

# The Theological Instructor.

---

No. 5. TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1874. VOL. I.

---

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We beg to request the indulgence of our readers should the March number of the INSTRUCTOR be delayed a little, as we find it necessary to be absent from home for a few weeks; and it may be possible that the next number of our Magazine will not be issued until the beginning of April. Our correspondents will also please defer writing to us until about that time.

---

## THE ACCUSERS OF THE BRETHREN.

We have no words adequate to express our regret that a society such as the so-called Church Association, should exist in our midst, in the noon-day glare of the nineteenth century, having, for its unintentional object, we hope, the manifest works of the devil. It has recently flooded the land with circulars of a most irreligious character, designed by the writers to counteract the influence of the clergy in the dissemination of divine truth among the people; as well as to kindle and keep alive amongst them the spirit of strife and contention. And if these inflammatory circulars have not the effect of lessening the Christian influence of the Pastor over his flock, as well as the authority of the Holy Scriptures, it will not be the fault of those who have introduced them to the public. We appeal in vain to the Scriptures, but what do those gentlemen care for the authority of God's word, when that word comes in contact with their own aggrandizement and self ambition? They really do, every one of them, give us to understand that they consider themselves to be a republic of *male* and *female* Popes, from whose judgment, on all theological questions, it would be extreme folly to appeal. Our blessed Lord promises to be with his Apostles, that is with the office, unto the end of the world, but these little popes pronounce this doctrine of Christ to be what they are pleased to call "*Bosh*." See *B. H. Dixon on Fasting*. Jesus says to the Apostles, whom he had chosen, "As my Father hath sent Me, even so send I you," but these popes say no such thing; that Christ has no representatives on earth. Jesus again says, to the same persons, and through them to their successors, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." But these gentlemen give the world to understand that had they been present when Christ uttered the words, they would have taught him better; and we are quite sure that if he had not yielded to their wishes they would have issued

their circulars against him, and invited his apostles and disciples to oppose him, and to watch his words because of his ritualistic tendencies, and for daring to insinuate, without consulting them that the keys were given to any but extremely low churchmen.

Jesus again says, "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God," but this saying would have set them all in a passion, and they would have been ready to declare, had they seen our liturgy, that he wrote that part of the passage where it says, "seeing now dearly beloved that this child is regenerate;" for they plainly tell us that a greater lie was never taught than this same "New Birth" so clearly taught by the Saviour of mankind. In fact, they all seem to regard the Clergy as their natural enemies, and unite in the cry of their ancient leaders: "Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Levi," Num. xvi. 17. "Seeing all the congregation are holy," Num. xvi. 3. Indeed they seem to be the true representatives of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, who were evidently of their order, and members of the same society. If the members of this so-called Church Association were devout men themselves, or if they in any degree feared God, they would rather incite and encourage their fellow Christians to zeal, devotion, and obedience to their "spiritual pastors," rather than to unchristian contention, and ungodly disobedience to their best friends on earth, their divinely appointed teachers. Instead of this, we find these accusers of the brethren calling upon their readers to resist all Christian teaching, unless that teach-

ing comes directly from themselves, as Low Churchmen, and not from the Holy Scriptures, which teach the very same truths of the prayer book. And it is very evident from the wording of the circulars referred to that they are in profound ignorance of the very alphabet of Theology, while those who would learn, they are endeavouring to hinder. These, we hope well meaning laymen, even presume to instruct their teachers, constantly insinuating, "ye take too much upon you ye sons of Levi;" but they should remember the fearful fate of their ancient leaders who were as presumptuous as themselves, and who perished in their own destruction. The fearful fate of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, should make all such unbelievers tremble. God grant that they may be brought to deep repentance before they be hurried into the presence of their insulted Creator, to answer for their sacrilege and impiety on earth.

Such conduct, as the members of this voluntary Association exhibit, cannot be accounted for, only on the principle of Satanic influence; for having given themselves over to the service of Satan to work wickedness in opposition to Christ's spouse, the Church, they permit themselves to be carried about captive at his will.

From the base slanders contained in the association circulars, the infidel, the natural ally of fault-finding Churchmen take up the canting howl, and unite with a variety of roughs in denouncing the Church of the blessed Reformation; and the various sects of dissenters finish the notes so skilfully commenced by Low Churchmen and infidels. And so it happens that the

most illiterate and ignorant of all the Popes, feels that he is the most competent judge to decide any theological question; and, of course, being all infallible, no ecclesiastic, however learned he may be, must dare differ with them; for the Low Church Popes do not allow liberty of conscience, or the right of private judgment to any except themselves. Such, indeed, is the state of society at the present time, that Methodists, Baptists, and a number of other uninstructed sects feel that they know more about the Church than the Church does herself; and the editor of a sectarian paper in this city who denounces Popery and Ritualism occasionally, and yet allies himself with the former, makes *learned* decisions in favor of the Church Association, denounces the Rev. Mr. Day's sermons, which he has never heard, as being very popish, and the Lord Bishop himself, as anything but evangelical, although he evidently knows as much about learned divinity as he does about Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and as much of ecclesiastical learning as his brethren generally. In fact, every little upstart who may be able read, presumes that it is his duty to teach the Clergymen who has spent the better part of his life in the study of divine subjects. Such presuming persons feel that they know all about religion that ought to be known by any one. But like the Babel of sects generally, no two of them can fully agree as to what Ritualism means, or consists of. One says, with all sectarians, that it means Apostolic Succession, or something else that the sects can lay no claim to, because not within their

reach, being confined exclusively to the Church. Quite recently in Toronto a lady informed a lady friend of ours, in answer to the enquiry what Ritualism means, that she believed it consisted in *bowing*. A very large number assert that it consists in preaching in the white surplice; while others, equally as sincere, reasonably conclude that to read prayers in the white, preach in the black, and change to the white again, in order to pronounce the benediction is Ritualism beyond a doubt, and is a superstitious relict of Popery, originating in the dark ages, and is therefore Ritualism of the most ceremonious character.

Our readers will not for one moment understand that we sanction innovation of either the Low or High Church party. We are not in favor of extremes on either sides; and we flatter ourselves that not one who knows us well, will charge us as being any way favorable to Popery.

But we cannot condemn a thing where it is not to be found; and thank God there is no approach to Ritualism in Canada; and we think it is not only a sin but dishonorable to circulate false accusations against any person; and especially against those who are doing the works of God among us. while their traducers are doing nothing to advance the kingdom of Christ upon earth: but a great deal for the other kingdom, in sowing dissension among brethren.

If Ritualism exists in Canada, as the Church Association intimates it does, why not make the attempt to prove the charges complained of? They do not even make an attempt at doing this, simply because they cannot: as

the ceremonious ritualism of the black gown remains exclusively among themselves. True Churchmen have at least as much reason to denounce the extreme Low Church party for attempting to change both the church and her liturgy, as they have to denounce the teaching of the prayer book. Nay, more than that, very many of the Low Churchmen confess that in the Church service they are every Sunday compelled to violate their conscience, in order to obtain their living; that they are obliged to repeat what they do not believe, and yet no slanderous attacks are made upon them by their brethren, simply because Churchmen are liberal and tolerant as well as learned: but Low Churchmanship is narrow, contracted, bigotted, and tyrannical. We strongly advise our readers to discountenance any such circulars as those

issued by the so-called Church Association.

We do not feel unkindly to our erring brethren of the Association, although we write so strongly upon the subject of the various circulars referred to. We hope they mean better than we are compelled to believe from their own expressions, and we do earnestly exhort all, both friends and enemies, Churchmen and Dissenters, to read and consider the *seven* things that God hates as found in Proverbs vi. 16, 17, 18, 19. The world is lying in wickedness, and if these brethren of the Association have a spark of Christianity about them they will hearken to the wishes of the Great Creator, abhor that which he hates, and shew to an unbelieving world "how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

---

#### THE CHRISTIAN PREACHER; OR WISE STUDENT.

"Give thyself wholly to them."—1 Tim. iv. 15.

In a former numbers of *The Instructor* I noticed on the subject of this text;—

I. What is requisite to our being in the things of God?

II. The hindrances and opposites to our being in the things of God.

III. What is included in being in the things of God.

And I now proceed

IV. To consider the advantage and pleasure of being in the things of God.

This will appear in the Clergyman's preparatory studies; his settlement with the people in a parish; in his

visits and conversation; in the <sup>hour</sup> of his death; and on his departure into the other world.

And, first, in his studies. He will have a grateful sense of the goodness and providence of Christ in placing him in a recess from worldly care, and in a state of leisure to contemplate the noblest objects of religion and learning; he will have a warm esteem for his tutors; he will treat them with veneration and love; he will prize the advantages he enjoys; he will wisely attend to the proper business assigned him, and will endeavour to perform his exercises with punctuality,

beauty, and honour. He will be ardently looking forward to his great work, and be daily making preparations for it, constantly laying in a stock of the best ideas to furnish him for his great Master's work.

If his whole heart and soul are in the work for which he is preparing, he will say within himself, "I am to stand in Christ stead to entreat men to be reconciled to God: 2nd Cor. xi. 20. God, men, angels, and even devils, all have their eyes upon me. I am now to be in the presence of all heaven and hell! Now what are my aims? Do I love self, or Christ best?"

It is most important that a Christian Preacher should form a clear idea of a good and a bad sermon. A sermon addressed wholly to our imagination and not at all to our reason is not a good sermon. A discourse addressed to our reason, and not one stroke to please the imagination is not a good sermon. An entire rhapsody addressed to the passions, and not at all to the understanding, is not a good sermon. A dry address to the judgment and understanding, and nothing to strike and move the passions, is not a good sermon. A sermon that soothes the passions, and has nothing pointed to the conscience, is a bad sermon. A discourse without any scripture proofs, well selected and explained, is not a good one; and a sermon consisting of a string of texts of scripture, dryly picked out of a concordance, is not a pleasing, nor instructive, nor useful sermon. A sermon that is all law and no gospel, is a bad sermon; and a discourse that is all gospel and no law, that is of no practical use and tendency, is by no means a good one.

A good sermon must have Christ and his precious atonement for sinners in it. To be good it must strike the imagination, instruct the understanding, inform the judgment, persuade the will, convince the conscience and improve the reason. It ought to fix truth and facts in the memory, animate and rouse the passions, and guide them to their proper uses in repentance and sublime devotion. It should arm the whole soul against sin, strengthen faith, and provoke to love and good works. It should comfort and animate the heart against the devil, the world, and death; and enrich the soul with scripture knowledge, by scriptures wisely and beautifully explained. This is simply my idea of a good sermon.

The advantages and pleasures of being in the things of God will appear in the pastor's parochial work. If his very soul is here, he will not say, "I scorn a poor village and a poor people, I wish to serve a polished congregation." This is vain and mad pride; and if we are truly humble, we will not wish to choose for ourselves, but will leave it entirely to the wisdom and will of the Lord Jesus, discovered in the agency of his own good providence. Nor will the true parish priest lightly part from a people if there is any prospect of usefulness.

Advantages and pleasures will further attend our being in the things of God in the administration of the divine ordinances. Baptism is a sublime act of worship to the sacred three persons in one God; including adoration of each divine person, invocation, self-consecration, subjection of soul, delight, gratitude, and praise, with

zeal for the glory of each person in the divine nature. The holy Eucharist, or Lord's Supper, is the most delightful ordinance of worship under heaven; here all the doctrines, duties, blessings, and graces of Christianity are united, and the soul of the true Christian priest will rebound with joy at the prospect of the approaching hour, in which he shall, with his people, consecrate himself afresh to Christ. In proportion as the Christian pastor benefits others, he will be benefited himself. In visiting, instructing, and catechising the people committed to his charge, he will be greatly blessed; provided he will steer between two extremes, a haughty reserve, and a low familiarity. A silly affectation of dignity, or a proud reserve, is exceedingly disgusting. A minister while he copies his Master's example, must be in the best sense a gentleman.

The advantages and pleasures of being in the things of God will also appear on the bed of death. This great change is the dissolution of soul and body. We must all die. We must leave this world forever. Our inward qualities of mind must be laid open, and our true character declared. Our labours will soon be finished, and our future state fixed for ever. Now, if our hearts are in the great things of divine revelation, we will feel strong, victorious consolation in the hour of death, and triumph over the king of terrors. Our character will then be declared by Christ our Redeemer and Judge, and he will fix our state for ever. Then, brethren, we shall be with the good, with the spirits of just men made perfect, and with whom we shall be for ever with the Lord.

---

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

THIS venerable father having spoken of the ambition of those who built the tower of Babel with a view of immortalizing their names with posterity, he proposes alms as a more short and certain way to reputation.

"There are many," says he, "in the present day, who imitate these proud men, and who are desirous of signaling themselves by works of this nature, in building magnificent structures, baths, galleries, and walks. And if you ask each of these in particular, why they give themselves so much trouble, and incur so much expense for things of no moment, they have no other answer to return, but that they

desire to render their names immortal, and that after their death, it may be said concerning them, behold the house of such a man; behold the lands of such a person. But this is more likely to incur the blame of posterity, than to render thy memory glorious. For they who may say, behold the house of such a man, will add a thousand dark accusations and vile reproaches, and will say at the same time, '*This is the house of that covetous man, of the extortioner, of the man who plundered the widows, and oppressed the orphans!*' This then is not the way to acquire glory and reputation, but to expose ourselves to continual accusations; it

is the way to render a person infamous after death; it is to sharpen, if we may so speak, the tongues of spectators to pierce the memory of these men with a thousand cutting reproaches, a thousand bloody imprecation.

“But if you have so strong a passion for signalizing your memory, to all posterity, I will shew you the true method, and teach you to gain the way of becoming esteemed and celebrated by all the world, and also to appear before God with confidence at the last day. And how *may you* acquire a reputation in this life, and open the mouths of mankind in your praise, and also receive high commendations in the future life? It is not by marble and superb structures, by great houses, parterres, groves, and baths; but it is by transferring your wealth from your hands to those of the poor. This is to render your memories immortal; this transaction will cover a multitude of sins, and enable you to appear with great boldness before God. Represent to yourself how mankind will speak of you after death. *Behold, will they say, this man so merciful and charitable, this man so humble and so complaisant, who distributed his abundant wealth among the needy. He hath dispersed, saith David; he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth for ever.* It is the natural quality of riches, that they remain in our hands in proportion as we distribute them; but they destroy those who possess them while they retain and hold them captive. *He hath dispersed, says the Psalmist, and bestowed his gifts and liberalities on the poor: attend to what immediately follows: His righteousness endureth for*

*ever.* He hath distributed his riches in a single day, and his righteousness remains to all eternity, and shall render his memory immortal. Do you not perceive a transaction the recollection of which runs coeval with eternity, and which includes riches, the magnitude of which cannot be expressed by human language?

“Let us labour to acquire a reputation by similar edifices; for those which we construct with stone, will not only be of no avail, but will proclaim our condemnation with a loud voice, and serve as so many columns on which our infamy shall be engraven as on eternal brass. We shall carry along with us the crimes we committed in raising these edifices, and shall leave them behind us, which instead of procuring for us a cold and sterile reputation, will cover us with shame and confusion, and they shall pass into other hands, even before we are cold in the grave. For this happens to the affairs of this world; they quickly pass from this to that person, and no sooner do they go into the hands of a second person than they remove to those of a third. To-day we say this is the house of such a man, to-morrow it shall have another master, and in a short season it is in the hands of another owner. In the mean time we delight in imposing upon ourselves, instead of considering that these riches are only but for our use, and that whatever care we take they will pass into other hands, and perhaps very different ones to those whom we may have selected for our heirs.

“But if you burn with a desire of rendering your memory immortal, observe how the widows remembered

Tabitha, and what sort of persons they were who surrounded St. Peter, to shew him, with tears, the coats and garments which she had made for them. Do you not recognize in them so many living temples, and their lamentations were the cause of her being raised from the dead? For they surrounded St. Peter with streaming eyes for no other reason but to shew him how needful she was to their support by her alms and labours; and the Apostle, after having put them all out of the room, kneeled down and prayed, and having raised her from the dead, called the saints, and presented her alive to the mourning widows. If you wish your memory to flourish after your death; if you have any love for solid glory, imitate this charitable widow, build houses like these, the constructions of which will require less expense, and be much better expended than upon dead matter, and which will only require you to exercise charity towards such as resemble yourself. Behold the true manner of rendering your name glorious, and of reaping infinite advantages.

“You sow gold, to reap righteousness; you sow transient things and gather everlasting treasure. The husbandman labours on a less certain foundation; and he is obliged to sow, though not fully certain of a remuneration; since it is the bosom of the earth that receives the grain as their depot; on the contrary, when you give alms, you place them in the hand of God, where it is impossible that any thing can be lost. When, therefore, you are so charmed with the beauty of gold that you will not distribute

for fear of losing it; represent to yourself the husbandman, the usurers, and the merchants, who commence by expending, and voluntarily suffer some risk, though the success of their labours, and the issue of their commerce may be unpromising and ever doubtful; for is there any thing more doubtful than the waves of the sea, the bosom of the earth, and the promises of debtors. For those who lend upon interest, not unfrequently lose the principal; on the contrary, those who choose heaven for the field of their divine agriculture having nothing of this to fear, being fully assured of the principal, and of the interest, if it be proper to give the name of interest or usury to what they shall receive, since it will so far exceed the capital, and in effect the principal is nothing more than a small matter which they have distributed, and the kingdom of heaven is the interest of our usury which they receive. Do you not behold a most wonderful commerce, in which the gains are infinitely greater than the capital? But, in the mean time, while you are filled with joy at the prospect of a future world, shall infallibly enjoy others in this life. You shall receive a great liberty. You shall no longer be exposed to snares and stratagems. You shall extinguish the most ardent fire of calumniators which they may have kindled against you. You shall pass the remainder of your lives without anxiety for the preservation of your treasures, and that uneasiness too visible in the many: and hope of eternal treasure shall serve as a means on which you may easily mount and ascend to heaven.”



## LADY JANE GREY.

The following is a translation of a letter written by Lady Jane Grey, to her sister, the evening before she was beheaded in the Tower. It was written in Greek, on the blank leaves of a New Testament in the same language, which she bequeathed as a legacy to her sister the Lady Catharine :

“ I have here sent you, my dear Catharine, a book which, though it be not externally adorned with gold, or the curious embroidery of the most artful needles, yet internally it is of more value than all the precious mines the wide world can boast of. It is the book, my only, best, and best beloved sister, of the law of our great Redeemer. It is the testimony and last will which he bequeathed to us wretches and wretched sinners, to lead us in the path of eternal happiness ; and if you read it with an attentive mind, and an earnest desire of following its precepts, it will surely bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live, and learn you to die ; it will win you more and endow you with greater felicity, than you could have gained by possessing the estates of our afflicted father ; and as you would have inherited his honours and estates, had the Almighty prospered his undertakings ; so, if you apply diligently to this book, labouring to direct your life according to the rule it contains, you shall be an inheritor of such riches as neither the covetous can withdraw from you, the thief steal, nor the moth corrupt. Desire with David, my best sister, to understand the law of the Lord your God ; live still to die, that you may by death obtain eternal life ; and

flatter not yourself that the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your days ; for all hours, times, and seasons, are alike to the Almighty when he calleth ; and blessed are they whose lamps are furnished when he cometh ; the Lord will be equally glorified in the young as in the old. My good sister, once more let me entreat you to learn to die ; deny the world, defy the devil, despise the flesh, and delight yourself in the Lord ; be penitent for your sins, but do not despair ; be strong in faith, but do not presume ; and desire with St. Paul to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, with whom even in death, there is life. Imitate the good servant, and even at midnight be waking ; lest when death stealeth upon you, like a thief in the night, you be found sleeping with the servants of darkness ; and lest, for want of oil, like the foolish virgins, you be refused admittance to the marriage supper ; or like him who had not on the wedding garment, be cast out into outer darkness

“ Rejoice in the Redeemer of mankind, as I trust you do ; and as you have taken the name of Christian, follow as near as possible the steps and be a true imitator of your great Master Christ Jesus ; take up your cross, lay your sins on his shoulders and always embrace him.

“ With regard to my death, rejoice as I do, my dearest sister, that I shall be delivered from this body of corruption, and clothed with the garment of incorruption : for I am assured that I shall, by losing this mortal life, obtain one that is immortal, joyful, and everlasting ; which I pray the Almighty to grant you, whenever he shall please

to call you hence, and to send you his all-saving grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith. From which I exhort you, in the name of your Almighty Father, never to swerve, either from the hopes of life or the fear of death; for if you would deny his truth to prolong a weary and corrupt breath, Omnipotence himself will deny you, and cut short, by his vengeance, what you were desirous of prolonging by the loss of your soul; but if you will cleave to him, he will extend your days to a comfort uncircumscribed, and to his own glory! To which glory God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it shall please him to call you.

“Farewell, once more, my beloved sister, and put your whole trust in the Almighty, who alone can help you. Amen.

“Your loving Sister,

“JANE DUDLEY.”

1. According to the general testimony of British history, this amiable lady did not fall through her own vanity or ambition, but through the mixed principles of political ambition and imprudent zeal of others, to promote the glorious cause of the Reformation.

2. The historical page also informs us, that this accomplished lady wore the British crown but ten days; and soon after exchanged a throne for a scaffold; a crown for the fatal block; and a scepter for an executioner's axe. But all these did but contribute to convey her soul to the enjoyment of a crown immortal; a sceptre invincible; a throne immutable; and a kingdom eternal.

3. If we may judge by the language of this letter, which exhibits good

sense, sound divinity, and genuine piety, we may conclude, she was prepared to meet the stroke of death, by enjoying the power of religion in her mind, which enabled her to suffer patiently, submit freely, to behave firmly, and to die peacefully. Her piety, like an evening star, shone out in the night of adversity.

4. It appears also, that she esteemed the word of God, made it the subject of her private meditations, frequent perusal, and rule of her conduct. How well would it be, if all the young of both sexes, were to imitate her in this; and read seriously, frequently, and piously—the sacred page. But, alas! how many there are that neglect this pious and reasonable duty, and contaminating novels and profane romances—to celestial truths. Great must be the change of such before they can be compared with the wise virgins. But this young lady, like a wise virgin, had her lamp trimmed, her oil burning, and light shining. She had wisely sought a preparation to meet the results of the vicissitudes of life.

5. It is the property of those who know the value of religion and the worth of their own souls, to feel an affectionate concern for the spiritual welfare of others. This was the case with this pious lady. She therefore gave the suitable instructor, earnest exhortation, kind and faithful admonition contained in this letter, for the spiritual welfare of her sister.

It may be that some of the INSTRUCTOR's readers who may read this letter, may have a sister, brother, parent, child, or near relative, a stranger to God and religion, in the way to ruin—or deal-

ing with a slack hand, or halting in proper opportunities, such instruction, the way. Let your fervent and persevering prayers to God be offered up in their behalf; and give them, at either by word or writing, as their respective cases may demand.

IN MEMORIAM OF THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

Another beacon-light gone out above us ;  
Another buoy-shell stilled upon the sea;  
Another pilot of the hearts that love us  
Passed from our company.

Gone out, above the coast line frowning grimly ;  
Stilled, o'er the fatal silence of the shoals ;  
Passed, from the few who watch for us undimly  
The Cynosure of souls.

An hour ago, and how the light was beaming  
O'er iron rocks in smile of tender cheer,  
Or, bravely at our need, a pharos streaming  
O'er surging shocks of fear.

An hour ago, and as the tide flowed faster,  
And we by dim dread shallows swept along,  
How in our ears full-toned against disaster  
Pealed out the stern sweet song.

An hour ago, and at the helm serenely,  
His steadfast eye upon the steadfast Star,  
We saw him stand and, lovingly as keenly,  
Steer for the Haven far.

And now, and in a moment, all is ended :  
Gloom for the light, and silence for the sound,  
And by that faithful presence undefended  
Sails on the Homeward-bound.

No light, sound, presence ? Die the thought unworthy  
A surer death than his who cannot die !  
Let nought so craven, of the earth and earthly,  
Defame his elegy.

We see, hear, hold him ; to our hearts' emotion  
Only a change of deeper awe is given ;  
Nought dies upon the spiritual ocean  
That had its life from Heaven.

Still do we see—not know the changeful splendour  
 Lambent or sparkling, leaping through the night—  
 But the abiding glow, most deep, most tender,  
 A great life's lasting light.

Still do we hear—not now the silvern laughter  
 We loved to catch 'mid many a mightier tone—  
 But these—the golden cadence that hereafter  
 All memory shall own.

Still do we hold—not now the presence human,  
 Kind, fearless eye, frank hand, and vigorous form—  
 But, closer yet, the inner and the true man  
 That steered us through the storm ;

To guide us still who loved him ! cheering, warning,  
 Past rock and shoal, and through the blinding foam,  
 Until the Homeward-bound at the clear morning  
 Shall be at last at home.

Ah, Saint, there are who in the heavenly places,  
 After the Vision of the Form Divine,  
 Shall greet not one among the blissful faces  
 More wistfully than thine !

S. J. STONE.

---

EXTRACTS FROM A COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

WHEN Lord Russell was on the scaffold, and preparing to be beheaded, he took his watch out of his pocket, and gave it to Dr. Burnet, who assisted his devotions, with this observation : " My time-piece may be of service to you : I have no further occasion for it ; my thoughts are fixed on *eternity* .

THE Jewish Doctors assert, that the Ten Commandments were written in such a manner, that not one single letter more could have a place there Would to God that the divine law were so engraven in our hearts, as to fill every corner in such a way that nothing else might find the possibility of lodging there !

" HE who is desirous to find religious truth," says the last mentioned writer, " must seek her in the Holy Scriptures, interpreted by good sense and sober criticism, and embrace no theological systems any farther than as they are found consistent with the word of God, with right reason, and with themselves. A theological system is too often a temple consecrated to implicit faith, and he who enters in there to worship, instead of leaving his shoes, after the eastern manner, must leave his understanding at the door ; and it will be well if he find it when he comes out again."

## THE ONE-EYED CONDUCTOR.

He spoke lightly, but noticing that the ideas suggested were not very pleasant ones to me, he changed the subject, and I soon forgot the little feeling of discomfort his words had occasioned. The old lady did not travel with us far. She stopped at a way-station some twenty-five miles west of Lancaster, where she informed us she had a daughter living. Her own home she had already told us was in Lancaster, where she lived with a married daughter who kept a boarding house. She gave us one of her daughters cards, and Joseph promised if he ever had occasion to visit Lancaster he would try and find her out.

With mutual kind wishes and cheerful adieux we parted. The old lady was helped out of the train by her son, and we saw her a moment later upon the arm of another gentleman, whom we supposed to be her son-in-law, walking briskly up a little hill that led from the station to the heart of the village. Our own journey came to a conclusion in due time, and the last I saw of the one-eyed conductor was when he stood on the platform of the cars helping us with our baggage, which he had carried for us from where we had been sitting.

It is not my purpose to detain the reader with any details of my private history further than is necessary to give a just comprehension of what is to follow. Two years had elapsed before I was called upon to take the second journey, to the events of which what I have already narrated forms a necessary prelude. This time I journeyed alone from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, upon a visit to my parents, whom I had not seen since my marriage. I had been having a great deal of trouble, I was ill for some time after

my baby's birth, and before I had fully regained my strength my little boy was taken ill. He had the whooping-cough, and after I had nursed him through it the whole summer, he took a cold in the fall that brought it back upon him and finally killed him. I was so weak and miserable myself that I could not struggle with my grief as I should have done; I pined and moped and wasted away, until the doctor said that if I did not have a change of scene, or something, that he would not answer for my life.

I did not want to leave home and the dear remains of my lost baby; above all, I did not want to leave my husband, for, in my foolish despondency, I felt a foolish dread that he was to be taken from me. It was impossible, just now, for him to leave his business to go home with me; they were executing a heavy order at the foundry, which kept all hands working almost night and day. He promised that he would join me as soon as he could; but after what the doctor had said, he would not hear of my departure being delayed a minute longer than could be avoided; so he wrote to my father that I would be in Philadelphia on a certain day, in order that he might meet me at the depot; and having put me in the cars at Harrisburg, and seeing me safely started on my journey, he knew that there was very little doubt but that I should reach Philadelphia after a comfortable, uninterrupted half day's ride.

Ah! how different was the trip from the one I had taken two years before! How different was I—the wan-faced, hollow-eyed invalid, in my mourning robes—from the shy, blooming girl, in her bridal array, who found so much to amuse and interest her in that brief journey! Nothing interested me now, nothing amused me, all was wearisome and monotonous. I leaned from the car window so long as I could to catch the last glimpse of poor Joe, who, “with a smile on his face, and a tear in his eye,” stood upon the platform

waving his hat to me as we moved, away.

After that I sank back into my seat, too sad and despondent even to cry and lay there as we sped along, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing but the memories from which I was trying to escape. I did rouse up a little as the conductor approached to collect my fare—the remembrance of the one-eyed man and his nice little mother recurred to me the first time for many months. This conductor, however, was not my old acquaintance, being a sallow, dark-eyed, cross-looking man, as different as possible from the other one. I felt a little disappointed at first, but after he left me, I leaned my head back again and thought no more about the matter.

After a while, I fell into a dose, which lasted until the call of "Lancaster—twenty minutes for dinner!" ringing through the cars aroused me, and informed me that we were just entering the city. I sat up then, sleepily and languidly. It was a warm day in early October, and the window of the car was lowered; I leaned my elbow upon the sash, and looked out upon the scene before me. As I was thus gazing, drowsy and indifferent, neither caring nor thinking much about what I saw, I noticed a man upon the roadside, a little in front of the car in which I sat, gesticulating violently with his hands and arms.

The next minute I was sitting bolt upright in my seat, my heart leaping almost into my mouth with sudden fright, for in the gestures that were being made I recognized the signal which, two years before, the one-eyed conductor had told me meant "danger ahead." The cars were not moving very rapidly, and during the moment that we were passing by the man who had given the signal, I had a full view of him—his face being turned toward the cars, and his eyes meeting mine so directly that I could have spoken to him had I chosen. I recognized him at once—it was the one-eyed conductor; and seeing that I was now more scared than ever, being now quite con-

firmed in my belief that an accident was now impending; for I knew that he must occupy some responsible position upon the road, and could, therefore, have made no mistake in the matter,

No one else; however, either inside or outside of the car seemed to partake of my alarm. The cars were slackening their speed, but that was because we were approaching a station, and I had not intended getting out of the cars until I had reached the end of my journey, but had been so startled by what I had seen that I could not sit quietly in my seat.

I got out with the rest of the passengers, but did not follow them to the hotel. I stood upon the platform gazing up and down the track uneasily but could see nothing at all that could awaken apprehension. The one-eyed conductor was nowhere to be seen, though I watched the road in the direction where we had passed him for some time expecting every moment to see him come in sight. A porter, trundling a wheelbarrow, passed me, and of him I ventured to inquire:

"Is there anything the matter with the engine or with the track?"

"Not as I know on," he answered gruffly, and passed on.

I was still terribly uneasy; I was certain that I had not been mistaken in the man or the signal; the latter especially I remembered—a forward motion with both hands as if directing the cars to back. I could recall distinctly the face and gestures of the conductor who had explained it to me, and also his words, if ever you see that signal given prepare to take a flying leap, for the probabilities are you will soon have to take it;" and the longer I dwelt upon what I had witnessed the more convinced did I become that the signal had not been given carelessly.

I went into a waiting room to sit down until I could determine what it would be best for me to do. I felt a most invincible repugnance to returning to the cars and continuing my journey; the excitement

and worry had made me sick and faint and I felt that I ran a great risk of becoming ill before I reached my journey's end, even if there was no other danger to be dreaded. What if I should stay over at Lancaster until the next day, and telegraph to father to come to me there? And at the same instant I remembered that there was in my travelling satchel, in the little outer pocket, where it had rested undisturbed for two years, the card which the old Quaker lady had given me, bearing the name and address of her daughter who kept a boarding house. That remembrance decided me; if I could find lodging at that place I would remain over-night at Lancaster.

Summoning a driver to me I shewed him the card, and asked him if he knew the address.

"Certainly, mum," he said promptly; "take you there in ten minutes; Mrs. Elwood's boarding house; quiet place but excellent accommodations.

Thus assured, I entered his carriage and he fulfilled his promise by setting me down after a short drive in front of an unassuming, two-story frame house, whose quiet elderly appearance made it look unlike a boarding-house. A boarding-house it proved to be, however, and in the landlady Mrs. Elwood—who came to me after I had waited a while in the darkened parlor—I traced at once so strong resemblance to my old Quaker friend, as convinced me I had found the place I sought.

As she was leading me upstairs to my room, I ventured to state that I had met her mother two years before, and had formed a travelling acquaintance. Mrs. Elwood's pleasant smile upon hearing this encouraged me to ask if her mother was living with her adding that I should be pleased to renew the acquaintance if she was. The reply was in the affirmative.

"You will meet her at dinner, which is served at two, and she will be glad enough to have a chat with you I will venture to say."

I wrote out my telegram to father, and Mrs. Elwood promised to have it attended to at once for me; after doing

everything that kindness could suggest, she left me to the rest I was beginning very much to feel the need of. A tidy-looking little maid came to me when the dinner-bell rang, to shew me the way to the dining-room; and there the first person I saw was my little old lady, already seated near the upper end of a long table.

She bowed and smiled when she saw me, but we were too far apart to engage in any conversation. After the meal was over she joined me, shook hands very cordially, and invited me to come and sit with her in her room. I was glad to accept the invitation, for in my loneliness the kind face of this chance acquaintance seemed almost like that of a friend; and soon in one of the easiest low-cushioned chairs in one of the choicest of the old lady's apartments I was seated, talking more cheerfully and unreservedly than I had talked since my baby died.

I expressed some surprise that she had recognized me so promptly to which she replied:

"I always had a good memory for faces, though names I am apt to forget; when my daughter spoke to me about thee I could not at all call thee to mind, yet as soon as thee entered the dining-room, I remembered thee."

"And yet I don't look much like I did two years ago," I said, sadly.

"That is true, my dear, thee has altered very much. I almost wonder now that I should have recognized thee so promptly. Thee has seen trouble I fear," she added gently touching my black dress.

"Yes," I said, I have had both sickness and death to battle with; I neither look nor feel much like the thoughtless happy bride whom you met two years ago."

"Is it thy husband who has been taken from thee?"

"Oh, no! no! I cried, the ready tears rising to my eyes; "I don't think I could have lived if I had lost him. It was my baby that died—that was hard enough; the dearest little blue-eyed darling you ever saw—just ten months old.

My old friends face betrayed her sympathy, as she sat silently waiting for me to regain my composure. After a little she said, sighing:

"It is hard to lose a child, whether young or old. I can fully sympathize with thee in thy bereavement, for I, have lost a son since I last saw thee, though I wear no outer garb as a badge of my bereavement."

I looked at her, a little surprise mingling with the sympathy I tried to express.

"I thought I remembered your telling me you had but one son?"

"That was all," she said sorrowfully. "God never gave me but one, and him He has taken away."

I stared at her now in undisguised astonishment.

"Was not that gentleman—surely, madam, I was not mistaken in thinking the conductor—the gentleman who brought you into the cars when we met two years ago—was your son?"

"You are right, he was the son of whom I have spoken."

"The one-eyed man!" I gasped, forgetting delicacy in astonishment.

The old lady flushed a little.

"Yes friend I know whom thee means, my poor Robert had lost the sight of his left eye."

"I saw that man this morning!" I cried, "I saw him from the car window before we entered Lancaster."

"What strange misunderstanding is this?"

"Thee has mistaken some one else for him, that is all," said my companion gravely. "My boy thee could not have seen, for he died fifteen months ago the 15th of this month. He died of cholera, after two days' illness. Thee could not have seen Robert."

"I did, though—I did!" I cried excitedly; and then I related to her the whole incident, dwelling particularly upon the signal I had never seen but once in my life, and then made by him when he explained it to me. "I was not mistaken," I had concluded; "it could not be; your son was not an ordinary looking man, and I remem-

ber his appearance distinctly. Surely as I sit here, I saw this morning the man who, you tell me, died fifteen months ago."

The old lady looked white and frightened, while as for me I was growing so hysterical with bewilderment and excitement that she would allow me to pursue the subject no farther. She led me to my room and persuaded me to lie down, leaving me then, for she herself was too much agitated by the conversation we had to be able to sooth me.

I saw her no more that day. I did not go to tea, for the excitement of the day rendered me so seriously ill that I was not able to rise until a late hour the following morning. I was still dressing when there came a rap at my door, accompanied by the voice of my Quaker friend asking admittance.

I opened the door, and she entered with awe struck face, and hands that trembled so, that she could hardly hold the newspaper to which she directed my attention.

"Friend," she said, "thy life has been saved by divine interposition. The train in which thee was yesterday a passenger, in less than two hours after thee left it, was thrown over an embankment at a place called 'Gap,' and half of the passengers have been killed or wounded. Child! child! surely as thee lives that vision of my poor Robert was sent to save thee!"

That is all I have to tell. I know no more about the affair than I have written, and I have no comments to make upon it. I saw the one-eyed conductor make the signal of "danger ahead;" I was so much influenced by what I saw that I would not continue my journey. In less than two hours after that warning had been given the danger was met, and death in the most appalling form, was the fate of more than fifty human beings.

These are the facts. It is equally a fact that the man whom I saw give the signal had been dead more than a year. Explain the matter who can—I have no explanation to offer.