

The Young Churchman.

"Feed my Lambs."

No. 5.]

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[Original.]

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT ENGLISH CHURCHMEN.

THE VENERABLE BEDE.

It is our intention in the following pages to lay before our young readers, a series of biographical sketches of the lives of eminent Englishmen, remarkable in the annals of our Church, as affording us many a pattern of unadorned piety and sanctity, and who have followed in the footsteps of their blessed example, the meek and lowly Jesus. Vague and indistinct as the history of the early Fathers of our beloved Church must be, as seen through the dark vista of retreating ages, and meagre as the details are, which have reached us concerning their lives and conversation, sufficient yet remains from which may be extracted many a useful lesson of Christian piety, and many an illustration of the Christian graces. Foremost amidst the many bright ensamples written for our learning in the early history of the English Church stands a name, which no doubt many of our youthful readers have heard, that of the Venerable Bede, whose piety and learning have earned him a reputation which has spread far and wide throughout the Christian world. But before we enter on the details of the life of this eminent man, it will be necessary to take a retrospective view of the state of Christianity in England prior to the age in which he lived.

At what time or by what individual the inestimable blessings of Christianity were introduced into England it is almost impossible to say, but it is highly probable that the Gospel was preached there at a very early period. Indeed if the evidence we possess can be relied upon, it affords a strong

presumption that St. Paul himself was the first messenger of glad tidings that landed upon the shores of white-cliffed Albion, for we are told by a writer of the second century, that that holy Apostle preached the Gospel "to the utmost bounds of the West," which the British Isles were then considered.— However this may be, it is certain that at a very early period Christianity had found its way to England, and its truths been disseminated amongst a large portion of its population. General tradition has pointed out King Lucius, a British Prince, as one of the first persons, who, possessing power and rank, undertook to establish Christianity in the island as a national religion; and Tertullian, bearing witness to the readiness with which the Britons received the faith, says, that "places in Britain, inaccessible to the Romans were yet subdued to Christ;" and Origen tells us that "the power of God our Saviour was with them."

But the scourge of persecution fell on this remote branch of the Church of Christ, with as much severity as on her sister Churches. To use the eloquent words of an old writer, "God, though he made our Church his darling, would not make it a wanton; she must taste of the rod with the rest of her sisters; the fiery trial, spoken of by the Apostle, now found out even those which by water were divided from the rest of the world." The name of St. Alban deserves to be remembered, as the first Englishman who shed his blood in the cause of Christ and his Gospel, and his martyrdom was followed by that of many others. But soon after his death, we find that a great change had taken place in the affairs of the Anglican Church, for many of the English Bishops took a prominent part in the first councils called together for the regulation of

ecclesiastical affairs. From this period to the invasion of the Saxons, few events took place in the ecclesiastical history of England, with the exception of the birth of a new heresy, called from the name of its first promulgator the heresy of Pelagius. This misguided man was a native of Britain, and his tact and ability gained him many adherents. — Amongst other things, he believed that Divine grace was not necessary to enable men to live acceptably to God, and that man, by his own unassisted powers can work out his own salvation: a doctrine which virtually denies the necessity of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and subjects its believers to the imputation of “denying the Lord who bought them.” The harrassing inroads of the Picts and Scots, and the subsequent invasion of the idolatrous Saxons contributed much to the eradication of Gospel Truth from among the natives of Britain; but amongst the fastnesses of Cambria and Cornwall, whither most of the aboriginal inhabitants had been driven, the light of Christianity was preserved unextinguished.

It was in this state of affairs that Augustine, deputed by Pope Gregory the Great, arrived in England, where, by his zeal and active exertions, he made great progress in the spread of Christianity, but his utmost efforts failed in inducing the British clergy to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of Rome. These latter declared that they knew no other obedience to the person known by the name of the Pope, than what was due in brotherly love from one Christian to another. Far different in spirit was the reply of Augustine, who is reported to have exclaimed, “Since you refuse peace from your brethren, you shall have war from your enemies, and since you will not co-operate with us in the conversion of the Saxons, you shall receive death at their hands.” The Pope rewarded the zeal of Augustine, by appointing him to the metropolitan see of Canterbury, of which he was the first Archbishop.

From this period (the end of the 6th century,) to the time of the Venerable Bede, a host of illustrious men flourished, whose numbers will only permit us to mention the

most remarkable. The name of Sigebert, king of the East Angles, in particular, deserves mention, as being the founder of the University of Cambridge; SS. Aidan, Finan, and others are noted for their labours in the conversion of Northumbria; and Theodore, Brithwald, Tatwin, Northelm, and Cuthbert, the successors of Augustine in the see of Canterbury, were distinguished as much for their piety and exertions in the cause of Christianity as for their extensive acquaintance with the literature and science of the day. Theodore was the first of the English Bishops to whom the whole body of the clergy yielded the right of supremacy. Aldhelm also deserves a place among the literary men of the age. This last name immediately precedes that of the subject of our brief memoir, on which we shall now enter.

The Venerable Bede was born in the year 672 or 673 in the neighbourhood of Wearmouth, in the county of Durham. He entered a monastery at the early age of seven, where he was most carefully educated for twelve years. At the age of nineteen he was ordained deacon, and from that time he taught and studied with unwearied diligence, dividing his time between his books and devotion, and considered by all who knew him as their pattern. But their praises abated neither his application nor his modesty, which latter was as conspicuous as his learning. His unaffected modesty and humility prevented him from ever desiring to change his condition, or to affect the honours to which he might have attained. The fame of his extensive and various erudition and extraordinary abilities was not confined to his own country, but soon reached to distant lands; and it is related that Pope Sergius the first invited him to the court of Rome, where he wished to consult him on many important subjects. But the retiring modesty of Bede would not allow him to accept the invitation, and he remained to prosecute his labours in the seclusion of his monastery, thinking, perhaps, that by remaining in his native country, he could gain more time to make himself master of every branch of literature, that the circumstances of his age would permit; and this not with any view to fame or preferment.

but merely for the sake of becoming useful to society and advancing the progress of religion. The same generous and patriotic motives actuated him in the composition of his famous Ecclesiastical history, and indeed of all his other works, close attention to which brought on a declining state of health from which he never recovered.

The latter days of the life of the Venerable Bede, afford us a delightful example of Christian fortitude and patience under long continued suffering. William of Malmesbury, one of the oldest English historians we have, has given us a very minute and affecting account of his death, taken from a treatise written expressly on that subject by Cuthbert, one of his disciples, who attended him to the last. During the last six weeks of his life, he daily and rapidly grew worse, being afflicted with an asthma, which he supported with great firmness of mind, although in much weakness and pain. In all this time he never intermitted any of his usual employments in the monastery, but continued to pray, to instruct the young monks, and in particular to labour without intermission at his literary works, in order if possible to complete them before he died.—In all the nights of his illness, in which, from the nature of his disease, he could get but little sleep, he sung hymns and praises to God; and though he expressed the utmost confidence in his mercy, and was able on a review of his own conduct, to declare seriously, that “he had so lived that he was not ashamed to die;” yet he did not deny that he did not feel some apprehensions of death, and that mysterious dread so natural to man at the approach of the “King of Terrors.” A translation of the Gospel of St. John, into the Saxon language for the benefit of the Church, occupied a large share of his time and attention during his last illness.—The day before he expired he grew much worse, and his feet began to swell; yet he spent the night as usual, and continued dictating to the person who wrote for him, who, observing his weakness, said to him,—“There remains now only one chapter, but it seems very irksome for you to speak;” to which he replied: “It is easy, take another

pen and write as quickly as you can.” As morning approached he called his brethren, and after dividing amongst them what few tokens of his regard he had it in his power to bestow, he resumed his labours. “There is now,” said Wilberch, his amanuensis, “but one sentence,” and in a few minutes the young man observed,—“It is now done.”—“Well, thou hast said the truth; it is now done! Take my hand between your hands and lift me, that I may sit over against the place where I was wont to pray; and where again sitting, I may yet invoke my Father.” Being seated as he desired, he almost immediately expired with the praises of his God and Saviour on his dying lips. Thus died the Venerable Bede in the 63rd year of his age, on Thursday, May 26th, 735. His remains were interred in the Church of his own Monastery at Iarrow, but were afterwards removed to Durham, where, it is said, they still remain.

[Original.]

THE CHURCH SCHOLAR'S NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The Gospel according to St. Matthew.

CHAPTER II—continued.

Ver. 11. *When they had opened their treasures.*] “Treasures” = caskets containing valuables.

—*They presented unto him gifts.*] They honoured him as they would a royal person in their own country. That this obscure Babe should one day have universal dominion on the earth, would not strike these Eastern Magi as improbable, accustomed as they were to see in history thrones filled by personages who owed their elevation, not so much to birth as to success in war, and other providential circumstances.

—*gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.*] The Magi of course did not fully understand the nature of the Babe before them; but they appear to have been divinely prompted to do what all nations should in the course of ages do to the same Babe: “The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee,

the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee: the multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord.....The isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee.Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles, and shalt suck the breast of kings.For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron.....Thy people shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the Branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time." Isaiah lx. 5-22. We have seen these predictions fulfilled in the honours done by the nations of the world to the Church founded by our Lord, which is his Body—an institution, therefore, to be for ever identified with Him. Moreover, the Magi appear to have been divinely prompted to offer gifts which symbolized the peculiar combination of aspects in which all nations were to worship our Lord. (1.) The gold symbolizes well that sense which men should have of Christ as King of Kings and Lord of Lords: as the Son of man whom the Apostle in vision saw "having on his head a golden crown." (Rev. xiv. 14.) (2.) The frankincense suggests the prayers that are ever to be offered to our Lord as God: "Prayer shall be ever made unto him, and daily shall he be praised." Psalm lxxii. 15. "From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering." Malachi i. ii. So in the vision of heaven seen by St. John:—"Another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne.

And the smoke of the incense which came up with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand." Rev. viii. 34. (3.) The myrrh, a material used in embalming the dead, reminds us of "the blessed hope of everlasting life" which our Lord enables us to cherish, in spite of our death and the grave. "I will ransom them from the power of the grave: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." Hosea xiii. 14. "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead shall they arise. Awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." Isaiah xxvi. 19. "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." John xi. 25. "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." John vi. 54. Frankincense and incense are the same: a gum imported into Judæa, through Arabia, from India.—Myrrh is also a gum oozing from a species of acacia in Arabia. It was much used in Egypt in the embalming of corpses. The company of Ishmaelites, to whom Joseph was sold by his brethren, were travelling "with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." Genesis xxxvii. 25.

☞ These Magi represented the nations of the earth not of Jewish blood. It is one of the glories of the system of salvation revealed by our Lord, that it embraces all nations. This is the mystery which, before the coming of our Lord, was not fully made known unto the sons of men, but was then revealed unto His holy Apostles and Prophets, viz.: that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs with the Jews, and of the same Body with them, viz., the Church founded by our Lord, destined to exist to the end of the world. (See Ephesians iii.)—The day set apart in every year within the Church founded by our Lord for the commemoration of this significant homage paid by the Magi, the first fruits and representatives of the nations, is January the 6th. The prayer for that day teaches us to ask of God the Father, that, as we now believe without seeing, we may, after de-

parting this life, really have the "fruition," or actual enjoyment of that fulness of satisfaction which is in the glorious Godhead of the true God.—In some years, there are six Sundays that take their name from the festival of the Epiphany. The Church of our Lord, in the Scriptures selected for the meditation of its members on those days, 'endeavours to manifest the glory and divinity of Christ, by recounting some of His first miracles and manifestations of His Deity, so that each Sunday is in this respect a kind of Epiphany.' See Sparrow's Rationale upon the Book of Common Prayer, p. 107. The prayer for the sixth Sunday after the Epiphany is to the effect, that as we have been made by our Lord "the sons of God and heirs of eternal life," so, by the help of God, we, having this hope, may purify ourselves even as our Lord is pure; that so, when he shall appear again with power and great glory, we may be made like unto Him in His eternal and glorious kingdom." See the Collect for the sixth Sunday after Epiphany, in the Book of Common Prayer.

Ver. 13. *When they were departed.*] It is not declared precisely how long it was after the departure of the Magi that the divine message was delivered to Joseph. They are believed to have presented themselves at Bethlehem on the thirteenth day after the birth of the Saviour. As St. Luke informs us (c. ii. 22.) that Joseph and Mary visited the Temple at Jerusalem, after the days of her purification, *i. e.* after forty days, it is probable that the divine messenger visited Joseph while there, and that the flight into Egypt took place from that city, and not from Bethlehem.

Ver. 15. *Out of Egypt have I called my Son.*] "When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt." Hosea xi. 1. Israel, collectively as a body, is called the Son of God—the first-born of God.—"And thou shalt say unto Pharaoh, thus saith the Lord, Israel is my son, even my first-born: and I say unto thee Let my son go that he may serve me: and if thou refuse to let him go, behold I will slay thy son, even thy first-born." Israel thus as a body was a

type of Christ the Son of God, "the first-born of every creature." In Isaiah xlix, the Messiah is called by the name of Israel.—He is there represented as saying "The Lord hath called me from the womb; from the bowels of my mother hath he made mention of my name, and said unto me, Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified."—Thus also the true Israel, the Church founded by our Lord, is called "Christ," and represents Christ. "As the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many are one body; so also is Christ [*i. e.* the Church founded by Christ]: for by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body."—1 Cor. xii. 12, 13.

Ver. 16. *From two years old and under.*] In the language in which St. Matthew wrote, the word here Englished "two years old" can be taken to signify "just over one year old" or "in the second year." The massacre of the infants is in harmony with the character of Herod. He is known to have put to death his own sons Alexander and Aristobulus together with their mother Mariamne. Augustus, the Roman Emperor once said "It was safer to be Herod's swine, than Herod's son."

Ver. 18. *In Rama was there a voice heard.*] The words are taken from the 31st chapter of the prophecies of Jeremiah.—After the reign of Josiah, the kings of Judah became closely allied and almost subject to their near-neighbours, the kings of Egypt. Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, after conquering Nineveh and the Assyrian Empire, attacked and subdued Egypt, and then marched into Judæa, treating it as a province of Egypt, and took Jerusalem. Multitudes of the native people were sent as captive-slaves to Babylon, B. C. 588; and many massacres took place in the neighbourhood of the capital during the invasion.—It is to these occurrences that Jeremiah refers. He very graphically represents the spirit of Rachel, the beloved wife of the Patriarch Jacob, the mother of Joseph and Benjamin—whose body lay buried at Rama near Bethlehem—as bewailing the unimely destruction of her descendants.—Her lamentation is beautifully declared by St. Matthew to be renewed, and

the prophet's words fulfilled a second time, in the distress occasioned at Bethlehem and its neighbourhood by the cruel command of Herod.—The words of Jeremiah in the 31st chapter are full of references to that grand topic of consolation to the Israelite when in trouble,—the day of the Messiah.—“They shall come and sing in the height of Zion and shall flow together to the goodness of the Lord their soul shall be as a watered garden; and they shall not sorrow any more at all. Then shall the virgins rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together I will satiate the soul of the priests with fatness and my people shall be satisfied with my goodness.....A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rahel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children because they were not Refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tearsthey shall come again from the land of the enemy; and there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border.”—The true fulfilment of this prophecy is to be found in the coming in of the nations into the Church founded by our Lord, and their participating in the means of grace or hopes of glory deposited therein.—Inasmuch as the infants of Bethlehem were the first human beings that suffered death on account of Christ our Lord,—the Church founded by Him, set apart a day (Dec. 28,) to be observed every year in commemoration of them. The petition which we are taught to offer on that day is this:—“O Almighty God, who out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast ordained strength, and madest infants to glorify Thee by their deaths; mortify and kill all vices in us, and so strengthen us by Thy grace, that by the innocency of our lives and constancy of our faith even unto death, we may glorify Thy holy name.”

Ver. 19. *When Herod was dead.*] He died in the thirty-seventh year of his reign and in the seventieth of his age B. C. 4, *i. e.* in the year in which our Lord was born. See note on ver. 25, Chap. 1. The order for the massacre of the infants was probably issued from his death-bed.

Ver. 21. *Came into the land of Israel.*] The whole of Palestine is sometimes called the Land of Israel, from its being the land, or a considerable portion of the land, promised to Abraham, the ancestor of the Israelites, and taken possession of by the descendants of the sons of his grandson Jacob or Israel. “Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river the river Euphrates.” Gen. xv. 18. Here the southern portion of Palestine is meant, or what in later times was called *Judæa*, from its embracing the territory of the kingdom of Judah, and also the region possessed by the tribe of Judah. Palestine itself is the southern portion of Syria,—the country lying along the whole eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

Ver. 22. *Archelaus did reign in Judæa.*] Archelaus was the son of Herod the Great. The Roman Emperor did not permit him to assume the title of King, but simply that of Ethnarch, *i. e.* Ruler of a nation. His rule was also confined to Judæa, Samaria, and Idumæa. In the tenth year of his reign, A. D. 7, the Jewish people, excited by his tyrannical conduct, procured his banishment at the hands of the Roman Emperor, to Vienna in Gaul, where he died.

— *Into the parts of Galilee.*] Galilee is the anglicised form of the name *Galilæa*, which denoted that part of Palestine lying between the northern portion of the Jordan and Phœnicia. Phœnicia was a narrow strip of country extending along the coast of the Mediterranean from the promontory of Carmel to the town of Aradus. The Governor of Galilee at this time was another son of Herod the Great, viz.: Herod Antipas; but doubtless his character was such as to render it sufficiently safe for Joseph and Mary with their sacred charge, to dwell at Nazareth, until the hour should come, when “He that was born King of the Jews” should publicly commence the establishment of his kingdom.

Ver. 23. *A city called Nazareth.*] This word appears from St. Luke (c. ii. 39), to be the place where Joseph and Mary had been dwelling previously to their journey to Bethlehem. “To turn aside” in verse 22, may mean “to return.” Nazareth was situ-

ated on the range of hills forming the northern bank of the valley of the "ancient river" Kison: on the opposite side was the range terminating in Carmel, a bold landmark at the entrance of the Bay of Acre.

— *He shall be called a Nazarene.*] No passage is to be found in the prophets declaring that the Messiah should be a "Nazarene." We learn, however, from several places in the New Testament that, from some unexplained cause, Nazareth had become a sort of by-word of contempt among the Jewish people. Hence St. Matthew may intend to embrace in one term such expressions in the prophets as these, used with reference to the Messiah: "He was despised and rejected of men."—Isaiah liii. 3. "For thy sake have I borne reproach: shame hath covered my face." Psalm lxix. 7.—"I am a worm and no man; a reproach of men and despised of the people." Psalm xxii. 6.

POETRY.

[Original.]

THE DUSTY BIBLE.

Come here, dear Bessie—Ellen—all—
I'll tell a tale so sad,
About a widow, who was left
With one fair little lad.

She dwelt beside a gentle stream;
And, though her cot was poor,
'Twas neat and clean, and roses fair
Climbed sweetly o'er the doo.

Her soul was washed in Jesu's blood;
She loved His glorious name;
Content in poverty to dwell,
And near His cross and shame.

And when her daily work was o'er,
Beneath a spreading tree
She'd sit, and teach her gentle boy
The way from wrath to flee;

And often in the silent night,
The widow's streaming eye,
While nature slept in calm repose,
Gazed prayerfully on high.

"Oh, bless my son! dear Lord," she'd cry:
"Change, change his sinful heart.
That, through Thy blood, we both may meet
In heaven, no more to part."

Years passed; and he in stature grew—
In every manly grace—
But, ah! no spark of love divine
Could the poor mother trace.

One morn, when smiling nature wore
Her richest robes of green,—
When on each flower and tender herb
The sparkling dew was seen;

Beside a stream that gently flowed,
Where wild flow'rs sported gay,
Their frugal meal the mother spread,
For 'twas his natal day.

"God of all mercy! bless thee, love,"
With tender tears, she cried,
"And take this precious book—His Word—
And by its truths abide."

Tell me, thou't read one verse each day,
And ask the Spirit's aid,
So shall this weary heart find peace,
Ere in the dust 'tis laid."

"I will! I will! my mother dear;
Let but those eyes beam joy,
And I will every ill forsake:
Come, kiss thy wayward boy."

Alas! how frail are best resolves,
Unblessed by grace Divine!
In sin's broad road he onward went,
Nor sought th' inspired line.

In his neat room a lattice o'ped,
O'erhung with roses fair,
And many a sprig of jessamine
Perfumed the balmy air:

'Neath that the anxious mother laid
His Bible, with the prayer,
That He who knows our sinful hearts
Would make her son His care.

She longed to know if he e'er sought,
At morn or close of day,
God's Holy will from His own Word—
God's aid in life's rough way,—

Yet feared to ask. At last she thought
(To calm her anxious heart)
Upon an easy plan, that would
All that she sought impart:

Each morn, when she his chamber swept,
And made all neat and clean,
Untouched she would his Bible leave:
Then would the truth be seen.

Weeks glided on; the thick'ning dust
The truth too plainly spoke:
Tears swelled the widow's heart at night,
Tears bathed her when she woke.

Her fragile form was worn away
By grief and anxious care;
Like some fair lily, which the winds
Snap from its sisters fair.

Her couch they moved, where her dim eye
Could gaze on that loved book;
But ah! what agonizing pain
Beam'd forth in every look!

He never sought his mother's side:
In pain and grief she lay;
Whilst he, in pleasure's giddy round
Was gayest of the gay.

But lone she was not. There was One
Who heard her mournful cry—
One who in His good time would wipe
Each tear from her wan eye.

Strangers watched her dying form ;
And as her spirit fled,
A beam of heavenly joy and peace
O'er her pale face was shed.

Wildly her eye gazed on the book :
" My son !— " she could no more :
They stoop'd to list ; but her blest soul
Was on a distant shore.

Thrice had Sol's glorious orb gone down,
With many a golden ray,
When the vain youth, from pleasure's scenes,
Returned with footsteps gay.

But ah ! from out the rustic porch
He sees a mournful train !
He speaks not ; but the truth—too late—
Now on his full heart came.

Onward he went, until they reached
Near to the neighb'ring dell,
And then burst forth upon his ear
The low, sad funeral bell !

He stood beside the damp, cold grave ;
He heard the dust descend
On her who once had been his all—
A mother—father—friend !

No sigh burst forth—no trickling tear
Stole down his pale young cheek ;
And when they questioned him, he gazed,
But ne'er essayed to speak.

Homeward he wandered. No kind voice
Welcom'd him, as before ;
No gentle form, with tender smile,
Stood at the cottage door.

He sought his chamber ; but e'en there
No peace the mourner found,—
For all things seemed to speak of her
Now 'neath the grassy mound.

In grief and wild despair, he clasp'd
His aching, fever'd brow ;
When oh ! his Bible caught his view,
And fast the tears now flow.

He took it to the glassy stream,
'Neath the low willow tree,
Where many an hour by her dear side
He sat in childlike glee ;

He read, whilst sobs and bitter sighs
Burst from his contrite heart :
Grace from on high to guide him on
The Spirit did impart.

And now he walks the narrow way ;
But oft the bitter tear
Will start, when memory brings back
His sin to her so dear.

But on the Saviour's dying form
He keeps his sorrowing eye,
And trusts through His bless'd blood to meet
His parent in the sky.

And thus, dear little ones, we see
God heard the widow's prayer ;
And may we all, like her in grief,
Cast on the Lord our care.

Oh ! listen to your parents' voice,
And seek God's Word each day ;
So shall He give you joy and peace,
Through life's tempestuous way.

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

DIOCESE OF NEWCASTLE.

We have been favoured with a copy of the following letter and statistical account of this diocese, recently received from Bishop Tyrrell. The letter is dated August 7, 1850 :—

" I hope soon to send a map of my diocese, with all the districts marked, and the names of places, that you may follow me in my tour. Follow me now from a place called Grafton to Armidale, Grafton being on a fine river, the Clarence, not many miles from the sea, and Armidale 140 from Grafton, on the highest level of what is called New England. My companion (a clergyman) and myself have four days to accomplish the 140 miles, no real road, and about ten or eleven cottages, or huts, at intervals on the line. We divide the days into thirty, and fifty, and sixty miles, with one day of rest between. We leave Grafton early in the morning, and ride to a station about eight miles, where we are to have service. After service, and a most hospitable meal, we ride twenty-two miles to the hut where we are to pass the night. The hut is of the most primitive kind : three rooms, all with earth floor, not a chair, but two or three rough stools. The poor woman—Irish—is dismayed at the high company that have come so unexpectedly upon her ; for though we sent a man early in the morning with corn for our horses, and to announce our coming, that the place might be clean, he had lost his pack-horse by the way, and we overtook him on our road. One of the rooms is made ready for me ; some tea, bread, and one egg. I tell the poor woman this is amply sufficient for us,—in fact, we settle not to eat the egg, but to have it hard-boiled, that we may take it with us, and divide it in the middle of our long day's ride on the morrow, when we expect to get no food.

After tea, all the persons in the place, and all that have heard of our coming, assembled for service ; and what a sight you would esteem those faces !—some old convicts, that may not have been present at any religious service for years ; and as I explain a parable to them, they listen with an intense motionless gaze, and you see the tear rise in the eye of one, and then another, as they are convinced of sin, and told of the promised pardon for all who repent. They leave the room ; and, after preparing everything for an early start before sunrise in the morning, I lie down on

the bed ; but the mind is so full of thought, that while my good clergyman is sleeping in the next little room, I do not close my eyes. Before dawn I rouse them up : the poor Irish woman prepares for our breakfast what she thinks a treat indeed, a dish of mashed potatoes ; and before the sun is up, myself and clergyman are leading the way on horseback, with my good Beaulieu servant Anthony following with his pack-horse behind.

We call at two huts on our way, to speak a few words of kind advice to the inmates,—one a party of shepherds, the other of sawyers ; and then, without rest during the day, as the sun sets, we are approaching the station where we are to rest. We find the house with some difficulty, after a ride of sixty miles, over what you would indeed call mountains ; and here we are uncertain whether they have had notice of our coming. The clergyman at Armidale promised to send word ; and though we learn on the way that the proprietor is absent, yet, as we come within sight of the cottage, we hear the dogs bark, and see the candles moving, and find at the door the overseer, who has made everything as comfortable for us as he could.

We have earned a good night's rest, and enjoy one ; and here we rest a day, that all the shepherds and settlers in the neighbourhood may assemble for service the next evening. The day is rainy ; but at seven in the evening the largest room is full. Three children are baptized. A poor woman has brought two many miles. Her husband was away on a journey, and how could she manage with her four children.—two at all hazards she will take to be baptized, and what will she do with the others ? There is no servant, no neighbour in whose care she can leave them ; so she locks them up in her hut, comes to the service, rejoices with tears to see the Bishop himself baptize her little ones, and then sets off for her home again, almost beside herself with alarm, lest anything should have happened to her children during her absence. The next day we accomplished the remaining fifty miles, so as to consecrate the church at Armidale on the Sunday."

LABRADOR, AND ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND.

The *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel* has just published the twenty-sixth number of the series entitled the *Church in the Colonies*. It consists of two letters from the Clergymen who have been sent to fulfil the work of the ministry on the desolate shore of Labrador.

"London, Dec. 5, 1850.

Sir,—I have read with much pleasure and thankfulness to God—who has provided so worthy and devoted a man for the work assigned to him—the letter of the Rev. A. Gifford, conveying to the Bishop of Newfoundland, a report of his 'initial' labours on the coast of Labrador, and submitting his plans for the spiritual benefit of his scattered and, hitherto, destitute charge. It can scarcely be doubted, that its publication, as allowed by the Bishop, will be of service ; awakening the sympathies and calling forth the prayers of Christian people for the Missionary pioneer, and opening hearts and hands to assist the Bishop in establishing the Church, under the Divine favour, permanently and efficiently in that portion of his vast Diocese.

Mr. Gifford's simple and unaffected statements will make their way to, and meet a response in every Christian breast. Let me, however, according to your invitation, take this opportunity to say a word or two respecting my own charge and work in the same Diocese.

An old-established Mission like that of St. John's, and in a populous city, furnishes none of those novel, and, for their novelty, interesting incidents, which continually present themselves in a newly opened and generally unknown sphere of Missionary observation. Still, it may not be altogether uninteresting to your readers to learn from one of the Clergy to whose pastoral care St. John's is committed, that there are to be witnessed there some pleasing indications of His favour, without Whom man plans and labours in vain, accompanying and abiding upon even our poor exertions—I mean of the Clergy who are associated with me, under the Bishop, in the ministerial work and office in the capital of Newfoundland.

The services of the Church, which, since the consecration of our noble Cathedral, are celebrated daily therein, are attended by such a number of worshippers as proves these sacred opportunities to be appreciated, whilst on Sundays the limit to the congregation is the accommodation which the church affords.

There is an increasing body of regular communicants ; the Sunday-schools are well attended, and my curate and myself are assisted in them by a goodly company of serious and diligent teachers. The collections for the annual expenses of the church, as salaries of clerk and sextons, lighting and warming, made every month, and the yearly payments to the *Newfoundland Church Society*, [towards the maintenance of the Clergy of the Diocese, the building or repairing of churches, parsonages, and the establishment and support of schools, and the purchase of Bibles, Prayer-books, and the publications of the *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*,] supply gratifying evidences of the charity and goodwill of our people.

The tone of religion has, God be praised ! materially improved among all classes ; in affliction and in sickness the doors of rich and poor are opened to the Clergy, and we are privileged to meet with instances of deep and earnest pity, some of them which I only decline to detail, because the record of them seems unsuited for such a communication as this. I hope that both the spiritual and temporal interests of the *poor* are cared for. The communion-alsms and other offerings of the pious and charitable, of which we are made the distributors, are expended on and for them ; in the cathedral church they have good, and relatively to the other classes in the congregation extensive accommodation ; their summons of a Clergyman in time of sorrow or trial, to a sick or dying bed, is promptly and cheerfully attended to.

Having spoken of the cathedral, let me add here, that all the seats in it are open and free ; no payment is required or accepted for them, or any of them ; rich and poor meet within its sacred walls on the same terms. The services in it are celebrated solemnly and simply, according to, as far as may be, but not beyond or against, the rule and order of the Church.

I cannot close this letter without assuring you, that I have neither intended nor wished to write boastfully, whether of myself, or of my brethren and fellow-labourers. If any good has been done by us, I trust that we give the praise and glory to Him to whom only and alone they are due ! And whatever good has been done or attempted, we feel that it is nothing in comparison of what might have been done, or at least should have been attempted ; and we humble ourselves before our God and Saviour, whom we have served so imperfectly.

Yours, very faithfully,

T. F. H. BRIDGE,

Archdeacon of Newfoundland and Labrador.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

THOUGHTS FOR THE LABOURER AMID THE DIFFERENT OCCUPATIONS OF THE DAY.

GOING FORTH TO LABOUR.

"Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour, until the evening."—Ps. civ. 23.

God bids us labour, working with our hands the thing that is good, and not be slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; not with eye-service, but in singleness of heart, as unto the Lord. I thank Him that He has given me a lawful calling; and may He give me grace to act faithfully therein! And while I earn my daily bread, may I labour more earnestly for the meat that endureth unto everlasting life! May the Lord perfect in me the "work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ!" And may I labour always to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man, and be always abounding in the work of the Lord knowing that my labour will not be in vain in the Lord!

While I earn my daily bread,
And the path of duty tread,
I'll richer blessings crave;
Seek the good that Christ can give,
Food whereby my soul shall live,
And live beyond the grave.

REAPING AND BINDING SHEAVES.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. vi. 9.

The time is come to put the sickle to the corn. While I reap the golden fields, and bind in my bosom the weighty sheaves, let me think with grateful heart on Him whose earth nourished the good seed, whose winds and rains cherished its growth, and whose sun ripened it. Will God thus provide for our bodily wants, and may we not much more look to Him to provide for our souls? Yes, he has made full provision for them in the Gospel of his Son.—There we find all we need to save us, to make us holy and happy, and to mature and ripen us for glory; that when the angels are sent to reap the earth, we may be bound in the bundle of life, and, like a sheaf of corn in its season, be gathered into the heavenly garner.

In hope we plough'd, and set our seed
Into the fruitful field,
That with a blessing from above,
It might rich harvest yield.

And now the harvest days are come,
Let thankful joy abound,
To Him whose bounty gives us all,
And has our labours crown'd.

FINISHING HARVEST.

"They sing before thee according to the joy in harvest."—Is. ix. 3

The last load is housed—we shout for joy. Our God shows us how He further expects us to show our gratitude to Him for the abundant blessings, even by *servicing Him* joyfully, and with gladness of heart. And well may we

be glad to serve Him, for all his commands tend to make us more and more holy and happy. Those who serve the Lord may be compared to this good and useful corn, which has been growing and improving daily, till it is fully ripe. Thus the good man grows in grace, till he is ripe for glory, and prepared to shine forth in the kingdom of his heavenly Father. O that we were all so! and that none could be found amongst us, wicked and worthless themselves, and wounding and corrupting others, like worthless tares, whose end is to be burned! See Matt. xiii. 24—30. 36—43.

O that thy loving bounties, Lord,
May draw us nearer Thee;
With grateful hearts Thy will to do,
Thy joyful servants be I

And when the harvest of the Lord
In the last day shall come,
May we be ripe through grace Divine,
To share a heavenly home!

THRASHING AND WINNOWERING.

"He that thrasheth in hope should be partakers of his hope."—1 Cor. ix. 10.

I ply my flail with all my strength to thrash out the corn, and to free it from the chaff, so must I labour hard to free my heart from the chaff of sin; but it requires a stronger arm than mine to do that, for sin cleaves closer to the heart of man than the chaff to the wheat. But we are told of one who can thoroughly purge his floor, and gather the wheat into his garner. May that good Saviour of his mercy and grace now separate me from my sins, and set me apart for Himself, that I may not share the doom of the wicked, and be driven away like the chaff! See Matt. iii. 12.

O Lord, thy powerful aid impart,
To free from sin's vile chaff my heart;
Sin is my deadly foe;
O cleanse me from it now I pray.
Take both the gull and power away,
And saving grace bestow!

THE BURIAL SERVICE.

"When I was curate of St. James's, Bristol, I read the funeral service over nearly a thousand graves within the short space of rather less than six years. My mind often felt depressed by the apparent unconcern of those who wore the garb of mourners, and at the indifference, and even levity of the numerous passengers, to whom the spectacle of an open sepulchre was familiar. I used frequently to observe persons gazing idly from the windows of habitations which surround the burial-ground on every side, and wondered to myself what might be their feelings.

One part of St. James's Church-yard is separated from the houses only by a narrow road: on that side the work of death most frequently required my attendance, because there were deposited, in their crowded and scarcely separated graves, the numerous deceased paupers of that popu-

lous parish. Into one of those houses I was summoned, on the last day of January, 1823, to visit the wife of a respectable tradesman, who there carried on his business. She had been confined to her room by pulmonary disease through the winter, and she lingered to the beginning of March. The window of her chamber looked into the field of graves, and was sufficiently near for her to hear my voice when I read the service over the departed poor. She was induced to take her prayer-book and stand or sit by the window, and follow me through the solemn liturgy of the dead. This was the happy moment of first enlightening her own soul as to its own state, and conducting her to the Saviour in whom she found pardon, peace, and at last eternal life. Her living and dying testimony was most clear and satisfactory. It was truly delightful to listen to the humble, scriptural, and instructive details of her experience. It might be said with truth, that it was the daily tolling funeral knell which called her soul to Christ, and that the seed of everlasting life was wafted to her heart from the grave.

I seldom fail to think of this fact, when I am engaged in the solemn service of the dead; it has frequently encouraged me to hope, that the repetition of our well-known formularies may be of more benefit to the spectators than we are inclined to expect."

THE PERVERTED APPLICATION OF SCRIPTURE.

Your letter by last post surprised and grieved me. This instance shows the danger of leaning to impressions. Texts of Scripture brought powerfully to the heart are very desirable and pleasant, if their tendency is to humble us, to give us a more feeling sense of the preciousness of Christ, or increase our confidence in the power and faithfulness of God. But if they are understood as intimating our path of duty in particular circumstances, or confirming us in purposes already formed, not otherwise clearly warranted by the general strain of the word, or by the leadings of providence, they are for the most part ensnaring, and always to be suspected. Nor does their coming into the mind at the time of prayer give them more authority in this respect. When the mind is intent upon any subject, the imagination is often watchful to catch at anything which may seem to countenance the favourite pursuit. It is too common to "ask counsel of the Lord" when we have already secretly determined for ourselves; and in this disposition we may easily be deceived by the sound of a text of Scripture, which, detached from the passage in which it stands, may seem remarkably to tally with our wishes. Many have been deceived in this way; and sometimes, when the event has shown them they were mistaken, it has opened a door for great distress, and Satan has found occasion to make them doubt even of their more solid experiences. I have often talked to — upon this

subject, though without the least suspicion of anything like what has happened. As to the present case, it may remind us all of our weakness. I would recommend prayer, patience, and much tenderness, joined with faithful expositions. — *Newton.*

A WHOLESOME USE OF CALAMITIES EXEMPLIFIED IN MR. (AFTERWARDS SIR JAMES) MACKINTOSH'S VIEWS ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

The shadows of sickness were meanwhile falling on Mr. Mackintosh's own home; and, soon after his return from Baconsfield, his affections were tried by the severest domestic calamity that could befall them. While slowly recovering from the birth of a child, Mrs. Mackintosh was attacked by a fever, to which she soon fell a victim, leaving three daughters. The account of his loss, and his immediate feeling upon it, will be best seen from the following extract from a letter to Dr. Parr, written while the infliction was recent, dated Brighton, April, 1797:—

"I use my first moment of composure to return my thanks to you for having thought of me in my affliction.— It was impossible for you to know the bitterness of that affliction, for I myself scarcely knew the greatness of my calamity till it had fallen upon me; nor did I know the acuteness of my own feelings till they had been subjected to this trial. Alas! it is only now that I feel the value of what I have lost. In this state of deep but quiet melancholy, which has succeeded to the first violent agitations of sorrow, my greatest pleasure is to look with gratitude and pious affection on the memory of my beloved wife, and my chief consolation is the soothing recollection of her virtues. Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion, and a tender friend; a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weakness, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them.— She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her, whatever I shall be.— In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings, or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments! she)

had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and considerate. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardour;—I lost her, alas, (the choice of my youth, and the partner of my misfortunes,) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.

“If I had lost the giddy or ‘thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world would easily repair the loss; but I have lost the faithful and tender partner of my misfortunes, and my only consolation is in that Being, under whose severe but paternal chastisement I am bent down to the ground.

The *philosophy* which I have learnt only teaches me that virtue and friendship are the greatest of human blessings. It aggravates my calamity, instead of consoling me under it. *My wounded heart seeks other consolation*—Governed by these feelings, which have in every age and region of the world actuated the human mind, I seek relief and I find it, in the soothing hope and consolatory opinion, that a Benevolent Wisdom inflicts the chastisements, as well as bestows the enjoyments of human life; that superintending Goodness will one day enlighten the darkness which surrounds our nature, and hangs over our prospects; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that an animal so sagacious and provident, and capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling-place prepared for the spirits of the just, and that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man. The sentiments of religion which were planted in my mind in my early youth, and which were revived by the awful scenes which I have just seen passing before my eyes in the world, are, I trust, deeply rooted in my heart by this great calamity.”

MORNING.

“I laid me down, and slept, and rose up again; for the Lord sustained me.”

Whilst it is dark the birds sleep quietly in the trees; and you, children, sleep quietly too in your beds. The same God that keeps the birds safe, keeps you; He gives sleep to all His creatures, whilst He watches over all.

When the sun rises, the birds wake up, and begin to sing among the branches. Then, too, you must awake from your sleep; you must get up and bestir yourselves. The birds welcome the new day with their songs; they seem to praise Him who made them. When you awake, you should lift up your souls to God; for God has given you souls as well as voices. The birds praise God without knowing Him; you ought to praise Him because you

know Him. You should thank Him for your good night's sleep, and for letting you see the light of another day. The birds are cheerful, because they are without care; they have no fears for the morrow. God feeds them day by day; they take what He gives them, and spread their wings to fly, and stretch their little throats to sing. You are fed daily by God; for He teaches your parents to get food for you. They work for you, and take care of you; and you can live, as the birds do, without care. The birds are gay, because they mean no ill; they bear no malice, they plot no mischief. So you may be gay and merry-hearted, if you have no bad thoughts to hide, no pride and anger to trouble you. The birds do not know what will happen to them from day to day; nor do they fret themselves about what is coming,—they never think of it.—They never think of dying; they will die some day. You do not know what will happen to you while you live; but you know that some day you will die. And you know that through your life many evils might happen to you which you could not keep yourselves safe from. But you may be as free from care as the birds are; for God takes the care of you upon Himself. You need not fret nor fear. You need not think it sad that you must die some day; for God takes care of Christians all their life long, and gives a better portion after death, if they have lived like Christians here. You need not take care for the morrow, because our Saviour Christ has said, “Behold the fowls of the air,” &c. Matt. vi.

Christian children may live like the birds of the air—taking their daily food as it is given them, praising God as well as they are able, living among the pleasant trees and in the fresh air, having light hearts and quiet consciences.

“Who bluseth not to hear the birds every morning how sweetly and solemnly they sing their praises to God, and is so dull himself to do the like?”

KINDNESS.

In a world wherein even the heirs of eternal life have so much of tribulation to endure, how desirable is a spirit of kindness, to relieve, to support, and to assist each other in our pilgrimage to heaven. There are few hearts so hard, few spirits so churlish, as not to be affected by kindness.—A kind thought is influential, a kind word is encouraging, and a kind deed is at all times a blessing.

Many years ago, I spoke a few kind words to a young woman who was in ill health. The words were but few; but though years rolled along, they were never forgotten. The poor girl remembered them; and, when stretched on her deathbed, she expressed an earnest desire to see me. I went directly; when she told me, that the words I had spoken to her when unwell, many years ago, had led her to believe that I would not be unwilling to render her a deed of kindness in her dying hour.

The young woman was looking forward to an eternal world, with a mind rightly directed to the Friend of the contrite in heart, who can support those who trust in Him, in death as well as in life. But one thing lay heavy on her mind: she had for some time been at variance with a friend who had judged her unjustly, and treated her hardly. This had led her to unkindly feelings. To forgive and be forgiven, and to die in peace with her estranged friend was the desire of her soul. I think that I was eloquent in pleading her cause, for I brought her erring friend a contrite penitent to her dying bed. They wept, they prayed, they forgave each other; they read the words of God together; and, in a few days, with a mind impressed with a sense of God's abundant mercy in Christ Jesus towards her, the young woman died in the presence of her reconciled friend, calmly and confidently committing her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer. I saw her dust committed to the ground, and never have I passed her grave without calling to remembrance the exhortation, "Be kindly affectionate one to another!" Rom. xii. 10.

How many a life has been beclouded! how many a death has been rendered unhappy by unkindness! If we hope for mercy, we should show mercy. If we have received kindness, we should render kindness to others. Let us take a review of our past lives, and see if there have been no unkind words on our part that we can recall? no unkind deeds for which we can atone? We ought, unquestionably, to live in peace with God, and in charity with all mankind; and if we think aright of the amazing grace of the Redeemer, in pardoning our manifold offences, we shall be desirous to obey his merciful exhortation,—
"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you," Matt. v. 44, bearing in mind the affectionate ejaculation, "Be kindly and affectionate one to another."

MUCH IN LITTLE.

SOME ADVICE AS TO FRIENDSHIP.—Deliberate long before thou consecrate a friend; and when thy impartial judgment concludes him worthy of thy bosom, receive him joyfully, and entertain him wisely; impart thy secrets boldly, and mingle thy thoughts with his. He is thy very self, and use him so; if thou firmly think him faithful, thou makest him so.—*Quarles*.

THINK AS WELL AS READ.—Too much reading and too little meditation may produce the effect of a lamp inverted, which is extinguished by the very excess of that aliment, whose property it is to feed it.—*Anon*.

"THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."—Jesus is the way by His example, the truth by His word, and the life by His grace. Out of this way there is nothing but wandering, without this truth nothing but error and deceit, and without this life, nothing but death.—*Quesnel*.

"THE UTTERMOST" AND "IN NO WISE."—"We must follow the believer into all the intricacies of his experience, before we can understand the full meaning of the word, *in no wise*; how impossible to weary or tire out His love by all our backslidings and ingratitude. '*No wise*' and '*uttermost*' are two words the believer takes his life to learn. Not one has ever outstretched His *uttermost*, or wearied His *no wise*."—*Lady Powerscourt*.

THE PULPIT AND THE READING-DESK.—Jon Wesley said to one of his followers, who urged upon him the deficiencies of some of the clergy, as a cause of separation,—
"If you have nothing but chaff from the pulpit, you are abundantly fed with the finest of wheat from the desk."

A HAPPY DEATH.—(A FACT.)

"Look unto Jesus."—Heb. xii. 2.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Is. xlv. 22.

"Pray!" said a mother to her dying child;

"Pray!" and in token of assent he smiled.

Most willing was the spirit: but so weak

The failing frame, that he could scarcely speak.

At length he cried, "Dear mother, in God's book
Is it not written,—Unto Jesus look?

I can look up; I have no strength for prayer;—

'Look unto me, and be ye saved,' is there."

"It is, my child; it is. Thus saith the Lord;

And we may surely, safely trust his word."

Her son looked up.—to Jesus raised his eyes,

And flew—a happy spirit to the skies!

"IS IT NOT A LITTLE ONE?—A FABLE.—A man carried his watch to the maker, saying, that it would no longer keep time rightly. The maker took a large glass and looked carefully into the works, until he espied a grain of sand among the small wheels. Then said he, "I have found the mischief. I can cure the watch." Then the grain of sand said, "I am such a small thing, and take so little room, I cannot hurt the watch. If ten, if twenty of us were here we might do harm, but I am only one; let me stay where I am." But the wise maker took it out, and said, "You one little grain spoil all my work, and are only more mischievous because few can see you."

Children,—one little lie, one little lust, pride, vanity disobedience, unthankfulness,—such a little one, that no one but yourselves know of it, spoils all your best service in the sight of God.

FREQUENCY in prayer is a principal mean to fix and transform the mind into holiness, and to procure the mortification of sin; because it excites and exercises in us those graces of the Holy Spirit, which oppose and weaken indwelling sin; and the soul is raised up into a more eager pursuit of communion with God, of love and delight in holiness, and contempt of this world, in prayer, than in any other duty. It also procures the grace of God, which is both necessary to keep us from falling, and to recover us when we are fallen, and to extinguish all the fiery darts of Satan.

A CHILD'S DREAM: A TRANSLATION.

The evening of a very warm sultry day was closing in, the birds were all gone to roost instead of skimming lightly through the air, and even the boughs of the hedges were gradually becoming more and more still. A poor little boy of twelve years old, very scantily dressed, came along, crying as he walked, and saying in a very sad low voice, "Where shall a poor deserted orphan go? I have no home to turn to, and am so entirely alone in the world, that there are no lips to kiss mine, no eyes to look kindly and watchfully after me. Oh! if I had but been put in the churchyard the same day my dear mother was laid there, then I should not have to wander about by myself all the long day, going from door to door to beg a mouthful of bread and a night's lodging! I am a poor deserted child. No one will ever care for me again. I am in a strange country. What shall I do?"

While he said this, he sat down, quite tired out, under a tall shady tree. His feet were sore from walking on rough gravelly roads with scarcely a bit of shoe or stocking, and his weary head sank on a mossy stone that lay by his side. Now he felt more comfortable. He did not see the dusty lane he had walked along, but he felt as if the little hillock he rested on was changed to his departed mother's lap; as if he was again a happy careless child, encircled by tenderness and love. The bushes and trees round him rustled softly; and at last it seemed as if a soft hand touched his eyes and took away the mist before them, so that he saw a beautiful sight. The sky was shining and bright, as if the sun had just risen; many kind-looking forms seemed to come out of the clouds and move among the flowers; all seemed busy and earnest in their different employments. At first he thought they looked like the peasants of his own country, but soon his eyes seemed to see clearer and clearer, and he became aware that these friendly beings were the angels of God on high, seeking what good they could do all around on the earth on which they had so suddenly arrived. Some brought vessels of water, and sprinkled it like fine dew on the thirsty grass. Every herb and flower was taken care of by these good angels: the modest lily of the valley seemed to raise its bells, as if to thank those who took care of it; and the sweet moss-rose smelt still fresher and sweeter when its guardian had looked to see if it wanted any care. Even the smallest flowers were watched over by the same kind hands; they gave the violet and the primrose rain to refresh them, and made the little daisy lift up its head.—The boy heard a slight noise in the trees; and on looking up, he saw that the angels were there also; that they went quietly up to the sleeping birds, and strewed food near their nests, so that they could easily find it. They then went on to look at a butterfly, who did not seem able to open his tender wings, and placed him carefully on a sweet-pea,

where the warm sun did him so much good that he soon spread himself out and flew merrily from one flower to another according to his fancy. The tender care of these gentle beings watched over everything, and their breath even seemed to spread new life over hill and dale.

The boy raised his eyes and looked above him, as if he wished to raise his heart and voice also in thanks and praises towards heaven. His eyes met those of an exceedingly mild and benevolent countenance, which smiled on him, and then spoke as follows:—"How could you, my child, deceive yourself by fearing you were deserted, when I am always at your side, and have been your guardian angel from the beginning of your life until now? Is not everything that you see cared for and protected by the God of love and mercy?—and yet you could weep and complain that you were deserted? Look at the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air, which are all known by your heavenly Father, and consider whether man, or the child of man, made in his Creator's own glorious image, ought ever to tremble and despair? Oh, be not so faint-hearted! believe and trust in God! There is not a grain of sand by the sea-side that is not known to Him, and everything that breathes and moves is written and numbered in the book of life. Fear no more, then! Trust in God: He will guard you and keep you, even to the end of your life!"

"I believe; I trust; I will never fear again," cried the boy. But while he spoke these words and stretched his arms towards his heavenly friend, the mist came again more thickly over his eyes, and he no longer saw either the figures of the angels or the many lovely flowers; but there was no peace in his heart. He felt happy and contented. It was as if on a dark night the moon had suddenly risen, dispersing the clouds and making everything light again.

Day had long dawned and the sun was high in the heavens before our little foreigner waked from his happy slumber; and when at length he had rubbed his eyes till they were opened, he saw the lane in which he had walked the previous evening, and looked in vain for all the sights his dream had placed before him. No angel was to be seen; but instead, an honest sturdy old shepherd stood over him, and watched him in silence. "Will you go with me," he said at last: "My own children are far away from me, and I want some one who will help me to tend my flocks, and will love me and help me as I grow old?" "Father!" said the poor boy, while tears of gratitude filled his eyes, and he stretched out his hand to the kind old man. "Yes, I will be your father," said he: "if you are indeed left an orphan, follow me to my cottage; it shall be your home from this time." The boy took hold of his hand and went with him; but in his heart he thought of his dream, and doubt and despair gave way before the firm trust in the mercy and loving-kindness of

God, which now took deep root in his soul, and inspired him with confidence and peace amidst all the future changes of his life.

THE BENEFIT OF GOOD EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

When the prodigal so came to himself, he thought upon the happiness of his father's house; he recalled the innocent recollections of his infant years. In all such cases, there is a return to past impressions. An eminent Christian, the great Saint Augustine, has left us the instructive record of his early training, his subsequent wanderings, and his final restoration. There is one inimitable passage, full of hope and consolation for anxious and afflicted parents. His excellent mother was in deep affliction for his youthful errors; in her sorrow she consulted the good and pious Archbishop of Milan; and his reply should never be forgotten:—"Fear not, my daughter," said the venerable Ambrose; "it is impossible that the child of such tears should perish." This child, wanderer though he had been, lived to become a most distinguished object, and champion, of the converting grace of God; a disciple of the school of the converted St. Paul, no less remarkable than was St. Chrysostom of the school of the beloved disciple.—*Jebb.*

THE PSALTER.

The subjects treated of in the entire collection of the Psalter, embraced every diversity of condition that can characterize either domestic or public life. We have hence numerous examples of the sigh of penitence and contrition; the chastened meekness of resignation, the holy opportunity of prayer, the sustaining confidence of faith, the energetic shout of thanksgiving; descants on the attributes of God, and the general course of His providence and His grace; on the regularity and picturesque beauty of the seasons; on the wonderful structure and phenomena of the heavens, the earth, and the ocean; the peaceful quiet of rural and pastoral life; the war and violence of the tempest, and the terrors of the mariner when in danger of shipwreck. And, as the national events that are occasionally brought forward, extend from the time of Moses to that of Ezra, the Psalms may be contemplated as an abstract of Jewish history, through the whole of this period; the incidents chiefly adverted to, many of which are dwelt upon at great length, and described in the most glowing and impressive colours, being the Egyptian bondage, and the miraculous deliverance from it: the signs and marvels performed while journeying to the land of Canaan, from the passage of the Red Sea, to the overthrow of the devoted nations on either side of the Jordan; the calamities that pressed upon David on his entering into public life, and during his proscription by Saul; the wonderful series of his triumphs; his consecration of Mount

Zion, and removal of the ark to the tabernacle then erected for its reception; his reveries under the overwhelming influence of an infidel and traitorous faction, in league with a part of his own family; his inauguration of Solomon into the real dignity as his successor; the celebration of the marriage of the latter, apparently with the princess of Egypt; occasional interpositions of miraculous power in several subsequent periods of emergency; especially during the reigns of Jehoshaphat and Hezekiah; penitential cries for relief, during the Babylonian captivity; festal and triumphant eulogies on the marvellous deliverance from that humiliated state; and the anthem of exulting praise on the rebuilding and opening the temple, and re-establishment of the walls of Jerusalem. But by far the most important features of the Psalms, to the present and all future times, is their figurative or parabolical character; the secondary sense, in which they prophetically describe, in lineaments that can seldom be mistaken, the life and offices of the Redeemer, the whole mystery of salvation by Christ Jesus.

OUR GREAT EXAMPLE.

How often we hear the service for the Baptism of Infants read in the Church, yet how seldom do we pay that attention to it which we should do if we thought how much of it concerned *ourselves*? Yet it does all concern us, for we have all taken upon us these vows if we have been confirmed; and if not, yet all who have been baptized should feel that *they* are bound to remember *always*, that "baptism doth represent unto us our profession, which is to follow the example of our Saviour Christ, and to be made like unto Him."

Now how simple is this language; any one, however ignorant, who hears the minister read these words can understand them, and should try to act according to them. Let us then think for a few moments, how can we who are so sinful, follow the example of the pure and holy Jesus? Yet we are told that we must be made like Him, if we should go where He is; and as we all wish and hope to go to Heaven, surely it must be possible, and is most desirable to learn how we may follow his steps.

1st, Then, let us read His life in the Gospel; unless we do this, we cannot *copy*; we cannot work according to a pattern, unless we keep the pattern before us, and constantly *look* at it. Here then is our first rule, to read the Scriptures, especially the account of the life of Jesus; and

2ndly, When we read it we must *mark* the things in which we can and may follow his example. We cannot *heal* the sick, but may we not be kind to them, and visit and relieve them as far as is in our power?

"He went about doing good;" now, how far do we strive to copy Him in this? Alas! how many of us go

about doing *evil* or *speaking evil*, doing *nothing*, or doing what we know to be *wrong*; selfishly thinking only how to do good to *ourselves*, and forgetting the wants of others?

But perhaps it will be easier for us to think only of *one day*, and to look how our Lord passed his day while on earth; we will look into St. Mark's Gospel chap. i. 35.

"In the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place and there prayed."

Now here is one thing in which we can follow his example, "he rose up before day." How many of us waste hours long after day in sloth?—or if we rise, rise to our work and business *without* praying; while He who had no sins to pray against, and no wickedness to fear within, yet found it needful and profitable to rise early to pray. [See also Luke v. 16.]

"He went into a *solitary* place." Many people go to Church and appear to pray, who yet never pray in *secret*; yet though *both* public and private prayers, as we shall see, were practised by our Lord, He always warned his disciples against praying *only* to be seen of men, while they neglected to worship their Father who seeth in secret. And now let us take another part of our Lord's day. [See John viii. 2.]

"Early in the morning he came again into the temple and taught." He knew that his time on earth was short, and that He had a great work to do; He therefore *lost no time*; He neglected no opportunity of doing good to the *souls* of men. As it was the custom of the Jews to go to the temple every morning to worship. He knew that He should find many who would need his teaching; and in the outer courts of the temple, when the hour of prayer was over, He stationed himself, to be ready to speak the words of exhortation to the worshippers as they left the House of God.

Now here it will be said we *cannot* follow his example, we are too sinful ourselves to teach others; but we may copy his conduct even in this point. We may, like Him, watch for opportunities of speaking a word in season to our friends and neighbours, in all gentleness and meekness, striving to turn those who are straying from the right path from the error of their way. A kind reproof may, by God's blessing, be the means of saving a soul from death; and at all events we are taught by our Lord's example to *try*.

Again we read in Luke iv. 16, that "*as his custom was*, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day."

Though He so fervently prayed in secret, yet He did not forget that others can only derive benefit from example; and therefore He neglected not the public worship of God in the synagogue, where the Jews always resorted, to show them that He valued also the public and social worship of the sanctuary. He, who declared that He came not to

destroy, but to fulfil the law, was obedient to the law for man. He was circumcised, He was baptized, He paid tribute, and, as we here read, He kept holy the Sabbath day.

These few instances will suffice, though multitudes more might be given, to show how our Lord's daily life may, and ought to be the rule of ours. But, as we are taught in our catechism, we cannot do these things of ourselves, nor walk in the commandments of God, nor serve Him, without his special grace, which we must learn at all times to call for by diligent prayer. Let us then earnestly beseech Almighty God, who hath given his only Son to be unto us both a sacrifice for sin, and also an example of godly life, that He would give us grace that we may always most thankfully receive that his inestimable benefit, and also daily endeavour to follow the blessed steps of his most holy life, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A DISSENTING MINISTER AT CHURCH.

A Correspondent states that a Dissenting minister of London, one of the most popular of his class, but who is usually considered to entertain bitter hostility and has certainly uttered very strong anathemas against the Church of England, had occasion, a few months since, to be absent for a short time in the country. On his return, it came out in conversation with a friend, that on the preceding Sunday he had attended the service of the parish Church where he had been staying. This called forth the exclamation, "What! You go to Church, Mr. —." His reply was as follows, "Yes, I seldom lose the opportunity when I can embrace it, *for it always does my soul good*, and I scarcely ever hear those beautiful prayers without being moved to tears." "I am quite aware," adds our Correspondent, "that such sentiments as these, attributed to one regarded by all who knew him as an avowed enemy of the Church, require authentication, and I therefore enclose you my name and address, with the name of the gentleman alluded to."

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