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For the Christian Guardian.

THE HAPPY DEAD.

Verse written on the Death of Mrs. Davis Moore, and inscribed with much respect to the Dorcas Society of Hamilton, Canada West, of which she was an active member; by Jacob Eyerly.

And is she dead?—And is she dead?

The last, the farewell tear is shed;

The last impressive look is taken

Of one beloved, but now forsaken!

On earth she closed her mortal eyes,—

To death was made a sacrifice,

And dust to dust is now consign'd:

The soul is fled and unconfin'd!

Death, to the good, no terror brings,—

His arrow strikes without a sting.

Death is the Christian's friendly foe;

But, to the sinner, dread and woe.

While the lingerer on the shore,

Where tempests howl and billows roar;

Where conflict, and affliction too,

Prove warring Christians false or true.

She's left those bleak and earthly shores,

Where many a heart its sorrow pours;

And in a calmer, happier clime,

Now basks in her Redeemer's smile.

Metinks, around that dying bed,

Affection's warmest tear was shed;

While sister members weeping sigh

To see a Dorcas sister die.

Weep not, ye friends! her place supply:

Though dead, she lives beyond the sky.

Fill well her place, and onward move

In deeds of mercy and of love!

Nor slack your hands from doing good;

But clothe the poor, and give them food:

And thus fulfil the law of love

Till you shall reign with her above.

She's left the pious circle here,

To mingle, in a higher sphere,

With ransomed spirits round the throne,

Where sun and moon have never shone.

She's gone to reap her rich reward,

The purchased treasure of her Lord:

While sons to Him you raise below,

She sings above His love to show!

Where Sin and Death shall never reign,

Nor parting grieve the heart again;

Where Saints, in everlasting youth,

Surround the blazing throne of Truth.

Happy the dead!—the pious dead!

For whom atoning blood was shed;

Who to their Saviour lived and died,—

For whom their Lord was crucified!

Where are the dead!—the pious dead!

The place to which their spirits fled?

Nor sun, nor stars, the place can tell,

Where disembodied spirits dwell.

Enough for us,—'Tis said they shine

In Heaven, all clad in robes divine,

And in their hands now bear the palm

Of victory, victory to the Lamb!

No tears shall there effuse the face,

As when in pleading here for grace;

But joys unmix'd each tongue shall tell,

And long to God loud praises swell.

Original.

For the Christian Guardian.

REMINISCENCES, OR SCENES GONE BY.—No. II.

My Conventions for Sin.

Before I arrived at manhood my parents removed to one of the Townships in Canada East, then new and wild to an extreme. Here the thrilling sound of the Sabbath bell, which tells the hour of worship, never dropped upon the listening ear. There was no assembling for social worship; no faithful pastor near to show the way to heaven; no communion of saints, for the want of which the religious enjoyment of my dear parents suffered a sad and gradual decline: the oil wasted, the lamp went out, and the family altar, where long had glowed the fire of God, and on which the morning and evening sacrifice had been for years offered up,—was finally thrown down and forsaken, and the sacred fire of devotion suffered to die away. As the religious enjoyment of my parents declined, so did their zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of their offspring; so that they became more and still more sparing in their admonitions and religious instruction. All around (except my parents, who still continued moral) soon became regardless of the Sabbath, which was made a day of recreation and diversion instead of devotion, and was spent in business, visiting, hunting, fishing, amusements, and play. Vice, in almost every variety, soon followed in the fearful train; dancing and card-playing were looked upon as very innocent amusements, in which I took a reluctant part for a while. The rude, uncultivated appearance of this new country was only equalled by the moral condition of its inhabitants. All appeared like a natural and moral waste—all but as wild as nature in her wildest form. God, the high, the holy, and lofty One, was forgotten; death and judgment were out of sight; and men lived as if there was none to call them to an account for their deeds. Here in this retreat, far from gospel and sanctuary privileges, in the midst of vice and folly, where virtue and piety were never seen in their perfect forms; no human warning voice to be heard, appealing me to danger near; no pious, kind, inviting look, which seemed to say, 'Come, and go with us, and we will do these good things; none to lead by the hand and say, 'This is the way, walk ye in it'; none, alas, who manifested the least concern for my worthless soul's salvation. But all around invited me on in the broad, frequent, and downward way to ruin.

Here in this bewildered, lost, and hopeless condition, when ruin had thrown her fearful arms about me, God, even my God, whose Spirit had strove with me from childhood, kindly interposed in my behalf; and, without any present human means, showed me the destructive pit, to the verge of which I was hastening fast, and placed me as a brand from the burning. One Sabbath, in the month of March, 1830, when all about my father's habitation appeared hushed into silent repose; forgetful of the sacredness of the day, I strolled to the river near, the bosom of which was then covered with an ice smooth as glass, where I wearied myself in sport; and when tired of play, I returned to my father's, where I found my mother reading in the New Testament, which she soon laid aside and retired into another room. Without any particular conviction of my sin, I took up the blessed book and opened on the place where an account is given of our Lord's passion. As I was reading, a thought rushed into my mind with power,—this extreme suffering was for sinful man's redemption. It was for me; yes, I am a sinner who have just returned from transgression, I felt condemned before God—was condemned at the bar of my own conscience. And here as I sat poring over the precious Word of God, with which my mind was much affected, I was enabled, through the blessed influences of that Spirit which had now in kindness taken the things which are Christ's and showed them to me, to come to a deliberate and fixed determination through grace, from that day forward to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, on whom I felt most heavily to turn my back for ever; and resolved that from that sacred day, if there was salvation for such a wretch as me, I would seek it. I spent the remaining part of the day in reading, meditation, and prayer. I now looked about four months of my being twenty-one years of age when, through grace, I made this important stand against the adversary of my soul.

At this time I did not know that there was one solitary individual within my acquaintance (except my parents) who was disposed to be on the Lord's side. Like Christian, (described by Bunyan) I considered myself as standing alone for the promised possession, nor knew but that I might have to travel all the length of the way in solitude; for my dear parents had halted in their course, and were lingering by the way; yet I did not hesitate for a moment in my pursuit because my young associates were not disposed to piety, nor did I pause to inquire what they would think of me. Sin, to me, had become hateful; I was tired of bondage, and sighed for spiritual freedom. There was no particular sin which gave me pain of mind; but I felt that I was one of Adam's posterity, fallen, depraved, wicked, unlovely, and polluted—unlike God—I had such a sense of the awfulness of a never-ending eternity, and the fearfulness of entering there unprepared for bliss and glory, and such a terrific view of the regions of damnation, where the immortal soul must "be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of

his power," which embittered to me the enjoyments of time and sense. The things of earth had no longer any charms for me. No, nor could I take pleasure even in the most innocent enjoyments of sense while I viewed myself so unlike God, and was looked upon by him as a miserable offender, a base transgressor, one who with God, with Christ, with holy Angels, and Saints, had no part or lot. To live a being secluded for ever from the presence of God and the society of the heavenly ones, and associated with devils and damned spirits for ever, I felt most earnestly to be delivered. Under these views and feelings I found myself but ill prepared for the duties of social life. I felt myself to be alone in the midst of a multitude; their course was in a way I could not go, so that I had to urge my way against the strong tide of their example and seductive enticements, and therefore I used as much as possible to shut society. My delight was in solitude. The fragrant fields, or barren waste, the leafy grove, or forest dense, where in privacy I used to wander, or pensive sit in meditation sweet, far secluded from the noise and bustle of a thoughtless, busy world,—could witness, had they tongues, to the sighing, grief, and deep-toned sorrow, the flowing tears, the plaintive cries, and half-desponding prayers, which in profusion flowed from the heart, the eyes, and lips of a penitent seeker who thirsted for the pardoning love of God, which alone could fill the aching void within, and refused otherwise to be comforted. The precious Word of God was my companion and the man of my counsel; I had no where else to go for instruction, comfort, or guidance. My anxious desire was to learn the will of God concerning me; feeling a determination that, as I learned his will, his will, through grace, I would try and perform. My days of fasting and humiliation were spent in some far distant field, or forest wild, where the Testament and Psalm-Book were my only visible companions. There did I read, sing praises to God, pray and worship alone. Oh did I sigh, but long sighed in vain, for the sanctuary and its privileges; and in the bitterness of my soul did I pour out my complaint to God in prayer. I endeavored to seek salvation in the best way I knew how; but, alas, I was feeling after the Lord in the dark, if haply I might find Him, of whom Moses in the law and the Prophets did write, to be precious to my soul. IRVING.

Controversial.

From the Author's Pamphlet.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH:

In Answer to his Remarks on the Rev. Thomas Powell's Essay on Apostolical Succession, by the Rev. Matthew Ricey, A. M.

(IN FIVE PARTS.—PART THIRD.)

In regard to the admitted and palpable distinction indicated by the Ignatian epistles between Bishops and Presbyters, I may here remark, that it involves various contested points which of themselves constitute a separate and important branch of this controversy. When did that distinction originate? What was its precise nature and extent? and whence was it—from Heaven? or from men? are questions concerning which the disputants maintain widely different views. One historical solution of these difficulties we have, and only one; and since on a subject of this nature—a matter of fact—all theories and conjectures must give way to authentic history, that solution demands the admission of every unprejudiced inquirer after truth. I refer to the testimony of Irenæus, to whom the learned generally concur with Erasmus, in awarding the palm of erudition and eloquence. In his commentary on *Titus* 1.3, *That thou shouldst ordain Presbyters in every city, as I have appointed thee*, his words (mark them well) are as follows:—"What sort of Presbyters ought to be ordained he shows afterwards. If any be *honestos, the husband of one wife, &c.* and then adds, *for a Bishop must be honestos, as the standard of God, &c.* A Presbyter, therefore, is the same as a Bishop; and before there were, by the institution of the devil, parties in religion, and it was said among different people, *I am of Paul, and I of Apollon, and I of Cephas*, the churches were governed by the joint consent of the Presbyters. But afterwards, when every one accounted those whom he baptized as belonging to himself and not to Christ, it was decreed throughout the whole world, that one, chosen from among the Presbyters, should be put over the rest, and that the whole care of the church should be committed to him, and the seeds of schism taken away.

"Should any one think that this is my private opinion, and not the doctrine of the Scriptures, let him read the words of the apostle in his epistle to the Philippians, 'Paul and Timothy, the servants of Jesus Christ, to all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons,' &c. Philippi is a single city of Macedonia; and certainly in one city there could not be several bishops, as they are now styled; but as they, at that time, called the very same persons bishops whom they called Presbyters, the Apostle has spoken without distinction of Bishops as Presbyters. "Should this matter yet appear doubtful to any one, unless it be proved by an additional testimony; it is written in the Acts of the Apostles, that when Paul had come to Miletum, he sent to Ephesus and called the Presbyters of that church, and among other things said to them, 'Take heed to yourselves and to all the flock in which the Holy Spirit hath made you bishops.' Take particular notice, that calling the Presbyters of the single city of Ephesus, he afterwards names the same persons Bishops. Our intention in these remarks is to show that, among the ancients, Presbyters and Bishops were the very same. But that by little and little, that the plants of dissensions might be plucked up, the whole concern was devolved upon an individual. As the Presbyters, therefore, knew that they are subjected, by the custom of the church, to him who is set over them; so let the Bishops know, that they are greater than Presbyters more by custom than by any real appointment or Christ."

The stubborn historical facts, so luminously stated by Jerome in this important passage, and which he challenges the whole world to refute, annihilate at once your hypothesis as to the original form of Church government noticed on a previous page, by demonstrating that her prelatical constitution was not established by divine right, but is an innovation on primitive order, introduced by degrees, 'paulatim,' till at length it acquired the coherence of a fully developed system, and fortified its claims by the authority of prescriptive usage.

There is a sad progressiveness, according to your account, in Mr. Powell's course of delinquency. Obscured by the habit of bearing false witness, he proceeds to the ruthless work of deception!

"Nemo repente fit turpissimus."

He strikes off the head of a passage of your favourite Father, and that too when in the very act of settling the whole question in dispute, by a single enunciation. How fortunate, Dear Sir, that your prompt and skilful interference, it has been put on again, and that, from its adhesive and vital properties, we may now survey the *sublime* of that passage in its primal dignity. Let us look at it:—"See that ye follow your Bishops, as Jesus Christ followed the Father; and the Presbytery as the Apostles; and reverence the deacons as the command of God."—This sentence, italicized in accordance with your wishes, repels, you think, the interpretation which Mr. Powell attaches to the term, "I will," in the sequel of the passage, as denoting nothing more than a human arrangement, by "establishing the sacred origin and authority of Episcopacy in very distinct language." Now permit me to say, that although to you this may be perfectly obvious, yet as we do not regard Ignatius (giving him credit for this singular prescription) entitled to the same profound deference with the inspired writers, we cannot recognize his authority as sufficient to establish the sacred—'if by sacred you mean divine—origin of any doctrine or institution of our holy religion, any further than he can be shown to speak as the oracles of God; believing, as we do, 'that whatsoever is not revealed therein, nor may be proved therefrom, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation.' And were we, in the present instance, to admit his authority as decisive, what advantage would you gain by the concession? None that we can perceive, but the reverse; since it is manifest if the sentence referred to proves anything, it proves that not Bishops, but Presbyters, are the true successors of the Apostles.

Mr. Powell, having cited from Ignatius the following general proposition, intended to enforce due respect and submission to the authority of the Bishop, "Whatever the Bishop shall approve of, that is pleasing to God," proceeds to reason from it thus:—"Now it is clear that he makes the power or authority of the Bishop, in restraining and in permitting, to be equal. Whatever he could prohibit the Presbyters from doing, he could equally appoint and approve of their doing the same thing. He could restrain them from baptizing, and he could appoint them to baptize. His authority in both respects was equal. Apply this to ordaining Ministers.—Suppose he could restrain Presbyters from ordaining, he could equally appoint them to ordain Ministers; and then the performance of this duty would be 'pleasing to God.' Then Presbyters, as Presbyters, have as much inherent power to ordain as they have to baptize, or to do any thing else in the Church. This is clearly the doctrine of Ignatius." Thus far the author of the "Weapons of Scism" gives Mr. Powell's words, and here he makes a dead and ominous pause, dexterously parrying the dreaded point of the argument *ad hominem*, with which Mr. Powell brings the preceding reasoning home to the business and bosom of the advocates of prelacy; but which pungent application Mr. Powell deemed it most prudent to suppress. Singular inconsistency of truth, in one to whose sensitive conscience the very essence of artifice is so abhorrent! We trust, however, to the reader's candour and sense of justice, to take the case of Mr. Powell's argument in connection with its commencement, and then, without any solicitude about the result, we shall leave him to form his own judgment of

its real value. "Now," continues Mr. Powell, "all Churchmen allow they have the power and authority as Presbyters to baptize. They have, therefore, from the principles of Ignatius, power and authority to ordain Ministers, to confirm, &c., as much as Bishops have. The only difference was, that, for the honour of the Bishop and by ecclesiastical arrangement, they were not to do these things without the permission of the Bishop."

Not satisfied with casting the very pith of Mr. Powell's argument into the shade, Mr. Stoddard tries to invalidate the force of that portion of it, which he is pleased to exhibit, by tracing the absurdities to which the position that forms his basis legitimately leads; apparently forgetting, that for these consequences, Ignatius, not Mr. Powell, is responsible. How much more satisfactory would it have been to discerning minds for Mr. Stoddard to have fairly met and grappled with his antagonist's argument in its *unbroken* form, than to throw dust in the reader's eyes by such wretched evasions: *sed hic labor, hic opus est.*

Selected.

THE LATE DR. ADAM CLARKE.

From the Rev. James Everett's new work, "Adam Clarke Portrayed."

Adam Clarke's *Biographical Sketch*.—There were few incidents in early life, which escaped the recollection of Adam in its maturity; and fewer still, of an impressive character, from which he did not himself reap instruction, as well as casually employ for the benefit of others. A friend, with a view to heighten the pleasure of a meditated excursion, remarked to him, "I thought in my arrangements, that a Canon Lucida would be useful, as well as afford gratification, and therefore determined to bring one." The subject of this memoir, a little suspicious that, after all, it had been forgotten, inquired, with some eagerness, "have you brought it with you?" "I have not, Sir," was the reply:—"Then do not tell us of our disappointment," was subjoined; tempering, however, the apparent harshness of the answer with a practical improvement. "When I was at school, I lost a knife, and deplored it to a friend of mine, who appeared to sympathize with me; 'I wish I had known that yesterday, Addy,' said he, 'for I had a nice one, with two blades, and an ivory handle, studded with silver, which I would have given to you.' After working upon my feelings for some time, and thus heightening the disappointment, he at length dashed all my hopes by telling me he had no such thing. I felt so much on the occasion, that I resolved from that moment never to tell any person what he had lost, by what he might have possessed, supposing the provision had been forthcoming." By a thousand boys, this circumstance would have been soon buried in the oblivion of the past; and even by sixty-nine out of every hundred, who might have recorded the fact, no such improvement would have been made. But Adam Clarke had the power of making good of disappointment sweet, and of distilling good from everything; and although the friend for whose benefit the incident was related, had no cause for self-upbraidings, as the omission was purely accidental, he had too much candour not to reap instruction from the remarks to which it had given rise.

His Early Pursuit of Knowledge.—Adam's thirst for knowledge appears to have been insatiable; nor was he ever satisfied until he could comprehend the subject brought beneath his notice. He was in the habit, as far as he had light to guide him, of philosophizing upon everything. "I was always," he observed, "a curious lad, and extremely inquisitive; if a stone was thrown up into the air, I wished to know why it came down with greater force than it ascended; why some bodies were hard, and others soft; and what it was that united various bodies. I was equally curious in gazing at the stars, and in singling out one from another. I obtained the loan of an old spy-glass—with this, often without hat, and bareheaded, I sallied out on a clear frosty night, to make observations on the moon and stars. I was then extremely hardy, and good discipline has enabled me to pass through much toil, both mental and physical. Since that period, I have been contentedly learning, and still know but little either of heaven or earth. What would have been the feelings of Newton or Herschel, if, in their nocturnal observations, they had unexpectedly dropped upon a boy in a state of comparative nudity, lost to everything terrestrial, and gazing through a short tube, a mere apology for one of their own instruments, as if intensely labouring to penetrate beyond every object of actual vision, into the heavens! and there, too, in solitude, as though all around, in the neighbourhood, were indifferent to knowledge but himself. He would have been no less than 'patted on the head'; he would have become the subject of prophecy, with some of those astronomical seers, and would have had his hair warmed in the midst of the frost from without, by some substantial token of their approbation. He made considerable proficiency in the science of astronomy at subsequent periods of his life, as opportunities were afforded of cultivating this early taste.

His first Acquaintance with Methodism.—Adam was about eighteen, when, at the instigation of Mark O'Neill, he was first induced to hear the Methodists, who came to preach at a village called Barnside. His own account is as follows:—"The preaching was in a barn; the preacher, John Brettle, was a tall thin man, with long sleek hair, and of a very serious countenance. When the service was over, he, with some persons who had accompanied him from Coleraine, went to the door of a person whose house adjoined the place; I and several others, followed. On arriving, he turned round, and with deep solemnity, exhorted us to give ourselves to God; he then entered the house, into which we followed; he spoke a short time to the persons within, and we remained to the close." It appears, young Clarke was much impressed with this first sermon, and continued to be a regular hearer of the Methodists, whenever they visited that part of the country; "for they came," he observed, "frequently, and preached first in one house, and then in another, spreading themselves over the country;" but it was not until Mr. Thomas Barber visited Coleraine, that he became decidedly religious. Through the ministry of that apostolic man, (who was acting as a missionary at his own cost, and expending the work of an evangelist over an extensive tract of country, in the county of Antrim), he was brought to a knowledge of the truth; soon after which, his parents also were induced to attend the same ministry.

His Efforts to do Good.—"My method," said he, when speaking of his labours, "was to ascend a hill, and surveying the neighbouring hamlets and villages, to arrange a plan of visitation; then, proceeding to the first, to enter a house, commonly saying, 'Peace be to this house.' I used next to address myself to the inmates in such language as this, 'Have you any objection to unite with a stranger in praying to Almighty God?' The answer generally—I may say invariably, was favourable. Having secured their consent, I added, 'Perhaps you have some neighbour whom you would like to join with you?' The answer was in the affirmative, and with almost the same breath some one of the family received the commission of—Away, fetch Pat such a one, and Betty such a one, and don't forget neighbour such a one.' They came dropping in one after another, and the house was often filled. When all were assembled, I gave out a hymn, and in those days, I had a clear, strong, well-toned voice; nor was there a hymn in the blessed hymn-book, to which I could not pitch a tune. Sometimes I stopped, and spoke about the hymn that had been sung, asking whether they understood the meaning of different lines,—gave the sense of them,—and spoke about the good God to whom the hymn referred, and how given he was with persons getting drunk, swearing, telling lies, &c. After addressing them, I knelt down and prayed; and then, while they were yet standing at me, and at each other, I was off like a dart to another place. In this way I proceeded, going to Port-Rush and other places,—six, eight, and ten miles round the country, collecting and addressing eight or nine congregations in a day, and walking occasionally a distance of twenty miles. The people were pleased with me, for I was young, and little of my age.' It is not to be supposed, whatever his years or size might be, that he would have been able to have thrown such a charm over society, if he had not had something more than ordinary to offer, as food for the affections and intellects of his hearers.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

MR. PALMER THE PUSEYITE.

Here is a gentleman who for several years has been known as a prominent person among the Tractarians, privy to their counsels, taking part in their measures, and lending them his influence; who now separates himself from them as essentially Romanists in their opinions, and therefore not to be trusted as teachers of the members of the Church of England. This renunciation of the party and open condemnation of their opinions, every true Protestant must rejoice at. But we do not think it should be a joy unmingled with fear.

Let it be remembered that this party has been in existence, laying their plans and acting thereon, for some ten or twelve years. On the first appearance of the Tracts an alarm was raised in England and echoed in this country, that the principles contained in them were not in harmony with the standards of a Protestant Church; and the longer they were issued, the longer and louder was the outcry against them. Indeed, such an excitement in the Protestant Episcopal Church, both British and American, had not filled to this generation, but which every day it was becoming deeper, more intelligent and more determined. But what were Mr. Palmer and Dr. Hook, and all that class of divines on both sides of the Atlantic, doing the while? So far as their party were concerned they were acquiescing in these doings, and so far as their opponents were concerned they were branding them as contentious, narrow-minded, accusers of their brethren,

anti-episcopal, dissenters. The cry of alarm was supposed by them to be dictated by malicious party spirit, and a fondness for croaking and fault-finding. In short these gentlemen were defending the Tracts and their authors, while their opponents were actively and earnestly engaged in proving to demonstration, as they thought, that Puseyism was only "Varioloid Romanism."

But what do we behold now? Do Mr. Palmer and his friends come out ingeniously and make the *amende honorable*, by confessing their error from the beginning? Do they acknowledge that their opponents were right at the very first outcry which they raised, and that they themselves were wrong? Do they confess that they did not see, as clearly as their opponents, the nature and tendency of the principles of the Tracts; and that in recommending and circulating and defending them, they were in fact "blind leaders of the blind?" That, it appears to me, is what they ought to have done; but they do nothing of the kind. Instead of that, now, when several defections to the Church of Rome have taken place, and language, the most derogatory to the Reformation and the Protestant Episcopal Church of England, is freely used in their periodicals, and the choice between Puseyism and Popery is almost "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other," they renounce the concern and begin to talk of a party which has recently sprung up, within the last two or three years, in their ranks; and attribute to all the evil. In this way they hope to clear their skirts of the whole matter, and at the same time perhaps to make a lodgement in the public mind in favour of what may be called semi-Puseyism. Look how the matter stands. They travel with the Tractarian crowd till they come to the Romish precipice, and then they pull up, and allow the rest to rush forward till they tumble over into the abyss of error and superstition, at the same time pronouncing the road up to that point the right road in which all should travel, and calling those more eager and consistent spirits who only follow on the way which they have been travelling all together most harmoniously for eight or ten years, a new party just sprung into being! Now we seriously ask, is not this the true state of the case, and is not such conduct reprehensible?

From the Albany Argus.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

We know the man who was charged with an immense amount of property, during the great pecuniary pressure of 1836-7, when all was in jeopardy, who said:—"I should have been a dead man long ago, had it not been for the Sabbath. Obligated to work from morning to night, during the week, no one can tell how I felt on Saturday. I felt as if I were going into a dense fog. Everything looked dark and gloomy. I could see no way out. It looked as if every thing would be lost. I gave it all up, and kept the Sabbath, in the good old way. On Monday, it was all bright sunshine—I could see through." He got through, and saved, by his financial skill and labour, a large amount of property. But said he, "if I had not kept the Sabbath I have no doubt I should have been a dead man long ago."

And, says that distinguished medical philosopher, John Richard Farre, of London, "The Sabbath is not, as it has been sometimes theologically viewed, simply a precept pertaining of the nature of a political institution; but it is to be numbered among the natural duties, if the preservation of life be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act." And a number of our most distinguished physicians, who have lived on the Erie canal since its completion, state, that they have witnessed the same deteriorating effects of seven days' labour on the physical constitution, which is referred to by Dr. Farre. All attentive observers will, we have no doubt, come to a similar conclusion.

And as to the moral effects of the desecration of the Sabbath, all know that they are most disastrous. But in illustration of it, though the facts are numerous and strong, we will mention only one. In one state prison, there were admitted from September 1842 to September 1843, one hundred convicts. Eighty-nine of them literally had no Sabbath. They did on that day, as they did on other days. Five attended public worship sometimes though not often. The other six attended more often; though it does not appear that one of them duly observed the Sabbath, or habitually and regularly attended public worship. Should the examination be faithfully made, we apprehend the result would be substantially the same in all the prisons of our country. The desecration of the Sabbath by secular business, travelling, or amusement, demoralizes the public mind and injures the community. The discountenance of it, while it will gratify many, will tend powerfully to promote the good of all.

From the Rev. John Fletcher's Works.

HUMILITY.

And when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself towards the ground. Go and do likewise; if thou seest any beauty in the humbling grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sanctifying love of God, and in the comfortable fellowship of the Holy Ghost, let thy feet run to meet them, and bow thyself towards the ground. O for a speedy going out of thy tent,—thy selfish self! O for a race of desire in the way of faith! O for incessant prostrations! O for a meek and deep bowing of thyself before thy divine Deliverer!—And Abraham said, my Lord, if thou have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant.—O for the humble pressing of a loving faith! O for the faith which stoppeth the sun, when God avengeth his people in the day of Joshua; O for the important faith of the two disciples who detained Christ, when he made as though he would have gone farther! They constrained him, saying, abide with us, for it is now evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them. He soon indeed vanished out of their bodily sight, because they were not called always to enjoy his bodily presence. Far from promising them that blessing he had said, *It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you,—that he may abide with you for ever. He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. This promise is yes and amen in Christ; only plead it according to the preceding directions, and as sure as our Lord is the true and faithful witness, so sure will the God of hope and love soon fill you with all joy and peace, that ye may abound in pure love as well as in confirmed hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.*

CONSCIENCE.

"If," says an able writer, "the truth presses hard upon the heart of a fellow-man, if a fact fall like a thunder-bolt upon his head,—he is not to be offended with me. Did I make the truth, or the fact? Have I led him to do the act, which gives to truth all its cutting power? Or have I made him the author of the fact, the mere statement of which is as the bursting of thunder upon his ear? Has not he performed the action, which gives to truth its sword of double edge? and has not himself been guilty of the fact, the very hearing of which is, as the poisoning of a vulture upon the way of reformation? And, if the little I can say produces such a commotion in his soul, how will he stand the exhibition of the great day, the light of the judgment? If the truth I tell reaches such a storm in his bosom, if he quail before the glow of light shed around him by a fellow-man,—if his conscience is roused to frenzy, and all the plausible and false reasonings must be seized upon to give him temporary quiet,—how will such a man stand before the bar of ineffable light, and truth, and rectitude? Let him tremble now, while he reflects what God is and before what judgment-seat he will soon be summoned, when the summons must and will be heard and obeyed."

PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

The third volume of this history is now before us, and having nearly completed the perusal of the entire work, we are prepared to express our approbation of it, as one of the most interesting and instructive histories that we have ever read. Every youth of this country is more or less acquainted with apocryphal sketches, professing to be histories of South America; but none of them, even the most extensive and authentic, are entitled to much confidence. The work of Mr. Prescott is executed in beautifully, with an elegance of diction and structure of sentences worthy of peculiar praise. He has availed himself of every known authority extant, and with an industry of research which entitles him to our fullest confidence. By comparing various accounts of the same events, he has endeavoured to arrive, as near as possible, at the truth.

While advancing in this history, we often find ourselves surprised; and as we are passing from a dream, as it is possible that such millions of souls ever existed on this continent, so savage, yet so intelligent; so sanguinary and yet so magnanimous; and above all, can it be credited, that with their prowess and spirit they could be swept from the face of the earth by a handful of European adventurers! It is almost incredible. And but for the fanaticism of false religion, and the superstition of ignorance and semi-barbarism, such astonishing achievements had never been realized. The intelligent reader will know what allowance to make for the influence of the foregoing causes on the authorities upon which Mr. Prescott rests for the materials of his work. We cannot speak too highly of the elegant style in which the Harpers have brought out these volumes. They are an honour to the American press, and especially to the house that publishes them.—N. Y. Observer.

CHARITY suffereth long; it beareth the imperfections of others with patience, waits for their amendment without impatience; and begs it of God without being weary.—Bishop Wilson.

