

The Church.

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Poetry.

A REMINISCENCE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY. ON ST. PETER'S DAY, 1847.

Let me be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages.—*Rph. iii. 21.*

THE CHURCH'S FALSE FRIENDS.
Said they, "Her work is sealed, her vigour spent,
Her beauty faded, and her life a name?"
Mother of saints! they erred, might they have bent
One glance upon this day—this quick shame
Had checked the froward tongue, and bade them cease
One strain of thanks and joy unto thy spouse.

HER OPEN ENEMIES.
Church of the Lord! the spell is melted now
Which held thee chained and slumbering in thy bower;
Thy signs shine once more upon thy brow,
His Spirit arms thy weakness with strange power;
And the cold world, dismayed, looks out afar,
And sees thee harnessed for thy ghostly war.

HER PRESENT ASPECT.
Not with misguided aim, and faltering eyes,
As when of old thou wast enslaved by Rome;
Nor faithless now, as if no help were nigh,
Bathed and curbed by traitors in thy home—
Thy shafts are aimed straight, thy Master knows
His banner, spread by thee against His foes.

MORNING AT THE ABBEY.
On Westminster the early sun gleamed bright:
What went they out to see, some pondered
Some dreamt of duty, or of fairer pastime?
Music's soft swell, or mirth and laughter loud?
Quick glance, and open brow of youth and maid—
Why there, beneath thy Abbey's awful shade?

THE CONGREGATION.
They came, for grace is shed abroad to-day,
And England's heart is won for Christ is stirred.
Not tottering Age, nor feeble Nature stray,
Palace and cottage have the summons heard.
Labour's hard son, statesman, and sage severe,
And prophet pale, and merchant prince are here.

THE SERVICE.
Re-echoing from thy high-arched roof is heard
The peal prelude—kneels all humbly low—
And prayer, and praise, and many a holy word
Are said—when lo! with deep and earnest vow,
The church's foremost sons by sacred hands
Are sealed to watch the sheep in far-off lands.

THE VENT CREATOR.
Then thrilled each heart, as that high antique lay
Wafted aloft its trembling, awful prayer.
We thought of brethren dear—far, far away,
Whose spirit sure with ours was joining there.
We knew that He who reads the hearts of all
Was in the midst, and listened to our call.

THE COMMUNION.
Then Faith came forth, with golden offerings fraught;
And gazing Angels saw the Heavenly Food,
The Cup of Blessing to frail mortals brought,
The deep heart-worship of the multitude.
Till one, in years and meekness chief, his cease—
And all depart with blessing and in peace.

A PARTING VOLUNTARY.
Bright day of holiest memory! tarry long
Shined in our souls, a refuge from harsh strife:
With reverent joy we raise our gladdest songs,
To him who animates us with new life;
And, as earth's shadows darker round us close,
We'll pray for days like thee, and sons like those.
—*Colonial Church Chronicle.* I. H. U.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN STUART. (From the Colonial Church Chronicle.)

The Rev. John Stuart was born in the year 1736, in the State of Virginia. Though naturally of a lively disposition, he early discovered a strong inclination to serious studies, which he pursued with the ultimate view of qualifying himself for the ministry of the Church. This determination of his mind exposed him to much difficulty and embarrassment; for his father, who was a rigid Presbyterian, although sufficiently indulgent to his children in other matters, required of them implicit obedience in respect of religious opinions. For some time, therefore, young Stuart lay under his father's displeasure in this important matter; and he has confessed that at an early period of his life he used to be alarmed by the severe, dogmatical spirit of the "Shorter Catechism," which he was obliged to repeat every Sunday evening. But still more was he startled when he attempted to follow the Calvinistic doctrines of that manual to their legitimate consequences. The result of all this study and inquiry was, that he became convinced of the true, scriptural foundation of the Church of England, and accordingly joined her Communion. But though of age for ordination, Mr. Stuart took no steps for the attainment of his object; he should would the feelings of a beloved and aged parent. This most exemplary forbearance, which he continued to exercise for several years, at last overcame the prejudices of his father, who, struck with his son's noble self-sacrifice, besought him to follow his own inclination, at the same time giving him his blessing, and earnestly praying for his future usefulness. Mr. Stuart immediately prepared for his voyage to England, from which he was not deterred by the arguments of friends—who represented truly enough the dangers of the passage, and the loss of many young men who had gone to sea on a like errand. But Mr. Stuart's heart was in his work. Like all his countrymen, who aspired to the sacred ministry, he was content to go three thousand miles across a dangerous sea in search of a Bishop; but God blessed his enterprise, and he returned to Philadelphia in the full orders of Priest, in 1770.

The first seven years of his ministerial life were spent among the Mohawks at Fort Hunter, and reference to a lately published volume on Missions will show how zealously and successfully he devoted himself to better the condition of that interesting people. The intervals of more active occupation he employed on a Mohawk version of the New Testament; the credit of which has commonly been given to the famous Chief Brant, then a very young man, who was engaged by Mr. Stuart to assist him in the translation. Both employments, however, were soon interrupted by the commencing struggles of the revolutionary war; and Mr. Stuart, who never for a moment shrunk from avowing his allegiance to the King, after a long course of injury and ill-usage, as well from the new authorities as from the populace, was glad at last to escape into Canada, where he arrived in 1783, and was soon afterwards appointed to the Chaplaincy of a provincial regiment. He still, however, maintained his interest in the five nations, and in 1788 sent home an account to their settlement on the Grand River above Niagara. Both going and returning he was escorted by Captain Brant and a party of Mohawks; and during his stay among them he preached, administered the Holy Communion, and baptized 72 persons, principally children. The total number of Indians at Oswego was 399. Mr. Stuart was now settled at Kingston, (formerly called Cataract,) where he continued to labour during the rest of his life. His Mission, of course, comprised the several dependent townships, (some at a considerable distance,) which he visited periodically.

The next year, feeling that he was the only Missionary who could give the newly-appointed Bishop of Nova Scotia (Dr. Inglis) any information about the condition of things in Canada, he set forth in company with the Rev. John Langhorne, on a journey of four hundred miles, to attend his Lordship's Visitation at Halifax. The toil and cost of this journey may be conjectured from the fact that it took them five weeks to accomplish it.

The next time he was summoned to attend a Visitation, it was happily within his own Mission. Bishop Mountain, who had been consecrated to the See of Quebec in 1793, held a Confirmation at Kingston in the following year; and one of the effects of this episcopal visit was, that several Scottish Presbyterians avowed their conformity to the Church of England, and received Confirmation by the Bishop: indeed, Mr. Stuart was able to report "that a few Papists excepted, who were very quiet and peaceable, there did not exist in the whole parish any party or faction against the Church."

It has been said that Mr. Stuart was in the habit of visiting such settlements within reach of Kingston as were destitute of the ordinary ministrations of religion, but he occasionally extended his circuit so as to include the more remote settlements. Thus, in Feb., 1799, he visited the eastern part of the province, 140 miles distant, as far as Cornwall, preaching and baptizing in every township where people were disposed to assemble for the purpose; while, in the opposite direction, he had, within little more than a year, been twice at York, (now Toronto,) 150 miles, and preached there during two weeks, on week days as well as Sundays. All this was over and above his stated visits to the two Mohawk settlements at Oswego and on the Bay of Quinte. In every letter he makes mention of one or other division of his dear native flock. But partially does not lead him to disguise the truth—that the were deteriorating in character, and rapidly declining in number: indolence, quarrelsomeness, and a passion for ardent spirits, were their besetting sins; and while they had not the advantage of a resident teacher, they were constantly exposed to the corrupting influence of the more abandoned white settlers. He had established a school in their village, but found them little disposed to avail themselves of it; this, however, he remarks, is their own fault. All that can be done is, "to furnish them with the means of instruction and leave the event to Providence." He goes on to say, "There seems to be one Christian lesson which they can never learn—forgiveness of injuries. A melancholy proof of this occurred in the summer: two of their chiefs had a disagreement; the village divided into two parties, met in an hostile manner, two men were killed, and four badly wounded." A reconciliation was at last effected by the interposition of Government. Although Mr. Stuart never shrunk from the labour and expense of these Missionary visits; and though he admitted that the Mohawks were docile, and ready to crowd the church whenever he came, he did not consider such rare ministrations calculated to produce any lasting impression. His constant recommendation, therefore, was, that a well qualified teacher should be sent to reside amongst them; and he gave it as his opinion, "that if a young man could be found, possessed of such a portion of primitive zeal as would induce him to undertake the instruction of these people, merely from religious motives, much fruit might be expected from his labours." Such a one might be able to mould their character, and heal their differences as they arose. "But," says Mr. Stuart, "if so much zeal is not left among the English Clergy as will induce men of competent abilities to come to this country in order to promote the cause of religion, and to extend the boundaries of the Redeemer's kingdom, I can not expect that any will be found willing to undertake the charge of poor savage Indians."

The state of religion in the Colony at that time was very deplorable, owing principally to the want of Clergy; and Mr. Stuart expresses his regret that they were precluded by the act under which the American Bishops were consecrated from obtaining Missionaries ordained by them. One, however, was added to the number about this time—his own son, George O'Kill Stuart, the present Archdeacon of Kingston, who was ordained by the Bishop of Quebec in August, 1800, and immediately placed by Governor Hunter at York. Mr. Stuart's account of his own congregation is almost uniformly pleasing and satisfactory. They lived together in great harmony, undisturbed by religious or political differences. The congregation continued to increase; and there was every sign of Mr. Stuart's ministry being blessed and prospered. "He lived among them," says one who knew him, "as a father among his children, and he was loved the more the better he was known; for his life was a living example of what he preached."

Towards the latter part of his life he had said, "If I can be instrumental in sowing the seed, and preparing an uncultivated soil for more skillful labourers in the vineyard, I shall think my time and labours well bestowed." Such was the expression of his own modest hope; but there seems no reason to doubt that he was privileged to see the first-fruits of the harvest in his own life time. His sermons, composed in plain nervous language, were recommended by the affectionate manner of his delivery, and not unfrequently found a way to the consciences of those who had long been insensible to any religious convictions. The honourable title of "Father of the Church" in Upper Canada has been fittingly bestowed on Dr. Stuart; and he deserved the name not more by his age, and the length of his service, than by the kind and paternal advice and encouragement which he was ever ready to give the younger Clergy on their first entrance into the ministry.

This venerable servant of God died on the 15th of August, 1811, in his seventy-fifth year; "but," says one of his contemporaries, "he still lives in the hearts of his friends, and he shall be had in everlasting remembrance." He was buried at Kingston, his friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. Langhorne, performing the solemn funeral service. The official Reports, on which we depend for the principal facts recorded in these annals, convey of necessity but a vague and imperfect outline of the character of the several Missionaries. Confined, for the most part to a dry detail of ministerial duties, the Journals afford no opportunity for the display of individual character; and thus it becomes nearly impossible to give a distinct impression of the persons mentioned, entirely different as they may have been in reality. Living and labouring in comparative obscurity, little is commonly known of the Colonial Missionary; although measured by a just standard, his functions are of the highest importance, and his work may prove lastingly useful. Dr. Stuart, however, occupied a somewhat prominent position, and as he was in more respects than one a remarkable man, the following personal reminiscences will doubtless be read with interest:—

"I have nothing more than mere boyish reminiscences of the Canadian Clergy. Their peculiarities of manner and dress, &c., amused my idle mind, which, at that age, took little note of essential qualities.—Dr. Stuart was a man of higher stamp than the rest, but even of my recollections are equally childish. I cannot recall his preaching, nor his serious conversations at all. I remember him as a very fine elderly man of lofty stature, and powerful frame; very kind to me, and to every body, though rather caustic and dry in manner; of a somewhat stately bearing, as conceiving himself the lineal descendant of the legitimate Monarch, but merging that pride in the humility of his ministerial function. He enjoyed a competent estate, and lived in a beautiful place, sheltered by noble trees, on the rocky shore of Lake Ontario.—He was diligent and charitable, and sought health and recreation in cultivating his farm and garden; and in fine summer evenings he loved to sit on the shore and play upon his flute, till some of his parishioners, brought up in the puritan school, objected to a Minister's whistling tube as a worldly vanity, and he laid

it aside for ever,—not without indulging in a smile at their absurdity,—but influenced by 1 Cor. viii. 13. He was once sitting on his favourite rock, by the water side, in front of his house, when two Yankees, strangers to him, came up, and accosted him:—'You're Stuart, I guess?'—'Yes, I am so.'—'Then, I reckon, you'll let me and my companion go into your garden, and eat fruit?' He consented, with his usual good-nature, and the two men stripped his garden of all the fruit, which they carried off in their pockets and handkerchiefs.

"He was subject to occasional attacks of the gout; and when a fit came on, he walked into the lake, and stood there some time to soak his shoes and stockings, and then walked at a striding pace till they became quite dry. This he found an immediate, complete, and safe cure. He had a strong, hardy, active frame of body, travelled much on foot and on horseback, and could bear severe exercise. I recollect five sons and two daughters, most of whom, I believe, are now dead. This, you see, is indeed a meagre account of a man of his dignity and acquirements, and exemplary character, in whose house I sojourned when a mere boy, and when his sons and daughters were to me more attractive companions than their venerable father."

At his death there were but six Clergymen in the whole Province of Upper Canada; there are now, thank be to God, one hundred and twenty.

DEAN BERKLEY IN RHODE ISLAND. (From Updike's History of the Narragansett Church.)

A letter written in Newport, and published in the New England Journal, Boston, Sept. 3d, 1729, says, "Yesterday, arrived here Dean Berkley, of London, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable, pleasant, and erect aspect. He was ushered into the town with a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner. 'Tis said he purposes to tarry here with his family about three months." The connection of Dean Berkley with Trinity Church calls for a passing notice of his sojourn in Newport, where he arrived by a circumstance purely accidental. He with other gentlemen, his associates, were bound to the island of Bermuda, with the intention of establishing there a college for the education of the Indian youth of this country—a plan, however which wholly failed. The captain of the ship in which he sailed could not find the island of Bermuda, and having given up the search after it, steered northward until they discovered land unknown to them, and which they supposed to be inhabited only by savages. On making a signal, however, two men came on board from Block Island, in the character of pilots, who, on inquiry, informed them the harbour and town of Newport were near. That in the town there was an Episcopal Church, the minister of which was Mr. James Honyman; on which they proceeded for Newport, but an adverse wind caused them to run into the west passage, where the ship came to anchor. The Dean wrote a letter to Mr. Honyman, which the pilots took on shore at Conanicut Island, and called on Mr. Gardner and Mr. Martin, two members of Mr. Honyman's church, informing them that a great dignitary of the Church of England, called Dean was on board the ship, together with other gentlemen passengers. They handed them the letter from the Dean, which Gardner and Martin brought to Newport, in a small boat, with all possible dispatch. On their arrival, they found Mr. Honyman was at Church, it being a holiday on which divine service was held there. They then sent the letter by a servant, who delivered it to Mr. Honyman in his pulpit. He opened it, and read it to the congregation, from the contents of which it appeared the dean might be expected to land in Newport every moment. The Church was dismissed with the blessing, and Mr. Honyman, with the wardens, vestry, church and congregation, male and female, retired immediately to the ferry wharf, where they arrived the day before the Dean, his family and friends.

The foregoing tradition we have given as we received it, but other traditions vary a little from that: some of which say that the ship made no land until she arrived in the East or Sachuest river, from which she came round the north end of Rhode Island to Newport. Others say the first land she made was Narragansett, after she had got into the west passage. But we have found no other so much in detail, or so well connected or probable, as the one given.—The Dean purchased a farm of about one hundred acres, in the town of Newport, adjoining one of about the same extent belonging to the Rev. James Honyman, on which Mr. Honyman resided. The Dean built him an house on his farm for his residence, which he called White Hall, which name it still retains. The house is still standing. It is situated in what is now the town of Middletown, about three miles from the State House in Newport, and little back from the road which runs eastward from the town, near a beautiful little water course which runs southward toward Sachuest Beach. This White Hall estate he gave to Yale College, in Connecticut, which still owns the fee. He built his house in a valley, not far from a hill commanding an extensive view of the ocean and country. He preferred the valley to the hill, as he said, for the following reasons—"that to enjoy the prospect from the hill, he must visit it only occasionally; that if his constant residence as to lose all its charms." During his residence at White Hall, he wrote his "Minute Philosopher," and his celebrated poem so oracular as to the future destinies of America. These were principally written at a place about half a mile southward from his house. There he had his chair and writing apparatus placed in a natural alcove which he found in the most elevated parts of the Hanging Rocks, (so called) roofed and only open to the south, commanding an entire view of Sachuest Beach to the ocean and the circumjacent islands. He continued here about two years, perhaps a little longer. He certainly was here as late as September, 1731, as appears by a supplementary inscription on the tomb-stone of Nathaniel Kay, Esq., which is as follows, viz.—"Joining to the south of this tomb, lies Lucia Berkeley, daughter of Dean Berkley, Obit. the 5th of September, 1731." His preaching was eloquent and forcible, and attracted large congregations to Trinity Church. When he was called to a sphere of greater usefulness in his native country, of a residence which was endeared to him by many pleasing recollections; and which moreover, possessed for him a melancholy interest, from the circumstance of containing the ashes of his infant daughters, that had died during his sojourn in Newport.

PLEA OF "UNWORTHINESS" IN REGARD TO THE HOLY COMMUNION. (By the Rev. Sir George Prevost, M.A.)

When we are to ask at God's hand for the food of Martyrs and Apostles, of which they partook in deep humility and awe, as the very Body and Blood of the Son of God, we must need tremble at our own unworthiness. Even though God should have given us to have a hunger and thirst after righteousness, yet what are we that we should ask to be filled with Christ's righteousness, or, rather, with Christ Himself,—our righteousness.

But we are not in the same circumstances as that Centurion; we are rather like the blind man whom Christ commanded to be called unto Him, that He might heal him, (Mark x. 49.); or like Zacchaeus, to whom He said, "To-day I must abide at thy house," (Luke xix. 5). The blind man, it is said, casting away his garments that he might come the quicker, rose and came to Jesus. Zacchaeus, again, "made haste, and came down," and received him joyfully. He knew his unworthiness; but what if his Saviour chose to come to him, and abide with him, might He not count him worthy, if He did? So it is with us. Our Saviour calls us unto His near presence, calls us that He may feed us with the Flesh and Blood which He gave for the life of the world, that He may enter in, and dwell in us; in our souls and bodies—that He may knit us into one with Himself. Of all this we are most unworthy; yet He calls, and if we go to Him, as truly forsaking our sins, and giving up ourselves to His service, He will accept us—He will supply what is wanting.

A holy man of our own country, two hundred years ago, expressed all this in a kind of dialogue between himself and his Saviour, in this manner:—
Sweetest Saviour, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly then would I control
Any thoughts of wanting;
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To Thy wretch so full of stains,
What delight or hope remains?

Then the answer is:—
What, child, is the balance thine?
Thine the poise and measure?
If I say, thou shalt be Mine,
Finger not My treasure.
What the gains in having thee
Do amount to, only He,
Who for man was sold, can see.

Wonderful indeed are the secrets of God's pity and love to us sinful men, that the Son of God should lay down His life for us: that He should knit us unto Himself as very members of His Body in Baptism; that He should feed us with His own Flesh and Blood; that He should vouchsafe to dwell in us as an indwelling Fountain of Righteousness and Holiness, and the Seed of everlasting life. Can we think of these things and not rejoice with trembling?
Shall we turn away from Him? Shall we refuse that Food which, according to His Word, is to make Him dwell in us, to knit us in close union with our only Saviour? Shall we refuse the means He has appointed whereby to receive to ourselves the fulfilment of His promise, "Whoso eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." (St. John vi. 54.) Shall any man say, he is unworthy of being made so near Christ, and so put away from himself that most heavenly Food? Where can he find another Saviour, or another Spiritual Food to nourish him to everlasting life, or other appointed means to preserve him in union with his Saviour?

Does he think that he can follow the Centurion's example, and let others draw nigh to Christ in his behalf, while he counts himself unworthy to approach unto our Lord's special presence? This surely is like the Romanist, who would rather entreat the Saints to pray for him than himself draw nigh, and entreat the favour of Him who has shewn His love by dying for us, and who gazes at the Blessed Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood from a distance (for that is often done amongst them), instead of partaking thereof himself.

Christ calls us to Him—calls us to Him, that He may give us Himself for our spiritual food. We must not, we dare not, refuse to come.

THE BLIND SLAVE IN THE MINES. (From the Hampshire Express.—Littell's Living Age.)

The following incident was related by President Hitchcock, in a sermon preached in the college chapel, (Amherst, Mass.), last Sabbath, on "the Moral Dignity of the Christian Character," and was a beautiful illustration of the subject.
"Allow me," says President Hitchcock, "to refer to a case that lately fell under my observation, which illustrates more forcibly than I had ever conceived, the priceless value of the Christian hope to the most unfortunate and degraded. I had descended a thousand feet beneath the earth's surface, in coal pits of the Mid Lothian district in Virginia, and was wandering through their dark subterranean passages, when the voice of music, at a little distance, broke upon my ear. It ceased upon our approach, and I caught only the concluding sentiment of the hymn,
'I shall be in heaven in the morning.'

"On advancing our lamps, we found the passage closed by a door, in order to give a different direction to the currents of air for the purpose of ventilation, yet this door must be opened occasionally, to let the rail cars pass, loaded with coal. And to accomplish this, we found sitting by that door, an aged blind slave, whose eyes had been entirely destroyed by a blast of gunpowder many years before in that mine. There he sat on a seat cut in the coal, from sunrise to sun-set, day after day; his sole business being to open and shut the door, when he heard the rail cars approaching. We requested him to sing along the hymn whose last line we had heard. It was indeed lame in expression, and in the poetic measure very defective, being in fact, one of those productions which we found the pious slaves in the habit of singing, in part, at least, impromptu.—But each stanza closed with the sentiment,
'I shall be in heaven in the morning.'

"It was sung with a clear and pleasant voice, and I could see the shrivelled, sightless eyeballs of the old man rolling in their sockets, as if his soul felt the inspiring sentiments; and really, the exhibition was one of the most affecting that I have ever witnessed.—There he stood, an old man, whose earthly hopes, even at the best, must be very faint; and he was a slave—what could he hope for on earth?—He was buried two, a thousand feet beneath the solid rocks. In the expressive language of Jonah, 'He has gone down to the bottom of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about him for ever.' There, from month to month, he sat in total darkness. O, how utterly cheerless his condition! And yet that one blessed hope of a resurrection morning, was enough to infuse peace and joy into his soul. I had often listened to touching music, I had heard gigantic intellects pour forth enchanting eloquence; but never did music or eloquence exert such an overpowering influence upon my feelings, as did this scene. Never before did I feel the mighty power of Christian hope. Never before did I witness so grand an exhibition of sublimity. O how comparatively insignificant did earth's mightiest warriors and statesmen, her princes and emperors, and even her philosophers, without piety, appear. How powerless would all their pomp, and pageantry, and wisdom be to sustain them, if called to change places with this poor slave! He had a principle within him superior to them all; and when the morning which he longs for shall come, how infinitely better than theirs will his lot appear to an admiring universe. And that morning shall ere long break in upon thy darkness, brightened old man! The light of the natural sun, and the face of this fair world will never indeed revisit you; and the remnant of your days must be spent in your monotonous task, by the side of the wicket gate deep in the caverns of the

earth. But that bright and blessed hope of a resurrection morning shall not deceive you. The Saviour in whom you trust shall manifest himself to you, even in your deep darkness; and at the appointed hour, the chains of slavery shall drop off, and the double night which envelops you shall vanish into the light, and the liberty and the glory of heaven. And just in proportion to the depths of your darkness and degradation now, shall be the brightness and the joy of that everlasting day.

"I would add, that on inquiry of the pious slaves engaged in these mines, I found that the blind old man had a fair reputation for piety, and that it was not till the loss of his eyes that he was led to accept of a Saviour. It may be that destruction of his natural vision was the necessary means of opening the eye of faith within his soul. And though we should shudder at the thought of exchanging conditions with him on earth, yet who can say, but his peculiar and deep tribulation here, may prepare his soul for a distinction in glory which we might well covet. O, how much better to endure even his dark degradation and privations, sustained by his hopes, than to partake of their fortune, who live in luxury or pleasure, or riot in wealth; or lord it over prostrate millions, or have fame's trumpet sounding before them wherever they go; if with their good things here we must have their portion in eternity! How very precious was as they may see this poor slave in Abraham's bosom, and entreat that he may be sent with a drop of water to cool their parched tongues.

"The scene which I have now described affords a most animating lesson of encouragement to the tried and afflicted, and of reproof to the complaining and discontented.
"Suppose health does fail, and poverty oppress us, and our friends forsake us, and our best laid plans prove abortive, so that a dark cloud settles upon our worldly prospects. Who of us is reduced so low as to be willing to change places with this poor slave? And yet he is able to keep his spirits buoyant by the single hope of future glory. He thinks of a morning that is to come, when even his deep and dreadful darkness shall pass away; and the thought has a magic power to sustain him. If we are Christians, shall not that same hope chase away our despondency and nerve us to bear cheerfully those trials which are far inferior to his? And, as to murmuring at the allotments of Providence, and regarding our lot as a hard one, how ashamed ought we to be of such feelings, when we think of the uncomplaining submission of this ignorant slave, sitting alone days and months by his wicket gate, deep in the earth's bosom, and desiring never again to see the light of day. Let us see to it, rather, that his example does not condemn us in the day of judgment, and that we be not compelled to take our place far below him in the kingdom of heaven, if indeed we enter there.

"This scene, also, cannot but remind us of the change which the morning hoped for by this old man will produce in his condition. I was something, I thought, to be lifted out of the dungeon where he sits, to the light of the day; it would be far more to be restored to sight when thus brought to the surface. Another priceless boon would be to be relieved from the rule of slavery; although in the present case I had reason to think that rule of the gentlest kind.—But still more glorious will be an introduction into the city of which the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb are the light. Oh, as I looked at the old man in his dungeon, and thought of all these changes, and of becoming a pure spirit in the New Jerusalem, how insignificant did the greatest earthly distinction appear, and how did the title of Christian swallow them all up, and that only seem of any consequence."

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"This scene, also, cannot but remind us of the change which the morning hoped for by this old man will produce in his condition. I was something, I thought, to be lifted out of the dungeon where he sits, to the light of the day; it would be far more to be restored to sight when thus brought to the surface. Another priceless boon would be to be relieved from the rule of slavery; although in the present case I had reason to think that rule of the gentlest kind.—But still more glorious will be an introduction into the city of which the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb are the light. Oh, as I looked at the old man in his dungeon, and thought of all these changes, and of becoming a pure spirit in the New Jerusalem, how insignificant did the greatest earthly distinction appear, and how did the title of Christian swallow them all up, and that only seem of any consequence."

PUNISHMENT IN SCHOOLS. (From a Sermon by Dr. South.)

But how to administer this discreetly, and to the benefit of him who is so unhappy as to need it, requires, in my poor opinion, a greater skill, judgment, and experience, than the world generally imagines, and than, I am sure, most masters of schools can truly pretend to be masters of. I mean those *plurimos Orbium*, those executors, rather than instructors of youth; those persons fitted to lay about them in a coach or cart, or to discipline boys before a Spartan altar, or rather upon it, than to have anything to do in a Christian school. I would give those pedagogical Jehus, those furious school-drivers, the same advice which the poet says Phœbus gave his son Phaëton (just such another driver as themselves), that he should *parcere subiculis* (the stimulus in driving being of the same use formerly that the lash is now). Stripes and blows are the last and basest remedy, and scarce ever fit to be used, but upon such as carry their brains in their backs; and have souls so dull and stupid, as to serve for little else but to keep their bodies from putrefaction.

Nevertheless, since (as I have shown) there are some cases and tempers which make these boisterous applications necessary; give me leave, for once, to step out of my profession so far (though still keeping strictly within my subject), as to lay before the educators of youth these few following considerations; for I shall not, in modesty, call them instructions.
(1.) As first, let them remember that excellent and never to be forgotten advice, that 'boys will be men'; and that the memory of all base usage will sink so deep into, and grow up so inseparably with them, that it will not be so much as in their own power to forget it. For though indeed schoolmasters are a sort of kings, yet they cannot always pass such acts of oblation as shall operate upon their scholars, or perhaps, in all things, indemnify themselves.

(2.) Where they find a youth of spirit, let them endeavour to govern that spirit without extinguishing it; for when it comes once to be extinguished, and broken, and lost, it is not in the power or art of man to recover it; and then (believe it) no knowledge of nouns and pronouns, syntax and prosodia, can ever compensate or make amends for such a loss. The French, they say, are extremely happy at this, who will instruct a youth of spirit to a decent boldness, tempered with a due modesty; which two qualities in conjunction, do, above all others, fit a man both for business and aduress. But for want of this art, some schools have ruined more good wits than they have improved; and even those which they have sent away with some tolerable improvement, like men escaped from a shipwreck, carry off only the remainder of those natural advantages, which in much greater plenty they first brought with them.

(3.) Let not the chastisement of the body be managed so as to make a wound which shall rankle and fester in the very soul. That is, let not children, whom nature itself would bear up by an innate, generous principle of emulation, be exposed, covered and depressed with scuffs and contumelies (founded perhaps on the master's own guilt) to the scorn and contempt of their equals and emulators. For this is, instead of rods, to chastise them with scorpions; and is the most direct way to stupefy and besot, and make them utterly regardless of themselves, and of all that is praiseworthy; besides that it will be sure to leave in their minds such inward regrets, as are never to be qualified or worn off. It is very undecent for a master to jest or play with his scholars; but not only undecent, but very dangerous too, in such a way to play upon them.
(4.) And lastly, let it appear in all acts of penal animadversion, that the person is loved while his fault

is punished; nay, that one is punished only out of love to the other. And (believe it) there is hardly any one so much a child, but has sagacity enough to perceive this. Let no melancholy fumes, and spites, and secret animosities pass for discipline. Let the master be as angry for the boy's fault, as reason will allow him; but let not the boy be in fault, only because the master has a mind to be angry. In a word, let not the master have the spleen, and the scholars be troubled with it. But above all, let not the sins, or faults, or wants of the parents be punished upon the children; for that is a prerogative which God has reserved to himself.

These things I thought fit to remark about the education and educators of youth in general, not that I have any thoughts or desires of invading their province; but possibly a stander by may sometimes look as far into the game as he who plays it; and perhaps with no less judgment, because with much less concern.

MISLEADING THE BLIND. (From a Sermon by Archdeacon Jortin.)

In all our worldly affairs and intercourse with others, as we ought to act fairly, justly, and honestly towards those whom we might injure with impunity, that is, without danger of being called to account for it in this life. To wrong the weak, the ignorant, the friendless, the poor, the orphan, the widow, the stranger, this is represented in Scripture as the height of villany. This is cursing the deaf, and laying stumbling-blocks before the blind, and adding baseness to wickedness. This is practical atheism; it is acting as if we had nothing to fear, except the power of men, as if there were either no God, or which is the same thing, as if there were neither knowledge, nor goodness, nor justice in the Most High.

Some of this practical atheism is as common as speculative atheism is uncommon; and there are many persons guilty of these faults, more or less, who yet call themselves Christians, and fancy themselves Christians, and hope to escape the wrath to come by performing some of the externals of religion. And for this reason the sacred writers are so very careful in so many places to lay the main stress upon moral actions, upon charity, justice, honesty, integrity, and real piety, and to declare that nothing can compensate the want of virtue.

As nations subsist by trade, so trade subsists by integrity. In traffic and commerce, upright dealing is an indispensable duty; and over-reaching and defrauding is a vice, as the pagan merchants will inform us, some of whom have laid down excellent rules upon this subject. So that, to apply our Saviour's words, if our righteousness equals not the righteousness of the Greeks and Romans, in vain do we pretend to call ourselves Christians.
But if it be a fault to take unreasonable advantages in our dealings even with those who are upon their guard, and are supposed to be as skillful as ourselves, and who trust in their own judgment and abilities, it is far worse to impose upon the ignorant and the necessitous, and to wrong those who have a good opinion of us, and place an entire confidence in us. This ungenerous and ungrateful behaviour is what is called Misleading the blind.

Of the same bad nature is giving wrong counsel and hurtful advice, knowingly and wilfully, to those who have an opinion of our superior skill, and apply to us for direction. As likewise all dishonesty in offices of trust and confidence. He who hath the education, the instruction, the disposal, the fortunes, and the affairs of others committed to him, hath a double bond, and a double obligation upon him to an upright behaviour. The one is an obligation of natural and revealed religion; the other may be called an obligation of honour, of honour abstracted from all religious considerations. There should be no occasion for any religious motives to persuade a man that he should not injure his benefactor, ruin his bosom friend, and his friend's children, and starve those innocents to whom he is a kind of deity, and whose eyes wait upon him, that he may give them their food in due season. He was accounted honest, faithful, friendly, and diligent by those who intrusted him; they loved, honoured, and respected him. To use them basely is a double fault, and a fault which several persons would abhor, even from a mere principle of honour, who yet are little influenced by religion. As in our dealings with men, to return good for evil is the sublimest degree of virtue to which human nature can ascend; so to return evil for good is the vilest depravity into which it can sink.

To take bad courses, to keep bad company, to be vicious amongst the vicious, dissolute amongst the dissolute, this is confessedly a great fault. But yet there is a greater, which is to seek out the weak, the young, the ignorant, the unwary, the unsteadfast, to instil bad principles into them, to entice them to sin, to draw them into temptation, to spoil an honest disposition, to seduce an innocent mind, to rob an unsuspecting person of virtue, of honour, and reputation, of peace of mind, of a quiet conscience, and perhaps of all happiness present and future. This is not an ordinary offence; it is to be agents and assistants to the devil, and to do his work, and imitate his example. It is a crime attended with this terrible circumstance, that even repentance itself can be attended with no suitable reparation to the injured person. He who robs another of his money may repay it; and he who slanders and falsely accuses another, may do him public justice by owning the offence; but he who corrupts the mind and the manners of another, can make him no compensation.

Of the same sort of crime they are guilty, who employ their time and their abilities, given them for other ends, in writing loose and profane books, in contriving and studying to do all the mischief that they can, in all times and in all places, to poison present and future generations, and to work injury even when they are in the grave.

OF JESTING. Abridged from Fuller.

HARMLESS mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; whereas jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.
It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting.—The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her: "It is

