amount of about 150 gallons is deposited by every moderate shower of rain; and which we duly and carefully stowed away in casks for daily use. But the angry ocean deprived us even this resource. High and secure as our reservoir appeared upon ordinary occasions, the foaming billows beat up into it, on the occurrence of a storm, and showed us that even this resource might at any time fail us in the hour of greatest need.

"I need scarcely add that after this we abandoned the island. But the beauty of its scenery—the romantic wildness of its hills—the state of seclusion in which we had lived, and the primitive habits of life to which we had conformed during our sojourn of one short month upon its shores, made us all feel some measure of attachment towards it; and I believe scarcely one of our party, whether white or black, quitted it without some feelings of regret.

"Our party, when we first went to the island, consisted of eleven persons—eight natives (four of each sex), Mr. Minchin, Mr. Rayner, and myself. This number was soon after increased to thirteen, by the addition of another native couple, and this was our number when we left the island.

"But before I proceed to the next chapter of our little adventures, it may perhaps be interesting to some of your readers to hear something more about Boston Island, and our doings thereon. The island is about three and a half miles in length, stretching along the eastern side of Boston Bay, and forming that Bay into a harbour of first-rate character; the average breadth of the island is about one and half miles, and the distance from it to the settled part of the township of Port Lincoln, straight across the bay, perhaps about three and a half or four miles. Every one who visits Boston Island is pleased with it; there is something peculiarly attractive about it, and consequently several persons have, from to time, taken up their abode upon it, and remained there for a longer or shorter periods. All, however, with the exception of one individual, have again deserted it; principally in consequence of the absence of permanent fresh water. One individual alone remains there, almost a second edition of Robinson Crusoe. He is the most determined misanthrope I ever met with, and the (to him) luxury of escaping from the ways and haunts of men is more than a compensation for all the privations and evils which he

suffers in his voluntary exile. He is well connected, well educated, well informed, and possesses considerable natural talents, and has already endured, for a period of three years, the solitary confinement to which he is self-sentenced.

"This gentleman being the only resident upon Boston Island, we were of course thrown entirely upon our resources as to our habitations; and a round, or bell tent, which was kindly lent to us by the Surveyor-General, served for a shelter for our stores and such other things as most required protection from the weather, as well as for a sleeping apartment for the females of our little party.—With respect to ourselves, the men (both white and black), the particulars of our sleeping-apartments are soon given—an ample fire to counteract the keenness of the night air—some closely-wattled branches to defend us from the wind, and the glorious canopy of heaven for a roof over our heads—thus did we pass the first nights of our residence upon Boston Island.

"Our exertions by day were of course directed to the formation of a hut. The materials which presented themselves were long gum poles of a kind which I do not remember to have seen anywhere else in the colony; they are of all lengths up to sixteen or seventeen feet, the longest being five or six inches in diameter at the larger end. The character of this material seemed painfully to indicate to us that our intended habitation would be most conveniently erected in the shape of a hut. A small shrub, apparently a species of broom, formed an excellent material for thatching the same. Accordingly in due time, Mr. Rayner being the director of the operations, a very commodious habitation was the result of our labours the dimensions being thirty-two feet in length by twelve in width. Having accomplished this object, in order to secure to ourselves some degree of comfort in the event of unsettled weather, we next directed our attention to an active and energetic search for permanent fresh water; of the result of these labours I have already informed you.

"Our having fixed ourselves first in one place, and having then moved to another, has necessarily made us so much more backward in our operations at our present station. Nor is this all: inconveniences and evils have arisen from our having kept the natives so long in habits of life too much resembling their own habits in the bush it would have been much better if we could at an earlier stage have begun to do all things according to rule and method, and with a greater degree of regularity. And again, in consequence of the men and women having been kept so much apart, misunderstandings have occasionally arisen between the men and their wives, which I believe would not have occurred if it had been possible to place several huts at their disposal, so that each couple might have had their own little habitation to themselves at an earlier period.

"This narrative of our proceedings I shall with your permission, have much pleasure in continuing. In the meanwhile, it may be well to mention that I am expecting in Adelaide four of our men, who applied to me for leave of absence before I left Port Lincoln. They will come in the *Yatala*, whenever she returns with Mr. Dashwood, and Mr. Moorhouse, from that part of the Colony. I pray to God (and I entreat the prayers of all those who wish us well, to the same end) that these poor fellows may be preserved amidst the temptations which they will meet with. Of their sincere intention, at the present time, to return to their new home, and of their firm determination to avoid all evil company, whether white or black, I am deeply convinced: but, alas! better men than they are have fallen in spite of the best resolutions. He alone can keep them who takes cognisance of the smallest sparrow that falls to the ground. I should have been glad if their absence from Adelaide had been longer before they again visited it: but our course throughout consists in a nice and careful balancing of one difficulty against another; and, in this case, I prefer the risk of the course I have adopted to the risk of disheartening and dispiriting them if I had turned a deaf ear to their petition."

SELECTED ARTICLES.

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF OUR DUTY TO GOD.

THE IDOLATER.

A STORY ON THE SECOND COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image; thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them."

"My duty towards God is—to worship him, to give him thanks, to put my whole trust in him, to call upon him."

Matthew Anderson was a young man who was very diligent and careful in his business. He was, moreover, naturally clever and intelligent; and so honest in all his dealings, that no one was afraid to trust him. The consequence was, that, by the blessing of God, he was able, by degrees, to better himself in the world, and was generally considered to be very well off. There was, however, one rule which in his prosperity he forgot to attend to. That rule is one which Solomon gives—"My son, if riches increase, set not your heart upon them." It was very different from this with Matthew Anderson; the more he got, the more he desired to get. He attended more closely to his business than before, and never suffered himself to spend any portion of his time or of his thoughts that he could help, in anything else but endeavouring to increase the riches he already possessed. His heart was so wholly set upon his money and his business that he took no pleasure in anything beside; and even worshipping God and reading his Bible seemed to him a weariness. Thus,

though he was very strict in his duty towards his neighbour, in being honest, and punctual, and true, yet we plainly see that there was some great omission in his duty towards God.

Matthew Anderson's business, after a time, made it necessary for him to go and live abroad, in a country called Brazil, in South America. All the poor natives in that country were idolaters, that is, they worshipped images made of wood or of stone, carved out into figures of men or of animals, which they prayed to, and called their gods.

When Matthew was residing in this country, he had one of these natives, whose name was Cæsar, for a servant. This man used every day to kneel down before his idol, and pray to it, as if it could hear him; and sometimes he would bring rice and other kinds of food and set before it, as if it could see, or eat any of the things he gave it. His master, although he cared very little for the true God, and did not often think of worshipping Him, yet could see how foolish all this idolatry of his servant was. He often laughed at him for it; but his servant, who was shocked at his master's irreligion, still continued to think his own faith was best. "Cæsar," he said one day to his servant, "what is the use of your always worshipping that stone idol, and taking so much care and trouble about it as you do?"

"Ah! massa," he replied, "I am a poor creature, and I cannot tell how soon trouble may come upon me, and then I shall be glad to think I have not done anything to make him very angry with me. I could not keep off sickness by myself; I could not preserve my life even for a single day."

"And do you think, Cæsar," said Matthew, "that this image can do these things for you? Why he cannot speak, or see, or feel, or hear; this is only stone, though it is carved out so well, and kept with so much care.

"Oh, that's what you always tell me, massa," said Cæsar, "but I know this, that I have lived many years now, and I think that I have had less trouble and less sickness than many men have had; and why should I not believe that these blessings have been given me by the god whom I have faithfully worshipped?"

"Your poor god could not save itself," said Matthew, "if it was thrown down; and if it was thrown into the sea it would sink to the bottom, and you would never see it again."

"Well, massa," said the servant, "I hope neither you nor I may ever come to know what it is to be without the protection of the god we put our trust in."

This was the way that Matthew Anderson used sometimes to talk with Cæsar. He was a faithful, honest servant, and his master always treated him very kindly, although he never took the trouble to do more than laugh at him about his idol: he did not tell him of the God who

is a Spirit, nor did he, by his own example, teach him how to worship him in spirit and in truth.

Matthew spent fourteen years in this foreign country, during which time he was very successful; money had come in plentifully, and everything had gone on well. He resolved, therefore, to return and live in England. He did not forget poor Cæsar; but having found that he was quite willing to go to England, he resolved to take him with him. As soon as Matthew had settled his affairs, and collected together the whole amount of his property, they prepared to leave. The goods of the passengers were all stowed in the vessel that was to convey them away, and Matthew Anderson himself saw his own valuable boxes of gold and silver coin safely put on board. It was a very busy scene on the morning on which they set sail. The sailors were working hard in hoisting the sails and examining the rigging; the passengers were taking leave of their friends and the captain was looking over the account of the cargo; but, in the midst of the bustle Cæsar did not forget his idol; he brought it with him, and placed it in the vessel himself, and did not forget to pay the honour and reverence to it which he had been always used to pay on shore.

It was a long way they had to sail across the sea, so long that they expected the voyage would take them three months. For some time the weather was very favourable; the ship seemed to pass merrily through the waves, and to carry them rapidly towards their home; but this did not continue all the time. When they had been out to sea about two months, the weather changed; they had violent storms of rain and wind, and the sea became very boisterous. They were carried up to a great height on the top of some vast wave, and then they sunk down so low, that they seemed in a deep valley between two high mountains. The vessel appeared to stand well against all this stormy weather for two days: the following night, however, was still more terrific; the wind increased to a hurricane, the night was as dark as pitch, and a violent storm of thunder and lightning came on. There were many stout hearts in the vessel, but they seemed all now in dismay; and even those who thought least about religion before, now called loudly upon God for mercy. About three o'clock in the morning the storm seemed at its highest, and just then a bright flash of lightning struck the mast, and it came tumbling heavily down: the whole vessel groaned and creaked, and seemed to crack beneath the weight of the fallen mast. The sailors set to work to cut the ropes, and clear the deck of the mast, which seemed on the point of capsizing the vessel. When they had effected this, they found that the vessel had been so strained in all its joinings, that the water came in, and it was rapidly filling. There was only one way of saving the ship from sinking, and that was by throwing overboard everything that they could possibly spare.

The day was just beginning to dawn, and the captain gave orders to the men to lighten the vessel by throwing all the cargo overboard. When the order was given, Matthew, almost frantic with fear, rushed on deck, and endeavoured to save his boxes of money. It was of no use; the sailors paid no regard to what he said; the captain paid no regard; and, one by one, his heavy boxes were flung away into the sea. He gazed over the side of the vessel down upon the boiling and foaming waves, and, in the grey dull light of the morning, he saw one, and then another, and then his last box of treasures fall, with a heavy splash, into the waters, and then sink to be seen no more. It seemed as if all he loved and cared for, and all he had been toiling for, sunk down with them there; and he gazed on the place where they had fallen, long after any traces of them were to be seen on the surface of the water.

Just then, the sound of another splash drew his attention, and he saw the well-carved stone, which his poor servant called his god, sink near the very spot where his own treasures went down. He turned round to observe whether Cæsar had seen the fate of his stone idol, and he found him standing by his side. "Massa" he said, "I did that myself—I threw him overboard."

"And why did you do so?" said Matthew Anderson.

"Ah, massa," he said, "I thought of what you used sometimes to say to me about him. You used to say—if he were thrown into the sea he would sink, and I should see him no more; and now, if we go down, ship and all, what good can a god do that must sink as well as we. Oh massa, this storm is so dreadful, that I am sure that what I have thrown away could not save me. I think now it was all of no use that I toiled so about him."

Every word the poor servant spoke, seemed as if it brought reproof to the master. Ah! he thought, I laughed at Cæsar because he made a stone image his god; I was too blind to see that I made my money *my god*. I used to tell him, that his god would sink helpless if thrown into the water; I forgot that the same might be said of my money: and now he has cast away his idol, and trusts no longer in these perishable things, while I stand here, mourning over these earthly things that I have set my heart upon so long, and longing for them though they are now lost. They cannot save me now, nor could they save me before, and yet in my heart I fall down and worship them. Such were Anderson's thoughts: he began to feel now that he had been an idolater, and had made his money his god: and yet he had so long been quite engrossed with the love of it, that he could not throw it off at once, and he was almost distracted for his loss.

Well, and what became of the ship in the storm? As the sun rose, the storm by degrees abated; but there they were tossed about on a very rough sea, in a leaking vessel, without masts or sails. They had no power to guide the ship in the right direction, but were carried along just as

the wind drove them. They had nothing now with them on board but the provisions, and, as they had been so long at sea, these could not last out very long. Thus death, in some way, seemed certainly near at hand, though they could not tell how. Perhaps they might be driven upon rocks, or all sink together in the deep sea, or die at length for want of food: their only hope was, that they might meet with some other vessel, and could get on board her before they were quite wrecked.

Day after day passed by; their provisions were rapidly becoming less and less, and no vessel came in sight. It was a very fearful, anxious time, and you might see one and another become a very different man from what he was before. Cæsar had cast away his idol, and worshipped the invisible God. Matthew Anderson tried much to drive out of his heart the idol of covetousness. And many of the sailors too, found out what had been their idols; and now the sins and wicked practices which they had before taken pleasure in, and set their heart upon, and the false hopes they had trusted in, seemed to them as vile as the idol did to Cæsar which he had cast away. There were some who used before to think that God was such an one as men are, and that though He threatens sinners with vengeance, He will not do as He threatens. These also began now to feel certain that they did wrong in likening Him to themselves, or to anything in heaven above, or in earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth; but that God must be beyond our conception and our knowledge—perfectly holy and true.

They remained in this danger for nearly three weeks. At length a very joyful time arrived:—one morning, as soon as the darkness of the night had passed by, they saw that there was a vessel at a distance; they made signals of distress, and they soon discovered that their signals were seen, for the vessel was now turned about, and was steering her way towards them. It was an English vessel on her way to England, and in a few hours she came up, and they were all taken on board, leaving behind their old ship, almost a wreck, upon the wide sea. Their preservation was like life from the dead, for they had given themselves over for lost; and when their voyage soon after came to a safe end, and they stood once more on firm land, in a Christian country, one of their first acts was to join together in attending the House of Prayer and Praise; and there, in spirit and in truth, they gave thanks to the invisible God for their great deliverance.

Matthew Anderson was, of course, quite destitute when he got to England. His father and brothers had removed from their former residence, and he could not learn where they were living. He was, however, helped on very liberally by some kind friends, and he shortly came and settled in the village where the Browns lived, who were spoken of in the last story, and was able to maintain himself there, respectably in business.—Cæsar still continued with him as his faithful servant. After a time they were

both of them married and had families; and Anderson, used sometimes to say to his servant, "If we two had continued idolaters, as we once were, I trusting in my money, and you in your false god,—we should then, perhaps, have brought up our children in our own sin, to follow our example; and thus the sins of the fathers would be indeed visited upon the children, and perhaps upon their children, to the third and fourth generation."

"But now," added Cæsar, "we have cast away our idols; and I hope God will have mercy upon us, because we 'love him, and keep his Commandments.'"

"LITTLE CHILDREN, KEEP YOURSELVES FROM IDOLS."

A CHURCHMAN'S THOUGHTS.

ABOUT BAPTISM.

This is the Sacrament by which I was myself admitted into Christ's family and Church: this is called by an apostle the "washing of regeneration." I will therefore attend the service as the remembrancer to me of my new birth in Christ, and as the continual sign to me of Christ's willingness to receive sinners into his Church, and so to save them. When others bring their children to be thus grafted into the Body of Christ, I will join in the service, for we are "all members of one another," and the souls of all for whom Christ has died ought to be precious in my sight.

I will go to holy baptism as a parent; because Christ has said, "Suffer little children to come to me;" because I know my child inherits from me an evil nature, and I desire that he may thus be changed, may thus be born again, may thus become a child of grace, and not of wrath. I try to find the best persons I can, especially Communicants, to perform the charitable office of Godfather or Godmother for my child. I seek out such persons, who, if I die, are most likely to care for my child's soul; to train up my child as a Christian; in short, to bring my child to me in heaven.

I will go to holy Baptism as a Sponsor; I feel it a duty to care for my neighbour as well as myself, for my neighbour's children as well as my own. I go, indeed, to make a solemn promise to see to the Christian training of my Godchild; and therefore I make one condition, that my neighbour will allow me freely at all times to speak to him about his child's welfare; I claim a right to warn him and advise him for Christ's sake, whenever he is not training up his child for good. If he will not promise to let me do this I cannot make a false promise in the church for him, and therefore cannot stand for his child. But with this condition I am content; I know then that if I warn him for good, and he listen to me, I have gained my brother; if I have warned him and he heeds me not, I have delivered my own soul.

ABOUT CONFIRMATION.

How strange that Confirmation should ever be lightly regarded, as if it were a mere form or useless ceremony! Thank God! I have been taught to think and to feel differently. For what is Confirmation? It is not an opportunity provided by the Church for persons to declare themselves servants of God, and disciples of Jesus Christ? What if some draw near in worldliness, shall their conduct deter God's children from partaking of a blessed and strengthening ordinance?

I was brought indeed as a child to Baptism, and by Baptism grafted into the Body of Christ. But the Church then only received me on the promise that I should be trained up to know and follow my Saviour. Years passed on; from an infant I became a child, and from childhood I grew up into youth; passions began to have power, and temptations to be multiplied on every side. Such a time must be a time of peril to the soul; then is the turning point of life. Either Christ is forgotten, and the world prevails; or else the heart, quickened by grace, burns with high and holy desires to be, in deed and in spirit, "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

This, then, was the season in which the Bishop came round, and in the name of the Church and invited me and every young person to come forward and declare their purpose of life, their faith, their hope. This was the season when the momentous question was put by the Bishop to each person present:—"Do ye here, in the presence of God and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at your baptism?" Surely it was no unmeaning form to say "I do," at such a solemn moment. Surely, unless a person is ready to disown his baptism, he will not, cannot consider this a mere form. Rather do I account this to have been the most critical and eventful moment of my life; for when I uttered the words "I do," I devoted myself willingly and of my free consent to the service of my Saviour; then I declared that my faith and hopes rested on God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; then I bound myself, in renouncing sin, to take up my cross, and follow Christ; then was I standing, as it were, on the border of Christ's kingdom, and being asked by Christ's Ambassador, whether I would go back and take my portion with the world or go forward and follow Christ unto death; then did I, of my own free will, (moved, I trust, by God's Holy Spirit,) choose to live and die a Christian; then, after the practice of the Apostles, were the Bishop's hands laid upon me, prayer was made for me, and thus were my own vows and promises sealed before the assembled Church. Indeed, when I look back to that time, I wonder at myself that I was not more deeply impressed with the solemn step I was taking, and with the mercies of God my Saviour. Nor is this all; then I was received

into fellowship with the Church, and having publicly acknowledged Christ to be my Lord, was admitted to the Communion of the faithful in the Sacrament of his body and blood.

And now, how can I show my value for Confirmation so well, as by leading others, my own children, my God-children, to declare their faith in the same way? For these I have promised, that, with God's help, I would train them up for Christ. It shall therefore be my business, whenever there is a Confirmation, to lead these persons to see not merely the duty, but the privilege and the support of such an ordinance.

Confirmation, moreover, is to me useful, because it is a humbling subject of thought; and yet, though I have, alas! oftentimes forgotten my solemn promises, though I have again and again sinned against my high resolves, still I look back to that solemn moment, and pray that the fresh thoughts and feelings then present to my inmost soul may ever be brought back to remind me, Whose I am, and Whom I am bound to serve.

ABOUT THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I dare not shut myself out again from my Saviour's mercy, when He has once brought me near to Himself. He knew how likely I was to forget Him, and to rest in some other means of salvation than his crucified body and his atoning blood, and therefore He appointed this feast in continual remembrance of Himself. People tell me I am unfit to go, and my poor foolish heart tells me the same; and I am almost persuaded to stay away, till I remember Who said, "Come unto me all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Surely, if I am ever to be fitted for heaven, I must be fitted here on earth. But can I ever be fit for heaven, if I turn away from this, which is one of the means of grace to my soul, and slightly refuse to partake of the body and blood of Christ? It is a solemn thing to go to the Lord's Supper, but it ought to be a more solemn thing to stay away; it is a serious matter to join in this holy Communion, but it is a far more serious matter to be shut out from my Lord's presence. Yes, my hope is to be saved by Christ, and I will therefore obey his words, "Do this in remembrance of Me." He came to save sinners, and He will accept sinners as guests. I am sure, that if, as the Prayer-book says, I "I repent truly for my sins past, have a lively faith in Christ my Saviour," determine to "amend my life, and am in perfect charity with all men,"—I shall be a "meet partaker of these holy mysteries." With God's grace, then, I will not refuse the invitations to this blessed Sacrament: my sinfulness and weakness and misery will only urge me the more to seek here, pardon, strength, and comfort. By this means of grace I believe I shall be enabled to live better; here I believe that the mysterious promise will be more and more fulfilled, that Christ Himself will dwell with me, and I with Him.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON ON FORMS OF PRAYER.

Whereas some may account it much spiritualness to despise what they have heard before, and to desire continued variety in prayer; it seems rather to be want of spiritualness that makes that needful, for that we find not our affections lively in that holy exercise, unless they be awaked and stirred up by new expressions; whereas the soul that is earnest on the thing itself, for itself, panting after the grace of God and for the pardon of sin, regards not in what terms it be attended, whether new or old; yea, though it be in those words it hath heard and uttered a thousand times, yet still it is new to a spiritual mind. And surely the desires that do move in that constant way have more evidence of sincerity and true vigor in them, than those that depend upon new notions and words to move them, and cannot stir without them. It may be, it is another but a false flash of temporary devotion, that arises in a man's heart, which comes by some moving strain of prayer that is new. But when confessions of sin, and requests of pardon, though in never so low and accustomed terms, carry his heart along with them heavenward, it is then more sure that the Spirit of God dwelleth in him, that the sense of the things themselves, the esteem of the blood of Christ, and the favour of God, do move the heart, where there is no novelty of words to help it. Beware that in fancying continual variety in prayer, there be not more of the flesh than of the spirit, and of the head working more than the spirit; for (mistake it not) the spirit of prayer hath not its seat in the invention, but in the affection. In this many deceive themselves, in that they think the work of their spirit of prayer to be mainly in furnishing new supplies of thoughts and words; no, it is mainly in exciting the heart anew, at times of prayer, to break forth itself in ardent desires to God, whatever the words be, whether new or old, yea, possibly without words.

WATERLOO.

Who has not heard that name? Many can tell of friends who fought or perhaps killed there. The battle happened on the 18th June, 1815, in Belgium, about 250 miles eastward over the sea from London. But do you know the cause of the battle, and how it concerned us in England?

The French, against whom we fought, are clever, and brave, but changeable and fond of new things. Their peasants are generally simple, kind-hearted, and industrious. About fifty years ago, infidel books (and immoral ways which always come over them) had spread fearfully over their middle and upper classes, and God visited the nation with a dreadful scourge; for bad and evil disposed men, under pretence of reform, overmastered the govern-

ment as well as the quiet, well-meaning people of all ranks; robbed and killed all who would not join them, and murdered the king, though no king ever loved his people better or more truly wished to do well than he. Most of them were in their own turn murdered by others who started up and seized the power for a while; because all tried to rule or make laws, and none chose to obey. They wished to spread the same dreadful confusion over all other countries also, and sent out large armies; and soon the cleverest of the soldiers, of course, got the chief power in France; until, at last, one of the ablest and most daring, named Napoleon Bonaparte, seized the government, made and unmade laws, kept or broke them as he pleased, and suddenly grew to be perfect master of every body's property and life in France. He soon, indeed, put down confusion, and set the nation in order; but he ruled it fiercely, and with a rod of iron. This always happens when confusion begins in a country: instead of being more free than they were, some daring wicked man is sure to start up and take away, for his own interest, even the privileges, and blessings which they had enjoyed before and did not value.

Bonaparte was not content with France, but wanted to be king or emperor over all other countries also; and in fighting for this end he caused the death of a million and a half of soldiers (more than all the inhabitants of Yorkshire together.) Two nations only, England and Russia, he never could conquer; for God was pleased to use them as the means of putting him down. He went with above 400,000 men (there are just about that number in all Somersetshire) to seize Russia, but the skill of the Russians kept him fighting until a dreadful winter set in and destroyed nearly all his army. He was driven back, and at length lost his kingdom; but was spared, on his promise never to enter France again. This promise he soon broke, persuading the French to rebel for him, and once more marched out to break up the peace of the world. The other nations began to gather for war; but the English and Prussians, being nearest, were first out to stop him as he left France, and after a few days of smaller battles, both by the English and Prussians, this great one was fought at Waterloo. He and his army were driven back; and in the end he was obliged to yield himself prisoner to the English. England, knowing what dreadful wars he had caused, and would cause again if able (for his word could not be trusted), never again let him go free; but kept him in a lone though pleasant island, called St. Helena, far out at sea, allowing every comfort they dared to grant without risk of his escaping. He died there six years after the battle.

We had been about twenty years fighting to save our country from being conquered and made part of the French kingdom and under its power. Bonaparte had, one by one, forced all other nations (even Russia for a time)

to join against us: but England would not bend, and stood alone, braving the whole world: and God in his mercy, had supported us against the fearful odds, until the other nations also turned against their wicked oppressor, and the battle of Waterloo finished the war. How would you feel were you standing on the very ground where it was fought?

Waterloo is a village a little behind the field of battle, a dozen miles south of Brussels, the chief city of Belgium. The greater part of that country is either open field-land, or else close gloomy forests of tall beeches, used for fuel, because till lately they had no coal. The farms are very small, and have scarcely any pasture; so that the open parts look like a patchwork, made up of little plots of rye, or oats, or potatoes, or clover, or beet-root (out of which they make their sugar), with a small clump of trees, where ever there is a village or a lone country-house. There are no hedges, nor walls, nor trees, except in the very villages. The roads are quite open, and the great ones (or turnpikes) have a broad pavement like a street in the middle.

Between Brussels and Waterloo the road runs for seven miles through one of the forests (where the wolves harbour, and come even to Brussels in Winter), and when you get out of it you are in an open corn country, several miles wide every way, almost hemmed round with forests; and scattered on it are five or six little villages, and some lodges or lone houses. The road crosses this open plain, and runs straight through the field of battle.

I called it a plain, but it is not level. A slight shallow sort of valley, 500 or 600 yards broad, but without any brook, runs from east to west for about two miles, bending half round, and finishing westwards in a little ravine. The higher grounds on each side are wide and nearly flat. On the north slope of the valley, not quite at the bottom, are two lone houses, about half a mile apart, but which because of the bend, cannot be seen from each other. The eastern, called *La Haye Sainte*, is a farm house and yard close to the great road, with the usual outbuildings, and a little cottage and garden near. The western, named *Hougoumont*, is a country gentleman's house (there called a *château*), with barns, buildings, and farm yard; a garden, walled orchard, paddocks, and a little chapel, shown you in the picture. Its fine grove of trees, shady lanes, and bushy hedges close round, must have made it once a beautiful little place. The cattle yards of both places are secured against wolves by close boarded gates, and by high walls wherever the buildings and barns (there called *granges*) do not reach.

On the two flat heights stood the two armies, facing each other, only a few hundred yards apart, and most of the fighting was in the valley between. The English had 54,000 men, and their regiments and cannon stood for nearly two miles along the north or innermost side of the bend, in a half-moon line, looking down into the valley. The

French had above 75,000 men and 300 cannons, ranged along the south side, also looking into the valley; and as this was the outermost or longest side of the bend, their line was three miles long, and rather inclosed the English army, who were, however, guarded by the thick forest behind. The English side of the valley was in parts rather the steepest, which helped them a little; and a narrow parish road ran along the brow, and had, for a little way at its east end, a broken hedge and bank, behind which the English put their canons. They also filled with soldiers the two lone houses and farm-yards in front of them to serve as castle; for no French could march to the English side without being open to the musket-balls from one or other of them.

Bonaparte had far the larger army, and his men were all French soldiers; but Wellington had not much above 30,000 English and Germans, while the rest of his troops were Dutch and Belgian, few of whom had been used to fighting. The Prussians were many miles to the eastward of the forest; and there was another French army watching them there. The Prussian general, Blucher, had promised the night before to get to Waterloo, if possible, by two o'clock, but was not able to reach it until about five. Bonaparte hoped to destroy our army before the Prussians could join us, and was only afraid the English, being so few (he did not mind the Dutch or Belgians), would get into the wood and wait there. But the English had no such thought: all they had to do was to beat off the enemy and stand their ground firm until their friends could get at the French from the other side.

The day and night before had been a soaking rain, not clearing off until nine o'clock, and the soldiers had slept on the half muddy ground, and rose up stiff and damp. While at breakfast, our soldiers heard the shouts of the French beginning to move, and were obliged at once to stand in order for fighting. At that season the corn, which covered all the country and field of battle, was tall and ripening, though in a few minutes to be trampled into mud by the thousands who rushed over it.

About ten o'clock the great part of the French army moved on divided into three parts, two of which rushed against the two lone farm-houses, and the other against the east end of the English line, where the broken hedge was, while their cavalry, or horse soldiers, galloped against the middle. They scarcely troubled the very western part of our army, where the ravine was, and that remained as a reserve, in case any other part should need help. As soon as the French cavalry were seen coming at full gallop, the English cavalry rushed to meet them; and when the shock of the two regiments was over, the French were seen all confused galloping back to their own side, while the English rode back in order to their places, and the ground was seen covered with dead. When the French, both horse and foot, made their dreadful rush against our

infantry regiments, the English soldiers stood firm like a rock, and in a few minutes the French recoiled and retreated, just as a child's ball thrown against a house starts back from the blow. Again, and again, and again, all day long, did the French cavalry and infantry, enraged at not gaining the victory over a smaller army, against our brave regiments, three or four to one, and as often were they driven back to their own side in confusion, leaving numbers of them dead. The English infantry never moved from their ground, never were driven back a foot; when one was killed, another stepped into his place instantly. The cannon on both sides were all this time firing down thousands of large iron balls and of grape shot (or bags full of small bullets): the roar of the cannon was heard incessantly for eight hours, even at Brussels twelve miles off. As afternoon came on the French had lost thousands of their best soldiers and made no progress; except that they had taken the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, because the brave Germans in it had spent all their powder, and even then would not give it up but were all killed; but it was no use to the French, for the English cannons a little behind fired down into the yard. They could not take Hougomont, for the brave regiment of Coldstream guards defended it all day against 30,000 French around it.

At last the Prussians came up through the forests and rushed against the east end of the French army, and then the two sides became more equal in numbers. At seven o'clock the French gathered their bravest regiments to make another desperate charge at the English line; but before they reached us, our soldiers fired so terribly on them that they staggered a moment. Wellington saw it, and called out "Forward!" A loud shout ran from one end to the other of the English army, who had been longing all day to rush at the French, and every regiment steadily dashed forward at once. The French could not stand that fearful shock, but in a moment turned and fled for their lives in one long line of hopeless confusion, leaving everything they had. The God of battles had broken the power of Napoleon and of France before the English army; and the Prussians were at hand, fresh and ready to chase them through the night, so that they should not get together any more as an army.

But what a scene was there when day-light broke upon those peaceful little country parishes and that rich corn valley! Tens of thousands of dead and wounded soldiers of all nations, lay scattered everywhere. Horses, cannons and waggons were every where spread about; and the corn, red with blood and trampled flat by the wheels and horse-hoofs, was strewn with soldiers' caps, muskets, swords, and all the wreck of the battle. The little farmhouse was battered to pieces; and one who saw it told us that its gutters and cattle-yard ran with streams of human blood. The pretty little county-house was burnt into a

heap of smoking ruins; its trees and shrubs broken down by cannon; its neat flower-beds and orchard a heap of dead bodies. Everywhere through the field the wounded were groaning around. The peasants had come out of their hiding-places in the woods, and were picking up what they could and stripping the slain; and the worthless deserters of all nations were robbing even the wounded, for among so many wounded it was three days before all could be carried under shelter. It took many more days to bury the 20,000 dead who lay around. They were buried where they lay in deep wide trenches; and the horses in heaps covered with earth. In after years the bones of friends and foes were piled together in the middle of the line where the English army stood, and a hill of earth, 200 feet high, raised over them, with a large iron statue of a lion (the arms of Belgium) standing on it.

This summer we were there, and saw the corn waving over all the heights and valleys as if nothing had ever happened. Awfully manured by the blood of thousands, no richer crops are anywhere to be seen than in that valley. The farm house of La Haye Sainte has been repaired again; but Hogoumont remains untouched, a heap of tottering ruins, blackened with fire, its grove all gone except a few tall straggling chestnuts. A stunted apple tree and some broken yews and firs show its garden and orchard; the brick-wall still has the holes which the English made to fire through; and its outside is crumbling and battered from the French bullets. The farm-buildings have been patched up and repaired; but the little chapel of the Virgin Mary (about eight or ten feet square inside) stands as when the wounded left it, blackened by the fire which blazed around, but did not destroy it: it is never used now. In a field close by remains a little altar to St. Stephen, which also escaped during the fighting. The peasants are ready to show the stranger the places where the fighting was, and to sell him bullets and buttons which the plow gh turns up as often as it passes through the soil. They tell that the English soldiers during the war were like friends and injured no one; but that the French, and even the Prussians, would rob their houses, and kill their sheep, and ill-used themselves. And it is likely that after the battle many a poor wounded Frenchman or Prussian was killed by them in revenge, while the wounded Englishman was kindly treated. How excellent is kindness and uprightness and how valuable is a good name! We little know how soon we may need the help of those to whom we have an opportunity of showing kindness.

CHRISTIAN OBEDIENCE.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him; and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

The showing forth of Christ's goodness is here supposed to produce its due effect on the man who is truly desirous of obeying God. It kindles love in him. He

begins to love Christ. As a natural consequence of that love, he begins to keep Christ's words, both by striving to obey them, by endeavouring to do whatever Christ has commanded him to do,—and also by studying them, and poring over them, and trying to dive deeper into their meaning, that he may fish up the goodly pearls which lie at the bottom of all our Lord's sayings. Thus, the man advances from obeying God's law to loving Christ, and from loving Christ to delighting in his Gospel, until at last he becomes godly; and so God loves him, and comes to him, and makes his abode with him.

This, my brethren, is the only way in which your prayer to your heavenly Father to come and establish his spiritual kingdom within you can be fulfilled. You must begin with obedience, and persevere in it until Christ shall be pleased to manifest himself to you. Thence will spring love, and an anxious desire to please Him; which will carry you on in time to godliness. It is scarcely necessary for me to warn you that no step can be taken in all this to any good purpose without the help of the Holy Spirit, and that this help must be sought by constant and diligent prayer. It will be more to the purpose to remind you, that, after the first step, the first suapping of the chain of sinful habit, the whole of the work I have been describing is gradual. It comes not by observation. It is a growth; so that you must not look for violent or sudden changes in yourself. Only be anxious to be always moving *forward*. Remember that the waters of the stream, however slowly they may at times appear to move, yet by *never* stopping on their journey are *sure* to reach the great sea. Let your progress towards godliness be like that of the gentle stream, which neither murmurs, nor chafes, nor dashes against its banks, but keeps ever flowing on and on, until it has fulfilled the task which God has set it, and loses its own littleness by mingling with the mighty waters.

SCRIPTURE HISTORY.

It was nearly fifteen hundred years before the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ into the world, that Moses conducted the children of Israel from their captivity in Egypt, into the promised land of Canaan. After that they had driven out the nations who dwelt in this country, the Israelites divided the land among themselves. They had no king at this time but they were governed by judges or chief officers, whom God raised up from time to time, to deliver them from the power of the many enemies who surrounded them. This kind of government continued for about 400 years. That part of the Bible, called the Book of Judges, gives us the history of these times. The most remarkable of the judges were—Gideon, Jephthah, Samson, and Eli.

After this kind of government had continued for about 400 years, the people began to be desirous of having a

king of their own, as the other nations had, who dwelt around them. They were not content with knowing that the unseen hand of Almighty God would always be before them, and defend them; but they wished to behold the splendour of an earthly king. God granted their request; and from this time, the Israelites continued for a long period to be governed by kings.

The first three were—

Saul, who began to reign 1095 years before Christ.

David, } (these each of them reigned for 40 years.)
Solomon, }

After the death of Solomon his son Rehoboam became king. Now Rehoboam was a very weak young man, and when the people came to him to beg him to relieve them from some oppressions which they had suffered during the reign of his father, he, being led away by the counsel of his young and foolish companions, roughly refused to listen to their requests.

The children of Israel (that is, the descendants of Jacob, whose name had been changed by God himself to *Israel*.) had up to this time been divided into tribes or families.—There were twelve of these tribes, each tribe being descended from, and called by the name of, one of the twelve sons of Jacob. Thus, there was the tribe of Judah, the tribe of Benjamin, the tribe of Simeon; and so with the others. King David, whose grandson Rehoboam was, belonged to the tribe of Judah. This tribe therefore, together with the tribe Benjamin remained faithful to king Rehoboam, but the other ten tribes, being offended at his refusal of their requests, revolted from him, and set up a king of their own, whose name was Jeroboam. The two tribes, Judah and Benjamin, remained in the city of Jerusalem, while the other ten, departed, and set up a place of worship in another part of the country called Samaria.—They from that time continued to be two distinct nations, each having kings and laws of their own, the two tribes being called the kingdom of Judah, and the ten tribes being called the kingdom of Israel. The history of these kings of Judah and of Israel is given us in the two books of Kings, and again, in the two books of Chronicles. Their names were these—

Kings of Judah.	Kings of Israel.
Rehoboam,	Jeroboam,
Ahijah,	Nadab,
Asa,	Baasha,
Jehoshaphat,	Elah,
Jehoram, (or Joram)	Zimri,
Ahaziah,	Omri,
Queen Athaliah,	Ahab,
Josh,	Ahaziah,
Amaziah,	Jehoram (or Joram)
Uzziah,	Jehu,
Jorham,	Jehoahaz,
Ahaz,	Joash,
Hezekiah,	Jeroboam II.
Manasseh,	Zachariah,
Amon,	Shallum,
Josiah,	Menahem,
Jehoahaz,	Pekahiah,
Jehoiahkim,	Pekak,
Jehoiachin,	Hoshea.
Zedekiah.	

As a punishment to the kingdom of Israel for their rebellion, and a refusal to submit to their lawful king God suffered them to fall into great wickedness. He also gave them kings, who did not fear or love Him. These, one after another, were permitted to reign in idolatry and sin,

till at last this miserable people had filled up the measure of their iniquities. So long as they had obeyed God, they had strength and power to put down all their enemies. But now He had departed from them, they were weak and helpless. Shalmaneser, the King of Assyria, came against them, and carried multitudes of them away from their native land. These unhappy people were scattered over the face of the earth, and though ages since then have passed away, the Israelites remain unknown to all but that God who is still watching over them in mercy,—an awful warning to those that would reject Him?

The two tribes, however, of Judah and Benjamin, or the kingdom of Judah, remained. God had mercy on the people for the sake of holy David. He gave them kings who would fear Him, and walk in his ways; yet even Judah soon began to forget Him, and to walk after other gods. They did not profit by the example of the kingdom of Israel. God, therefore suffered Judah also to be carried captive. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, took their king, and carried him, together with the greater part of the people to Babylon. They remained there for seventy years, but were then permitted to return to their own country. The Bible tells little more of the history of the kingdom of Judah. After their return from Babylon, they were no longer governed by kings, but generally by high priests. These remained till the coming of our Saviour into the world. The people were grievously oppressed, from time to time, throughout this long period, by different nations, but still continued to be governed by their own laws until, about sixty years before the coming of Christ, they were subdued by the Roman nation, and were thenceforth governed by Roman officers. Pontius Pilate, who crucified our Lord, was one of these governors. Reader, I need scarcely finish the history. You well know how God sent his Son into the world to save sinners; how He sent him to his own favoured people of Judah; how "He came to His own, and his own received Him not." Judah refused to receive Him, and they cried, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!"

Judah is now a by-word and a proverb, cast out and trodden under foot of men. Israel is unknown, and sought for in vain. Yet Judah and Israel are not forgotten in the sight of God. There will be, the Bible tells us, a day when they shall be gathered from east and from west, from north and from south, repenting, and seeking for mercy in the name of Jesus, whom they now reject and despise. But that day is not yet come. We know not when it may come; but it is our own delightful duty to pray for these poor benighted people, that God would be pleased to make known to them, as He has made known unto us, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

MONEYS RECEIVED, on account of the Young Churchman since last publication.—Mr. Grant, 2s. 6d.; H. Rutan, Esq., 2s. 6d.; Rev. Dr. McNab, 2s. 6d.; Miss Rowed, 2s. 6d.; Rev. S. Givins, 2s. 6d.; H. C. Baker, Esq., 2s. 6d.; Rev. Mr. Anderson, 5s.

In answer to our correspondent W. I.'s kind inquiry, we are sorry to have to state that the circulation of the *Young Churchman* is not increasing so rapidly as we could wish—could not our friends use a little exertion in our favour?

Printed and Published monthly, by A. F. FLEES, at the Office of *The Churchman* paper, No. 7, King Street West. Price, 2s. 6d. per annum. No orders filled unless accompanied with remittance.