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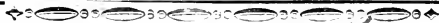
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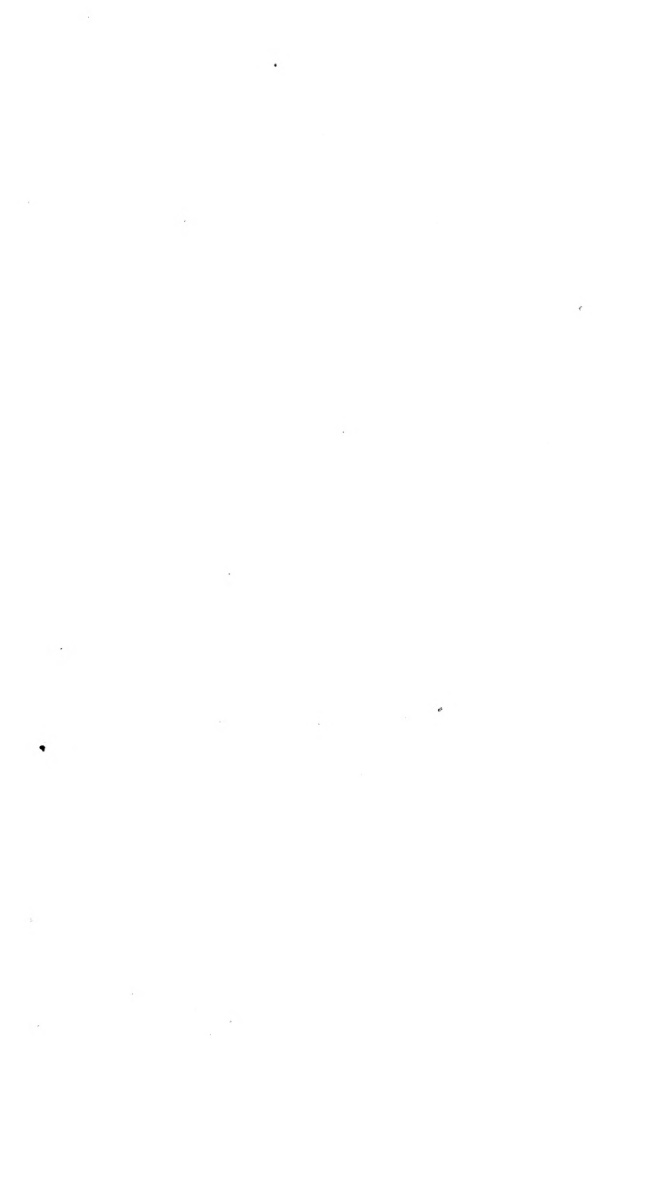
Letter.....

March 15th 1855

No.



BV 3705 .J34 1837
Young, John.
Jairus





JAIRUS;

OR,

THE HOME MISSIONARY.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

“ Happy, if, with my latest breath,
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!”

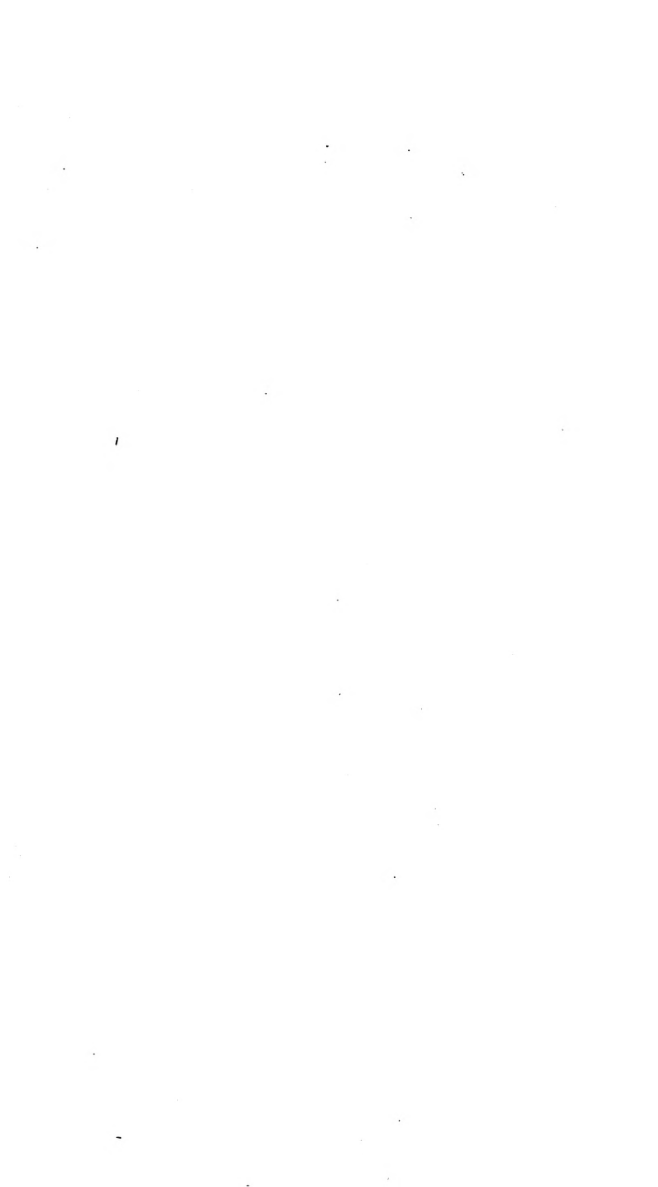
BY THE REV. JOHN YOUNG.

LONDON:

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AND AT WELLINGTON, SALOP.

1837.

TO THE
GENTLEMEN FORMING THE COMMITTEE,
AND
THE FRIENDS IN GENERAL,
OF THAT VALUABLE INSTITUTION,
THE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
THE FOLLOWING PAGES
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.



PRINCETON

THEOLOGICAL

PREFACE.

ANY individual who has felt the value of his own soul, and been made to participate in the blessings of salvation, will require no additional argument to induce him to take a lively interest in whatever is likely to promote the eternal welfare of others. “Knowing the terrors of the Lord, he will endeavour to persuade men:” and, constrained by the love of Christ, he will prove that difficulties and opposition will rather stimulate his energy than paralyze his exertions. In the present day, every thing that can excite and invigorate all genuine Philanthropists, or those who feel deeply concerned on account of the moral degradation of human nature, is presented in the cheering prospect increasing before them of the renovation of the WORLD, by the diffusion of the Gospel of Christ.

Among the numerous improvements in the science of modern charity, the Author of this Work regards as of the very first importance the increased concern which is evidently prevailing for the *moral* and *religious* advancement of our country. As we are called a Christian nation, it should be the concern of every believer in Divine Revelation that we may soon become a **NATION OF CHRISTIANS**. And as God accomplishes his gracious purposes by means, both in their nature and number, suitably proportioned to his designs; we, in the belief of this, should deem ourselves summoned to combine our influence with the exertions of the myriads who are actually engaged in promoting the glory of the Redeemer, and the eternal welfare of souls.

The facts adduced in this volume have not been collected to gratify curiosity, or to obtain pecuniary help for public institutions, but to illustrate the power and riches of Divine grace, to shew the transforming influence of the Gospel, to warn the young against some of the evils

which may assail them, to point out the existing and essential difference between conversion and conviction, to encourage those who are employed by the Great Head of the Church in preaching the word of life to persevere in their "work of faith and labour of love," and especially to urge on the attention of those who have in any degree felt the power of religion, the importance of a copious effusion of Divine influence on the barren soil of the moral wilderness, in order to its appearing as the garden of the Lord.

It may possibly be supposed that the subject of the following pages stood in connexion with the respectable and important Society to which they are inscribed: such, however, was not the case. At the same time the writer has no doubt that in spirit he was one with it, and that he sincerely rejoiced in all its successful and useful designs.

The name of the HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY is placed at the head of this volume with a view, if possible, to draw the attention of the

Christian public more fully to that valuable institution, which (it is feared) is still too little regarded. The Author, after much reflection, fearlessly declares it as his settled conviction that very much more than has yet been accomplished might, and should promptly be done for its funds. No Society that at present adorns and elevates the character of our beloved country is more important, and none exists better calculated to be extensively and lastingly beneficial.

That Britain may soon become “a holy nation, a peculiar people,” and consequently be still more abundantly “zealous of good works,” and that this publication may, in some humble measure, conduce to so desirable an end, is the ardent prayer and hope of

THE AUTHOR.



THE HOME MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER I.

“The soul, whose sight all-quickening grace renews,
Takes the resemblance of the good she views;
As diamonds, stripp'd of their opaque disguise,
Reflect the noonday glory of the skies:
She speaks of Him, her Author, Guardian, Friend,
Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,
In language warm as all that love inspires,
And in the glow of her intense desires,
Pants to communicate her noble fires.”

Cowper.

“O, MY father!” exclaimed Jairus, as he appeared amidst the family circle, “pardon the apparently dictatorial language which my feelings prompt me to employ;—we *must*, indeed we must, have family-worship.” A tremulous emotion agitated the strongly-excited youth, and prevented further utterance. Duty, fear, and love pervaded his mind in rapid succession, or at once mingled within him their varied and almost overpowering influences.

It was the close of a peaceful Sabbath-day, of which, without any poetical exaggeration, it might have been said,—

“ If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly, sure, as this
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss:”

when he had just returned from a solemn meeting, in which eventide's oblation, rising from the heart in prayer and praise, had ascended to God. His soul had recently realized the rich and sensible enjoyment of pardoning grace; and as the awful abyss from which, like “ a brand plucked from the burning,” he had newly felt himself delivered, yawned in undisguised horror before his mind's eye, he felt the imminent danger threatening those who gave him birth, and he consequently, with the intensest anxiety, sought their salvation.

Awhile he stood in silence before his beloved parents and the family; his eye, however, expressed the sentiments of deep affection and powerful solicitude, which his lips were unable to utter. At length, a bursting flood of tears relieved his oppressed and heaving bosom, and he urged, with all the force of rhetoric, prompted by powerful feeling, his former request, that a family altar might be erected for the worship of God. “ I am welcomed with gratitude and gladness,” resumed Jairus, “ by numerous pious individuals and families whom I visit, and to some of whom

I am permitted to indulge the cheering thought, that I have been made an honoured, though humble instrument of saving benefit; but, amidst the real gratification such a hope is calculated to impart, one thing continues to embitter all my pleasures, and robs me of the high enjoyment I should otherwise possess;—the afflictive and dejecting consideration that, on returning from those welcome visits of mercy and holy usefulness, I behold you, my beloved parents, ignorant and unconcerned about salvation, and our entire household living awfully exposed to the fearful curse denounced by Asaph, that the Lord will “pour out his wrath upon the heathen that have not known him, and upon the *families* that have not called upon his name.” Permit me, therefore, I entreat you, successfully to plead that here the Scriptures of Truth may regularly be read, and a family altar erected.”

Silence succeeded this request. The family inmates gazed on each other, while symptoms of guilty confusion appeared visible chiefly on the countenances of both the parents. With a view to relieve the embarrassment, Jairus modestly proposed that an answer to the request he had made should be deferred until the following evening, when he hoped his parents would at least see the propriety, if they should not *feel* the importance of compliance.

This proposal was willingly, although silently agreed to; and the members of the astonished

group retired to their several apartments. Jairus alone remained. Sleep pressed not, as yet, upon his eyelids. His mind laboured amidst a variety of contending feelings. Awhile hope fluttered around him, and presented to his imagination the lengthening train of rich and spiritual blessings which would descend on his parental abode, on the recognition of a mercy-seat where

“Duly, as night came round, or rosy morn
Unbarr’d the gates of day, incense might rise
Of holy prayer and fervent praise to God.”

Now, fear of a refusal, on the part of his parents, or, at most, a cold and unfeeling assent to his request, oppressed his bosom, and blighted at once, all the blooming prospects to which hope’s bright visions had given existence. At length, falling upon his knees, in the deep and sacred solemnity of his feelings, and with the vehemence of holy fervour, and unfolding the word of God before him, he pleaded its encouraging promises; and, as Abraham wrestled with Jehovah for ungodly Sodom, he urged his petitions before the Lord for his parents and brethren and sisters after the flesh, earnestly beseeching that he might be rendered the honoured instrument of banishing practical atheism from his father’s house, and of leading those through whom he had been brought to see the natural light to behold “the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.”

The tranquillity of faith then possessed his soul, and commending himself and his connexions to the protection of Him "that keepeth Israel," he retired to enjoy, on his peaceful couch,

"Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

How delightful is it thus to contemplate, in actual life, an illustration of the truth of Scripture, "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God." Not only is love inseparable from the Christian character, but it is the vital spirit of our holy religion; hence, "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is LOVE." That person who, calling himself a Christian, still feels no yearnings of soul, nor any commiseration towards those of his fellow-creatures who are still under the condemning and degrading power of sin, makes an unauthorized claim to the religion of the Saviour: or, to employ the language of a distinguished and elegant writer of our day, "He that would not compass sea and land, if called to it, to save a soul, has not learned the value of his own." It would be equally improper to call such a man a Christian, as it would be to denominate him a miser who never felt any love for gold.

No sooner is the soul renewed by the Divine Spirit than it enquires, with the apostle of the Gentiles, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" It beholds the "world lying in wickedness," and feels anxious to interest others about

that salvation of which itself, through grace, has been made a recipient, by directing them to Him who "came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost." The sphere of such a man's operation is that occupied by the immediate connexions to whom, by the ties of blood, he stands related, and also by the particular circle amidst which, by the allotment of Providence, he is called to move. If found in the bosom of a family where religion, even in form, is not known, *there* all the energies of constraining Christian affection, and all the arduous and ceaseless exertions which the word of wisdom dictates, are employed by him; and, in reference to these especially, it may be said that he endeavours

"By tears, entreaties, prayers, to save,
And snatch them from the gaping grave."

Such was the present situation of Jairus, and such also were the views and feelings by which his whole conduct was now regulated: by day and night, he had, even with tears, sought their salvation. Unspotted morality, even to conduct wholly unimpeachable, characterized the entire family. Indeed, nothing was more abhorrent from their feelings than injustice or immorality in any respect. The claims of misery were never disregarded by them when they possessed ability to attend to its plaintive solicitations. The chamber of the sick and the couch of the dying, they

visited with alacrity and pleasure, to fulfil such duties as humanity required, and to which they were urged by the sensibilities of their nature.

With all these, and many other valuable qualities which externally adorned them, *one* thing was wanting—and one for which all others could not compensate or make atonement—LOVE TO GOD. The actions they performed, though apparently good, indeed, in themselves, were still not regarded as good by Him who “judges not according to appearance,” but by the rule of “righteous judgment;” and who thus saw that they proceeded from an unholy—a selfish principle. They were, consequently, “going about to establish their own righteousness,” not having “submitted themselves to the righteousness of God;” and were thus vainly seeking to “be justified by the deeds of the law.” Jairus saw, and wept, and trembled for their danger, while they were relying upon their own imperfect works instead of “the blood of the atonement.”

The morning arrived of the day to which the anxious youth had deferred the momentous *yes* or *no*, in answer to his filial petition. The same unabated ardour animated his soul, while in his morning supplications he exclaimed in devout agony, addressing himself to God, “O that my parents and family might live before thee!” The thought was too distressing to be allowed long to occupy his mind, that the awful possibility existed that either or both of his beloved

parents might be lost for ever! or that the partners of his childhood might not be sharers of his own hoped-for heaven. The impression, however, which the thought had produced strongly excited his mind, and operated as a stimulus to his desires, urging him onward in prosecuting his benevolent design. He wished for, and still half-dreaded the return of evening. A short time only had yet elapsed since he began to exercise in public the talent given him, by leading the devotions of others. Hence, a degree of false shame, not wholly unaccompanied by timidity, naturally struggled within him at the thought of taking the lead in the devotional services of the family, before his parents and the other members of the household, supposing they should accede to his wishes. These feelings, however, were but of short duration; he determined to follow the path of duty marked out before him by conscience and the word of God, and leave to Him the result, to whom he could appeal to vindicate the purity of the motives by which he was now influenced. Evening returned—supper was spread upon the table, around which the family took their seats: the repast was finished, the cloth was removed; and now, Jairus, full of anxiety, waited awhile for the movement of the household. As no intimation was given of any reference to the subject upon which his soul was set, he diffidently requested whether an answer could then be given to his last evening's ques-

tion. All attempts to describe either his own feelings or those of the family would be idle, and might be considered by the unimaginative only as a highly-wrought poetic fiction got up to produce effect. For some time, the father gazed on his son in thoughtful silence: his mind had been deeply affected by the request which he had made. The recent conduct of Jairus had been particularly noticed; and his father had observed how closely his conversation and manners corresponded with his profession; and, while indulging his own private and unnoticed observations and reflections, he became powerfully convinced of some change, for which he could not account, having taken place within him. Aware that he was naturally hasty and impetuous in his disposition, his father had noticed with wonder the meek and lovely spirit which he had lately, on all occasions, displayed: hence, while such reflections exercised his attention, conviction fastened upon his mind; and the favourable moment had now arrived, when, through the instrumentality of his son, he was to be taught the way of God more perfectly.

He continued, awhile, to look upon him, without making any reply; displaying, indeed, "a countenance more in sorrow than in anger," until his growing feelings, forbidding any longer control, bore all before them; and, giving unrestrained liberty to his emotions, he exclaimed, while the tears, with which his eyes were suf-

fused, plentifully bedewed his aged cheeks, "O, Jairus, my beloved Jairus, while I feel proud of such a son, I blush almost to look upon you." He could add no more, articulation for the moment failed him, and he hid his face in his hands. Astonishment ran through the whole company, and the mother blended her tears with those of her weeping partner.

Jairus was the first who recovered from the surprise into which so unexpected a scene had thrown them. Silently, for a short period, he looked on, and breathed out his gratitude to God for what he had just seen and heard: and then, seizing a hand of each of his still weeping parents, he pressed them to his lips, and, while the fast-flowing tears of joy and filial affection gushed from his own eyes, he replied, "You know not, my beloved parents, by what unutterable happiness my soul is, at this moment, animated. Long, very long, have I prayed in secret for your salvation; and God, I trust, has heard and answered my supplications."

"I hope, nay, I doubt not, he has," rejoined the father. "But for those prayers, and your example, under God, we had still, as in former days, continued 'ignorant and out of the way;' and, at last, we should have perished, even while delusive hopes of heaven might have possessed us. O, how boundless," continued he, lifting his still streaming eyes, and raising his clasped hands towards heaven, "O, how bound-

less is the love of that Being who has stooped to invite and beseech rebels to be reconciled to himself, and who encourages every trembling sinner, by declaring, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out.' But to your mother and myself this love must surely appear greater than to any others; for, while we delayed, nay, refused to come, he sent you, my Jairus, to conduct us to himself."

"And I hope," added the mother, casting a look of tenderest affection around upon the family, "I hope to bring with us his brothers and sisters too."

This was too powerful an appeal to the feelings of the juvenile part of the family to be resisted; and George, a younger brother, who had hitherto sat a silent spectator of the moving scene, leaning on the lap of his mother, rather astonished than affected, yielding to the irrepressible emotions of nature, mingled his sobs and tears with those of the rest of the group, and exclaimed, "O, brother Jairus, pray that every one of us may become good, and go to heaven with you and father and mother."

Never was a request made to Jairus to which he attended with higher feelings of "pleasure unalloyed and pure," than to that which the simplicity of childhood had prompted George to make. The family folio was immediately taken down, and the dust wiped from its venerable cover. Too long had it occupied in the

house a station rather of ornament than use ; or, if of any use at all, it had merely served the purpose of a family *Album*, on the first blank page of which, stood registered the births, marriages, and deaths of numerous relatives, together with various other memoranda of importance, and of a sort of semi-sacred character.

Jairus opened the Holy Volume, and, silently breathing from his heart a fervent prayer for the Divine blessing, he read with solemnity a suitable portion of its contents ; and, as he went on, he attempted, with united simplicity and earnestness, to explain and apply the sacred text. The original fall of man, his total depravity, redemption by the mediation of Christ, the nature and necessity of Divine influence, and the subjects of Faith, Repentance, Pardon, and Holiness, by turns, engaged his attention ; and upon each of these important topics, he spoke as one who had not only handled “the word of life,” but who had *felt* “the powers of the world to come.”

Thus, unintentionally, and, to himself, unconsciously, he first appeared, in his father’s parlour, a preacher of the Gospel, before an auditory for whose everlasting interests he felt emotions as powerful, perhaps, as the human heart could possibly cherish.

The chapter being concluded, Jairus, as the priest of the family, presented their evening oblation to the Lord. All knelt, sincerely and

reverentially, before the newly-raised family altar, around which angels, doubtless, invisibly hovered with an extacy which angels alone can know. With a pathos and fervour peculiar to himself, he poured out the unpremeditated effusions of his heart, as “the Spirit gave him utterance.” With unfeigned humility and contrition of soul, like another Nehemiah, he confessed and deplored the transgressions of himself and the family; with lively faith he assailed the throne of mercy and grace, and urged the blood of Christ, as the exclusive plea for pardon and salvation; and then, with thankfulness, acknowledged, in language expressive of lively gratitude, the unnumbered blessings of which they were, and long had been, the undeserving recipients; and affectionately commending the family, himself, and the world, to God, he gave demonstrative evidence that prayer, to him, was no strange employment; but that, like Jacob, he had frequently “wrestled with God;” and, like him, “prevailed.”

CHAPTER II.

“ Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears ;
What none can prove a forgery may be true,
What none but bad men wish exploded must :
That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud
Nor drink enough to drown it. In the midst
Of laughter his compunctions are sincere ;
And he abhors the jest by which he shines.
Remorse begets reform.”

Cowper.

PERHAPS the most eventful and dangerous portion of man's being, as a probationer for another world, is the season of his youth. While animal health and vigour continue strong, and his spirits almost unbridled and unbroken, phantoms of pleasure flit before him in all the magic of their most fascinating charms ; and, urged by the highly excited feelings of feverish imagination, less disposed to moralize than to enjoy, he is easily and powerfully allured to enter upon the paths of error. And this liability to danger is most commonly increased in exact proportion as the individual possesses native talent, a lively imagination, and pleasing

address; or as he is the subject of an inclination (and who is altogether without it?) to listen favourably to flattering applause. Gifted with qualifications so eminently calculated to amuse and interest, such characters become a twofold snare, both to *others* and to *themselves*. Their company is eagerly sought after, pressing invitations are tendered to them, and plans are devised and prosecuted, to seduce and ensnare their unwary steps, in cases where, otherwise, it would be difficult to secure their ready compliance with the wishes of their friends.

Such had been the circumstances of Jairus: and while his history furnishes a fearful picture of the snares by which youth is surrounded, his preservation and deliverance demonstrate, as evidently, the watchful regard of a gracious Providence. Placed, in early life, in a seminary near the metropolis, he was enabled, during the hours of relaxation from academical pursuits, to possess himself, in abundance, of that delusive and demoralizing species of literary poison, called Romances, Novels, Tales, &c. From this course, his mind became wild and enthusiastic, and he, already, although but a strippling little more than twelve years old, conceived himself equal to some of the heroes of the tales he had perused: he, therefore, sighed for adventures improbable as theirs, and such, not only as real life never experienced, but as are mere caricatures and burlesques upon earthly

existence itself. In addition to these evils, he had frequently been permitted, during the vacations, and while visiting his friends, to attend a country theatre, of which entertainment he became passionately fond; and twice he had also been taken by his father to two of the London Houses, to witness the histrionic talents of Master Betty, then known to the world by the title of "The young Roscius." There the oil of gratification was poured on the enkindled embers of romantic ardour. The splendour of the houses, the crowds of company, the captivating charms of music, the dazzling scenery, and the commanding talents of the performers, all conspired to transport his mind to the unsubstantial and seductive region of fancy, and to inflame the passions of his fallen nature by the intoxicating and destructive pleasures of the world. He returned to his studies, but his heart was far less engaged in them than formerly. The celebrity which Master Betty had attained, and the prodigal and unprecedented measure of eulogy heaped upon him by an insane populace, wrought powerfully, and, for a time, perilously, upon the ardent feelings of young Jairus.

"His mind was wilder'd by the glare of fame,
All now he wish'd for was---a player's name."

His leisure hours, from this period, were employed in reading and studying the principal

parts of those tragedies in which the Young Roscius played with so much effect. Happily for him, no opportunity occurred for him to try his ability on the boards of the theatre: and, therefore, the idle project which he had foolishly cherished, was, at length, abandoned; only, however, for the adoption of another, in the same department, as the progress of his history will unfold.

The Midsummer vacation arrived, and a visit to some of his relations in town gave a new impetus to his theatrical phrenzy. The family which he was visiting had, indeed, assumed the Christian name; but the reason why, had the question been put to them, they would, in all probability, have been unable to produce; except, indeed, on ground unsolid as that on which they would have rested their claims to be called Mussulmans, had they been born in Turkey, or Papists, had they first drawn breath in any part of the earth subject to the Sovereign Pontiff. The genuine religion of Him whose name they falsely bore was not, even in profession, known by them. The splendid train of gaiety filled the drawing-room on the evenings of every successive day, while the enervating viands of luxury covered the loaded tables. The Sabbath-day, like every other, was vilely squandered and abused; as, indeed, it appeared to be known as such only by a suspension of the active affairs of public life. Pleasure and parties united to drown reflection, and hurry their infatu-

ated votaries into the vortex of dissipation, and to sink them into the gulf of eternal misery.

Here, a very clever young man, an upper-servant in the family, became the almost constant companion of Jairus, the affability and freeness of whose disposition secured for him, from Robert, the kindest attentions; while those attentions produced a similar influence in favour of the person from whom they proceeded. With him, he rambled about London and its environs, witnessed its vanities, wondered at its splendour, and, with all the enthusiasm of a devotee at the shrine of pleasure, drank into its spirit.

On the evening of a sultry day, in the beginning of August, after a fearful tempest of thunder and lightning, (a cause by which the feelings of Jairus were always considerably affected,) he took up a night-quadrant which lay near him, and on his looking through it, the whole visible atmosphere presented him with a most awful appearance. A lurid fiery sheet seemed to cover the heavens, excepting, here and there, a huge murky space, which appeared to increase the horror excited by the awful scene. These appearances were occasioned partly by the colour and defective qualities of the glass, and partly by the nervous agitation of his feelings, aroused by the recent storm.

The day had been extremely hot, so much so as to produce oppressive breathing. No fanning zephyr relieved the sickly atmosphere, or re-

moved the clammy dampness which rested on the aching forehead. A sudden and overpowering tremor seized Jairus as he gazed on the fearful spectacle; and, like the impious Belshazzar, when he beheld the fingers of a man's handwriting on the wall of his palace, "the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another." Already, in imagination, he beheld passing before him, as in solemn reality, the sublime descriptions of the poet—

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind!"

This awful impression fearfully alarmed him. Those scenes of vanity in which he had been indulging himself, and which had afforded him some merely fleeting gratification, now assumed a different character in his estimation. He felt that, however such empty delights might amuse, in life and thoughtlessness, they could not comfort the soul, with eternity and judgment full in view. An inexpressible sense of misery almost crushed him with its weight; and he knew not where to look for help, or how to relieve himself from the oppressive load. To fly from himself was impossible; thought returned afresh with increased power after every attempted repulse, and conscience alarmed and condemned him. Of Christ he had never heard, at least, not

as a Saviour “able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by Him.” His name had commonly been mentioned in his hearing, either in blasphemy or derision. Where to flee, he was ignorant : no refuge appeared, nor was any friendly retreat presented, to which he might repair for safety. Had some kind Christian friend or any minister of the Gospel been present at this season, to inform and relieve his bewildered, yet enquiring, mind, with what eager gladness would he, doubtless, have listened to that “faithful saying which is worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ;” and that *He* is is a refuge and a hiding-place—a covert from the tempest and the storm, as well as “a very present help in time of trouble ;” and thus proving himself “mighty to save.” But, alas ! no man was near that “cared for his soul ;” no messenger was with him, “an interpreter, one among a thousand ;” and, consequently, in his ignorance, he endeavoured to derive repose from the dangerous but too common opiate, by forming resolutions, and making secret promises of future amendment ; and thus, by a purposed reformation of life, and the rigid performance of self-imposed austerities, by way of penance, he hoped to recommend himself to God.

Thus purposing, he retired into secrecy, to repeat those prayers which, during the days of infancy, he had been taught in the nursery, and

which he had been in the habit, when nothing occasioned him to forget it, of saying by rote. Each morning's returning light beheld him on his knees, in retirement, reading the Scriptures, which he had now obtained; and with servile fear, like a trembling slave, or, in the conceited pride of pharisaical boldness, he presented his offering for acceptance on the altar of his personal *merit*.

An external change, also, to a certain extent, became observable in him, and the unaccountable alteration attracted the attention of his friends; and while he vehemently inveighed against the follies of the world, and especially those of his former pursuits, and his attachment to *theatrical amusements*, they pitied his delirium, or laughed at his weakness.

The period arrived that had been fixed for his return to his parental abode, and Jairus bid adieu to the gay and giddy scenes of London, determining in his own mind to be no more entangled in their ensnaring bands. But, ah! he knew not the deceitfulness of sin; those feelings were "like the morning cloud," and his determinations "as the early dew, which soon pass away." He was as yet ignorant of Satan's devices and the depravity of his own heart: he cried "peace, peace," when God had not spoken peace. He still carried about with him all the natural elements of enmity to God and Christ: his former acquaintance poured in upon him;

courtesy demanded a polite attention to them; and, in proportion as the impressions which had lately depressed his animal spirits lost their strength, so did his former engagements and delights present themselves to his view, as *harmless, lawful, nay, absolutely necessary*, to the proper enjoyment of life.

Conscience was thus for a while disregarded, or compelled for a season to suspend its faithful admonitions. The impressions, however, of his real state were not wholly effaced. There were occasions, and they were not few, when they presented themselves in opposition to his wishes. But, as yet, the partial light which his mind had received was scarcely perceptible amid the darkness by which it was surrounded.

His former passion for the stage revived with gradual, and almost imperceptible influence. Still, several insurmountable difficulties obstructed the way to his entering upon, what he fancied, so delightful a road to fame and glory. He therefore relinquished entirely, although reluctantly, the fascinating idea; and, with it, even the hope of becoming a player. He, however, determined that he would supply the place of such gratification by commencing author for the stage, and emulate the genius of Shakspeare himself.

This new project, as soon as formed, he began to execute. Now, midnight's silent hour, and the early dawn, frequently found him lost in deep cogitation, or eagerly embracing some new-born

thought, and dressing the fugitive foundling in the choicest ornaments which his mental wardrobe furnished.

While the sports of the field called together the youthful bands with which, until now, he had closely associated, to display their agility and skill, or while the beauties of nature invited and allured others abroad, where

“Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, feasts upon the scene,”

or,

“To soothe and satisfy the human ear,
Ten thousand warblers cheer the closing day,”

Jairus eagerly sought his loved lone study, and, after considerable toil, produced his firstling. This was submitted to the inspection of a literary gentleman, with whom he had recently formed an acquaintance. Flattery, that poison of the mind, was inconsiderately and copiously administered, and the genius of the author was most oppressively lauded. The production, however, which had thus been ushered into being, from the airy cranium of the young aspirant after fame, was presented in the simple, unattractive garb of *prose*; but, as blank-verse (maugre all the strong and serious objections urged by the great lexicographer, Johnson, to that species of composition) better suits the Melpomene muse, whose inspiration Jairus had invoked, the advice and instruction of his friend were thankfully received and regarded, and the entire production was, in a short time, recomposed.

Another and another piece flowed from the pen of the juvenile author ; none, however, had as yet become known beyond the circle of his intimate acquaintances ; but from these he received such gratulations as friendship or ignorance might be supposed to award.

A periodical publication, at this stage of our newly-created bard's existence, announced to the world that scarce and original songs were much in demand, and that a high price would be given to any who could furnish them. This advertisement caught the eye of Jairus, and aroused, into active operation, the poetic feelings of his romantic mind. A volume of original ballads, in manuscript, was, soon afterwards, the result ; for, having some months before this period quitted the academic bowers, his whole time was thus, worse than uselessly, employed.

While thus busily engaged in his last literary work, so much to the dishonour of God, as well as to his own injury, he was, through an accident, confined to his chamber ; yet, even there, he did not relinquish his favourite pursuit. The "ruling passion" was strong, even while he was writhing under excruciating pain. He was, one day, deeply involved in thought for the said volume, when a gentleman of his acquaintance called, to enquire after his health. Jairus observed him as he approached the house ; and, knowing him to be a steady professor of religion, a blush, for a moment, tinged his cheek, as, with

precipitation, he removed the manuscript song-book, and placed open before him the *Book of Common Prayer!* By this act he tacitly passed sentence against himself; while he, nevertheless, continued the work which he thus condemned. He appeared to be “led captive by the devil at his will.” The words of a heathen poet, translated and modernized, were, by his conduct, fully and sadly exemplified,—

“I see the right, and I approve it too,
The wrong condemn, and yet the wrong pursue.”

It may, indeed, be asserted that at no period of his life were those vicious and disgraceful crimes which, from youth, degrade the character of too many, committed, or even approved, by him: but his heart was still at enmity with God; and if he did not “run to the same excess of riot” as others, it was doubtless because those temptations had never come in his way; or rather, because, by the restraining grace of God, he was withheld from indulging in them. His heart, however, as the case just mentioned demonstrates, was “deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.”

“Sincerity,
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path! although the earth should gape,
And, from the gulph below, destruction cry,
To take dissimulation’s winding way.”

He soon became convalescent: returning health,

however, only appeared to bring with it a fresh, and, if possible, a stronger disposition to devote himself to the service of sin, by the abuse of the talents intrusted to his stewardship, in such a way as accorded neither with the law of Him who had benevolently bestowed them, nor with the important and useful purposes to which they were applicable.

Most towns, in our country, of any note, are, at some season of the year, visited by theatrical performers; and in not a few of these towns there are regularly licensed buildings for the purpose of such exhibitions; and wherever these are maintained in any thing like prosperity, the fact is incontrovertible, that a degree of crime is found, and that of the rankest description, surpassing what other towns exhibit: and within the radius of these hotbeds for vice unblushing impiety attains a vigour and luxuriance of growth which, like the poisonous dews of the Upas tree, pollutes and destroys all that comes in contact with them. If but half, nay, only a tithe, of the zeal and activity which are employed by the abettors of such impious and infectious haunts, were manifested by the friends of Truth and Religion, the beneficial results to our country and the world would surpass all possible calculation.

The morning of a brighter day already dawns upon our land; the discouraging circumstances of our metropolitan theatres, the loud complaint of the want of natural and acquired talent, the

divisions and hostilities among the rival places, and the announcement of no less than *eighty-four* playhouses for sale in England, must diffuse gladness through the hearts of those who sincerely pray, "Thy kingdom come."

In Jairus's native town, at the period to which we refer, a theatre existed; (even that, however, by the active exertions of a highly respectable minister has since been converted into an excellent school-room, on the Lancasterian plan;) and a circumstance of a public nature having made a demand upon his pen, he furnished "*an occasional song*," which the manager of the theatre, in the character of a British Sailor, sung on two several nights. Inflated with vanity, by the applause which this received, he wrote, and presented to the same person, a musical after-piece in two acts, intending, by this means, to make way for his larger pieces, two or three of which he now had by him. But here, the restraining providence of God was signally displayed; for, after some weeks, the piece was returned to the author, without having been performed, because (as the caterer for the public taste reported) of its similarity to a play already on the stage; which, however, there are solid grounds for believing was not the true reason, which, it is more than probable, was a desire to obtain, by copy, the work in a cheaper way, than by purchase.

The talents of Jairus, as a writer of ballads, had become celebrated: no circumstance occur-

red, but they were put into requisition: both friends and fancied enemies shared in the ready turns of his wit, in the way either of playful raillery or caustic satire; while, to himself, it became a source of imminent danger; and his total ruin was, by a miracle of grace, alone, prevented.

A certain satellite of the vagrant company already referred to, whose attractive vocal powers had gained him considerable popularity in the town and vicinity, heard, by some means, of the manuscript volume of songs which Jairus possessed. A strong desire to get them, if possible, into his own hands induced him to employ every method which his crafty invention could devise. Unconscious of the ruinous snare which was artfully laid for him by the hero of the buskin, he was, as usual, seated with the other members of the family, at dinner, when a gentleman was announced who expressed a wish to be favoured with an interview with him. He immediately left the table, and hastened to give the desired audience, when to his astonishment, on the introduction of the "*gentleman*," the sallow countenance and threadbare coat of the strolling singer met his distended visual organs.

Jairus received him with courtesy, and, in a few moments, felt his vanity gratified by the attention paid to him, and the well-turned compliments presented by the pseudo-gentleman. The purport of his visit, after certain preliminaries

dictated by *good breeding* had been passed through, was announced, which was to inform Jairus that a few *select friends* were, on an appointed evening, to meet at the B— inn, where they intended to devote the closing hours of the day to conviviality,—alias, to Bacchus; which meeting he was solicited to favour with his company; and, at the same time, it was delicately stated that his talents had been a subject of frequent conversation among his friends, many of whom, with himself, would feel the favour of his attendance greatly enhanced by his bringing with him the manuscript songs of which they had heard.

Well might we tremble for Jairus: his feet, indeed, stood in slippery places. The disciples of infidelity and adepts in vice sought and entreated his company, and, before the emissary of wickedness and mischief departed, Jairus gave him the promise of his presence.

Into what danger are we not likely and almost certain to fall, when we heedlessly go forth, leaning to our own understanding: how necessary is the enquiry, “Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?” and how satisfactory the answer, “By taking heed thereto, according to thy word.” But Jairus had now forgotten the word of the Lord, he had cast it behind his back; and eagerly he pursued the phantom which flitted before his excited imagination, but the “airy nothing” failed to fill his anxious grasp.

The appointed evening came, when he was to go to the nocturnal revel. To such meetings he was an entire stranger, and, consequently, a something similar to hesitancy, and very much like a wish *not* to attend this, struggled within him, and, more than once, he questioned the propriety of compliance. Again and again he wished the appointment had not been made. His enlightened understanding and half-awakened conscience convinced him it was wrong, and thus made him wretched. Reflection had now taken such a hold of him that he could not readily get rid of its grasp, so that his mind was brought into a sort of state of equilibrium,

To go, or not to go, that was the question ;
 Whether 'twere better, in the mind, to suffer
 The stings which an enlighten'd conscience gave,
 Or, by a wise resolve, at once to break
 The spell that bound him, and, so, be at ease:—

when the thought occurred to him that he had *promised*, and, therefore, he *ought* to go ; besides, his doing so lay directly, as he fancied, in his way to the temple of fame, and, therefore, he *must* go.

With what ingenuity does the perverse *will* seek for reasons to sanction and defend practices against which the *judgment* often raises the voice of disapproval, and how easily are we, therefore, induced to adopt those measures to which a prejudiced inclination may dispose us, even when conviction strongly opposes such a course ; so

little seems to be the trouble of surmounting difficulties, when our depraved propensities prompt and pursue the plan.

The deepening shades of night contracted the circle of vision, and every moment rendered the face of nature and the habitations of man increasingly indistinct, when the time, the half-dreaded time, came for Jairus to mix with the society of those who "love darkness rather than light." He left his abode of comparative peace and tranquillity, and hasted to the disorderly party. The room in which they usually met was spacious and brilliantly illuminated, and already the crowded company had taken their places. At the further end of the apartment, and immediately opposite the entrance, there appeared a highly-raised throne, surmounted by a gaudy canopy, the front of which was emblazoned with emblematical figures, encompassing a circular motto, in letters of gold—"SACRED TO THE SONS OF HARMONY." Several steps, of easy ascent, conducted to the royal seat, on which lounged a swollen creature who might easily have been taken for dissipation and disease personified; his companions denominated him, "MOST NOBLE GRAND." On each side of him, in antique arm-chairs, sat his prime-ministers, looking like *Want* and *Despair*, and distinguished by the high-sounding titles of "NOBLE," and "VICE NOBLE GRAND;" while, ranged in such kind of order as well comported with the character of

the assembly, were spread over an area, before the throne, the subjects of the presiding sovereign.

Jairus had not reached the place in time to witness the enthronization, and was, therefore, ignorant of the ceremonies accompanying that imposing rite. The right hand of the "*Most noble Grand*" held a small wooden hammer, similar to those used by auctioneers, with which he frequently struck against the seat of his throne, when the confused hubbub of the unruly multitude demanded it, or when the obstreperous roaring of a quarrelsome individual required royal interference. In his left hand, he grasped a long earthen tube, which might have been taken for a sceptre, or, at least, for something denoting royalty, had it not been observed that each of his prime ministers, and even every one of his subjects, bore a similar instrument, one end of which, some most sagaciously placed in their mouths, while others, during a clamorous roar, brandished theirs wildly above their heads, with gesticulations so novel and ludicrous as might quickly have prompted a nervous visiter to make a hasty retreat, even though it had been by the window, not doubting that several cases of aggravated lunacy appeared before him.

Scarcely had Jairus put his head within the entrance of the royal apartment, before an almost suffocating fume, which issued in rising clouds from the said tubes of clay, assailed,

alike, his eyes and powers of breathing. He was hastily retreating, to recover his sight, which he had almost lost the faculty of using, as well as to recruit his nearly disabled respiration, and, in fact, under the influence of a more than half-formed determination to leave these offensive orgies altogether, when he was recalled by a familiar and significant beck from one of these *select friends*, who, with all the politeness of barbarism, and accompanying the invitation by a suitable action, seized him by the hand with the grasp of a bear, and, hurrying him to the foot of the throne, presented him as a bashful son of conviviality. Jairus was immediately received by a gracious notice from the royal seat, which filled him with more fear than confidence. A scene so strange and unruly, presented, in the liveliest possible manner, to his poetic mind, a sort of living portrait of the interior of Milton's pandæmonium, where

“ Devils, with devils damn'd, firm concord hold.”

“ Make him, Dick,” roared out the “ Most noble Grand” to one of his supporters, “ he's a hearty chum.”—“ I don't know as how we may, Sam,” vociferated “ Despair,”—“ But, if the gemman wishes it, we'll :”—“ O, by no means,” hastily interrupted the alarmed and trembling Jairus, who expected nothing less, than that some dreadful operation was about to be performed upon his body.--“ I fear, gentlemen,” he conti-

nued, as well as his fluttering heart would allow him, "I fear I have made a mistake,—I beg pardon, I was invited to a meeting of '*select friends*,' this evening, and have, I believe, entered the wrong room."—"No pologies, my fine fellow," exclaimed the throned being, "we are all *selectable* friends, here, and well met; and, now I remember," continued he, and looking full in Jairus's face, with most knowing observation, "you are the chap, I suppose, what Jack T—— invited. He told us you'd be here; he's got a *pointment* this here evening, and, so, can't come, but,"——"*Silence, for a song*," from half-a-dozen voices in a distant part of the room, diverted the attention of the "Most noble Grand" from Jairus,——"Silence, gentlemen, for Mr. D—'s song;" and a volley of strokes from the wooden hammer quieted for the time the head-distracting uproar. During the discordant notes of the chorister,—(the clerk of the parish-church,)—Jairus, sitting in silence, surveyed the motley group, presenting an assemblage of old and young, promiscuously mingled together, even from the stripling of *sixteen*, to the hoary head of *sixty*. Here, the master-tradesman and the apprentice drank at the same table, and (as far as evidence could be obtained from sight and sense concurring to make assurance doubly sure) even the prince of the soot-bag, also. Order and distinction were unknown; neither age, rank, nor circumstances, appeared to be regarded: the

levelling system of modern infidelity was here realized and displayed in frightful epitome. Could the most distant possibility ever have existed, that the Divine Being had introduced such confusion into his moral government, then, indeed, the Paines, and Carlises, and Taylors, of the age, might, with some appearance of propriety, have urged forward the system of Robespierre and his coadjutors. While, however, the very men who arraign the wisdom of the Eternal at the bar of their perverted reason are among the number of those who abet and establish such heterogeneous associations, in defiance, not only of all the prohibitions of God, but even to the outrage of secular order and propriety, what must we not think of *their system*? And the scene here portrayed is not a solitary one, but a mere sketch of many which, at this hour, are spreading degradation and mischief through our land.

Jairus shuddered at the appalling spectacle: it neither accorded with his habits nor his inclinations. He wished to make a hasty retreat, and, yet, seemed not to possess sufficient power to break the invisible, potent spell by which he was detained. "This is, indeed, a *select* assembly," thought he, "such as my eyes never before beheld, such as I could never have imagined, and such, especially, as I hope never again to witness; *select-ed* from the very dregs of society." Once again he gazed round upon the bacchanalian assembly, as he indulged this soliloquy, and felt wretched.

He was aroused from his reverie by a tremendous roar of applause, expressed in boisterous and discordant "Bravos," accompanied by the clapping of hands, thumping on the tables, stamping on the floor, and other equally mad expressions of enthusiastic approbation. The uproar might have been taken for the terrific yell of an Indian war-whoop, or the confounding shout which accompanies the advances of the ponderous Car of the Idol Juggernaut, rather than from inhabitants of the most enlightened part of the world, and who had assumed the epithet—(Oh! "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the uncircumcised rejoice!")—who had assumed the epithet of CHRISTIANS.

Strong beer and ardent spirits were now, in great quantities, poured down the parched throats of the applauding company, until inebriety, in its magnifying and blinding influences, stole upon the assembly. Some, now, beheld *two* persons, where but *one* actually existed; while others could not perceive *one*, where *two* were evidently present.

And, now, almost every pair appeared to be engaged in their separate *conversazione*, and all seemed, suddenly, to have become logicians, if not of the most subtile, at least, of the most inflexible, order: hence, between the singing of loose and offensive songs, and the loud din of declamation, arising from different disputants, on a variety of subjects, a *mélange* was made up, of the most discordant and injurious character.

Among a number of other matters of debate which were abruptly lugged into the arena,—*Religion* and *Politics* (as is usual on such occasions) were paramount; and, as might be expected, were, of course, most sagely discussed. Had *Henry* and *Blackstone* been present, or *Chalmers* and *Brougham* helped to make up the party, they might have been furnished with matter such as their books do not contain, and have met with ideas of a description with which their craniums were never enriched.

In the estimation of not a few, *Religion* was the craft of lazy, lying, tithe-taking parsons; according to others, it was well enough in its place: some, wisely and gravely asserted that every man was as he was; and, from such sage premises, they produced equally rational deductions, and argued, most conclusively, that every man possessed a right to do as he pleased; while others, who were either too ignorant, or too much under the influence of intoxication, to think at all, merely reiterated the noble sentiment, and boisterously affirmed that to eat, and drink, and enjoy one's self, were the only purposes for which man was made. Amid the contention which prevailed, occasioned by the conflicting opinions of the company on minor points, it appeared to the whole an established principle, amounting even to an axiom, that the less *Religion* and *Death* were thought of, the more happy life was. With respect to *Politics*, they did not appear to

be so perfectly unanimous in their opinions, as in their views of Religion. The existing *constitution* was, indeed, very commendably to be overturned ; but, then, they could not so readily determine on the form of Government by which it could be replaced, so as to satisfy all the disputants. Had it, however, been put to the vote, whether a monarchical or a republican system were most desirable, it is likely that the *Ayes*, for the latter, would have overwhelmed the *Noes*, by dozens.

The attention of the discordant and clamorous parties was, rather unexpectedly, arrested, and drawn to one point, by the falling of the “ *Most noble Grand*” from his elevated throne. His unmanageable carcass rolled to the foot of the royal ascent, and was there arrested in its progress by one of the benches on which some of the company sat.

The beastly president of this state in embryo, like some who have reigned over large and populous countries, had proved his love of ruling to be equalled only by his love of drinking ; and, therefore, having taken too many large potations of the intoxicating fluids into his distended body, the stupifying fumes of the much-loved poison had ascended to his brain, and deprived him not only of what small portion of rationality he might, *a priori*, have laid claim to, but had likewise robbed him of the power of maintaining his equilibrium on the seat. He was, however, soon re-

placed upon the vacated throne, without sustaining any other loss than that of a quantity of blood which plentifully flowed from more than one orifice in his face. "Oh," thought Jairus, "that a man should put an enemy into his mouth, to steal away his senses." His feelings were now excited to their utmost stretch of endurance; he could no longer bear to witness the degrading scenes which continued to present themselves: and therefore, rising precipitately from his seat, he sought by immediate flight an escape from the infection of such a moral pest-house, and left the chamber of *infamy, disease, and death*.

The silver moon was performing her silent and unclouded course when he reached the street. The spacious arch of heaven was brilliantly illuminated by glittering gems, more splendid than those of the finest water which adorn the crown of the most mighty monarch. A profound stillness prevailed around, save only when the hoarse voice of the nightly patrol fell upon the ear. Jairus could not resist the powerful impression produced on his mind by the consideration of the striking difference between the present lovely scene and that which he had just left. For a moment he stood, as if spell-bound, and gazed upon the blue expanse, while his spirit seemed to sympathize with the poet's language—

"How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!

The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way

Through skies where I could count each little star ;
 The fanning west-wind scarcely stirs the leaves ;
 The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
 Imposes silence with a stilling sound.
 In such a place as this, at such an hour,
 If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
 Descending spirits have convers'd with men,
 And told the secrets of the world unknown."

His spirits, however, were too much under the influence of unnatural excitement to allow him long to indulge in that calm reflection which the tranquillity and beauty of the scene might otherwise have induced : he therefore, with a hurried step, passed on, as if fearing the pursuit of one or more of the *select friends*, the din of whose discordant voices, although gradually becoming fainter, was still heard by him.

As he entered the abode of his parents, a neighbouring clock proclaimed the hour of midnight by striking twelve. He hasted to his apartment, and sought relief for his bewildered and aching head in the tranquillity of repose.

Of haunts of vice similar to that from which Jairus had just escaped, many are to be found, not only in the metropolis and its immediate vicinity, but in almost every large town in the kingdom ; and it is not too much to say of them, that they are the most fruitful sources which can well be conceived of every species of iniquity and depredation. Here,

" All learned, and all drunk, they learn
 The road that leads, from competence and peace,
 To indigence and rapine ; till, at last,
 Society grows weary of the load,
 Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them off."

Issuing from these physical and moral pest-houses, numbers of profligate and prodigal sharpers are ripe for the perpetration of any nefarious practice which can be executed :

“Quenchless thirst
Of ruinous inebriety prompts
Their every action, and imbrates the man.”

Not a few, from youths, who, otherwise, might have become the glory of our land, are here allured to disgrace and ruin.

Young tradesmen of previously promising character, yet, from their growing fond of company and frantic mirth, join in these disgraceful revels, and, neglecting their families and callings, their respectability declines, trade falls off, embarrassment follows, and, while a rising progeny is ruined, themselves are either committed to prison, or, eluding the vigilance of noisy creditors, they commence a course which ends in infamy, or perhaps in death !

How repulsive is this picture, (which, however, numerous instances, alas! prove to be too true,) when contrasted with that which Religion presents to our admiring view !

Positive statements are confirmed by actual facts, that “The laughter of fools is madness.” “There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.” The wise Eastern king, returning from a long, unsuccessful, and dangerous pursuit after happiness in present enjoyments or creature good, inscribed upon the monument which stands as a

record of the fallacy of his views—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit." While, on the contrary, Religion secures to its possessors the solid advantages of both worlds, "having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come:" the true enjoyment of life, in the present state, with a supply of all things absolutely necessary; and superadded to it, the promise, the immutable promise of that which is to come—*eternal life!*

This is the only corrective of all the cares and evils of human existence; and this can, and it does, either remedy, or render bearable and convert into blessings, all the evils which compel man to groan.

" 'Tis Religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis Religion must supply
Solid comforts when we die."

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

"Sweet peace she brings wherever she arrives,
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each breast a little heaven."

CHAPTER III.

“ Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change
That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
And stately tone of moralists, who boast,
As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had, indeed, ability to smooth
The shag of savage nature, and were each
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song.
But, transformation of apostate man,
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
Is work for Him that made him: He alone
Achieves the wonder, overpowering strength
By weakness, and hostility by love.”

Cowper.

THERE is, in the breast of every man, an accordance or a harmony illustrative and confirmative of the veracity of the word of God. Not only does the experience of the devoted Christian demonstrate the truth and infallibility of Scriptural declarations; but the sceptic, and infidel, and flagrant blasphemer, both in their consciences and in their lives, furnish arguments in its favour. By the latter, they fulfil the predictions long since made concerning such characters, that “scoffers would arise;” and by the

former, they echo its startling declarations, that “There is no peace to the wicked,”—that “Many sorrows shall be to them,”—and that “The way of transgressors is hard.”

Jairus realized the fact, although, at the time, he was ignorant of the declarations. From broken and restless slumbers, during which he had been scared by terrifying dreams, he arose, languid and unrefreshed. A feverish dryness discoloured his parched lips, his eyes presented a livid and sunken appearance, while his whole demeanour bespoke languor and want of ease. During the hours while he had been stretched upon his bed, “seeking rest and finding none,” fancy, in her excursive flights, bore him to dizzy heights, overhanging fearful precipices, whose bases were not discoverable, adown whose crumbling sides, some fragile shrub awhile delayed his descent, and, the next moment, breaking in his grasp, he seemed dashed into the profound abyss ; when, up-starting, with a cry of agony upon his lips, gasping for breath, and bathed in perspiration, he trembled with terror. Again, he composed himself to sleep, and now, conscience presented before him the sins of former years ; and he beheld them in all their deep-dyed aggravations of number and enormity. The conflagration of the world, the end of all sublunary things, appeared, to his disordered imagination, as having arrived. He saw the devouring element rapidly approaching the broken point of earth on which he stood :

the dust of the ground, apparently, became brimstone, and the waters of the sea a fiery lake. He heard the appalling shrieks, the doleful cries, the expiring groans, of those already perishing: still, the sea of fire rolled on, it gained upon his standing; he attempted to flee from the sight, to close his ears against the sounds, to escape the danger; but the attempt was vain. His agony was intense; he seemed to be stationary; some invisible and unconquerable agency detained him. Trembling, with indescribable horror, and covered with death-like sweat, he awoke; 'twas but a dream! yet, it might be the presage of some coming evil: like the fingers writing on the walls of Belshazzar's palace, it appeared to indicate something awfully portentous; and, while his recollection reviewed the scenes of his vision, he shuddered at the terrifying consideration of that awful day—

“That day for which all other days were made,
That day of dread, decision, and despair;”—

when, even in the absence of all other proofs of guilt, his conscience would be as a thousand witnesses, and God as a thousand consciences.

All the resolutions which he had formerly made were again summoned to his assistance, with the aid of others, now newly-formed. He purposed, and conceived it possible, with a stronger determination, to carry out his resolves into all the lengths and breadths of positive action; and, by firmly resisting the allurements of vice, to cease

from sin altogether ; and, thus, to prepare himself for the event which, he felt assured, must prove inevitable. How many have purposed with similar resolutions, and proved, alas ! with Jairus, that “ To will was present with them, but how to perform that which was good, they found not ;” but that all determinations, so made, have been “ like the morning cloud, and, as the early dew, they have passed away.”

It was now the Sabbath-morning—

“ That day of rest, to mortals given,
To seek the grace which leads to heaven ;”—

but it was too far advanced to be in timely attendance at the morning lecture in the parish church. As a partial atonement, however, for neglecting that service, he decidedly determined upon attending the religious exercises of the evening. In the afternoon, although, with a degree of misgiving of conscience as to the lawfulness of the practice on the *Sabbath-day*, which God has commanded to be kept *holy*, he amused himself in strolling amidst the

“ Sequester'd bowers, by nature form'd,”

in a wood, in the vicinity of the town : and, in the evening, he punctually fulfilled the engagement into which he had entered with himself, and attended at the established church, where he heard enforced, as a foundation on which to build his hopes of heaven, a routine of rigid morality, to be performed in his own strength,

similar to that which he had already laid down ; and in which he purposed to walk. In a good degree, he felt satisfied with himself, and retired from the gothic pile with as much self-complacency as if, by attending the house of prayer, he had either done God a service, or, at least, had made some atonement for his former evil conduct.

All now, by his own calculations, appeared for a time to bid fair with him for eternal happiness : and, as if sailing with favourable wind and tide, he seemed to steer his safe and steady course towards the heavenly harbour ; except, indeed, when occasionally he turned his eyes inward, or read, in the word of God, the terrifying language—“Cursed is every one that continueth not in *all things* written in the law, to do them.” He then found himself deficient ; he fell short of fulfilling those extensive requirements which the law demands of those who, by it, seek to be saved. Pride, anger, and lusts of various kinds still remained and reigned within him. He was in “captivity to the law of sin and death ;” he knew not yet that “Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth ;” or that “He was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.” Salvation, by grace alone, through faith in the merits of another, was a mystery to the very existence of which he was yet an entire stranger. He struggled and toiled to free himself from guilt, and to recommend himself to the favour of God ; and, like

young Samuel, who knew not, at first, the voice of the Lord, so Jairus was as yet ignorant of the voice of God which, by conscience, spoke within him.

His attendance at church now became apparently devout, with the strictness of a Pharisee, and somewhat regular also, excepting on certain occasions, when, at the solicitations of some youthful acquaintances, from whom he had not yet separated himself, or, when led away by the attractive scenery of nature, aided by the alluring influence of an unclouded summer's-evening sky, he strayed to where

“The wholesome airs, richly perfum'd with sweets,
And groves, harmonious with the song of birds,
Tempted th' unstable mind to rove abroad
T' regale the senses, and amuse the ear.”

After the cheerless formalities of the day of God spent in church services, wearisome to the flesh, and burdensome in the extreme where the heart is not engaged, Jairus was in the habit of mingling with the sportive multitude on a neighbouring parade. The cheerful countenances and diversified drapery of the loungers, accompanied by the soul-subduing sounds of music (of which he was passionately fond) played by a fine military band, more fully, if possible, to desecrate the holy evening of the sacred day, were attractions which he found it not easy to resist. It is true, that, sometimes, the anticipation of the pleasures of this favourite promenade, even while

he was engaged, professedly, in the devotional services of the sanctuary, occupied his mind, and caused the holy exercises to seem dull and tedious; and, consequently, his deceived heart was pleased by no part of the service so much as by the solemn pronouncing of the benediction; and then, when the thoughtless worshipers hurried out from the temple of God to enjoy what they deemed the more congenial recreations of the crowded green, the buoyancy of our hero's spirits rose to its highest pitch of delight.

Not unfrequently, on such occasions, conscience, that faithful monitor, might have been most appropriately addressed by him, as Ahab accosted the prophet Elijah—"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"

While in this giddy, Sabbath-breaking circle, he found that although music may have charms to sooth the savage breast, it still does not possess an influence sufficiently mighty to relieve a wounded spirit, or to tranquillize an awakened conscience. Aroused by the faithful dictates of this internal monitor, he gladly availed himself of every apparent subterfuge which seemed to offer an escape from its upbraidings. Amid the loud-toned instruments, at whose sound pleasure seemed to sparkle in every eye, a witness and censor of his actions, invisible, indeed, but not the less felt, and sometimes feared, demanded, with a voice to which he could not turn a deaf ear, "What dost thou here, Jairus?" and taxed

him with the impropriety of his conduct. The inventive mind of man, however, is ever fertile in devising excuses for his own allowed practices, and so was this pharisaic youth's.

Jairus beheld, tripping with the thoughtless throng,—(O, proclaim it not in the streets of the city,—let not the breath of rumour bear it abroad, —lest the winds of heaven waft and take it through the universe, and the enemies of truth rejoice at it,)—he beheld the man whose duty it was to “Blow the trumpet, and sound the alarm in God's holy mountain,”—to warn the people of their sin and danger, and exhort them to “flee from the wrath to come,” and to “beseech them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God,”—yes, the MINISTER, with the flock, was there; he who, just before, had been leading

“The sacramental hosts of God's elect.”

O, soul-seducing influence, of all profanity the worst, the foulest, basest, execrable beyond the power of human language to express. Not content with ruining immortal souls, by proclaiming doctrines, in the name of the Most High, which are “not according to godliness;” but, as if impelled forward with a Satanic purpose, yet more effectually to do the work of ruin,—placing, also, before the thoughtless and unholy, the influence of his own baneful example; and that, too, at a time when the secret chamber should have found him weeping before God, and wrestling, because

of the abominations of the people. Thanks be to God, however, *all are not such*,—no ;

“ All are not lost, there are, though few,
Who faith prefer, and piety to God.”

Still, our church possesses some, on whom this stigma would in vain be sought ; some whom, from my very soul, I love and venerate—

“ Men, whose hearts are warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrines and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That they are honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.”

Jairus, seeing his PASTOR present, naturally concluded there could be no very great impropriety in being there himself. So he reasoned, and thus, with all the ingenuity of a sophist, endeavoured to satisfy and soothe the internal restless and unwelcome intruder on his amusements.

That all the affairs of man are under the control of a wise and benevolent superintending Providence, is what every consistent believer in revelation will readily admit, while it declares “ The very hairs of your head are all numbered :” and even, intentions and pursuits which, in themselves, do not allow of either defence or palliation, are, as in the case of Paul’s journey to Damascus, overruled, so as to subserve the Sovereign purposes of Jehovah.

Trivial as some circumstances may appear, they evidently contain and supply the germ of great and wonderful events. Frequently, in con-

templating the history of nations, are we astonished while we behold what were (separately considered) positively insignificant matters, leading to the destruction of one mighty empire, and the erection of another. As in nations, so is it also in the cases of individuals. The partiality of a parent for one particular member of the family, as in the case of old Jacob towards his favourite Joseph, may, instrumentally, produce events beyond the power of human calculation. Luther's disagreement with a popish priest led to a private pique, out of which arose that reformation, the glorious effects of which we now enjoy: and thus, those things which frequently, to all appearance, are among the most trivial and minute in life, yet, by easy and natural progression, continue to advance, until the deep-laid and glorious designs of God, unfolding themselves, in all the beauty of harmonious perfection, to our admiring attention, prompt us, with the mingled emotions of rapture and amazement, to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"—"It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes!"

The hoarse bawlings of a sometimes more than half-intoxicated clerk, and the powerful and discordant tones of an organ, in the parish church at which Jairus attended, suggested the propriety and importance of the formation of a choir of singers; and, eventually, prepared the way by which he was led to listen to the glad sound of the Gospel.

Fond of the pleasing art of singing, though with but little voice for the exercise, and less judgment, he nevertheless gladly became one of the tuneful band. Masters were obtained by the young aspirants after fame in the syren-art, from whom to receive instruction. The gamut was conquered; several psalm-tunes were learned and sung; and, on the morning of the day on which our Saviour's nativity is commemorated, "Arise, shine," in full chorus, was given to the gaping listeners. By frequent meetings for rehearsals, the infant choir became adepts in the science, and expert in the power of harmony. But such associations had, in a moral point of view, nearly proved fatal to Jairus. The gleam of truth, which had flickered before his mind with feeble influence, had already lost much of the small power which it had previously exerted: and, consequently, the murmurs of conscience became less frequent and more faint.

It is usually found that regular bodies of singers possess more love for music than for religion; and, in many places of worship, where choirs are established, it is peculiarly painful to notice the evident indifference which is manifested by that useful body of persons, to every part of the service, excepting only the tunes they sing, if, indeed, their attending merely to these may be regarded as any part of *divine* service. Not unusually is the sermon, however good it may be, entirely lost to themselves, and the atten-

tion of others distracted, by their interrupting the solem proclamation of the word of God, by turning over the pages of their music-books, to select a proper tune with which to conclude the service.

There were, indeed, one or two of those with whom Jairus stood connected in those singing exercises, for whom he justly entertained a high regard, and with whom, in after years, he frequently met, to their mutual pleasure and profit: the greater number, however, of this tuneful company were totally destitute of the fear of God; even the form of godliness was discarded by them. Frequently, to avoid the penalty of a fine which was imposed both on occasional absentees from the singing-loft, and likewise on those who gave but a late attendance, they have hurried from a country alehouse, to which their afternoon's walk had led them, in a state bordering on inebriety, and, entering the temple of the Most High, have composed themselves to sleep, until the closing part of the service required their attention to the proposal of the clerk by singing to what he impiously called, "the praise and glory of God." Awful profanation! Mockery of sacred service! Nay, so far was the glory of God from forming any part in their singing engagements, that, even at their meetings for rehearsal, which were held in a large pew in the gallery of the church appropriated to their service, songs, glees, and catches were proposed to constitute a

portion of their exercises. This, however, on the part of some was objected to, as it might not be pleasing to some of the acknowledged authorities, and the motion was therefore lost.

This statement is not intended to convey an idea that similar conduct is *necessarily* connected with such associations: by no means. The writer knows, from personal observation, that far otherwise is, happily, the case. The principal objects intended here are to exhibit the dangerous circumstances in which Jairus had placed himself; and the consequent improbability, in merely human estimation, that such would have been the means through which his wandering mind would be led to the love and service of God; and to demonstrate, at the same time, that nothing is "too hard for the Lord." Nevertheless, that there is great danger to the best interests of young people in such meetings cannot be questioned, where, perhaps, two-thirds, or a still larger proportion, of the party, are not even seriously inclined, and where, frequently, perhaps, the principles of not a few are scarcely a degree above semi-deists.

On a particular and public occasion, an evangelical minister, whose clear views of truth and luminous method of exhibiting it had rendered him justly popular, came to preach at the parish church. The news spread through the town and neighbourhood like wild-fire among dry stubble, and dissenters of every name, and from every

quarter, flocked with eager desire to hear the enlightened and earnest advocate of Divine truth. At an early hour, every avenue leading to the sanctuary was thronged, and long before the service commenced, the spacious building, even to the aisles and deep gothic windows, was filled with those who had assembled, like the attentive congregation in Cornelius's house, to hear from the mouth of the preacher "whatsoever things should be commanded him of God."

How gratifying and how different the scene which was now presented in the well-filled church, from the usually almost empty pews. If it is desirable to see our established places of worship *filled* with worshippers, let EVANGELICAL MINISTERS fill the pulpits, and the attendance will be in accordance with their character: and if to expel the drones from the hives be advisable, and to clear the vineyard of the Lord of the palmer and canker-worms be deemed important, let the *free-will* offerings of the people be supplied to those *alone* whom, in their own enlightened judgment, they shall carefully select: then, the reformation will be effected, and the important work speedily accomplished. Let this be done, and the good, and the wise, and the laborious ministers of the cross, who alone are "worthy of their hire," will then enjoy the hire of which they are worthy, but of which, at the present day, they are unrighteously deprived; while those who care not for the flock, and who

seek only the fleece, are fattening in idleness, and ruining the cause they profess to advance.

Jairus was present, as a singer, on this interesting occasion, although with difficulty he had gained his seat. Never before had he witnessed such a sight ; on which gazing for a while, he felt confounded at what he beheld, and was half inclined to enquire why such anxious desire, as evidently manifested itself, was cherished to hear an individual preach : and his wish to have the problem solved would, probably, have prompted the proposal of the well-nigh half-uttered question, had he not been checked by the fear of being laughed at for his ignorance.

After the previous portions of the service had been performed by the rector of the parish, the reverend stranger, who had excited such powerful feeling, ascended the sacred desk, and, with the fervour of one deeply impressed with the awful importance of his work, implored, at the hand of God, the Divine assistance of the Holy Spirit, by his sacred influence to inspire and direct his thoughts, and to render the words he should utter powerful to the accomplishing of his own gracious purposes, in the subverting the strong holds of Satan, and the enlargement of the kingdom of Christ. He then drew from his pocket a small, plain Bible, which having opened, he turned to the prophecy of Isaiah, and, from the sixty-third chapter, and fifth verse, read, with peculiar emphasis and solemnity, his text,—“ I looked, and

there was none to help ; and I wondered that there was none to uphold : therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me ; and my fury, it upheld me.”

The assistance which he had earnestly implored was freely imparted : the word was with power. The pleasing eloquence of the orator was forgotten amidst the importance of the truths he delivered. The eyes of numbers were suffused with tears, and many a broken-hearted penitent deeply groaned for salvation, or obtained the peace which passeth all merely human understanding. But Jairus regarded not the striking proofs of earnest feeling which were apparent throughout the place ; his mind was too intent on the conviction of his own moral character, as he now heard it accurately and strikingly described. To gaze upon others, or even to think of them, seemed impossible : for the first time, although amidst crowding numbers, he felt himself alone. On the service being closed, he retired from the church, not, however, as formerly, to revel in the sports of the green, or sauntering amidst fashionable numbers, to weaken and dissipate the savour of what he had heard : no ! he rather sought some secret place in which to pour out his heart in prayer, give utterance to a feeling sense of his wants, and cry for the salvation of which he was now deeply sensible of his need. His stricken soul bowed down in complete prostration before God, while, turning from empty pleasures, which had now

lost their power to gratify, he beseechingly cried,

“Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
O let thy mercy come.”

Thus passed away, in the incessant lapse of time, several months; during which period, the vivid feelings of Jairus's mind had considerably subsided, and, in a great degree, given place to a cold and unmeaning formality and pompous pharisaism, which again either mingled themselves with or constituted the principal features in his professedly devotional exercises. All his pleasing and cherished, though delusive, hopes of salvation, in part, by the merit of his own performances, were not yet given up: he still needed to be instructed in “the ways of God more perfectly.”

About this period, on a lovely Sabbath morning, a stranger unexpectedly entered the pulpit, shortly after Jairus had taken his seat. His form and general appearance alone were sufficient to inspire with a degree of reverential awe the mind of any individual already partially awakened to a sense of personal transgression and consequent danger. His step, as he approached and ascended the pulpit stairs, was solemn dignity itself, which the idle apes of ministerial mock majesty, for the purpose of producing *effect*, would strive in vain to imitate;—it was the tread of nature unsophisticated by the

trickery of art. In height, he was considerably above the ordinary stature: a peculiar degree of abstraction of mind from all surrounding objects was evidently realized by him, of which fact, his strongly marked countenance was an accurate index. His large and sunken eyes, strikingly piercing, were shaded by thick arched eyebrows, while the deep lines in his sallow face, and his fine mountain forehead, plainly bespoke the habitual presence and power of that close thought which was wearing out nature. He read, for his text, the fifty-third verse of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm,—“Horror hath taken hold upon me, because of the wicked that forsake thy law.” The eyes of all present were fastened upon him; to turn them towards any other object was impossible. He stood, majestic in appearance, like

“The Legate of the skies! his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law spoke out
Its thunders.”

His deep, sepulchral tones reverberated round the lofty building, and might almost have led his auditory to conceive that a being from the world of spirits addressed them. With an impassioned energy he addressed his discourse to the *consciences* of sinners, rather than to their *passions*;—from his lips the dreadful thunders of the violated law of God rolled forth with appalling volubility and power: he spake of the unseen state and its dread realities, as though himself had already trod

“ The vale of Death ! that hush'd Cimmerian vale,
Where darkness, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven-wing, incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change.”

Like as the dawning light of day, ascending above the horizon of our earth, dispels, from the tops of the mountains, the mists and darkness which closed around and enveloped them, until, at length, the full meridian glory diffuses its enlivening influence over the hemisphere below, so the mind of Jairus became gradually illuminated by the Holy Spirit. A deeper, clearer, and more comprehensive conviction of the entire depravity of his heart was experienced ; his every refuge and hope appeared to be alike pulled down and uprooted ; and, inwardly groaning, he exclaimed, “ Oh ! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me ? ” He was agitated by indefinable emotions, in which sorrow and fear, together with some faint, glimmering ray of hope, seemed each to wrestle for the ascendancy within his bosom. Formerly, a sort of raging phrensy seemed to characterize his feelings, while they continued excited ; his personal danger *alone*, at those seasons, pressed upon him ; his wishes and attempts towards amendment proceeded entirely from a fear of punishment, and not from any abhorrence of sin. Could he then have believed it possible to escape the misery to which his sins exposed him, and still have continued amidst their indulgence, he would gladly have done so ; and, indeed, he did so act ; for even the abandonment

of some species of sin became, in a sense, a sin to him ; as, in his heart, he flattered himself with the claim of a right to eternal life, for such relinquishments. His *love* to transgression was in no degree weakened : as the vivid imagery of danger, which passing events might have impressed upon his mind, became weaker and fainter, his fears subsided ; his resolutions, which had been made while apprehension amounting almost to despair enthralled him, were subsequently forgotten, and sinning appeared a necessary part of his existence. But *now*, the love of sin itself received its mortal wound in his affections ; he hated it for its own deformity ; sin appeared “ exceeding sinful.” His alarm for his personal and eternal safety was not, indeed, at this time, less than on any former occasion ; he still felt that, as a sinner, he stood justly exposed to its deadly penalty ; he knew that it was written,—“ The soul that sinneth, it shall die : ”—but a new emotion was now added, which at once tempered and gave a hopeful and right direction to the strong sense which he had of the evil of sin. A godly sorrow, as well as a terrifying fear, took possession of him, and, blending themselves in a manner alike inexpressible and conceivable only by experience, they became one. His repentance, which was genuine, was deep and abiding : like David, he could say, “ All the night make I my bed to swim, I water my couch with my tears.” Those of his former engagements

which were not relinquished, (as, indeed, was the case with many of them,) were fulfilled in another spirit than formerly, and with other ends in view. It may, perhaps, appear singular to some, that his singing companions were not abandoned; but he was, as yet, only imperfect in knowledge, and considerable darkness remained, although much light had been imparted. He was, however, firm and decided before them, nor did he allow them, in any degree, to persuade him into any compromise of principle or conduct.

The time at which the singers usually met for practice was after the week-evening lecture. Jairus, however, waited not now, as he had, together with his companions, before been in the habit of doing, until those services were closed: gladly did he note the index of time pointing to the hour appointed for the commencement of the evening sacrifice, and frequently stealing silently and alone to one of the galleries, he sought and enjoyed the luxury of yielding to the overflowing emotions of his soul, by pouring out his heart before God.

The external character which he had before maintained had engaged the attention, and obtained for him the respect of the circle in which he moved: but now, his conduct procured much more than common respect, and especially from the pious with whom he was acquainted. With an earnest and truly praiseworthy zeal, unnoticed by himself, they observed and watched over him with expectations of promising character and

peculiar delight. They saw in him the evidences of the grace of God, and were glad.

Until this period, he had been enthusiastically and blindly attached to the established church; and, like many others, considering himself a member of it, while living in the known neglect of many of its sacred duties, and in a wilful abuse and perversion of others, was ready, with the degenerate race of Jacob, in the days of Jeremiah, to exclaim, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are these." But now, this partiality and prejudice in its favour, to the exclusion even of common charity towards other denominations, ceased to maintain its influence over him; and, therefore, instead of uniting with numbers, in breathing out fearful anathemas on different and separate bodies of professing Christians, for their conscientious regard to views with which he was unacquainted, he accepted an invitation from a singer, connected with a respectable congregation of Christians in the town, to assist them on a certain occasion, in conducting the tuneful portion of the worship of God. Sects and names were now scarcely thought of by him: he was seeking Truth, and whether he found it in the splendid cathedral or the humbler meeting-house was to him of no importance.

He approached the sanctuary of the Lord with feelings of sacred reverence. It was a neat and commodious building, situated in a retired part

of the town ; connected with it, was a dwelling-house, for the minister ; and behind it, a small garden, neatly laid out, afforded a supply of kitchen requisites, and a few flowers, to charm the eye by their beauty, and regale the senses with their perfumes. In the front of the building was a burial ground, “ the house appointed for all living,” and in which many of “ the Fathers” slept, and where the ashes of not a few who had worshiped together upon earth waited for the resurrection once more to re-unite, both soul and body, in the same delightful employ, in songs of loftiest praise which will never end. The whole of the premises were surrounded by a high and strong wall, a means, at the same time, both of security and comfort.

Jairus had arrived some time before the service was to be commenced : his anxiety for the enjoyment of the worship of God caused the hours to seem to proceed with unusual tardiness. It was on a lovely evening, towards the close of autumn. The sun shed his departing rays around the sacred spot ; the tranquillity of the scene invited meditation, or, rather, seemed almost insensibly to conduct the mind to it. The mental associations arising from the place itself naturally suggested serious thought, and coincided with the susceptible emotions of the pensive youth. Straying amidst the little hillocks which had been raised to distinguish the several spots where the mouldering ashes of the dead were deposited, and,

seemingly, lost to all worldly influences, in pleasing, mournful thought, the following lines, from his pencil, gave expressive evidence of the character of his feelings and reflections :—

“THE HOUSE APPOINTED FOR ALL LIVING.”

Solemn and mute, with sacred awe,
Great monarch, Death, to whose high law
All must their homage pay ;
Amid thy silent, dark domains,
Drear rest-house from terrestrial pains,
Thoughtful and slow I stray.

An awe inspiring sadness round
These gloomy mansions hangs, profound,
As though her last deep groan
Nature herself had heard, and, from
The world retiring to the tomb,
Deep silence reign'd alone.

Pride and ambition are unknown,
A grassy hillock, or a stone
Sepulchral, marks the spot
Where, lull'd, profound, the once crown'd head
And humbler poor have made their bed,
Both left alike to rot.

Here, side by side, in quiet state,
Nor fell revenge nor feverish hate,
Disturbs the mouldering bust ;
Sworn foes and angry chiefs reside,
Nor former feuds can now divide
Th' incorporated dust.

Newtonian sages, white with years,
Whose sleeping dust, bedew'd with tears,
Which Genius' self has shed,
In low prostration, with the child
Whose speechless tongue no care beguil'd,
Are number'd with the dead.

If Genius weeps, when crown'd with wreaths
Of well-earn'd laurels, or, whose sheaves
Stand thickly all around,
Her veteran sons, at close of day,
From her embraces torn away,
To rest from thought profound :

How high must grief tumultuous rise,
 How deep must be her widow'd cries,
 When giant youths are slain
 Whose opening glories, dazzling bright,
 Appear'd awhile to cheer our night,
 And then were lost again ?

**Spencer* has fallen ! woe-fraught sound,
 As, newly given, the deep made wound
 Continues still to flow ;
 The soft, persuasive lore which hung,
 Or fell, like manna, from his tongue
 The world no more can know.

Glasgow still weeps at *Durant's* name
 Snatch'd early from the fields of Fame
 So well prepar'd to reap :
Martyn, and *White*, and *Taylor* too,
 And martyr'd *Smith*, are lost to view :
Genius must more than weep.

Insatiate monster ! stay thy hand,
 Nor deeper drench our mourning land
 In floods of briny woe :
 But hush ! my murmuring, cease my grief,
 This thought, reviving, gives relief,
 Wisdom appoints it so.

Mystery conceals in passing night
 The reasons of the *Infinite*
 From man of mortal days :
 'Tis ours to bend, adoring low,
 And, where we cannot fully know,
 To justify His ways.

The universal doom is seal'd,
 And all that earthly is must yield,
 That, mortal, moves or lives :
 Changeless as *Mede* and *Persian* law,
 This great, this unremitting war
 Nor spares, nor discharge gives.

Honour, nor wealth, nor power can save,
 Nor talent bribe the greedy grave,
 Nor *Beauty's* self can move ;
 The wit, the fool, the base, the good,
 The man of peace, the man of blood,
 The same event must prove.

* See an interesting memoir of this able young minister, by his popular successor, *Dr. Raffles*.

•*Byron* must fall, his sceptic mind,
 High taught, shall still instruction find ;
 But ah ! how sad to know
 Mistake of all mistakes the worst,
 Each scatter'd particle of dust
 Gather'd, for endless woe.

The tuneful lyre of *Sheffield's* bard
 Must be unstrung, its music marr'd,
Montgomery must die :
 Death has no ear for sweetest sound,
 Or *Sheffield's* bard would ne'er be found
 Among the saints on high.

My musings too will soon be o'er,
 This palpitating heart no more,
 With joy or woe, shall beat ;
 Death's film shall o'er my eye-balls spread,
 The lonely sod shall be my bed,
 Where friends no more can greet.

But, from the tomb, a voice I hear,
 Its mystic sounds revive and cheer ;
 'Tis *Jesus* speaks, in love,
 "He that believes shall never die,
 But, through Death's gate, to realms on high,
 Shall pass, and glory prove."

Enough ! my fears be gone ! no more
 Death's roaring waves, from *Canaan's* shore,
 Shall fright my soul away ;
 Cheerful, I'll pass the valley through,
 His grace shall bear, and guide me too,
 To heaven's unclouded day.

A courteous salutation from a friend put a period to *Jairus's* meditations, and, with him, he entered into the house of God. Simplicity and neatness appeared to constitute the leading characteristics both of the place and of the people. The devotional exercises which were engaged in, together with the novel character of the whole

* This was written about ten days before the news of his Lordship's death arrived in England.

service, being essentially different from the parade and form to which he had been accustomed from infancy, occupied and fixed his attention; while the sacred truths which were inculcated, with impassioned and impressive eloquence, improved his heart. Neither pomp nor empty ceremony interrupted the pious ardour which devotion's flame had lighted up. The deliberate and unbiassed judgment of Jairus acknowledged that the sublime and holy devotion of the heart, which alone can be acceptable to God, required not the trickery of art, nor the ostentatious display of popish garniture, either to produce or promote it. All that could raise and fix the pious affections of genuine worshipers seemed to be here, and he approved it. In the experience and approval of such sentiments a few weeks passed away, during which period, he constantly attended the services of this sanctuary, whenever its doors were opened for public worship.

Up to this time, Jairus continued a broken-hearted penitent, and

“Hopes and fears by turns prevail'd;”

when, on a memorable evening, (never, it is imagined, will it be forgotten by him,) under the ministry of a man of God, who has since taken his place among the witnesses before the throne of the Eternal, a clear and saving view of Christ as *his* Saviour was imparted to him. The discourse to which his prayerful attention was then

directed, was founded on those interesting words in John, sixteenth chapter and thirty-first verse,—
 “*Do ye now believe?*” The preacher clearly pointed out the nature of justifying faith, demonstrated its necessity, in order to salvation, and, with all the perspicuity and energy of a scribe well instructed in the things of God, directed his hearers to Christ alone as the suitable and *exclusive* object of faith, and urged an immediate and unreserved dependence upon him for pardon and peace; and while the preacher was applying the important question,—“*Do ye now believe?*” the trembling Jairus was divinely enabled to answer in the affirmative, and, inwardly, he exclaimed, “*Lord, I believe!*” The Spirit, from on high, was present to heal, and He was given, to bear witness with his spirit, that he was a child of God. Hence, adopting the language of the poet, he sang—

“ No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, and all in him, is mine;
 Alive in him, my living Head,
 And cloth'd with Righteousness Divine,
 Bold, I approach th' Eternal throne,
 And find, through Christ, the crown my own.”

As his repentance had been deep, so his joy now became strong; and, “having had much forgiven, he loved much.” His conversion became manifest to all. He was soon received as a member of this Christian church, and, possessing some talent, he was, after a suitable period,

engaged, in connexion with some aged individuals, in visiting the neighbouring suburbs, holding meetings for prayer in private houses, and attending the chambers of the sick and dying. By these means, his talents were, at once, elicited, exercised, and improved; and in these and other exercises, he was rendered useful to many penitents: and it was from one of these visits of mercy, with his mind more than ordinarily impressed by deep concern for the salvation of his parents and family, that he returned home, and, in the language with which the *first* chapter of the narrative commences, displayed the ardour and simplicity of his feelings, by exhorting his father and mother to “flee from the wrath to come,” and exclaiming—“*We must, indeed, we must have FAMILY WORSHIP!*”

CHAPTER IV.

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, just on the verge of heaven :
Fly, ye profane ! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance
That threw in this Bethesda your disease :
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure,
For here resistless demonstration dwells.”

Young.

No sight can be more acceptable to a pious mind, than to behold an individual in the morning of life rescued from the delusive follies and ensnaring vices of the age, and, with an unremitting assiduity, devoting his time and talents to the glory and service of God. And such, now, were the circumstances and the conduct of *Jairus*. The Scriptures were regularly read, and family devotion was attended to: he had no longer to urge the entreaties which once he employed; on the contrary, if the usual hour for family-worship arrived unnoticed by him, he was reminded of it by his parents, and requested to engage in the service. Appearances now were in

favour of family religion. Order and regularity appeared even in indifferent things. His parents and other members of the household cheerfully and regularly attended, with himself, to hear from the lips of his spiritual father the words of eternal life.

He had just entered his nineteenth year, a season of life at which all the warmth and enthusiasm of feeling generally begins to attain its full vigour; when difficulties which would enervate an individual of threescore years serve only to fan the flame of desire, or excite the soul to all the activity of resistless ardour. A season, this, when the mind, sensitive and impressible, is soon affected by the plaintive voice either of want or woe: and when, unburdened by the cares of life and the disappointments and anxieties which fill up the chequered scene of this "mortal coil," and enjoying all the liberty of exemption from prior engagements, it seeks for exercises congenial with its own capacities and disposition.

It has frequently been found, in the experience of mankind, that the mind, diverted from its eager pursuit of one object, has tended with equal impetuosity towards its contrary both in nature and design: hence, *Saul of Tarsus* no sooner became a convert to the faith of Christ, than the same invincible spirit and the same unyielding zeal were displayed by him in the overthrow of that system which he had previously endeavoured to establish, and in the extension of that he had

in vain laboured to destroy. His exclusive glory was in the cross of Christ; and it was his highest ambition to suffer in his Master's service.

A leading principle, similar to that which influenced this great apostle, actuated the now regenerated Jairus, and, in his humble measure, he proved the prevalence of the same spirit. He was decidedly pious: and if the definition of enthusiasm, as given by the celebrated Doctor Zimmerman in his beautiful work on solitude, be correct, he had become an enthusiast in his regard to religion. "Enthusiasm," observes that author, "is a lively and transporting effervescence of the soul raised by the contemplation of objects whose novelty awakens attention: by its truth and grandeur it dilates the fancy and excites the passions, and prompts, while it empowers, to daring and extraordinary efforts. When inspired and actuated by a just enthusiasm, the mind does not abandon reason or nature, it only soars above the level, exploring new tracks of thought, and tempting to new sources of action. This elevation exposes the enthusiast to be misunderstood by calm and sedate understandings: it subjects him to the contempt of the witling, and the sentence of the dunce; while it renders him an object of wonder to the ignorant and vulgar, who either bow to him as a genius, or scoff at him as a lunatic.

"This exaltation of mind, however, courageously makes way through all difficulties and perils

with an address which is enabled to accomplish actions apparently impracticable: those, therefore, on whom its influence has been most powerful and manifest, have been regarded as inspired; that is, directed by the counsels and sustained by the energies of a superior nature. To this quality it is that we owe every thing in human character and productions most elevated and transcendent."

Jairus had now long since given up the practice of writing on those subjects in attention to which he had previously taken so much delight. By this time, however, he had by him, in manuscript, as much as would have furnished materials for some octavo volumes,—the work of many hours,—and which, during the silent period "when the sable goddess, from her ebon throne, in rayless majesty, stretches forth her leaden sceptre over a slumbering world," he had prepared. Although these papers contained nothing either subversive of morality, or even at variance with it, he now regarded their tendency as not directly promoting the glory of God; and he, therefore, with a degree of inconsiderate precipitancy, although, at the same time, with a commendable motive, committed the whole to the flames; determining, hereafter, to consecrate his body and mind to those subjects and pursuits of which God was both the author and the end.

In connexion with nearly every denomination of Christians in the present day, there are stations

of various gradations for the exercise of talent, in which almost any individual who feels the disposition may engage.

It can hardly be conceived that Jairus could stand idle: no, we have already noticed his engagement in the holy and elevating exercise of prayer, in those places which were opened for public devotion. This alone, however, did not furnish him with full employment. A neighbouring village, in which a Sabbath-school had been established, called for his assistance: there the harvest promised, indeed, to be great, but the labourers were few: with the highest pleasure, therefore, he immediately engaged in this "work of faith and labour of love," for

" 'Twas love that made his cheerful feet
In swift obedience move."

With delight beaming from his eyes, as regularly as the Sabbath morning returned, he was seen directing his course towards the building in which the assembled "*little ones*" were eagerly waiting to welcome his arrival, and receive the instructions he was anxious to impart.

Surely, a number of active and pious Sunday-school teachers are among the best and most effectual coadjutors in the work of the Lord which a minister of the Gospel can employ. Here, while the unfolding talents of the teacher develop themselves, and are, at the same time, invigorated and advanced, he appears, in reference to the minister, to do what a pioneer does

for an army: he goes on before, and removes and throws aside out of his way much of the ignorance and prejudice with which he would otherwise have to contend. Such characters are public blessings to the land in which they live, and benefactors to the world at large.

A beloved friend, with whom Jairus had frequently joined on those errands of love, while locked arm in arm they had walked in company to the house of God, became incapacitated through debility of body any longer to unite with him in the work to which his whole soul was devoted. He had long been struggling with the slow but progressive stages of inward consumption, and nature at length sank beneath its own exertions to sustain itself.

Jairus was urgently summoned to attend his chamber, and, with mournful pleasure, he hastened to the bed-side of his dying friend. He was some few years older than Jairus, and enjoyed, in an amiable and affectionate wife and infant child, together with an easy and respectable situation which he filled, all the comforts this life could afford: and, in addition to these, he possessed

"The good man's wish,—
Riches of grace and love already given,
And heirship to a throne prepar'd in heaven."

On entering his chamber, the feelings of Jairus became almost overpowered by the scene before him. The closely-drawn curtains nearly excluded the light of day; a solemn silence, like the still-

ness which reigns in the tomb, prevailed, excepting when the half-stifled sighs of the weeping and tender wife were heard, as she gazed in agony on her dying husband, and pressed to her agitated bosom the lovely pledge of their mutual affection, a sweet infant of two years old. Jairus softly drew near the bed, fearful of breaking in upon the slumbers of his friend, and, breathing a silent fervent prayer for his peace, stood awhile, attentively viewing him. His breath was considerably affected, and hence his slumbers were unsound and short. He soon awoke, and beheld Jairus by his side; his eyes, for a while, appeared to beam with their wonted vivacity: stretching out towards him his feverish hand, he exclaimed, "Ah! Jairus, my friend, I am glad to see you; my work is almost done, I feel I cannot long survive,—life ebbs fast away. My breath is very troublesome," added he, gasping as he spoke; "death presents an awful aspect, even to a good man; nature shrinks from its icy grasp,—an instinctive disinclination presses upon us: O, my friend," he continued, looking stedfastly in Jairus's face, and pressing his hand more firmly,—"death, in the view we take of it from the mount of health, is far different from its appearance in the valley of sickness and on the confines of the eternal world."

"Yes," rejoined Jairus,—

"A death-bed's a detector of the heart,
Here, tir'd dissimulation drops the mask:—"

but," added he, "you have no reason to be afraid of death; you have not at this moment to look back with painful regrets, reflecting on a life the whole of which has been devoted to sinful pleasures: from your youth up you have served the Lord; you have been engaged, and not unsuccessfully, in bringing others to the knowledge of the truth, and above"—

"And,"—hastily and expressively said his friend, without allowing him to finish his sentence,—“amidst the whole your kindness would enumerate, I behold so much defection,—so much sin,—so much precious time wasted,—so many opportunities lost;—but if in all these respects I had been guiltless, still nothing that I could have done could in any measure have procured my salvation;—

‘None but Christ to me be given,
None but Christ on earth, in heaven.’”

And then, with an energy almost supernatural, in a seeming transport, he exclaimed, with his eyes and hands devoutly raised,

“‘To man the bleeding cross has promis’d all,
The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace;
Who gave his Son, what gift can he deny?
* * * * * Survey the wondrous cure,
And, at each step, let higher wonder rise:
Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
Through means that speak its value infinite:
A pardon bought with blood, with blood divine,
With blood divine of him I made my foe,
Persisted to provoke, though woo’d and awed,
Bless’d and chastis’d, a flagrant rebel still!
A rebel midst the thunders of his throne,
Nor I alone, a rebel universe,

My species up in arms, not one exempt,
 Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies!
 Bound every heart, and every bosom burn;
 O, what a scale of miracles is here!"

Here nature appeared overpowered,—he fell back from his half-raised posture, exhausted by this exertion, and breathed with difficulty.

Jairus would have spoken, but articulation for a while failed him: he gently wiped the rolling perspiration from the face of his friend, and, drying the tears from his own, he rejoined,—
 “How delightful it is thus to hang upon our crucified, or rather, our *risen* Saviour, and, by faith, to be enabled to look ‘within the veil,’ where

‘Not a wave of trouble rolls
 Across the peaceful breast,’

and where all is ‘quietness and assurance for ever.’”

“Yes,” faintly articulated his dying friend,
 “I feel I shall soon be there ;

‘For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And *Jesus* bids me come.’”

Time had rapidly glided by while Jairus was in conversation with his friend, and it was now growing late; so that, fearful lest his longer stay should deprive him of rest, he determined, although unwillingly, to prepare for returning home: he, accordingly, read a chapter and prayed, and then bade him “*farewell*,” to converse with him no more until the morning of the resurrection. Ere the light of another sun had dawned,

his happy spirit had entered the realms of ineffable bliss, and was introduced to a glory, the splendour of which the heavy eyes of embodied mortals could not endure. His loss was deeply felt by Jairus: he mourned for his friend as a brother; while his mind, which before had been considerably weaned from the pleasures and follies of the world, now became still more so; and the zeal and activity with which he had already engaged in the work of the Lord became doubled. Thus did he realize, what the immortal Young so beautifully expresses, that

“ Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they sicken, and *for us* they die.”

Jairus had already found that “it is more blessed to give than to receive:” hence, frequently, while visiting the abodes of want and misery, where “the blessing of those who were ready to perish came upon him,” he had enjoyed a heartfelt luxury to which the bosom of the voluptuary must ever be a stranger.

The declaration of *Jehovah* to Moses, that “the poor shall never depart out of the land,” is verified, in the most strict and literal sense, even in the present day, with respect to every parish, and town, and village in our own land. The benevolence of the pious, however, in all well-regulated Christian churches, has tended much to lessen the aggregate of human woe, by the establishment of societies specifically formed for

the purpose of relieving the temporal, and thus seeking an opportunity of knowing the spiritual, wants of the poor. Of such a society Jairus was an almoner. Its principles were of the most charitable and comprehensive nature, withholding its benefits from no suitable object that came under its notice, whatever were their sentiments, or age, or profession. To know that they were in circumstances of real distress was of itself sufficient to constitute them proper subjects for its relief.

During the inclement season of winter, when the loud and chilling blast blew keenly, or the fast falling snow filled up and concealed the beaten roads, Jairus allowed no evening to pass away, during which he was not engaged in searching out and visiting the miserable abodes of cheerless poverty and want, or the dwellings where affliction of body or mind called for immediate assistance. Frequently has "the widow's heart been made to sing for joy," by his visits. Sinners, by his earnest and persuasive appeals, at once prompted and applied by the Divine Spirit, have been convinced of their sins and "converted from the error of their way:" the mourning penitent has been encouraged to hope in God; the wanderer reclaimed; and the noisy blasphemer silenced, sometimes, before him.

An additional opportunity, beyond what had hitherto been presented, was now afforded to

Jairus to prosecute a work in which his soul delighted—

“To seek the wandering souls of men,”

by the division of the town into districts, for the purpose of enquiring what destitution and desire of the Scriptures might exist among its poor inhabitants. A large number of respectable gentlemen, residents in the town and its vicinity, in a manner that reflected the greatest honour upon them, came forward on this occasion. The learned and truly Christian Dr. G—— presided at the several meetings which were held. After a judicious and convenient division of the town had been made, the members of the committee went forth to their several districts on the same sociable and helpful principle as that on which the apostles were first sent out by our Lord, “*two and two*” together. That division to which Jairus and his fellow-labourer, a minister of the Gospel, were appointed, was one which contained an exceedingly poor and widely-scattered population, many of whose members he visited by himself, numerous engagements not always allowing his friend to accompany him. He entered several miserable hovels throughout which ignorance and darkness, in reference to religion, prevailed in the greatest and most lamentable degree: and, in some instances, he found whole families in which were six, eight, and ten children, not one of whom could read the Scriptures; while the

parents themselves were equally ignorant. Since this period, however, the town has been canvassed by zealous Sunday-school teachers; and, through their instrumentality, several of those objects of pity have been delivered from ignorance and its consequent vice. Arriving one evening, some time after day-light had departed, at a wretched hovel which was surrounded by several others of a similar kind, many of which he had already entered, Jairus gently knocked at the door, when a voice from within bade him enter. Accordingly, lifting the latch of the door, he opened it, and, on entering the hut, he discovered, through the almost stifling smoke, a number of miserable-looking beings, sitting on low stools around a fire which was made upon the hearth. A few dying embers furnished the only light the hut afforded, and their feeble glimmering served only to render visible the extreme wretchedness of the place. The individuals who formed the group merely, as it appeared, by instinct, turned their heads as he entered, and, without rising, continued with a vacant stare to gaze upon the intruder until one of them, in a rough tone, enquired, "Who are you?"

Jairus mildly answered, "A friend;" and began to make something like an apology for having disturbed them.

"What do you want?" was sourly demanded.

With the utmost kindness of tone of which he was capable, he replied, "I have come to enquire if you have a Bible in your habitation."

"And what is that to you?" was asked in the same uncivil tone as before.

"Because, if you have not," returned Jairus, "I should like to be informed if you feel a desire to possess one."

"No, we haven't got one," was grumbled out.

"Do you desire to have one?" demanded Jairus.

"No;" replied the surly speaker.

Jairus was not a little confounded at all this; and the more so, because, at other places, if a Bible was not wanted, they, at least, declined it in a civil manner. At length it occurred to him, that, perhaps, the poor people conceived he was a travelling bookseller who was desirous of trading with them: and he, therefore, still further enquired, "Will you accept of one if I give it to you?"

In the same snarling surly tone as that in which he had already been spoken to during this conference, he was again answered, "*No, we don't want one.*"

Still more confounded than before, he urged them to receive one, recommending and explaining its excellency. They were, however, inexorable and unyielding in their determination not to have one. Finding it in vain any longer to

solicit them on a subject so evidently disagreeable to them, pitying their condition, and praying that light might be given to them, he left the doubly dark habitation. He afterwards learned they were Roman Catholics, and that they were forbidden by their priest to read the Bible.

On his return home, he learned that a near relative who had for some time been confined to her bed, had requested that he would visit and pray with her. It was not necessary that, to him, such a message should be repeated; and he, therefore, hasted, though with fear and trembling, to the sick chamber. The fall of man, the depravity of human nature, our exposure to misery and ruin, and utter inability to save or help ourselves, were subjects with which, by personal experience, he had been rendered familiar, and on which he was ever ready seriously to discourse, when visiting those who during all their former lives had been either profligate sinners, or proud pharisaical professors; while, to the trembling penitent, he as earnestly proclaimed the richness and freeness of sovereign grace. On the former subjects, however, he felt it necessary to converse with the person he was now called to visit: he realized the importance which belonged to his character as a visiter of the sick and dying; and hence, with plainness and fidelity, he warned the wicked of their way. There was, indeed, on the part of his relation, a general acknowledgment of sin; but there appeared to be also a total want of any

internal sensibility with respect to its nature in its guilt and pollution. Vows were made by her, and promises multiplied, of what, should her life be spared, she would become on her restoration to health. But ah, the deceitfulness of sin! Of this Jairus had become partly aware; and he, therefore, warned and cautioned her against deceiving herself; and also urged her, instantly, by fervent prayer, to seek an immediate interest in redemption through the blood of Christ, by the forgiveness of all her sins. On his leaving her, she expressed her obligation to him for his kind attention, and requested another early visit from him. He continued to attend her until she considered his visits no longer necessary, in consequence of her perfect recovery. A few weeks only had elapsed, when the removal of the appearance of immediate death banished also all fear of death from her mind; and, with the removal of the fear, there was obliterated from her heart every sense of obligation and feeling of gratitude. All her fear-extorted resolutions were at once given up and nearly forgotten. The pious sentiment of the then newly-recovered Psalmist found no place in her bosom,—“What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?” neither, of course, was any part of his holy determination regarded by her,—“I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and I will call upon the name of the Lord; I will praise him while I have my being; while

I have breath, I will sing praises to thy name, O thou most High." Her resolutions were "like the morning cloud," and her good desires "like the early dew;" both passed quickly away. Jairus met her at his father's; and, on hearing her make use of some expressions of a worldly and trifling nature, totally at variance with her recent promises of dedication to God, he gently rebuked her, and pointed out the inconsistency of her conduct; when, turning upon him with a look expressive of insulted consequence, she declared she never had conceived he could have the impudence to reprove her who was *old enough to be his mother*.

"I admit," replied he, "the correctness of your remark, in point of your superiority of age; and from that consideration I have been compelled to do violence to my feelings, in attempting thus to speak to you: but," continued he, and raising his voice as he spoke, "age gives no license to sin, and Paul, writing to the youthful Timothy, directs him, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, not only to command and teach, but to *reprove*, rebuke, and exhort; adding, '*Let no man despise thy youth.*'"

"So, then," she sarcastically replied, "Mr. Timothy, I suppose you are one of these *inspired ones* who are at liberty to reprove and find fault with us elder people as you please?"

"I make no pretensions," replied Jairus, "to that kind of inspiration with which the

apostles were favoured, and by which they were qualified for their very extraordinary work, and were thus distinguished from all other men: yet I do conceive it *necessary* now, as it was in their days, that the Holy Ghost should be received by every individual who becomes a real Christian. The Bible asserts that ‘No man can call *Jesus Lord*, but by the Holy Ghost.’ We can neither ‘*repent*,’ nor ‘*believe*,’ nor be ‘*born again*,’ without the internal influence of the Holy Spirit. And if, except we repent, we must perish; if only by believing we can (instrumentally) be saved; and if, except we be born again, we cannot either enter or perceive the correct nature of the Kingdom of God; it necessarily follows, either that no man can now be saved, or that the Holy Ghost must now be *received into the heart*.”

“I am no heathen!” was returned with confusion; “this may all be very true, and I don’t dispute it: but you young people should not take upon you to direct, and catechise, and teach those who ——”

“Ah!” exclaimed Jairus, “I feel grieved for you: I was not deemed too young, a few weeks since, when death stared you in the face, and eternity appeared to be bursting upon your terrified sight. *Remember, ‘the vows of God are upon you! pay your vows unto him.’*”

Evidently indignant at these faithful admonitions, and yet convinced of their propriety, she

felt herself awkwardly circumstanced, and knew not how to reply. The power of truth appealed to her conscience, and she seemed disposed to yield to its influence: but the pride of human nature forbade it. This would be making too much concession; and hence, swayed by her heart's predominant principle, **PRIDE**, she turned away in disdain; and, stifling her rising spleen, angrily left the room.

“ Ah,” thought Jairus, “ true, indeed, is it, that

‘ Knowledge, alas! is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reigo,
If love be absent there.’”

He had now beheld a striking and painful evidence of the fact, so plainly proclaimed by the voice of inspiration, “ The carnal mind is enmity against God.” He saw the fallacy of what merely appeared a sick-bed repentance; and was more than ever firmly persuaded that, whatever expressions and promises fear may extort from the lips, *the power of God alone can renew and purify the heart.*

CHAPTER V.

“ Now then, my God, thou hast my soul ;
No longer mine, but thine I am :
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole,
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame :
Thou hast my spirit, there display
Thy glory ‘ to the perfect day.’

“ I would my precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone—
To spend and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known ;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe to breathe thy love.”

Wesley.

THAT Christianity is divine in its origin, and spiritual in its nature, every unprejudiced investigator of the Scriptures must admit. It is, indeed, conceded, that it involves mysteries beyond the limited grasp of created and finite intellect;—an admission which, by its enemies, has frequently been urged as an objection;—and that, therefore, to merely superficial observers seeming contradictions may appear. Far, however, as the sublime discoveries of revelation *transcend* human reason, there are none *contrary* to right reason

properly exercised. And whatever discrepance might seem to exist, it does so only in the perverted mind of the caviller, not in reality: and so far is our incapacity *fully* to comprehend and harmonize *all* that is contained in the revelation of God from really furnishing any solid argument against the Scriptures, that it the more fully strengthens and establishes them as being a supernatural and divine revelation. If, in the minority and incapacity of our present state of existence, we did completely understand and could explain all the discoveries of the sacred record, we might well dispute its claims to divinity, and regard it as no more than the production of some fallible creature, with mental powers as shallow and feeble as our own.

The Divine Providence and power of the Almighty are conspicuously displayed both in the original planting of Christianity and in its continued progress and preservation. As the holy apostles were separated and qualified by God himself for the work of the ministry, so has he also been pleased to provide and dispose other individuals of humbler character instrumentally to maintain and diffuse it in every succeeding age.

“The Gospel,” says Eusebius, “like the sun, enlightened the world at once; and, to perpetuate the work, the Lord raised up a great number of evangelical men who imitated the apostles in their life and doctrines.” The same Spirit

who constrained Paul to pray the heathen to *be reconciled to Christ*, moved *Xavier*, and *Coke*, and *Townley* to visit India, and has induced others, in our native land, to publish the way of salvation.

The mind of *Jairus*, from the first moment of his conversion to God, had been actively employed in aiming to promote the welfare of his fellow-mortals. He had, with devout punctuality, attended on the ministry of the Gospel: the Bible and “the excellent of the earth” were his constant companions. In order to become familiar with the word of God, he every evening committed to memory a portion of its contents, which, while it increased his mental store, furnished him also with pleasing and profitable subjects of contemplation during the day. Frequently, at this period especially, did his eyes bear witness to the feelings of his heart, while he observed the debasing wickedness of the infatuated multitude, and the criminal indifference of the professors of the Gospel. His soul increasingly expanded with rising desires to be employed for God; but, like young *Samuel*, when at first the Lord called him, so he knew not for a while the voice which spake within him. He had already been usefully employed: his gifts had improved by exercise, and his zeal had increased by exertion. He almost trembled when the thought arose, (and yet it would frequently obtrude itself,) that he was called to preach the

Gospel. His mental conflicts now became strong, and were of a peculiar nature : he regarded the work to which he now tremblingly aspired, as worthy of the superior powers of angelic minds ; and feelingly, therefore, he exclaimed, “ Who is sufficient for these things ? ” Not only in his waking hours, but frequently during his midnight slumbers, when the members of his body were pinioned in sleep, his mind, unbound and active, was employed in the work.

On his return home, one Sabbath evening, from the public worshipping assembly, he, as usual, conducted the priestly duty at the family altar, and then retired to rest. Fancy, ever active, seemed to place him in the sacred desk. The place of worship to which, in these visions of the night, his mind was now transported, was situated in an adjoining village. The building appeared to him to be filled with people : novelty, he conceived, had attracted the multitude. He surveyed the congregation, and, feeling his insufficiency, hastily left the pulpit. An aged disciple of the Redeemer met him at the foot of the stairs, and, seizing his hand, burst into tears, and exclaimed, “ Jairus, you must preach.” With reluctance he resumed his forsaken station, opened his Bible, selected his text, and, ere he could commence, his agitation awoke him, and he found that all was but a dream. The nature of the circumstances, however, although trivial in their character, made a strong impression on his mind,

as was, doubtless, quite natural, considering the sentiments of which he had long been the subject.

On the following evening, according to his usual custom, he attended at the place of which he had dreamed, to assist in singing: several other persons were also there, who, as well as himself, had come before the appointed time of service had arrived. The spreading foliage of a majestic tree which stood before the door of the sanctuary offered an inviting retreat from the fervent rays of a summer's sun. Thither a company had retired, to enjoy the refreshing breeze of balmy Zephyr, and enjoy the pleasant shade. Jairus was of the number. An animated and profitable conversation on the pleasures of religion engaged the party until the time for public service had arrived; but no minister had yet appeared. Jairus had already interested them by the recital of his recent dream; and, although no credulous believer in the merely marvellous, still he could not but be struck by the singular coincidence between (what Dr. Johnson calls) his "Phantasm of Sleep" and their probable present destitution of a minister. Time was rapidly passing away, the congregation had long been seated, and imagination and anxiety were busy; still the prophet and priest continued absent.

Jairus had long attracted the attention of several, whose hopes concerning him were rather sanguine. They had watched over and carefully

noticed his progressive course; each stage of his religious career had been observed by them; and some of these persons were now present. They had heard the artless tale of Jairus; they were now placed in circumstances precisely similar to those of which he had dreamed; and they, therefore, *most sagely* concluded, that this was an infallible evidence of his call to preach on this occasion; and hence they warmly urged him to ascend the pulpit.

If Jairus were not habitually more wise, he at this time at least acted more discreetly than to yield to the solicitations of his mistaken friends.

While he desired to be engaged in the work of the ministry, he perceived, at the same time, something of its arduous nature. He felt that he was then altogether unprepared; and he dared not, in a heedless, inconsiderate way rush forward to speak, as by the mouth of God, to the people: and, therefore, he mildly yet positively refused. He, however, complied with the request of the people, and commenced the service by singing and prayer, in which others present followed him.

All the circumstances of the case connected with this service soon became noised abroad; and many, who were more skilled in the knowledge of dreams than of their Bibles, saw most clearly that Jairus *ought* to have preached. He himself also had had his thoughts on the subject: his views, however, were not quite so luminous; and he, therefore, wished rather to

be *led* than followed by the Divine Spirit in so important an affair. The conduct of these individuals reminded him of the words of the poet—

“ Poor, humble souls, they with a right good will
Admire his progress till he stands stock still.”

Happy would it be if all who aspire to the ministerial character were equally willing, with Jairus, to ascertain “ the mind of the Spirit ” on this point.

Just at this time, an opening, in the south of France, for missionary exertions afforded an opportunity for any qualified individual to enter a wide field of usefulness. Jairus heard the deplorable condition of the inhabitants of that country, in reference to religion, pathetically described by his father in the Gospel: he wept for their awfully destitute circumstances, and regretted his want of ability to enter upon so blessed a work. Under the impulse of the moment, he determined immediately to commence the study of the French language, and devote himself to the work of a missionary. It occurred to him, however, that more than a mere knowledge of the language was necessary fully to furnish him for such a service. He had never preached, and therefore knew not whether he possessed, in any humble measure, talents suitable for the work.

He now sought for and obtained frequent interviews with an individual who had for some years been engaged in preaching in the surround-

ing villages. To him he unbosomed his feelings, and received from him a pressing invitation to accompany him, on the next Sabbath, to a distant station, and take part with him in preaching the Gospel to the people. After some hesitation, he consented, and then retired home in order to prepare himself for this anticipated exercise. He, however, who had found it comparatively easy, by frequent repetition, to converse with an individual on a sick-bed, or speak to a few children in a Sabbath-school, felt it more difficult to devote his mind attentively to any subject on which to address, in public, a company of adults, by delivering a sermon. Destitute of proper books to assist him, and unacquainted with the method of sermonizing or dividing a text of Scripture according to the popular mode of preaching in the present day, he felt bewildered in the mazes of perplexity. All the assistance of which he could avail himself seemed to suit him no more than the armour of Saul did David when going against the champion of the Philistines. Still, the morning of the Sabbath-day arrived, and Jairus seemed to be scarcely better prepared for his work than he was on the day when he had promised to attempt to preach. He had, indeed, fasted, and prayed, and wept; but a continual degree of perturbation appeared to incapacitate his mind for the communication of any ideas with which he attempted to store it.

It was an unusually fine morning, towards the

approach of the spring; not a cloud was seen floating within the atmosphere. The scene was peculiarly delightful; the road along which they passed lay in the bosom of a rich and highly cultivated country, which was rendered especially picturesque and interesting by the lofty hills and gently sloping valleys which on either hand alike gratified the eye and cheered the spirits. The variegated and prolific charms of nature had already clothed the whole country with richest verdure. The sun, which appeared "like a strong man" to "rejoice to run a race," darted his rays of fire through the opening foliage of the trees and hedges, which now and then were agitated by a gently fanning breeze; while

"Thousands of drops of pearly dew
Hung pendant from the boughs,"

and appeared, while they glittered in the sunbeams, as though the hedges were bestudded with silver, or adorned with sparkling gems. The feathered minstrels of the grove warbled their matin hymn of praise to *Him* who "maketh the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice;" while tens of thousands of insects, by their unintelligible hum, appeared as if they enjoyed the bounties of nature with gratitude, while man alone, for whom they are provided, received them with heartless unconcern.

On a mind such as Jairus possessed, exquisitely alive to the perception of nature's finest strokes, the scene before him could not fail to exert a

powerful influence: the grand sentiment of the psalmist appeared insensibly to fix and gain upon his mind,—“All thy works praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints bless thee!”—and, with *Milton*, he felt

“These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair, *thyself* how wondrous, then!”

The scenes by which the friends were surrounded appeared so fully to have absorbed their attention, that they had proceeded far in silence, excepting occasionally when a slight observation escaped them, extorted as it were by the sudden and unexpected prospects which, at successive periods, burst upon their view, as they descended the winding paths before them, or gained the top of some lofty eminence over which they had to pass.

At length, the mysterious work of human redemption engaged their attention, and abundantly furnished them with matter for interesting and instructive conversation; as if they were

“—led by nature up to Nature's God.”

Astonishment and devout admiration for a time closed their lips in silence, while they reflected on that Being condescending to become incarnate, and, thus, to be afflicted, reviled, condemned at Pilate's bar, and crucified at Golgotha; who, self-existent, happy in himself, and independent of all his creatures, upholdeth the world by his

power, who “spreadeth out the heavens as a tent to dwell in,” who “rideth upon the wings of the wind;” yea, whom “the heaven, even the heaven of heavens cannot contain.”

“’Tis mystery all! the Immortal dies;
 Who can explore the strange design?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of Love Divine!
 ’Tis mystery all! let earth adore;
 Let angel-minds enquire no more.”

“But,” said Jairus, after a while, his eyes sparkling with grateful vivacity while he spoke; “to *feel* that *we* are personally interested in that mercy, to *know* that *we* have redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of all our sins; O, what an exalted privilege! O, what a heaven on earth is this!”

“Yes,” rejoined his friend, “this is to enjoy *religion*; this is, in some sense, to *understand* a mystery to the knowledge of which the world, while unregenerate, can never arrive.”

“And this,” added Jairus, “is the knowledge which I am anxious to communicate to others; for I am certain, that

‘If the whole earth my *Jesus* knew,
 Sure, the whole earth would love Him too!’”

“There,” observed his friend, pointing to a village, part of which became visible to them as they suddenly arose from a deep glen where they had been walking, “there is the place where, to-day, we are to proclaim in our humble way the unsearchable riches of Christ.”

A sudden tremor agitated Jairus, as he thought of the situation in which he was that day to be placed—the solemn office he was to fill. “May that gracious Lord whose name we bear assist us!” prayed Jairus: “may our eye be single; so shall our bodies be full of light.”

On entering the village, the mind of Jairus was considerably affected at witnessing the apparent heathenism which, on all sides, evidently prevailed. A number of young men were busily engaged in a species of gambling on the road-side: the earnestness with which they promoted their own ruin was manifest in their vehemence of arguing every contested point, and by the awful expressions which broke from their lips. “These,” thought Jairus, “are, indeed, ‘without God and without hope in the world.’” The sound of approaching footsteps attracted their attention, and, on turning, they beheld Jairus and his friend advancing towards them. A degree of shame, or fear, or, perhaps, both, appeared to seize upon them, for they instantly dispersed, and quickly hurried out of sight.

Proceeding further into the village, a number of untaught children, dirty and ragged, were seen running in all directions, either seeking or engaged in amusement. The open door of a public-house, and the confused noise of its inmates, reminded Jairus of the strikingly characteristic description given by Cowper of those low places of resort.—

“ Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggar'd, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
That law has licensed, as makes temperance reel.”

“ O!” thought Jairus, “ if those who oppose the instruction of the ignorant by Sunday-school tuition, or by village preaching, were here to behold, on a Christian Sabbath-day, such scenes as these, so deeply disgraceful to our land, surely their opposition would be exchanged for unremitting exertions to banish vice and ignorance from our hardy rural population. The nakedness of the land is, indeed, but very partially known. Many populous villages are yet destitute of the Gospel, and, consequently, as ignorant of the Saviour as are the untaught savages of southern Africa, or of the islands in the Pacific Ocean. But the Lord's work is advancing: many are ‘ running to and fro,’ and, even in our own land, knowledge is rapidly increasing. Those laborious individuals, the active and zealous men of God, who are employed as agents for the ‘ *Home Missionary*’ Societies, are sowing on all sides the seed of eternal life, and darkness gives way before them.”

During this soliloquy, the steps of Jairus and his friend had brought them to the house of an individual who, like the benevolent *Publius* of old, “ received them courteously.”

After partaking of some refreshment, which

the length of the journey they had performed rendered both necessary and welcome, Jairus prepared, with trembling, for the work before him.

On entering the place of worship, they found the rustic congregation already assembled; several of whom had come from afar, hungering and thirsting "for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." They met in a large room, where several long forms were placed for the accommodation of the worshipers. At the further side from that on which they entered was placed a desk, which served the purpose of a temporary pulpit. Jairus stepped behind it, and immediately the eyes of all present were fastened upon him. A stranger's presence at the desk never failed to produce surprise and excite attention: but he was a *youthful* stranger; and his presence was, therefore, productive of more than ordinary interest and regard. The evident emotion under which he laboured called forth the fervent prayers of the simple and pious congregation. A hymn was sung, and Jairus prayed with a feeling and fervour which were at once pleasing and edifying. Again they sung, and "made melody in their hearts to the Lord;" at the close of which he opened the Bible before him, and read, from John ix. 27, "*Will ye also be his disciples?*"

If what Jairus said from these words, while attempting to illustrate and apply them in their connexion, did not partake of all the eloquence

and order of modern sermons, it did not fall below many of such productions in energy and persuasive pathos: "out of the abundance of the heart his mouth spake." He besought the people, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God, and urged the importance of their becoming the disciples of *Jesus Christ*. Praise was again offered to God by the little company, as they sang

" See, Jesus! thy disciples see,
The promis'd blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

With us thou art assembled here,
But, O, thyself reveal;
Son of the living God, appear,
Let us thy presence feel.

Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
' The Holy Ghost receive.'

Whom now we seek, O, may we meet,
Jesus the crucified:
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died."

At the close of this expressive hymn, the Divine Being was again solemnly and fervently invoked by Jairus, for the bestowment of the Holy Spirit's influence to render graciously effectual his first feeble attempt to shew to his fellow men the way of salvation.

After the close of the evening service, the friends prepared again to return home; and left the village followed by the blessings of those

who feared God, which were simply yet sincerely and warmly expressed in earnest prayers for their welfare.

The calm and tranquillizing influence of the evening was cheering to their languid frames, and soothing to their sensitive spirits, whose views and feelings seemed to be in a state of close and pleasing accordance with the scene around them. Not a sound was heard to interrupt the repose of their minds, excepting, now and then, the distant bleating of the lambs, or the lowing of the herds which grazed upon the surrounding hills; and, at intervals, the chirping of the grasshopper, or the sweet and varied warblings of the nightingale struck upon the ear, and pleasingly tended to diversify the tribute of grateful adoration which universal nature appeared to be offering to Him

“ Whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies.”

The last rays of the declining sun deeply tinged the western horizon, adorning it with colours more varied and brilliant than the rainbow's, while its light, gleaming from the tops of the surrounding hills, glanced down upon the path of the travellers. It seemed to be a season sacred to the muses; while, under the influence of feelings which such scenery and circumstances could not fail to inspire, Jairus wrote the following farewell to

THE SETTING SUN.

Regent of Day, farewell!
 Thy fast declining rays
 A solemn moral tell
 Of man's fast fleeting days;
 They mark his fading glory here,
 Which soon, like thine, will disappear.

With pleasure thousands hail'd
 Thy morning's golden light,
 Gaily o'er life they sail'd,
 Nor thought of death's dark night,
 Whose race is run, whose rays, like thine,
 Are lost, on earth no more to shine.

Here, though alone I stand,
 And view thy lessening light,
 Many, throughout our land,
 With me, admire the sight,
 Whose death-bound eyes shall ne'er behold
 Thy rising glow of fire and gold.

Emblem of purity,
 In thee we may behold
 The saints' serenity
 When death's dark gates unfold:
 Peaceful they sink from mortal view
 To shine with splendours ever new.

Like thee, the saints shall rise
 In Resurrection's morn;
 Glory shall cheer their eyes,
 And all their souls adorn—
 Shall rise, to set no more in night,
 But shine amidst increasing light.

Conversation, at once pleasing and profitable, beguiled the tedious length of the way till the friends were brought to the place from which they had jointly started in the morning. An affectionate farewell for the night and a hearty shake of the hand were mutually given; and each, wearied in body, but invigorated in mind, hasted to the bosom of his family; and, from

thence, having commended themselves to God, retired to enjoy the soothing and strengthening refreshment of sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

“ Heaven is all love, all joy in giving joy ;
It never had created but to bless :
And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,
A being bless'd, or *worthy* so to be ?
Heaven starts at an annihilating God.”

Young.

OF the “ Athenians and the strangers” who visited that famous city, it is recorded, that “ they spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.” The same rage for novelty still exists, and is as notoriously evident in the present day. Any new circumstance, or an event of a novel character, is certain to gain attention, and, generally, draws admirers.

The fact of Jairus's having preached was soon noised abroad : the information spread like wild-fire, being eagerly received, and as readily reported, by the slavish retailers of novelty. Undoubtedly, very different motives influenced various individuals, both as they listened to, and as they circulated, the tale. Some assumed the supreme chair usually occupied by the Roman

Pontiff; and, professing to have attained “the discerning of spirits,” began avowedly to discover and proclaim his motives. Others, somewhat less aspiring, yet, without informing us at what precise age the Holy Spirit influenced the mind of the youthful Timothy, in calling him to the Gospel ministry, or even without pretending to define the exact period of life at which, in our day, pious individuals are publicly to exercise the preaching talents with which they may be intrusted, intimated, with an affected concern, (signified by a sort of palsied movement of the head, accompanied with a deep-drawn sigh,) “*his youth:*” while others, who

“Hated the excellence they could not reach,”

hinted “his unqualified state for the work.” None felt the force of the last-mentioned weighty reason, urged by “*a friend to silence,*” (except when they themselves speak,) more than did Jairus:—no, not even these sympathizing and “silent” friends. His own sense of incompetency for the work deeply affected him; and, had not a persuasion similar (at least, in kind) to that realized by the apostle, as he exclaimed, “Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel,” urged Jairus to attempt it, he would, notwithstanding the solicitations of many, still have continued silent. In reference, however, to his motive, he could, like Peter, appeal to omniscience in vindication of its purity. He was, indeed, young; having

just entered his twentieth year: many, however, still younger had been, and several such then were, usefully engaged in preaching the Gospel. But, amidst all the clamour of little minds, he had at least one friend, to whose earnest and unabating concern for his welfare he was greatly indebted,—the Rev. W—— Y——. This was a gentleman, in the proper sense of the term, of highly respectable connexions, possessing talents much above the ordinary rank, a well-furnished mind, and acute penetration, with warm and unaffected friendship, besides (what imparted lustre and solidity to his other qualifications) fervent piety.

Some time had now elapsed since Jairus's first attempt at preaching, when, on their unexpectedly meeting, he thus accosted him, with all the pleasing and easy familiarity of kind acquaintance,—“Well, Jairus; so, I hear, you have begun to preach.”

This was rather unlooked for. Jairus was silent, and, while he hung his head, a blush crimsoned his cheek: he felt confused, and knew not for the moment what reply to make. Mr. Y. perceived his embarrassment; and, wishing to relieve it, “Well,” he continued, “how did you succeed? I hope you had a good congregation.”

“The congregation, Sir,” replied Jairus, “was good for the place; but how I succeeded I cannot say; I fear, badly enough, Sir.”

“Well, don't be discouraged,” said Mr. Y.

“there was a time when the immortal *Newton* was learning, at his mother’s knee, the characters which compose our alphabet. Live near to God; if he has called you to the work, he will fit you for it: he never sent any man a warfare at his own charges. If I can render you any assistance, I shall feel myself happy to do so: any books which my library contains are at your service; and you may at all times command any information I may be able to impart.”

Jairus could only bow in silence, and thus acknowledge his sense of the reverend gentleman’s kindness. If he could have given utterance to his feelings, he would have thanked him in language as sincere and ardent as that in which he had been addressed. With a friendly invitation to pay him an early visit, and kindly pressing the hand of Jairus, he took his leave.

Several weeks passed away, during which time Jairus continued to receive advice and assistance, both from the personal and edifying counsel, and also from some well-chosen publications out of the library of Mr. Y. None of his former engagements, however, were, as yet, given up; and although he continued, on various occasions, to make trial of his talents for preaching the Gospel, his regular attendance, according to appointment, at the Sabbath-school, was rarely, if ever, omitted. Neither were his visits to “the house of mourning” or the chamber of sickness and death, less frequent than formerly, but rather

increased in number : he had learned to husband well his time, and, “ gathering up the fragments, nothing was lost.”

A sick friend, whom he had long intimately known, with whom he had frequently walked to the house of God, and whose sincere and ardent piety had often engaged his attention, solicited a visit from him. He found him in the last stage of a rapid consumption, confined to his room, and surrounded by his wife and children. His mind was beclouded ; a heavy and settled gloom appeared to oppress him. Nature appeared reluctant to meet the chilling embrace of Death : the dissolution of the body and the darkness of the grave presented to his mind unconquerable horrors. During a familiar conversation, Jairus stated what had recently afforded him inexpressible delight,—the contemplation of *the immortality of the soul*,—the pleasing belief of future everlasting existence.

“ O ! ” exclaimed the dying man, “ that is the subject which, above all others, frequently renders me unhappy, — nay, more, — quite miserable ; I seem to envy the very brutes their annihilation.”

Jairus started : his surprise almost overcame him. Not a moment’s doubt of his friend’s personal piety could ever be admitted ; and yet he now heard from his own lips the distressing testimony of the absence of peace and hope, arising from the present want of an experimental sense of a personal interest in the “ redemption that is in

Christ Jesus." It was now with him "the hour and the power of darkness:" Satan was, for a while, left at liberty to harass him: he was *more than* "in heaviness through manifold temptations:" he was under apparent darkness and desertion, and in some sense might have cried out, with the Saviour himself, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Christ's full sufficiency to relieve the sinner's necessity, his readiness to receive the vilest, the dignity and value of his atonement, his perpetual and prevalent intercession,—were themes at this time clearly and comprehensively exhibited by Jairus; and his attempts to serve his friend were divinely blessed to the relief of his mind. He prayed earnestly both with him and for him; and he afterwards enjoyed the happiness of knowing, that, prior to his friend's exit from this world, (which took place before he could see him again,) he was enabled, with the Psalmist, to declare, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for *thou* art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. My heart and my flesh faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

Jairus had been some time employed in preaching in the surrounding villages, when his invaluable friend, Mr. Y—— requested he would accompany him to a place, about ten miles distant, where he had engaged to preach on the following Sabbath; at the same time expressing a wish that he should

take the evening service; in which case he himself would return towards home and supply another pulpit in the way, and there wait until the arrival of Jairus. After some few objections on the part of Jairus, which were soon removed by his friend, it was agreed, that on the day in question they should journey forth together.

During the remainder of the week, Jairus was busily employed in preparing to enter upon the proposed new ground; that, while he endeavoured, with affectionate zeal, to instruct the congregation which he should then meet, he might neither discredit the cause nor disgrace himself.

The dark and stormy days of November had now set in, and therefore no dependence could be placed upon the weather. The morning of that Sabbath-day, which again summoned Jairus to public duty, had now dawned. The roar of the northern blast, and the heavy falling of the rain, seemed to forebode an unpleasant journey; and as their intended course lay along a cross-country road, no conveyance could conveniently be obtained. The hour at length arrived for their departure, and the friends essayed to go forth. The rain had abated, although a little still continued to fall; but the wind had considerably increased. The work, however, in which they had engaged was one of infinite importance. The people to whom they were going possessed souls at once guilty, accountable, and immortal; time was rapidly passing away; and its very flight

urged them to “make full proof of their ministry:” besides which, they were divinely commanded to “endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.”

The sweeping tempest, as it howled along the open commons over which they had to pass, was almost more than a match for their strength, and it blew directly in their faces; the rain, too, began again to fall heavily: still, however, they pressed onwards. “There is one consolation,” observed Mr. Y——, as he tightly folded round him his travelling-coat, which had blown open, “there is one consolation—it might have been worse.”

“It might indeed,” rejoined Jairus; “it bears no comparison with that tempest with which the cities of the plain were visited.”

“No, nor with that, either, of which David thus speaks—‘Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire, and brimstone, and a horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup.’”

“What unparalleled mercy it is,” observed Jairus, “that Jesus Christ is proclaimed as ‘a refuge and as a covert from the storm and from the rain!’ and that ‘his name is a strong tower,’ into which whosoever runneth is safe!”

“Mercy indeed,” replied Mr. Y——: “there rests all our hope. Well might the immortal *Young*, in contemplating so divine a theme, become inflamed with ardour, and almost transported into a state of sacred ecstasy; well might he, while giving vent to the impassioned feelings of his soul, exclaim—

‘Bound, every heart, and every bosom, burn!
O, ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists,
On such a theme ’twere impious to be calm;
Passion is prudence,—transport temper here!’”

Many parts of the road through which they now went were rendered almost impassable, both by the rains which had fallen, and by the naturally swampy state of the soil. It therefore became necessary for them to take great care at every step. Turning up their trowsers, to save them from the miry clay into which they sank as they proceeded,

“They plodded on their way.”

The rain at length had ceased to fall, and a gleam of sunshine now and then darted upon them its cheering rays from the parting clouds, which, still driven wildly by the wind, rolled in heavy and mountain-like forms over their heads. Yesterday’s little rippling brook had swollen to a river, which, rushing from the tops of the lofty hills with impetuous violence, threatened to inundate the little cottages of the woodmen below. Frequently, as the flood fell into some newly-made cavity, the ear was saluted with sounds not wholly unlike the roaring of the famous falls of Niagara, when heard from a great distance.

The circling columns of smoke, which were now seen rising before them, presented a pleasing prospect of their soon reaching their journey’s end. Wet and fatigued, they at length entered the town, and soon found, by the fireside of “an old disciple,” a comfortable resting-place for their

wearied bodies, and a seasonable supply to recruit their almost exhausted strength. By the time they had become pretty well dry, the appointed hour for public service had arrived: they therefore proceeded to the house of God, and in the midst of the congregation offered up their thanksgiving to the Most High for his kindness towards them.

At the close of the afternoon service, Mr. Y—— repaired to the place intended for his evening's labour, leaving Jairus to perform the evening service at B——.

The weather had now considerably cleared, and was become tolerably fine, the wind too was greatly abated; and the friends of our *Missionaries* indulged the hope that their returning at night would at least be more favourable than had been their coming in the morning.

The frequent opportunities with which Jairus had lately been favoured for exercising his gifts had given him, comparatively, the confidence and readiness of experience; and he was therefore enabled this evening to preach with acceptance and benefit to the people.

Having fulfilled his mission for that day, he hastened to rejoin his friend. It was now eight o'clock, p. m.; and he had to walk, alone, five miles through an unknown part of the country. When he set out, the night appeared likely to be fair; he had not, however, proceeded above one mile on his journey, before the gathering clouds,

and the distant, hollow roar of the winds, sweeping through the valleys, or breaking on the woods, by which on both sides the road was bounded, seemed portentous of an approaching storm.

As Jairus and his friend had passed on in the morning, every place was carefully noticed, in order to assist his return in the evening. All then appeared quite plain to them, but now the face of nature was changed; for

“A sable gloom hung, thickening, all around.”

A stile, over which he should have passed, and which would have led him directly in his way, had already escaped his notice; and he still continued to wander onward, renewing his speed every moment, as his situation appeared to him increasingly unsafe or unpleasant. At length, a conviction, amounting to certainty, possessed him, that he had mistaken his way; still he went forward, hoping to find an outlet. He remembered to have seen, in the morning, a cart-road, which he conceived must be still before him, and which, though by a way rather circuitous, would lead him to a part of the road with which he considered himself well acquainted.

Jairus now, by a sudden turning of the road, entered a place which must have borne at least some resemblance to that which the mind of Bunyan imagined when he wrote his description of “*the Valley of the Shadow of Death.*” The over-arching branches of the forest oak excluded

even the little light which was left in the atmosphere. Imagination frequently presented to the mind of Jairus a high wall before him, which terminated his progress. Suddenly starting back, he stood a while, and then, with cautious step, slowly advanced. The clouds, which had assumed a threatening aspect, now began to pour down their overcharged contents. Not knowing whither he wandered, he still continued to press on: an opening, which admitted a little light, at length relieved his anxiety; a side-road discovered itself, down which he immediately turned, expecting this would conduct him to the place he sought. The lane was of considerable length; and, at every step he took, plunging in the deep furrows made by the cart-wheels, he was frequently half-way up his boots in mud and water, and often found it difficult to keep himself from falling. The end, however, of this road, at length, appeared, when an extensive common, wide as, by the light around him, the eye could reach, and without any discernible path, presented itself to his view. Conscious that he was wrong, and conceiving it worse than folly to adventure himself on this wild and dreary place, he retraced his steps, still hoping, in that way, to discover the path he was seeking.

Having reached the place from whence he turned into the lane, he walked on in the same direction as before. He had now proceeded thus a considerable distance, until, wearied

and confused, he halted, and almost determined to abandon as fruitless and impracticable, any further attempt to find his way. Irresolute, for a moment, what course to take, he stood still, when a distant sound arrested his attention; he listened, and fancied that it drew nearer; he soon clearly distinguished it to be the galloping of a horse. *Who* might be its rider at that late hour of the night, and in so lonely a place, he, of course, could not conceive. Conjecture began to be busy: he felt apprehensive for his personal safety. Presently, the snorting of the animal assured him of the near approach of the stranger. He now looked, and saw, or fancied he saw, a tall figure, all white, bestriding the horse: his increasing nearness confirmed him in his conjecture; he could now plainly distinguish a man's form, dressed in white from head to foot. His uncomfortable feeling increased; at length, however, he determined to speak to the apparition. It came nearer;—he hallooed,—and received an answer from a human voice.—“Who are you? what do you want?” demanded the stranger, as he held in his horse, and drew up to Jairus.

“I am a traveller,” returned Jairus, “and have lost my way: can you direct me to C——common?”

“Yes,” replied the stranger, “I am going thither; and if you will walk by the side of my horse I will conduct you.”

Jairus thanked him, and accepted his offer : still, his mind was not perfectly free from apprehension of what might be the character of his guide. He did not appear disposed to enter into any conversation, and yet continued to walk his horse at an easy pace. It seemed as though there was much more than mere kindness would have induced an utter stranger to perform.

Suddenly they turned into an opening which Jairus had not before observed, and which conducted them to a deep valley. Immediately, the words of Shakspeare irresistibly possessed his mind,

“———*Murder*, though it hath no tongue, doth speak
With most miraculous organ.”

Every moment he expected to see a pistol leveled at his head, or to receive its contents in his body. A profound silence continued on the part of the horseman, while Jairus, in order, if possible, to dissipate his own fears, hummed to himself part of his favourite hymn—

“ From all that dwell below the skies, &c.”

Again they ascended some rising ground, when Jairus readily recognized the place he had long been seeking. The silver moon at this moment broke forth from behind a cloud, and, shining clearly on the person of the mysterious stranger,

discovered to Jairus—a—MILLER! In a courteous manner he informed Jairus that he was at the place for which he had asked; and enquired whether he was now acquainted with his way. Jairus answered in the affirmative, and heartily thanked him for his guidance. The miller turned his horse's head, wished him a good night, and instantly galloped off to his mill.

While Jairus was wandering in the lanes, Mr. Y—— and his friends were, with much anxiety, expecting and waiting for him. A full hour beyond the utmost time which, had he not missed his way, would have been requisite to perform his journey had now elapsed, and still he did not appear. At length, they concluded, from the inclemency of the evening, that he had been induced to continue at B——; and, hence, Mr. Y——, taking leave of his friends, hastened towards home.

Amidst this state of things, Jairus arrived at the place where he expected to meet his friend. All was silent. The inhabitants of the village had retired to rest. It now appeared certain he must perform the whole of his journey alone: and, therefore, adjusting a little his hat and coat, and tying a dry silk handkerchief round his neck, he set forward, commending himself into his hands who is ever present—

“In the wide waste, as in the city full.”

Without meeting with any thing further worthy

of notice, he arrived at home about midnight, thankful for his preservation, and happy he was counted worthy to suffer, even fatigue of body, *for the name of JESUS.*

CHAPTER VII.

“ Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pardoning God;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad,—
That only name, to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.”

Wesley.

THE doctrine of a superintending Providence, whether carried on by the agency of angels, or by other subordinate and inferior beings, appears so very obvious to unprejudiced and reflecting minds, that, if it had not been revealed in the Scriptures, we must have admitted it to a certain extent. Those who presume to deny the doctrine do so, not so much from want of proof, nor, indeed, it is to be feared, even of conviction of its truth, as because of its ultimate and, perhaps, inseparable connexion with the fact of the immortality of the soul: and hence, probably, it is that our modern Sadducees maintain “there is neither angel nor spirit.”

To admit the supernatural existence and agency of some invisible cause, is equally to ad-

mit a state distinct and separate from this in which we now exist, and by which our actual knowledge is bounded: and to do this would, certainly, go far to explode their own irrational notion of annihilation; for which, indeed, they fondly hope, but which is not, therefore, the less unfounded and absurd. But where the flight of human reason fails to assist our enquiries on this point, Revelation condescends to our aid; and, in the most plain and positive manner, demonstrates the fact and power of a superintending Providence;—affirming, “He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways; they shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone:” and, “Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”

But, while many admit the truth of a *general* Providence, as directing and managing the affairs of the world at large, they strenuously object to the belief that this supervision and influence minutely regards particular and individual causes and characters. The objection, however, must appear equally superficial and absurd to those who believe that “the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord;” and, “the very hairs of your head are all numbered.” And, indeed, as to admit the truth of any general statement of facts, is to admit the truth of all those particulars which that statement necessarily involves; so, to assent

sincerely to the doctrine of a general Providence, cannot but be to admit the belief of those particular facts, the management of which constitutes that general Providence itself.

On Jairus's return home, as already stated in the preceding chapter, his active mind engaged in reflections concerning the exposed situation in which he had been placed: and, while gratefully reviewing the occurrences and risks which had attended his journey till his arrival at his father's habitation, his mind became powerfully impressed with a sense of the providential care of his heavenly Parent; and he gave utterance to his feelings, exclaiming,—

“ In all my ways, thy hand I own,
Thy ruling Providence I see,
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known,
Bring me where I my heaven may find,—
The heaven of loving thee alone.”

Every succeeding day he made renewed efforts to serve the purposes of his existence, in acts of mercy and kindness, directed alike to benefit both the bodies and souls of his fellow mortals.

He had now, for a considerable time, been employed in preaching the Gospel; and he frequently travelled, on foot, thirty to forty miles a week, preaching four, six, and more, times, within that period, besides attending to various calls of mercy, made by the children of poverty, afflic-

tion, and sorrow. From the frequency of his public ministrations, he was (though very reluctantly) necessitated to relinquish an employment in which he much delighted, and which had, indeed, improved his talents for the performance of a more arduous duty. He could no longer attend the Sabbath-school where, while addressing the rising generation, he had often felt his own soul animated and blessed, and had become encouraged to stand, with growing confidence, before an adult auditory.

Thus he continued to advance in his career: nothing appeared likely to occur to disturb his peace, or to blight his prospects. A storm, however, was rising which, as yet, he did not perceive. He was assailed by a strong temptation to abandon, at once, all the exercises in which he was engaged. This suggestion continued to grow upon him, and rendered him proportionably unhappy: the high delight he had formerly experienced in "preaching peace by *Jesus Christ*," was no longer enjoyed: he now trembled to engage in what had been to him a source of the highest and surest pleasure: he prayed, he wept, he agonized; and still the impression increasingly urged him, that he ought to give up his engagements in preaching, praying publicly, and such sacred exercises, and, at once, to sit down in inglorious inactivity and sloth.

The principal cause, apparently, of such feelings was the circumstance of his having, for some

months past, continued to labour, without any satisfactory evidence that his preaching was rendered effectual by God : and, that such should be the case, was, to him, wholly unaccountable. God, however, was thus teaching him a lesson with which it was necessary that he should become much more conversant than he yet was,—to qualify him “ *To sow in hope, and toil with humility.*” He had already been rendered instrumental in the conversion and the establishment in the faith of several individuals, prior to this period ; and he was, therefore, in no little danger of regarding his success as a *necessary result* of his *own piety*, or the exercise of his *own mental power*. Spiritual pride began to suggest to him ideas of his own importance ; and he was likely to “ fall into the condemnation of the devil ;” when that sovereign Power, possessing “ the residue of the Spirit,” was pleased to convince him of his own thorough impotence, and to teach him that, whatever good is done in the earth, the Lord alone doeth it ; and that it is “ Not by might, nor by power ; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord :” and, hence, it was that, for some months, God either did not work by him, or he concealed from him the good of which, still, he was the instrument.

He was in these circumstances, and on the very point of erasing his name from the list of agents in the cause of religious activity, or abandoning his work as that in which, he conceived, he had

no authority to be engaged; when the gracious condescension of the Almighty was manifested in regarding his cry, and reviving him with unequivocal testimony of the Divine approbation of his labours, in the conversion of two individuals; one of whom had been a proud, pharisaic worshiper, or empty professor of religion, during the previous *fourteen years*. The broad seal of God's sanction being thus, most signally, and at a time the most seasonable, put to his ministry, his soul exulted anew in the Lord, while, with all humility, he exclaimed, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake."

During this season of painful exercise, he had experimentally learned his own inability; and his unreserved dependence was, therefore, now reposed on the might and sufficiency of the Spirit and power of God.

Taught by thy teaching, here, at last,
My weakness on thy might I cast;
And, here, to thee the whole resign,
Thine is the work, and only thine.

That much mental darkness and ignorance may exist in characters which are, nevertheless, immediately surrounded by light and the means of knowledge, is too evident a fact to be for a moment disputed: and that, amid much unhesitating profession, there is an awful possibility of there being great self-deception on a subject of infinite

importance, is a fact, alas! but too fatally evident. Individuals may frequently be found who readily take for granted what themselves could never prove; and, hence, they sit down in complacency with the meagre satisfaction of a fallacious hope, or an unwarranted expectation, in reference both to their present peace and eternal salvation.

A most appalling and egregious case of this character came immediately under the notice of Jairus.

After the close of a Sabbath-morning's service, at a certain place where he had been preaching, he was requested to visit a lady, at some little distance, in order to converse with her on the subject of experimental piety, and, if possible, to ascertain what were her real views in reference to religious truth. Ever happy to engage in such exercises, and especially when requested to do so, he cheerfully accompanied a gentleman who conducted him to her dwelling, and was, by him, introduced to the lady. On entering her apartment, he beheld an aged woman, whose wrinkled countenance bore but a very faint resemblance to a once more pleasing aspect. Her silver tresses, now occupying the former place of auburn ringlets, gave a peculiar grace to her venerable exterior, while her whole appearance plainly indicated that she had arrived nearly to the boundary of the period usually allotted to man in his probationary state.

As Jairus entered, she arose, and received him with all possible courtesy. After the necessary ceremonies demanded by politeness, the subject of religion was easily introduced by Jairus. In reference to its excellence and importance, the old gentlewoman answered freely, and spoke of the Scriptures in terms of the highest commendation; but, at the same time, in a strain of remark not at all satisfactory to the mind of Jairus, who well knew that, to admit their Divine authority and imperative claims, would be of no essential advantage to a soul destitute of a practical acquaintance with their saving influence upon the heart. He, therefore, appealed to her personal experience, expressing the hope that she herself had participated in the blessings of that redemption which it reveals. With the same readiness and freedom as before, she answered in the affirmative, and immediately drew from her pocket a visible witness and voucher for the correctness of her statements. It was a small volume of prayers, which she declared she had carried about with her for many years, and from which she was regularly in the habit of reading daily portions. Its appearance, indeed, bore ample testimony to her assertions, as the edges of many of the leaves were much worn, and, in many places, several words were entirely lost.

Jairus received the presented relic of devotion into his hand, and, turning over its idolized

pages, the word "Trinity" caught his eye, as it glanced at the close of one of the prayers, in which the Triune Deity was addressed. With a view to give a natural turn to the conversation, on a subject which had already been begun to be evaded, he asked her what she understood by the word "*Trinity.*" For a moment, she hesitated, and was evidently confused, seemingly revolving in her mind what reply to make: at length, as if recollecting herself, she answered—"I suppose it means *a company of good people met together for prayer.*"

On receiving such an answer, from such a person, on such a subject, it was difficult to say whether, for the moment, his risible faculties or his surprise was most aroused. A mingled feeling, however, composed of grief and wonder at the deplorable ignorance of such an aged individual, instantly possessed him; and a consideration tending greatly to increase this feeling, was his knowledge of her former circumstances in life. She had been possessed of considerable property, and had, therefore, had means of obtaining information which the poorer classes of society could not command. In addition to this she had regularly attended the Established Church, and was a stated communicant at the table of the Lord.

After the first moment of surprise had passed away, he endeavoured to acquaint her with her mistake. Several other plain questions were then

proposed, to each of which she gave equally simple answers; and, at length, endeavoured to screen herself from the *charge* of ignorance, which she appeared to dread more than ignorance *itself*, by pleading a want of recollection. To no one single article of the Christian Faith could she affix any definite meaning; nor, to any easy and plain question, give a reasonable answer. So completely had she intrenched herself in the strongholds of delusion, as being “a member of *the true Christian Church*,” that she was perfectly invulnerable to the shafts of sound and scriptural reasoning, and unmoved by any attempt which could be made for her conviction. Her case strongly reminded Jairus of the anecdote of “the ignorant collier examined.”—“What,” asks an enquirer, “do you believe?”—“I believe,” he answered, “what the Church believes.”—“And what,” rejoined the other, “does the Church believe?” He readily replied, “The Church believes what I believe.” The querist, desirous if possible, to bring him to particulars, once more resumed his enquiry.—“Tell me then, I pray you, *what is it* which both you and the Church believe?” The only answer the collier could give was,—“Why, Sir, both the Church and I believe the same thing.”

Jairus spared no labour to endeavour to bring her to a knowledge of her state. Argument after argument was produced, but, to all appearance, all in vain. She either could not un-

derstand, or she would not acknowledge that she did so.

Perhaps, never before did Sunday-schools appear, to Jairus, in so estimable a light as on this occasion: he had, indeed, ever since he himself had become acquainted with Gospel truth, highly esteemed them as eminently calculated to counteract the joint influence of ignorance and vice, and as among the most effectual means which could be devised to diffuse knowledge and happiness. He now saw their effects and advantages more impressively illustrated, by the deplorable contrast before him. "Probably," thought Jairus, "not a child of six years old, can be found in any of our Sunday-schools which could not instruct, in the leading truths of the Gospel, this pitifully ignorant dotard of nearly threescore years and ten."

In no case, perhaps, can a more striking exemplification of the beneficial effects of Sunday-school instruction be adduced, than in an excellent work, lately laid before the public, by a well-informed dissenting minister, and bearing the unassuming title of "Pastoral Recollections." Every Sunday-school library should be enriched by a copy of it; and every cottage-family (especially within the range of a Home Missionary station) should be privileged by its possession.

Jairus, after praying for the Holy Spirit's illuminating influence, to enlighten the dark and

ignorant mind of the old lady, took his leave; and hastened, with his friend, to his post of duty, to exhort the people to “*acquaint themselves now with God, and be at peace.*”

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Come, then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou who alone art worthy ! It was thine,
By ancient Covenant, ere Nature’s birth ;
And thou hast made it thine, by purchase, since,
And overpaid its value, with thy blood.”

Cowper.

THE revolving periods of time, in their ceaseless circuits, again brought round the season when the jubilee of the religious world, “ *the Missionary Meetings*,” were to be held. The heart of every Christian seemed to beat high with pleasing anticipations, and their countenances assumed a more than ordinary degree of vivacity, as the day approached. The friends of the Redeemer, the constant burden of whose prayer is, “ *Thy kingdom come*,” were anxious to hear how far their warmest wishes had been realized, in the extension of the knowledge of his name. Relatives and acquaintances, who had, from their local circumstances, been separated during the year, fondly looked forward to a meeting on this occasion : while various parties, at a dis-

tance from the immediate scene of operation, were forming themselves into friendly bands, and providing conveyances against the looked-for period. The surplus which, from a small income, a rigid economy had, week after week, laid by, as sacredly dedicated to the service of God, and larger sums which, throughout the year, the liberal beneficence of more wealthy individuals had raised, in addition to their regular subscriptions, were carefully gathered up by their various contributors and collectors, in readiness to be cast into the treasury of the Lord.

With whatever degrees of pleasure thousands hailed the approaching morning, none experienced a greater measure of joy than Jairus, in looking forward to the coming festival. Every thing having, even in the least degree, a reference to the Missionary work operated, in his estimation, with an influence more attractive than that possessed by almost any other object: and, consequently, it is not to be wondered at that he felt an interest scarcely yielding to any other respecting the proceedings of the PARENT MISSIONARY MEETING.

In addition to those ardent feelings of his mind which, from the first day of his conversion to God, he had cherished towards his fellow men, and which, from the constitutional warmth of his disposition, might, indeed, almost be termed natural to him, he had been roused to a considerable degree of holy energy by reading of the al-

most unexampled zeal and usefulness of *Xavier* and *Brainerd*, as well as by perusing the more recent journals of self-denying and laborious individuals, as *Coke*, *Martyn*, *Marsden*, *Campbell*, and others of the same class.

The day, so long anticipated by the friends of the heathen, at length arrived. The God of Missions appeared to favour the pious intentions of the multitudes which were hastening from every part to attend the anniversary. An unclouded horizon shot forth the brightness issuing from the refracted rays of the rising sun, and gave, in the early part of the morning, a cheering promise of a clear and pleasant day.

Locked arm-in-arm with a beloved friend, *Jairus* left home, intending, as the distance was but a few miles, to enjoy the rural pleasantness of the road by performing the journey on foot. Nature was exhaling her sweets and dispensing her beauties in rich and unsparing profusion: the very ground on which they walked appeared teeming with vegetative life: the trees of the gardens by which the road was skirted, and the hedges composed of the blackthorn and May-bush diffused an enlivening fragrance, and perfumed the air. The reviving state of blooming nature appeared emblematical of that which it is believed will soon characterize the appearance of the moral world, when "the *Lord* shall comfort *Zion*, he will comfort all her waste places, and he will make her wilderness like *Eden*, and her desert like the gar-

den of the Lord: joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."

The beloved friend with whom Jairus now was had been engaged about twelve months longer than himself in preaching in the neighbouring villages, and therefore they had mutually contracted a friendship of a solid and fervent character. A recent offer which this friend had made to go on a mission to the heathen had been accepted. He had not, however, yet received his appointment; and was, therefore, uncertain what part of the world might be his destination.

They arrived at the appointed place some time before the doors were opened: several persons, however, were beforehand with them, and eagerly crowded around the entrance. Conceiving it advisable to procure some refreshment, which, from the expected length of the service, they might, otherwise, regret the want of, they walked a little further, and, having obtained what was necessary, returned. The throng which had now assembled was considerable; so great was the earnestness now manifested to obtain a place in the meeting, that, from the uncommon press which existed, danger was justly apprehended. To counteract this risk, every practical precaution was adopted; and, providentially, no serious injury was sustained. On the doors being opened, a sudden rush took place, and the spacious building was very soon completely filled.

A large and well-constructed platform, erected

for the accommodation of the speakers, was raised upon the copings of the pews, both in front and at the sides of the reading-desk. Several highly respectable gentlemen, both of the clergy and laity, and episcopalian and dissenting, soon appeared on the boards to support and advocate the interests of the missionary cause.

The spirit of harmony and catholic feeling which evidently prevailed throughout the whole body seemed to animate each individual, and thus constituted a bond of union which imparted to the cause of their common Lord, beauty, stability, and effect. They appeared to have merged their minor differences in one united and general flow of love to God and good-will towards men; and, without yielding any important point, or compromising a single principle of doctrine, the churchman and the dissenter, the presbyterian and the independent, the baptist and the methodist, were seen harmonizing their counsels, blending their energies, and uniting their efforts, in active operation against the common foe. The spirit of harmony and union which prevailed, powerfully enabled the mind both to perceive and enjoy a foretaste of the unalloyed delight of that world where the Church triumphant will be perfectly united in heavenly exercises, undivided by any of those exclusive feelings of prejudice which, unhappily, have too long distracted and divided the Christian world on earth.

But, on the contrary, there,

“ In bless'd communion of his love, in praise,
 High choral praise, strung to the golden harp
 In unison eternal with the throng,
 Thousands of thousands, that surround his throne,
 Shall feel his praise their glory and their bliss.”

A reverend gentleman arose, and opened the services of the day by giving out the following hymn, which was sung with spirit by the whole congregation.

“ All hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall,
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Let heaven-born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And, as they strike it, fall
 Before his throne who tunes their choir,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Crown *him*, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fix'd this floating ball ;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of your God
 Who from his altar call,
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransom'd of the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David Lord did call,
 The God incarnate, man Divine,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Let every tribe, and every tongue,
 Upon this earthly ball,

Now shout the universal song,—
The crowned Lord of all.”

After the hymn was ended, prayer was offered for the Divine blessing upon missionary efforts, and thanksgiving presented for the signal success which had crowned the exertions of the various Missionary Societies. A member of the British parliament was then, by a unanimous show of hands, invited to preside; with which invitation he, according to his accustomed urbanity, readily complied; and, in an elegant and pathetic speech, stated the object and design of the meeting, and urged an attentive regard to its claims. One of the general secretaries followed, and, in a report, which had been carefully drawn up, detailed the society's proceedings during the past year; and, in a cursory view of the stations which the society occupied throughout the world, gave an animating view of the encouragement with which, in almost every direction, missionary exertions were rewarded: and he concluded by stating the still numerous and pressing calls urged by the benighted moral condition of various parts of the world, whose depraved and degraded conditions seemed imploringly to say, “Come over, and help us;” but to which calls they were, from the want of funds, unable to attend. The meeting was, moreover, addressed by several persons in speeches of the most impressive character: many irresistible appeals were made to the sympathies and benevolence of the large and respectable assembly;

while the ignorant and deplorable condition of the heathen population was declared so as to demonstrate that they were, in the most awful sense, as those "having no hope, and without God in the world." But one sentiment appeared to influence the meeting—that of the importance and obligation of renewed exertion and devotedness in the cause of missions; and to this they cheerfully pledged themselves. A liberal collection was then made; and the present business of the meeting closed by singing—

“ From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.”

During the striking details which were made at this meeting in reference to the awful state of pagan nations, the sympathies and emotions of Jairus towards the missionary work received an additional stimulus. He glowed with fervent desire to fly, on the “swift feathered wings of love,” to the succour of the heathen world. Diffidence, however, kept him at present from offering himself a willing candidate for the work; and therefore, on reflection, he wisely determined to return and still prosecute with renewed ardour the duty assigned him, and wait and notice the further openings of Providence; resolving, in the mean

time, to improve every opportunity which might in any way afford him the means of increasing preparation for the arduous undertaking to which he so earnestly aspired. With these determinations, he accompanied his friend homewards, conversing by the way on the theme in which they were equally and mutually interested,—the state of “those who were ready to perish for lack of knowledge,” and concerning whom it might, in the most literal sense, be said, that, too long, “No man had cared for their souls.”

The strong missionary feeling which had taken possession of the minds of Jairus and his friend was not confined to them. A more than ordinary degree of solicitude was excited among different denominations of Christians in behalf of the same interesting object. Jairus's native town shared largely in this impulse. An auxiliary Missionary Society had some time since been formed there, in connexion with the church of which he was a member; but, from various causes, it could now be scarcely said to exist. This again was revived: a public meeting was held, when a lively and encouraging evidence was afforded of the general interest which was felt in favour of this scriptural and universal plan of benevolence. An assembly of fourteen or fifteen hundred persons was convened, and a very liberal collection was made. The town was divided into districts, and personal appeals, from door to door, were made to the respectable part of the inhabitants

for their contributions in aid of the funds of the Society. This measure was attended with general success, and, by the means of diligent and zealous collectors, a considerable sum was obtained, and a degree of stability given to the cause in that place by which it had not before been characterized. To the credit and honour of the *military* class, a large body of whom were in the town, it ought to be stated that, the sum raised from among them, if it did not surpass, was, at least, equal to that contributed by all the civil population. One circumstance, alike remarkable and pleasing, appeared strikingly evident,—that, in those churches which made the greatest exertions in behalf of the heathen world, there real religion most evidently prospered.

As it was altogether uncertain when Jairus's friend might be called upon to depart “far hence, to the Gentiles,” and, at once to relinquish the pleasures and comforts of civilized society, for the company of untutored savages; and, as far as local separation can do it, to burst the bond of union between relations and friends; his mind was, consequently, unsettled, and his time considerably occupied in making some necessary arrangements: he was, therefore, incapable of fulfilling those engagements which pledged him to preach from time to time in the surrounding villages. Anxious, however, to fulfil, at least in part, for, what it probably appeared would be, the *last* time, his engagement at B——, he solicited

Jairus to preach for him on the former parts of the day, promising that he would join him, and undertake the evening service. The combined feelings of friendship and duty on the part of Jairus, urged him to comply with this request; and, calculating on enjoying the pleasure of his friend's company homeward, he consented.

The interest with which we either receive or retain any of the various blessings proceeding from providential favour, whether they come to us through the medium of our fellow-creatures, or flow, more directly, from God himself, is usually proportioned more to the estimation in which we hold them, than to their own intrinsic value. The benefits, therefore, which we obtain easily, and which there appears no probability of our being, at least, very soon deprived, although they may be exceedingly valuable in themselves, are received and estimated but as common things; while others, which in themselves may be positively inferior, yet, because they are seldom met with, are obtained with difficulty, or are likely soon to be taken from us, are often greatly overrated. This incorrect rule of judging is generally applied to all persons and things with which we become conversant.

Those who had frequently heard Jairus's friend before, did not, until now that they were about to lose him for ever, either express or experience any emotion beyond mere common-place feelings; but now, the most lively interest was excited.

A crowded audience hung upon his lips while he exhibited, with much propriety and affection, the *Nature*, the *Means*, and the *immediate Results*, of a sinner's *justification* before God, from the language of Paul to the Romans,—“ Therefore, being justified by Faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Every sentence appeared to be received with avidity, and every word possessed and communicated an influence. The congregation was dissolved to tears under the impression “ that they should see his face no more ;” while they closed the service by singing—

“ God of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace ;
Thy gifts to thee we render back,
In ceaseless songs of praise.

Through thee, we now together came,
In singleness of heart,
We met, O, Jesus, in thy name,
And, in thy name, we part.

We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one ;
And, each to each, in Jesus join'd,
We, hand in hand, go on.

Subsists, as in us all, one soul,
No power can make us twain ;
Mountains may rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us, in vain.

Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh ;
While, on the wings of faith and prayer,
We, each to other, fly.

Then, let us hasten to the day
When all shall be brought home ;
Come, O Redeemer, come away !
O, Jesus, quickly come !”

Several of the congregation crowded round him as he retired from the place, each evidently appearing anxious to obtain his parting blessing, and to bid him the final FAREWELL. The fast-flowing tears of many were more eloquent than words, while they held his hand and bedewed it with warm yet silent expressions of their feelings.

“God bless and preserve you,” said an old disciple.

“God bless you,” rejoined the missionary, as he took the arm of Jairus, “and multiply you a hundred fold.”

“Farewell, Sir,” resounded from the company at half a dozen places.

“Farewell!” returned Mr. E——, as he walked away, “if we meet not again on earth, meet me in heaven,—

“ ‘Where congregations ne’er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.’ ”

Their looks continued to follow him until he abruptly turned a corner which suddenly concealed him from their sight, when they retired to their several habitations; and Jairus and his friend pursued “the even tenor of their way” towards home.

The season was near the close of July. The day had been unusually hot, and now, the heat, increased by the clouds of dust raised by passing carriages, became quite oppressive.

They had not proceeded far on their journey, before there were plain indications that a heavy storm was near: they, therefore, hastened to reach a village which lay at some distance before them. Not a breath of wind had been observed, during the day, to move a single leaf; but, now, sudden and violent gusts rushed through the woods by the sides of the road: the very birds appeared to be at once aware and in dread of the rising fury of the elements; and, hence, ceasing their cheerful notes, they either retired to their mossy cells, or sat, perched in silence, among the branches of the trees.

About three miles on their road, they saw, lying by the way-side, a man apparently asleep, but, on approaching him, they found he had so far yielded to the sensual influence of his nature, as to have become quite insensible by intoxication. All attempts on the part of the friends to arouse him were useless; and they were, therefore, with great reluctance, compelled to leave him where they found him, lying beneath the hedge.

“There is a specimen of human nature,” observed Jairus, “concerning which some speak in terms of high commendation: here, however, is one instance out of many in which man appears as the slave of Satan, serving divers *lusts* and pleasures, and whose glory is his shame.”

“And,” continued Mr. E——, “if grace prevent not, whose end will be destruction,—eternal ruin,—everlasting misery.”

“ In this unhappy individual,” said Jairus, “ we learn our obligations to Divine grace; for what have we that we have not received? or who hath made us to differ? May not each of us say,

“ ‘ Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God:
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood? ’ ”

“ Yes,” rejoined Mr. E——, “ we must each acknowledge, ‘ By the grace of God I am what I am.’ But,” continued he, referring to the individual who had excited their sympathies, “ he will be dreadfully exposed to the tempest by which, it appears, we shall soon be overtaken; and yet, alas! he is ignorant of his danger; and not only of his bodily peril, but also of that storm of Divine wrath to which his sins expose his soul.”

A vivid flash of lightning darted its sudden glare through the dark clouds, and was almost instantly succeeded by a violent clap of thunder. Mr. E—— evinced some alarm. “ If your destination should be South Africa,” said Jairus, “ you will be no stranger to such weather as this: as God, however, has promised his protection and presence, we need not fear.”

“ I trust,” replied Mr. E——, “ the sensation which now agitates me does not arise from any apprehension about my soul’s safety; no, I can even now rejoice in God; but it is a feeling resulting from my physical constitution: it will not, however, be of long duration.”

Another and another flash of lightning blazed around them, and appeared to threaten instant destruction; while loud peals of thunder seemed to rend the air and cause the earth to tremble. The rain descended in torrents from the bursting clouds, and rendered the roads almost impassable.

Jairus and his friend, inconsiderately, took refuge for a while beneath the wide-spread branches of a majestic oak, instead of keeping in the middle of the road, where their risk would have been much less than that to which they were exposed from the frequently fatal effects of the lightning when it is attracted, as is often the case, by a covert of the nature of that under which they had taken shelter. The scene now became awfully grand, as though the elements, blended in frightful confusion, were engaged in dreadful conflict; and the wind, and rain, and lightning, and thunder, each exerted its utmost rage for the mastery.

“This is a fearful storm,” said Jairus; “what must be the condition of that wretched being whom we left lying under the hedge!”

“A fearful storm, indeed!” replied Mr. E——, as a blue flame appeared to envelope them in one wide and wavy sheet of fire, and a tremendous peal of thunder, in long vibration, rolled over their heads: “at such a season as this, the sublime description given by Peter, of the dissolution of the world, cannot fail seasonably to im-

press the mind :—‘ The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat ; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.’ ”

“ Ah ! ” said Jairus, “ thus contemplating the future, while it urges the soul to self-examination, also demonstrates the value and importance of an interest in the great atonement and prevailing merits of the Saviour : and, sensibly enjoying such an interest, we are able, even in the very prospect of that period, to say—

“ ‘ We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl’d,
Shall stand, unmov’d, amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.’ ”

The rain, which had continued for some time to fall in torrents, was now considerably abated. The distant thunder, which at intervals was heard rumbling amidst the clouds, gave assurance that the tempest was gone by ; while the last rays of the setting-sun darting through the falling drops of rain, played on the tops of the hedges, and stood, as the variegated and beautiful Bow of Promise, in the heavens. Invited by the prospect, the missionaries left their retreat, and directed their course towards home, where they arrived in safety, thankful for the protection which had been afforded them, and the delivering mercy they had so signally experienced.

CHAPTER IX.

Rise, ye heralds of salvation,
 On the wings of love upborne,
 Fly to every heathen nation,
 Loud proclaim the jubal morn;
 Till the Gospel
 With its blessings fill the world.

He who sends you forth, go with you,
 Save in danger, grant success,—
 With all needful good enrich you,
 Guide, and with his blessing bless,
 Till, enraptur'd,
 You shall hear him say, "*Well done!*"

THE warm friendship which subsisted between Jairus and Mr. E—— was not a hastily-formed acquaintance which first sight and sudden impressions sometimes produce, and which is easily dissolved, and even while it lasts is but rarely productive of good: no; it was the growth of years, and was founded upon an increasing knowledge of each other's character, together with a mutual and anxious desire to advance each other's spiritual interests, and promote the glory of God.

Mr. E—— was about the same age as Jairus, decidedly pious, and characterized by that genu-

ine simplicity which never sought to obtrude itself, but rather shrunk from than courted public observation. He had not, indeed, been favoured with those advantages of education which it had been the privilege of Jairus to enjoy: as education, however, cannot give mind where it does not exist, but only strengthens and developes it, he did not fall short of his friend in many of his attainments. He had studiously and with earnest prayer perused the *Bible*; and was, therefore, like Apollos, "mighty in the Scriptures:" he had read many of the most respectable authors in theology, and diligently improved every passing moment of his time. Diffident, to a proverb, it required no ordinary penetration to decide upon his character, or, rather, to do so might be deemed a task to which a stranger was unequal. To great simplicity of manners, amiableness of disposition, and warmth of affection, was added fervent piety. Of him it might be said, as of Goldsmith, he was,

"In wit, a man—simplicity, a child."

Jairus knew his value, and prized his friendship: but the moment was at hand when they were to be separated, perhaps for ever. A letter reached Mr. E——, from which he learned that his destination was fixed for South Africa, to labour in the interior of the Cape of Good Hope, among the Namaquas. By the same letter he was requested to proceed, as early as possible, to London, to prepare for his immediate departure. He

joyfully obeyed the summons, as he considered himself "no longer his own," but entirely the Lord's; and henceforward purposed to devote himself and all he possessed to the Missionary cause, for the sake of his Saviour, exclaiming,

"My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent;
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.

For this let men revile my name;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All-hail, reproach! and welcome, pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain."

On his arrival in town, a few weeks only could be allowed him to make the necessary preparations for his departure. The proposed time had expired, and the vessel which was to bear the missionary of the cross to the untutored Hottentots proceeded down the river. To sail away, however, from his native land without bidding what might prove a last farewell to his beloved friend Jairus was impossible: when, therefore, the darkness of the evening rendered it advisable to moor the vessel for the night, he hastened on shore, and entered unexpectedly amidst the family circle of his friend. Their mutual emotions cannot be portrayed; the hours of the night flew rapidly away, while they conversed together under the impression that it was for the last time.

On the next morning, they appeared together at the breakfast-table. Jairus perceived that his friend laboured, in a considerable degree, under

depression of spirits, which, although it might justly be regarded as a natural consequence of his circumstances, gave him much concern: he therefore endeavoured to cheer him.

“ Ah, Jairus,” said he, “ you cannot conceive what it is to part from a large and beloved circle of relations and friends: but I am persuaded this gloomy feeling is but temporary: when I recommence my voyage, every additional league over which I shall be wafted from my native land will proportionably remove my present depression, as I draw towards the place where I am to ‘ preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.’ ”

Time appeared to them to advance with more than its usual rapidity. It became necessary that some movement should be made. An affectionate parting took place between the relatives of Jairus and Mr. E——; and then, locked arm-in-arm, the two friends hastened towards the vessel, where, solemnly “ commending each other to God, and to the word of his grace,” they parted. Jairus retired to give vent to his feelings in secret, and, by prayer, to implore for his friend the protection and guidance of “ the God of salvation.”

The eventful period at which the world has arrived appeals powerfully to every individual sustaining the character of a Christian to manifest a devout solicitude and progressive activity in the Redeemer’s cause. Whoever observes, even though but partially, “ the signs of the times,” or the

transpiring events of the present day, at the same time comparing these with the prophecies and general truths of the Scriptures, cannot fail of being so impressed with their mutual and striking coincidence, as to be almost compelled both to believe and rejoice in the assurance, hereby afforded, that we live at least in the dawn of that latter day glory towards which the predictions and promises of Divine revelation tend, when "the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together."

A general movement in favour of the universal diffusion of scriptural knowledge is excited throughout the Christian world. To promote this great purpose, the child of but few years, the delicate female, and the man of hoary age, solicit the aid of friends and visitors, or, braving alike the season's inclemency and the infidel's sneers, and animated by a holy philanthropy, go round from door to door, and gather up in fragments the liberality of the multitude. To accomplish this, the man of wealth pours forth of his abundance; the men of letters and of eloquence employ their talents and influence; and the pious youth and the mature veteran, voluntarily abandoning the comforts and prospects which the present world alone holds out, fly on the wings of love to save those "who are ready to perish." Prejudice and superstition give way; the prayers of the faithful prevail; "Ethiopia" is seen "stretching out her hands unto God; the wil-

derness and the solitary places are made glad ; the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose."

It must, indeed, be admitted, that there are now, as there ever have been, enemies to the truth, "men of corrupt minds," who, at the instigation of their master, and by the permission of God, to accomplish his own purposes, do, when opportunity offers, "put forth their hands to vex the Church," by resisting and opposing the labours of some of our evangelists to the heathen, and by imprisoning and murdering others. Yet "He who sitteth in the heavens shall laugh" them to scorn, "the Lord shall have them in derision." As, in ancient times, the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church ; so, now, the infuriate opposition and cruelty which were lately manifested in the *Western world* have already tended "to the *furtherance* of the Gospel." *Persecution* is not a principle of our political code, even by way of toleration ; and, when occasion shall require, it will be evident that the *British Constitution*, in practical operation, is not only able, but equally disposed, to vindicate persecuted *innocence*, and *chastise* its OPPRESSORS. But,

" God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will."

The encouragement to persevering, yea, to *progressive* effort in this holy warfare, is great, and is founded on the power and promises of *Him* in whose work we are thus engaged. *He* has declared, “Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.” But while such encouragement is afforded, the necessity of fervent prayer, on the part of all denominations of serious Christians, must also be obvious. The *spiritual wants* of the heathen, whether in our own villages around us, or in the islands of the South Seas, and elsewhere, can be supplied only by the Holy Spirit’s sanctifying influence. The word of the Lord, although “sharper than any two-edged sword,” and thus even by “*the letter killing*” those who *reject* it; yet, without this Divine influence, will, nevertheless, fail to produce any saving effect. The active and holy *Missionaries* of our various societies, who labour *at home*, amidst the numerous and perishing population of our towns and villages, and those who toil in more distant regions,—some under the frigid zone of frozen Tartary, and others who preach to the inhabitants of the burning sands of Hindoostan,—all address to us, on their own behalf, the language of the apostle, “*Brethren, pray for us.*” And, surely, having sent them forth, we should follow them with our prayers: this is an act to

which *piety* prompts, which *necessity* requires, which *justice* demands. Probably, amidst the discouragements which laborious and faithful missionaries have to encounter, nothing tends more to cheer and animate them than the assurance and recollection that the ten thousands of the people of God are sending up, on their behalf, petitions to “the throne of grace.” When, but for this thought, their minds would faint with dejection, on its recurrence, they are inspired with courage, and proceed with faith and diligence in their benevolent and sacred work.

Five months had now rolled away since Mr. E—— parted from his friend and embarked for the heathen world. With considerable anxiety Jairus had waited in expectation of hearing from him. The long-looked-for epistle at length arrived. He received it with ecstasy: it was dated “Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope,” and commenced with grateful effusions to the Supreme Disposer of events for preserving and delivering mercies. It presented a circumstantial account of his voyage, his prospects, and his determinations, in reference to the sublime enterprise for which he had left his native land, and on which subject he thus wrote:—“My dear brother, I do not repent having left my native land to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the heathen; it is a glorious work in which to be engaged.” At the time of writing, he expected, in the course of a few days, to proceed from Cape Town to the in-

terior, where, it was calculated, a mission might be established among the Namaquas, a numerous and benighted race of that part of Africa, at a distance of about four hundred miles from Cape Town.

Jairus wept over the letter, and implored blessings on the head of his friend: his tears were those of undissembled affection, and they were accompanied by “the prayer of faith.”

Scarcely had he dried the tears occasioned by the loss of his friend Mr. E——, before he was again called to renew the same painful emotions attendant on sympathy and separation, occasioned by the unexpected departure of another beloved friend in the same interesting and important work.

The Rev. Mr. T—— had long been an intimate and highly valued acquaintance of Jairus; but, in consequence of the distance between their residences, their communications were rarely otherwise than by epistolary correspondence. A letter which he received from him about this time informed him that he himself expected soon to leave England for the frozen regions of *Nova Scotia*. This intelligence was, at first, the subject of equal regret and surprise;—of regret, at his losing thus suddenly another valuable friend; and of surprise, inasmuch as Jairus had not previously received the least intimation that his friend had ever seriously thought of leaving his native land.

A few days only had elapsed, when Jairus was favoured with a visit from his beloved brother in

the Gospel, in the place and presence of whom he had frequently preached, in London and its vicinity. The time they spent together was so occupied as appeared best calculated to promote their mutual personal advantage, and subserve the glory of God. Mr. T—— was by a few years the senior of the two: he was married, and at this time had one child, a charming boy. His wife was a lady who appeared formed to make her husband happy. Her constitution, indeed, was rather delicate: yet seeing, as she believed, the providence of God pointing out the way in which her beloved husband was to go, she also readily consented to adopt it; and, hence, fearlessly and joyfully undertook to accompany him to the shores of strangers.

As the time for separation drew near, Mr. T——, who sat opposite to Jairus at the breakfast-table, drew from his pocket a little volume in handsome binding. “I have here,” said he, addressing himself to Jairus, “a little *memento*: perhaps you will accept it, my dear Jairus; and when your friend is landed on those shores whither he is destined, you will look on it, and sometimes think of him from whom you received it, though mountains may rise and oceans roll between us.”

“I receive it,” replied Jairus, taking the presented volume, “as a *token* of your friendship; as a ‘*memento*’ it will not be necessary: I cannot forget my friend.”

He opened the book: it was a copy of the Scriptures. "This," said he, "shall be my companion in my future journeys; and while my mind, laughing at the distance which separates, shall in spirit unite with the giver, O how delightful the reflection, that that Being, whose revelation it is, is ever *present* with us both, and that his love is the bond of heavenly union which makes us inseparably one!

" 'Join'd, in one body, to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And spread his praise below.' "

"And may we not," added Mr. T——, "continue the sentiment of the poet, in the exhortation and encouragement of his lines, and say,

" 'Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more?' "

Jairus bowed assent, and, stepping into an adjoining room, took down a volume from the shelves. It contained some choice sermons by *Dr. Watts*, and his incomparable essay on the "Flesh and Spirit." He returned to his friend, and, smiling as he presented him with it, said, "I do not imagine that this trifle is necessary to bring me to your remembrance at any future period, when a wide space shall locally separate us;—no, I believe the affection of my friend equals my own. I present this merely as a feeble expression of my regard towards you. With it, you

have, and shall unalterably retain, my most ardent though humble prayers for your welfare.”

Mr. T—— received the volume: the tears glistened in the eyes of both: all present for a while appeared deeply affected. After a lapse of some minutes in silence, Mr. T—— resumed his wonted firmness and composure. “Perhaps,” said he, “we may not meet again ‘till the heavens be no more;’ let us now commend ourselves to God.”

They kneeled down; a more than ordinary measure of Divine influence appeared to rest upon the company; Mr. T—— prayed with fervour and humility, and solemnly commended his friend, himself, his wife, and little one, together with the world at large, to the protection and blessing of Almighty God; and then, rising, they united in singing,

“Here, in body, as we part,
Let us all ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.

Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep;
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

If, on earth, we meet no more,
Grant we may, around thy throne,
With the hosts above, adore
The *One in Three and Three in One.*”

The carriage which was to convey Mr. T—— to town being ready, they shook hands most affectionately, and parted.

CHAPTER X.

“ Religion’s all!

Religion—Providence—an alter-state;—
 Here is firm footing; here is solid rock.
 This can support us: all is sea besides;
 Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.”

Young.

IT has been frequently and correctly remarked, that “there can be no religion without feeling,” but that “there may be feeling without religion.” Now, as this sentiment is justly admitted, it must surely appear especially desirable that, on a subject of such vast importance as our souls’ salvation, we should possess a standard by which, even in the absence of those lively feelings that are sometimes regarded as the measure of our Christian experience, we may be able, distinctly and correctly, to estimate our religious character as in the sight of God.

This rule of judgment the apostle has given us in the declaration—“None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we

die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." An habitual consecration of ourselves and our possessions to the Lord, in visible instances of holy conduct, proceeding from a heartfelt, evangelical principle of holy desire to advance the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, affords the most solid and satisfactory evidence, both to ourselves and others, that "we have passed from death unto life;" for "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

Jairus not only assented to the unquestionable truth that "we are *not our own*," but he also really endeavoured to *act up to* the apostolic declaration—"None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." He sought that, both living and dying, he might prove himself the Lord's. Notwithstanding the strong desire which he cherished to be engaged in a mission to the heathen, he waited to see his way providentially and clearly marked out before him; at the same time earnestly praying that a door of admission to the work might be opened by which he might be enabled to enter. So far was this desire to be engaged in a *foreign* mission from damping in any measure the flame which was kindled in his bosom on behalf of the population of the surrounding villages, that, on the contrary, it caused the fire to glow with greater brightness. He saw and lamented the ignorance and depravity of his fellow-countrymen: but these views were not merely

productive of pity, or allowed to evaporate in useless wishes;—no, he cherished and applied those feelings till they urged him to active and increasing efforts to benefit them.

Hence he readily entered every open door which opportunity presented, “preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence.”

Some, indeed, there are who assert that the Gospel has been so fully preached in our own land, that now little more remains for its ministers to do than to maintain possession of the ground they have already won.

While it must certainly be admitted, both with pleasurable feelings and gratitude to God, that much has been done, and that, in reference to many towns and villages, it may indeed be said, “The people which sat in darkness saw a great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up;”—yet, alas! unaccountably strange as the fact may appear, hundreds, yea, thousands, in a small circumference, may be found to whom the Gospel has not yet come, and who, as regards any knowledge of the way of salvation, are equally ignorant with the barbarous and unenlightened savages in the lone wilds of America.

Many of those pious and disinterested characters who labour in the connexion which acknowledges that late distinguished servant of the Most High, the Rev. John Wesley, as, under God, its

founder, have done much towards searching out the dark regions of our land, and diffusing the light of truth. But it remains for the agents of the "HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETIES" fully to explore the religious state of the country. The very character they sustain, and the specific object they propose, if maintained and prosecuted, cannot fail ultimately to produce such effects throughout England as are predicted in the Prophecies of Scripture, when "the deaf shall hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity and out of darkness; they also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmured shall learn doctrine." These things shall surely come to pass; for "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

One fine morning, in the month of January, Jairus set out, accompanied by a friend, to preach in the town of B——, at a distance of between nine and ten miles from his residence. His fellow-traveller, who was engaged in the same work with himself, was journeying to a village a considerable part of the way to which lay in the same direction as the road by which Jairus travelled. Having arrived at the place where their respective routes took different directions, they parted, having previously engaged to rejoin each other at a house in the same place, by a given hour of the evening.

Jairus, for some time, continued his course, indulging the pleasing reflections suggested by the

words of the Psalmist—"Amidst the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul;"—when he perceived, at some little distance, a female advancing towards him, apparently with an inclination to accost him. On her nearer approach, he discovered, by her costume, and the copper colour of her skin, that she belonged to that disregarded class of people who, like the wandering Arabs, have no certain dwelling place, but are

“——houseless rovers of the silvan wild,”

who live by craft and plunder, and are known by the usual appellation of “GIPSY.” Evident confusion marked her countenance, on a nearer view of Jairus: she had, at a distance, mistaken his person, and only now perceived, by the craft so common to her tribe, that he was not a suitable object on which, with any hope of success, she might attempt to exercise her pretended skill in palmistry and physiognomy. She therefore accosted him in another tone than otherwise she had intended, and now enquired her nearest way to H—— W—— Street. Jairus, not knowing, was, consequently, unable to inform her: she, however, turned back, and retraced her steps along the road with him.

“Pray, where do you live?” enquired Jairus.

“Our company,” rejoined the gipsy, “is on the other side of yonder field,” pointing, as she

spoke, towards the right side of the road, to a gate which opened to the inclosure.

“And how do you get your living?” asked Jairus. “What employment do you follow? or do you follow any employment at all?”

“O yes, Sir,” replied the wandering female, with a degree of confidence created by the familiar manner in which Jairus accosted her; “my father is a tinman and brazier, and he and my brothers and grandfather make and mend kettles and saucepans, and then my mother and sisters and myself go round about to the villages, and sell them.”

“And do you do nothing besides this, to support so large a family? I suppose you sometimes tell fortunes, do you not?” asked Jairus, looking her full in the face.

For the first time, perhaps, in her life, she felt, or appeared to feel, something like ashamed of her profession: she looked confused, and hesitated to reply; held down her head, and began to adjust her apron.

“Could you not tell me my fortune?” continued Jairus.

“O yes, Sir,” returned the gipsy, with some degree of animation, “if you wish it.”

“From whom did you learn the art?” enquired Jairus.

“My grandfather taught me,” was the answer.

“And can you tell me *where* I am going? If you can, you shall tell me my fortune.”

She smiled, again hung down her head, and acknowledged she could not.

“Well then,” said Jairus, “I am a fortune-teller, and I will tell you yours.”

A look of surprise and curiosity was directed by the gipsy towards him; when he added, in a tone deeply serious, “Continuing your present course, you will undoubtedly arrive at——”

“At *where?*” eagerly demanded the gipsy.

“At endless punishment!” vociferated Jairus: “for thus it is written in the book whence I obtain my information, and which is certainly true, ‘The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations who forget God.’”

“I hope not, Sir,” replied the half terrified fortune-teller.

“You may hope not, but *why* do you hope not?” asked Jairus. “Do you ever pray?”

“O yes, Sir,” replied the gipsy, “every night, before I go to sleep.”

“And to whom, and for what, do you pray?”

This was an unexpected question, simple, indeed, but too difficult for the present catechumen immediately to answer. After revolving the enquiry in her mind, she freely confessed she did not know, but that she certainly did pray.

“This is most wonderful,” said Jairus:—“you pray, and yet know neither to whom nor for what you pray.”

With a look of sympathy, he gazed at her awhile, and then acquainted her, in a brief and

familiar way, with the fall of man, and his consequent guilt, and danger, and helplessness; the atonement of Jesus Christ; the necessity of pardon through his merits; the way to obtain that pardon; and then *urged* her, as a guilty creature, to make instant application for mercy.

She vaguely admitted the possibility that what had been stated to her might be correct. The inherent pride of human nature, however, in a gipsy, as in the most politely educated lady in the land, is the same; and it was not easily to be overturned. She persisted in affirming that she had "*done no harm.*"

"I maintain," said Jairus, "there is not one of God's holy commandments which you have not broken; and, even at this moment, you are living, quite evidently, in direct opposition to a most plain and positive command—'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy.' Now, walking here, you know, is not keeping holy this sacred day."

With a shrewdness by which Jairus could not avoid being particularly struck, she, taking up the last expression he had uttered, archly enquired, "Are not you breaking the Sabbath-day by walking here?"

"Works of mercy and of necessity," answered Jairus, "may be performed without polluting the Sabbath. My office requires that I should be here: I am on my way to preach the *Gospel*, at a place where, if I were not to go, the people could not hear it, at least, not to-day."

By this time they had arrived at a gate at the head of the road which turned out of that in which they were walking.

“This,” said the gipsy, standing still, and evidently happy to escape from any further conversation on the subject of religion, “this is my way to H—— W—— Street.”

Jairus affectionately exhorted her to abandon the ways of sin, and apply for mercy at “the throne of grace,” through the Saviour.

She thanked him for his advice, and hastened down the road ; while Jairus continued his course, regretting that time did not allow him to visit the gipsy tribe at their place of encampment.

“How lamentable,” thought Jairus, “and how

“Strange! that a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature ; and, though capable of arts
By which the world might profit and himself,
Self banish from society, and prefer
Such squallid sloth to honourable toil !”

Cowper.

The conversation which he had held with his brunette companion had somewhat detained him ; he, therefore, found it necessary to quicken his pace, in order to reach the place appointed in due time for the commencement of the public service, which, however, he managed with tolerable ease. He had been at this place but once since he was here in company with his friend, Mr. E——.

Time, which had for ever passed away, had not obliterated from his memory any even of the tri-

fling occurrences which took place on that occasion; neither had its lapse rendered him indifferent to the consideration of those also which, he deemed it probable, had taken place since in reference to his friend. He affectionately bore him before God in his public prayers, in which the hearts of the whole congregation sincerely united. The services of the day were both pleasant and profitable, as well to himself as to others.

On leaving the house of God in the evening, he was surprised to find that, during the service, a considerable quantity of snow had fallen, and that it still descended in large and heavy flakes. He retired to the house of a friend, to take some refreshment, and prepare for his journey. The strongest persuasives were employed to prevent, if possible, his venturing out on so inclement and threatening a night. The entreaties of his friends were, however, unavailing.

“I must endure hardness as a good soldier,” said Jairus; “besides, I have promised to meet Mr. A——, at a house on C—— common, by a certain hour: if I had not made this engagement, the case would, indeed, be different.”

They urged the justifiable excuse he had in the severity of the weather, together with the probability that Mr. A—— would not be there amidst such circumstances. All, however, was in vain: he was sensible of their kindness, and, while he heartily thanked them for it, he buttoned tightly round him his great-coat, tied a large silk hand-

kerchief over his mouth, drew on his gloves, and then, commending his friends and himself to God, set forward on his journey.

He had not, however, been long on the road, before he almost repented of having engaged to meet his friend. The blustering north wind blew hard, and whirled aloft, in large quantities, the snow which had already fallen, and which, being scattered in wild confusion, rendered it very difficult for him either to see or to walk. He had gone over about three miles of his journey, when the silver moon retired from our hemisphere, and left Jairus to grope his way, aided only by the light reflected from the drifted snow. His situation now became not only unpleasant, but perilous. Reflecting, however, on the gracious declaration, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone;" he took fresh courage, and pushed forward.

Entering a deep glen, he found a measure of relief for his already half fatigued limbs; being now screened, on both sides, from the bellowing wind which howled around him, and also partially sheltered from the keen air, which had benumbingly pierced him on the higher ground. Almost at every step he took, his journey appeared to be beset with fresh difficulties: he had now to ascend the opposite side of the valley in which he had been walking; and, in order to accomplish this,

a more than ordinary degree of physical energy was required, together with no common share of patience. Frequently, owing to the slippery footing of the frozen snow, and the steep ascent of the road, in attempting to gain one step, he lost two ; for, after having, with much difficulty, reached a certain point, a single slip would either send him back again, or place him in a position similar to that in which *Goliath* appeared when the stone which was hurled from the sling of *David* entered his brawny forehead.

After considerable labour, he gained the summit of the hill, and then discovered, if possible, greater obstacles to his progress than he had previously met with. The heavy snow, which had now been falling for several hours, had so completely covered all the extensive common before him, as to render the whole scene, as far as the eye could reach, one unbroken waste of white. Not the slightest trace of any footpath was visible, nor were there any landmarks by which he could ascertain the direction he was to take. For a few minutes, he hesitated to proceed, and deliberated in his mind what course to pursue. At length, he resolved to turn off directly to the right, as, in that direction, he was certain, if nothing occurred to obstruct his progress, he should arrive at the boundary wall of some extensive premises, situated in the centre of the heath ; and then, by keeping along under it, he expected to be directed into the main road, and thence to the house where he

hoped to join his friend. This plan, as the only one he could adopt with any probability of success, he immediately acted upon, although it led him far out of his direct course; and, with much difficulty and many a stumble over the furze and brake which grew in abundance on the heath, but now was covered and hidden by the snow, he reached the wall, and, following its windings, arrived at the house where he expected Mr. A—— would already be waiting for him.

Entering the welcome shelter from the wind and snow, he enquired after his fellow missionary, and received the mortifying answer, that no such person had arrived thither. How to account for this, Jairus could scarcely conceive, as it was already an hour later than the time at which they had appointed to meet. He sat down in a small room into which he had been shewn, and ordered a pint of ale and some cakes to be brought to him; determining to wait awhile, and expecting, every minute, to be informed of his friend's arrival. Half an hour passed away, when, hearing nothing of his coming, Jairus concluded he had deemed it advisable to continue all night at C——; and he himself, therefore, regretted he had not taken the advice of his friends, and remained at B——. Under the impression that to wait longer would only be uselessly delaying time, he paid for his refreshment, and prepared to depart. On his passing towards the door, the hostess enquired how far he was journeying, at so late an hour, and

on Jairus's informing her, she expostulated on the impropriety of his adventuring to go so lonely a road, at such an hour, and on so dismal a night. Feeling no disposition to stay where he was, he said "Good-night" to the landlady, and turned, to leave the house, when he noticed that the door of the tap-room was standing open, which he had not before observed. Around a large fire, stood five or six rude looking men, who seemed to be attentively surveying him, and, as he conjectured from their signs and whispers, plotting concerning him. For a moment, he felt alarmed at his situation, but, affecting more courage than he actually possessed, he pushed from the house to brave

"The pitiless pelting of the storm."

Fear gave wings to his feet, and added to his speed, till, after frequently looking behind him in vain for the pursuing robbers, whose footsteps he every moment imagined were following him, he began to draw breath with less palpitation. He had not yet, however, left behind him all the unpleasant parts of the road: a dreary lane, of nearly three miles in length, still lay between him and the next village. On entering this lane, he began singing to himself, as he proceeded,

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand."

Having gone through about two miles of this gloomy passage, a most appalling sight presented itself at a short distance before him. For a moment he became stationary, his eyes fixed on the awful and mysterious object: his heart beat with an unusual motion; a cold sweat bedewed his temples; and then a feverish heat ran through his frame. Two balls of fire, rolling with hideous glare, appeared at some height above the hedge. Now they seemed to dart forward towards him, and then receded to their former position. A terrific monster rose to his view, and lifting up its gigantic arm, crushed the hedge beneath its ponderous weight, and then appeared as if just preparing to rush on its trembling prey. To attempt to flee was impossible: he felt himself in a most perilous situation. At length, mustering up courage, he slowly and cautiously advanced, when, lo! the monster at a distance, on a nearer approach, became evidently a——*white horse!* with one of his fore-legs thrown across the hedge.

Jairus laughed at his own credulity, and, without meeting with any injury, entered E——, whose inhabitants appeared, from the profound silence which reigned, to be the willing imitators of the drowsy god *Somnus*. Passing through E——, he, in order to reach the highroad, entered a field which he had to cross, and, when about midway through which, he heard the shoutings of a man behind him. On turning his

head, he saw a person running towards him, and brandishing a massy club. Jairus, fearing the danger which threatened him, ran swiftly away; the stranger followed with equal speed, and still hallooing with increasing vehemence. Nearly exhausted by his previous frights and fatigue, Jairus stood still, when, most wonderful and welcome! his friend, Mr. A——, soon stood before him. He had arrived at the house where Jairus rested, shortly after he left it, and, with all possible speed, had followed him homewards.

The unexpected meeting was cheering to both, and, journeying together, they arrived in safety at home, with no after alarm or accident befalling them, excepting that Mr. A——, a person of Falstaff's make, getting too near the margin of a deep ditch filled with snow, tumbled into the soft bed; from which, however, with a little assistance from Jairus, he soon arose, and, thankful and happy, they proceeded towards home.

CHAPTER XI.

“ Glory to God, whose sovereign grace
 Hath animated senseless stones,
 Call'd us to stand before thy face,
 And rais'd us into Abraham's sons.

Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
 And bar'd thine arm in all our sight,
 Hast made the reprobates thine own,
 And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.”

Wesley.

“ O LORD, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy.” Thus prayed the prophet *Habakkuk*; and in similar language did the sweet Singer of Israel cry to God, “ Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.” The same hallowed feelings of sacred solicitude have, in all ages of “ the Church of God,” more or less influenced the hearts and prompted the prayers of all the truly benevolent and pious: and, indeed, next to his own salvation, nothing is so pleasing to the “ man of God” as to witness, or to hear of, the prosperity of Zion. “ If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget

her cunning : if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem *above* my chief joy." For this Jairus had long prayed ; for this he had laboured according to his ability : and now the seed sown by himself and others began to spring up ; in many places " the desert became a fruitful field, and the wilderness like the Garden of the Lord."

The attention of the Christian world had been directed to the imploring of the important blessing which the Almighty had promised to the Church, by his servant Isaiah : " I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. I will pour *my Spirit* upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." In several parts of the kingdom, earnest prayer was offered, and the heavenly gift was evidently imparted.

The sphere of Jairus's more stated labours was not disregarded : many, within its range, were made the happy recipients of this saving and Divine influence, and, " walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." During this revival of the Lord's work, Jairus's whole soul was engaged : he became doubly active : the language both of his heart and voice was —

" O, Jesus, ride on till all are subdued,
Thy mercy make known, and sprinkle thy blood,
Display thy salvation, and teach the new song
To every nation, and people, and tongue."

He had already, some time since, offered himself for a foreign mission, in which, with all he possessed, he longed to be engaged.

“To spend, and to be spent, for those
Who had not yet his Saviour known.”

He now received a letter enquiring whether he was willing to engage in a Mission to *Sierra Leone*, Western Africa. This was not the particular place to which, in idea, he had chiefly directed his attention. *South Africa* was the point towards which the needle of his inclination tended, and for which he wished to embark. He did not, however, hesitate: willing to labour wherever his services were required, he immediately answered the letter, expressing his entire readiness immediately to engage in the work, at the station thus specified. In consequence of some delay attending the conveyance of the letter which was sent to him, nearly three weeks had elapsed before his reply was received; and, during this time, another person had been applied to, and, having accepted the appointment, was preparing for his departure.

Jairus felt himself greatly disappointed by this occurrence: after some time, however, his mind was forcibly impressed by considering the evident and preserving providence which had prevented his going. A raging fever prevailed, in a most awful degree, throughout the colony, at the period when the person who took his place landed, and to which disease he fell an early *victim*.

Thus are we, frequently, by merciful instructions, taught to *see* our ignorance: and, sometimes smarting beneath the rod which our own misguided choice has prepared, we are also made to *feel* it. It is an incalculable benefit when, endeavouring to submit ourselves to an infinitely wise providence, we are enabled to exclaim, "Not my will, but thine be done."

A letter, which Jairus received from a beloved brother in the Gospel, the Rev. Mr. D——, called him hastily to H——, to take his final farewell of the wife of his friend; a woman for whom Jairus had long entertained a most affectionate Christian regard. A few months before, the insatiate monster, Death, had torn from them "the desire of their eyes with a stroke," by bereaving them of their only offspring, an engaging child rather more than two years of age. The loss of this beloved infant together with the tragic circumstances of her death in being killed by accident, while playing at the door of her parents, was more than the mother's exquisite sensibility of feeling and extreme delicacy of constitution could long sustain: she gradually, and yet rapidly, sank beneath the stroke.

At the period when Jairus was summoned to visit her, the weary wheels of life revolved but slowly, the vital spark was nearly extinct: she was perfectly sensible, although extremely weak from the exhausted state of her corporeal system. With a courteous and heavenly smile, she welcomed

Jairus, expressed her perfect composure of mind, in prospect of the event which, she was aware, was not far distant, and, although labouring under excessive pain, she was enabled to rejoice in the sensible confidence of being, in a short time, with her child, in glory.

The season which Jairus spent with her was rendered profitable to his own mind. "Ah," thought he, as he gazed upon the dying saint, "glory is not far distant, or rather, it appears to encircle us, in this sacred place. It is, indeed, 'better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting: for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart.'

" Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardour, and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged path to death, to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm."

At his taking leave, she requested he would not be long before he visited her again: his, however, was the impression that now they parted for the last time upon earth. The presentiment in his mind was correct: he bade her the final adieu till they should meet where farewells and adieus are sounds wholly unknown.

A few days after his return home, he received another letter, both the post-mark and the black seal of which left him no room to doubt what

might be the character of its contents. Jairus tore it open, and, with lively sympathy, read as follows: —

“H——

“My very dear Friend,

“I hasten to inform you of my painful loss: — my dear Elizabeth is no more; her immortal spirit is fled, to mingle with holy beings, in a purer region than this; her lifeless clay is all that remains with us. The distress of my mind prevents my saying more. I seem just to have awakened from a fearful dream, but ah! it is a true, a painful reality.

“Pray for your afflicted

“And affectionate Friend, &c.

“W.—— D. ——.

“P. S. On Sunday next, the mortal remains of my beloved Elizabeth will be consigned to their last earthly resting-place. You will not fail, I hope, to be present.”

“Farewell! for ever farewell, in this world, wife of my friend,” sighed Jairus, as he wiped the tear from his eye, and refolded the messenger of mournful tidings. “But why,” continued he, “should our tears flow? unless, indeed, they are tears of joy that the spirit, ‘made meet,’ has entered the mansion ‘prepared,’ by Christ, for its ‘fulness of joy.’ Soon may we meet again; the distance that separates us is but short: ‘there is but a step between us and death.’”

“ A good man and an angel! these between
 How thin the barrier! what divides their fate?
 Perhaps, a moment, or, perhaps, a year;
 Or, if an age, it is a moment still!
 A moment, or Eternity's forgot.”

With mournful pleasure, Jairus attended on the appointed day, and beheld all that was mortal of Mrs. D — consigned to the tomb, there to sleep in undisturbed repose till the shrill blast of the Archangel's trump shall awake the slumbering dust, when, reunited to its now glorified spirit, it shall “ shine forth” in all the brightness of “ the sun, in the kingdom” of eternal glory.

“ Hark! a voice divides the sky,
 ‘ Happy are the faithful dead
 In the Lord who sweetly die,
 They from all their toils are freed.
 Them, the Spirit hath declar'd
 Blest, unutterably blest;
 Jesus is their great reward,
 Jesus is their endless rest.’ ”

By an unexpected providential occurrence, Jairus was now introduced to an intimate acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. J —, in whose character, ministerial talents, exalted piety, and high classical attainments, were eminently combined. Jairus had frequently, when opportunity offered, attended his ministry, and had sometimes met with him on public occasions; but now, it became his happiness to form with him a close and affectionate intimacy.

This connexion, with which various circumstances were associated, appeared to constitute a new

era in the life of Jairus. His mind, naturally inquisitive and disposed to imbibe knowledge from every accessible source, received, from his new and generous friend, such information as greatly tended to improve him in a growing acquaintance with religion, and also more fully qualified him for the important work of instructing others.

With this beloved and interesting family he was in the habit of spending one or two evenings weekly; on which occasions he was received, both by his friend and his truly Christian lady, with such an easy and cordial welcome as even to render him perfectly at home. Frequently has Jairus, while surrounding the family altar with these interesting friends, enjoyed a high relish of the influence of that Divine Spirit whose blessing rests upon the tabernacles of the righteous,

An extensive and valuable library was here thrown open to his use, and the experience and judgment of his friend were exercised, on his behalf, in the selection of such books as were most likely to serve his purpose and promote his real advantage. The important benefits conferred upon young men by the friendly counsel of their well-informed seniors in reference to the purchasing and perusal of useful and suitable books cannot be duly appreciated.

Much loss both of time and money is thus unquestionably prevented which would otherwise be worse than uselessly expended. Had Jairus, in earlier life, been favoured with the valuable

friendship he now enjoyed, the advantage to himself would have been very considerable; while he might, probably, in equal proportion, have been beneficial to others.

The warm and disinterested friendship of Mr. J—— imperceptibly gained upon the mind of Jairus: to his unremitting kindness he became deeply indebted; and never, it is conceived, can it be forgotten, while memory retains her seat; nor while his heart continues to palpitate, can it cool in ardent affection to his FRIEND.

Friendship founded upon genuine piety will not fail increasingly to develope its refined and dignified character in the diversified acts which will result from its influence. This effect was manifested, in all its lovely amplification, by Mr. J—— towards Jairus: no opportunity, in which he could serve his interests, was allowed to pass by unimproved. Jairus found, with pleasure and gratitude, that through his intimacy with Mr. J——, the circle of his acquaintances rapidly increased even beyond all his ardent mind could have imagined, and these too were “the excellent of the earth,” “in whom” the Lord himself has “his delight.” One interesting character to whom, among others, he was thus introduced, was the Christian philanthropist T—— W——, Esq. a gentleman whose praise cannot fully be expressed, but whose “record is on high,” and whose “memory will be blessed” on earth, and his name gratefully mentioned by a Christian public, when the revolution

of years shall have effaced from the tablet which will one day be erected in remembrance of his worth the characters marking the date when his purified spirit rested from its labours, and entered the paradise of God.

This gentleman requested Jairus to supply, for a few Sabbaths, at G—— H—— Chapel: with which request he cheerfully complied; and continued, for six months, alternately with other ministers, to preach at this place. During his stay here, a gentleman who resided in the same house with him, prompted by curiosity, on a certain evening, attended the chapel to hear him. Jairus's subject of discourse, on that occasion, was the Divinity of Christ. This, however, did not accord with the views of his "*rational*" hearer, and, consequently, although he afterwards approached the door and listened, he did not again enter the sacred edifice. Jairus was not yet aware of his principles: he had frequently met him at the dinner and tea-table, and as often had they entered into conversation; but on no one occasion had he given the slightest intimation of his religious creed. One afternoon, when the lady of the house and themselves were taking tea together, he asked Jairus whether he had ever read the life of *Doctor Priestley*. On receiving a reply in the negative, he politely proposed the loan of it, and instantly left the room; presently, however, returning, he presented Jairus with the esteemed volume.

On the book being put into his hand, he looked upon it, and, without disturbing its pages, observed, "I cannot, I confess, conceive how any man holding the principles which this man taught can possibly be saved."

This was, though unintentionally on the part of Jairus, throwing down the *gauntlet*, and, being thus indirectly challenged to defend his creed, the gentleman avowed himself a *Socinian*.

"And, pray, Sir," said Jairus, "allow me to ask, Do you expect to be saved?"

"Certainly, I hope so," was the reply.

"May I enquire," continued Jairus, "on what your hopes of salvation rest?"

"On the mercy of God."

"Far be it from me, Sir," replied Jairus, "to attempt to lower, even in your estimation, the mercy of God: it cannot be too *highly* distinguished, but it may be *improperly* so: and, by so doing,

"We set at odds God's jarless attributes,
And by one excellence the others maim."

"One attribute of the Deity never can be exalted at the expence of another; and hence, until the designs of God's mercy and the claims of his justice are *reconciled*, in his pardoning the transgressor, no sinner can possibly be saved. Do you believe, Sir, that we are fallen and guilty creatures? that God is infinitely holy, and inflexibly just, and cannot allow the breach of his law

with impunity? That *we* have broken the law, we cannot deny; and that transgression is justly exposed to punishment is certain: now, Sir, by what means, I ask, is the guilt of our sins to be removed, and their punishment remitted?"

"By our afflictions and sufferings in the present world," answered the disciple of Doctor Priestley.

Jairus, for a while, looked upon the speaker with a mixture of surprise and pity: he could talk eloquently on almost any subject save that system on which he professed to rest his hopes for eternity. "So, then," replied Jairus, "you transfer the divinity of Jesus Christ to your *own sufferings*, and reject him, as a Saviour, in order to *depend upon them*?"

He became evidently confused, and acknowledged that he was not fixed in his sentiments, and was anxious to obtain information.

Jairus assured him that he should ever feel the highest pleasure in rendering him any assistance in his power; and exhorted him, in the mean time, to apply, in prayer, to that Being who says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

Whether his professions were sincere, or whether he applied, as directed, to God for wisdom, is not known. He conversed with Jairus no more.

CHAPTER XII.

“Tis morning; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires the horizon; while the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resembles most some city in a blaze
Seen through the leafless wood.”

Cowper.

JAIRUS was now preparing for a long journey; not indeed to Africa, to preach the Gospel of salvation; but, for the same purpose, he was about to leave home, although only to go a much shorter distance. He had been desired to spend a few Sabbaths at W—; and, to do so, it was requisite for him to undertake a journey of about one hundred miles. In order to be in readiness for the coach, which started early in the morning, he deemed it necessary to be in the Metropolis on the preceding evening. To this unavoidable necessity he therefore submitted; and thus, consequently, became liable to the impositions of a London tavern.

On reaching town, his first concern was to secure for himself, by booking, a place by the

coach; and then to engage accommodations for the night.

These preliminaries to his journey were soon and easily accomplished; and, after partaking of a slight supper, he retired to rest. At five o'clock the next morning, a loud knocking at his chamber door announced the hour for rising: he dressed in haste, but, on leaving the room, found himself in an awkward predicament, as he had not sufficiently noticed, on the preceding evening, the way by which he was conducted to his chamber, and he was now at a loss how to descend to the stable-yard. Before he was aware of it, he had rambled into the kitchen, from which he made a hasty retreat in order to find a more direct way of egress from the house, and also fearing lest, should he be found in this situation, he might be dealt with as a robber. After considerable difficulty, he accomplished his aim, and entered the yard just as the horses were got ready; when, after some enquiry respecting the place of his destination, he learned that he had booked himself for the wrong coach; as that by which he was now about to go would travel wide of the place through which he expected it would have passed, and was going eight miles beyond it. There was now, however, no alternative; he must either go by this coach or not at all. Mounting, therefore, the vehicle, as his only resource in emergency, he determined to make the best of the matter, hoping that at N ———, where

the coach stopped, some conveyance might be obtained, by which he could proceed to W——.

The morning was unusually fine for the season of the year, which was the month of October, and afforded a promising prospect of a pleasant day. They had proceeded a few miles from London, when a sportsman, who was attentively observing the appearance of the weather, exclaimed, "There is a sight which half London will not see to-day." The heads of all the passengers were immediately turned to behold the object thus pointed out to their attention. It was, indeed, a most glorious sight. The *sun*, just rising from his bed, appeared adorned with more than regal splendour, and seemed "rejoicing like a strong man to run a race," scattering, at his approach, the misty damps and vaporous exhalations which ascended from the brooks and the fields. Various were the topics of remark to which the luminary gave rise; while, from Jairus, it produced the following address to

THE RISING SUN.

Regent of day, all hail!
 Thy soul reviving light
 Throughout our earthly vale
 Dispels the gloom of night,
 And sheds, from yonder hemisphere
 Of *eastern* worlds, thy glories here.

Ten thousand beauties vie
 T' entrance the wondering sight,
 Until the dazzled eye,
 O'erpower'd by streaming light,
 Turns from its bold, excursive view,
 To ease, recruit, and gaze anew.

Ocean's extensive plain,
 Bespangled with thy rays,
 Bears witness to thy reign,
 Thy cheering power displays,
 Reflects abroad, through space unknown,
 A lucid brightness not its own.

Around the mountain's base
 And on its cloud-ropt head
 Thy genial influence plays,
 Thy splend' d beams are shed.
 Travelling in strength, and, rising higher,
 Fresh glory spread of brightening fire.

Rais'd from his grassy cell,
 By thy reviving light,
 His native joys to tell,
 And guide the wondering sight,
 The skylark soars the clouds among,
 And cheers us by his matin song.

A gentle murmuring sound,
 From various insect bands,
 Spreads, widening all around,
 As though the teeming lands
 Would hail the first illuming ray
 Darted from thee, bright orb of day.

The sleeping hamlet wakes,
 Its hardy sons arise,
 The brawny ploughman shakes
 Sleep from his half-clos'd eyes,
 With transport views thy golden train,
 And, blithe, goes forth to toil again.

But, ere the golden beams
 Emitted from thy vest,
 Whence dazzling brightness streams,
 Again shall paint the West,
 What crowds who now behold thy light
 Shall sink engulf'd in Death's dark night.

But Faith disrobes the tomb
 Of its terrific dress,
 Scatters its sable gloom,
 And fills with Joy and peace,
 Pours light across the dark abyss,
 And seals the soul to endless bliss.

Emblem of truth divine !
 In thee our faith beholds
 How far the truth shall shine
 Which sacred writ unfolds :
 On all, "the Sun of Righteousness"
 Shall rise, and every nation bless.

Jairus's journey was, upon the whole, pleasant ; and the travellers entered the ancient city of N—— at about eight in the evening. Here he received the unpleasant information that no conveyance from thence to W—— could be obtained until the following morning. With all the composure which his disappointment allowed, he sought refreshment for his weary limbs in rest and sleep ; and, on the next morning, he reached the place of his destination in safety, and received a sincere and friendly welcome from Mr. T—— and family.

During Jairus's stay at W——, he felt himself attached to the place and people in no ordinary degree ; both on account of the particular kindness shewn him, and the freedom and pleasure he enjoyed in ministering the word of life. Here was an excellent and spacious place of worship, capable of containing from six to eight hundred people, and which was usually filled on the Lord's day. Connected with the place, was a flourishing Sunday-school, in which several respectable individuals laboured assiduously for the benefit of the rising population.

From some reasons of a local and others of a more remote character, it presented a field of

exertion highly desirable for the exercise of the active and benevolent energies of a Gospel minister.

Here, the inscrutable and mysterious providence of God, in its bereaving dispensations, had been severely felt. In the space of about eighteen months, the Church had been deprived, by death, of two useful and beloved pastors. God's "way is," indeed, "in the sea, and his path in the great waters:" he manages all the affairs of heaven and earth; and none can stay his hand, or authoritatively say unto him, "What doest thou?" for he "giveth not account of any of his matters."

The latter of those worthy men, the Rev. Mr. E——, had been recognised as their pastor only a few months: his ordination charge had scarcely lost its sound upon the ears of the people, when the same reverend gentleman who delivered it addressed to a weeping congregation his funeral sermon.

On Sunday, November ——, he delivered, with his usual animation, three sermons; and, on the following day, was united, in that sacred estate which God has pronounced "honourable," to the amiable Miss T——, a lady in whom were united piety, affability, and a cultivated understanding; qualifications which should ever be found in the wife of a minister of the Gospel. The Sabbath just adverted to was the last time he ever entered the pulpit. He, who had, by precept and example, taught the people to live, was now called, as

a *Christian*, to teach them, by example, how to die. He returned from a short tour he had made with Mrs. E—— immediately after the solemnization of their union, much indisposed: the indisposition rapidly gained upon him, until his disembodied spirit took its flight to the regions of immortality and bliss.

During his illness, the reverend gentleman who held the curacy of the parish paid him the most Christian and praiseworthy attentions. To his *honour* must it ever be mentioned by those who know the facts, that he evinced, by the clearest proofs, the benevolence of his heart, unencumbered by those irrational hindrances with which prejudice of *Caste** shackles the untutored Hindoo and, but too frequently, the polite and educated ministers of the Cross. He recognised in him, and cordially acted towards him as, a brother in Christ, and a fellow-labourer in the ministry of the Gospel, although cultivating, in the same vineyard, a different spot from his own. Hour after hour, he watched by his bed-side, and endeavoured to soothe the mind of his afflicted partner; and, with his own hand, he tenderly administered the medicines prepared. May the number of such men be multiplied a hundred and a thousand fold in the Church!

The last Sabbath that Jairus spent at W——, was the anniversary of Mr. E——'s closing his

* "*Castes*" are the different classes of the Hindoos.

brief but bright career: on that day twelve months, he finished his public work. Jairus's own mind was impressed by this consideration; and he endeavoured to improve the occasion, to an assembled multitude, from the words of the Woman of Tekoah to David — “ *We must needs die.*” The season was solemn and affecting: the reflection that their beloved pastor, whose memory they still revered, and whose mortal remains lay buried in the midst of them, had, that day twelve months, filled the place which he now occupied, and had addressed them in the language of the same inspired volume, “ beseeching them to be reconciled to God,” and would one day appear as a swift witness either for or against them, was urged with forcible and visible effect, as an irresistible motive to “ *prepare to meet their God.*”

The following morning, Jairus, though strongly importuned to stay, was under the necessity of leaving this interesting people, to whom he already felt himself bound by strong ties of attachment. The morning being raw and cold, and Jairus not having his travelling-coat with him, Mr. T——, with the kindness which had uniformly characterized his conduct towards him, insisted that he should take his, and leave it at his warehouse in London; while Mrs. T—— as readily prepared some choice refreshments for his comfort upon the road. To them, truly, seemed justly applicable the approving language, “ Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of

these my brethren, ye have done it unto *me*." Two gentlemen, Messrs. W—— and J——, kindly attended him to the coach, and took care that his luggage was safely placed in the boot. As the carriage passed through the town, several persons were standing at their doors, to bid him the last and friendly "farewell."

Never before did Jairus, at leaving any place or people, feel regret equal to what he now experienced. He continued to gaze at the tower of the church, the last object his eye could discern at W——, until, receding from his sight, it was lost in the distance.

How desirable, thought Jairus at that moment, is that period when parting feelings shall for ever be unknown.

" There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more ;
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And meet our *Jesus* in the skies."

Among Jairus's travelling companions was a young coxcomb whom, for his garrulity, he could not in his own mind but regard as having a head not unlike a hollow sonorous instrument of war, which, when struck, is at once full of noise, and as full of *emptiness*. He was, however, an adept in what has become much too fashionable, and by some is deemed a necessary qualification to complete the gentleman,—*Swearing*. His conversation not being directed to Jairus, he con-

ceived that a more convenient opportunity than the present might offer to reprove him; knowing that to administer reproof prudently would leave the only probability of his doing it with success.

A person on the fore part of the coach, whom Jairus had observed at the place where they last stopped for refreshment busily distributing tracts, enquired if there was any room behind, and was answered in the negative; the swearing gentleman declaring with an oath, they wanted no *Methodist Parsons* there, at the same time appealing to Jairus, who sat opposite, for a confirmation of what he had said.

“Sir,” replied Jairus, with a look which could not easily be misunderstood, accompanied by a correspondent tone of voice,—“We are quite full, but we had better have a *Methodist Parson* than *worse company*.” The intended reproof appeared to be taken, and silenced the noisy babbler.

Stopping shortly after to dine, the gentleman who had wished to change his place, the disclaimer against *Methodist Parsons*, and Jairus, met in the same room. Jairus was immediately recognized by the gentleman, who enquired if he had not had the pleasure of hearing him preach at P——. Jairus admitted it was probable he might, as he some time since was so engaged there. With great cordiality the gentleman shook hands with him, and expressed the pleasure he felt at their thus meeting.

During this conversation the young man re-

ferred to looked on, evidently much confused: until now, he had no knowledge of the character Jairus sustained. At length he advanced towards him, and in the most respectful manner apologized for his previous conduct and conversation, assuring Jairus that in what he had said nothing was personally intended. The concession was accepted, and a suitable admonition given by Jairus, who, during the remainder of the journey, received the utmost attention from the "man of pleasure," and was no more annoyed by any instance of his vulgarity or profaneness.

A few weeks after Jairus had arrived at home, the providence of God directed him to another part of his vineyard in an opposite direction from W——, and where, at the request of the people, he consented to continue and serve them in the Gospel of the Son of God; still, however, cherishing the same missionary feeling, and ready, whenever the call shall be given by Him whose he is, and "whom he serves with his spirit," in the Gospel, to forego all the comforts and honours of his native land, or of civilized life; that he "might preach among the gentiles," in foreign lands, "*the unsearchable riches of Christ.*"

CHAPTER XIII.

Urg'd by no speculative view
 Or low ambition, in
 Diotrephesian spirit true
 To study, and to win
 The literary chaplet, and
 Be known as D. D. through the land.

Nor motives mean, as filthy gain,
 Or popular applause
 Empty as air, and hard t'attain,
 Mov'd to the sacred cause ;
Love, ardent, pure, impell'd; they ran,
 Servants of God, and friends to man.

HAVING, in the preceding Chapters, followed
 Jairus through some of

“ the mazy labyrinths of life's rough road,”

a few concluding reflections may not, perhaps, be
 altogether unsuitable or useless; and in thus at-
 tempting to “ gather up the fragments, nothing”
 may “ be lost.”

There are several parts of the narrative to
 which the attention, especially of juvenile read-
 ers, might be directed with profit, as furnishing

materials for instructive caution, or solemn warning: but it is intended now to point those who may peruse these pages to some considerations rather remotely than immediately connected with the work, and to refer to the work itself only by way of illustration, or to confirm the sentiments advanced. The multiplied and various moral dangers to which the unwary season of youth is exposed, are of the most subtle nature, assuming all the diversified and fascinating forms which depravity can invent, or those who lie in wait to deceive can devise and exhibit: and they are awfully calculated to work upon the passions and lead the heart further and yet further from the ways of God.

The pride of human nature, ever anxious for "the bubble reputation," and the gratification of the sensual appetites, are the grand means by which "the God of this world blinds the eyes" of his vassals and "leads them captive at his will." The adulation of the ignorant, and the intoxicating praise of mistaken friends, inflates and bewilders the youthful mind with vanity; so that frequently a spark of genius, which with proper attention and by careful cultivation might have shone in pleasing and useful lustre, has been, by the injudicious influence of its flatterers, either entirely extinguished or excited to blaze out in the faint and sickly productions of mere mental *ignes fatui*; thus rendering its possessors, who might have been happy in themselves and bless-

ings in their various spheres of influence, personally miserable and evident pests of society.

Such were the circumstances amidst which Jairus was early placed; a few puerile productions from his pen, and some little occasional display of natural vivacity, exposed him to the snare of flattery from the imprudent commendations of his friends and acquaintance. Pleasure-taking parties sought and solicited his company, while various and attractive avenues to ruin opened wide their portals to receive him. "Wherewithal," it may indeed be asked, "shall a young man," placed in such circumstances, "cleanse his way?" Only "by taking heed thereto, according to thy word," O God!

Nor are the gratifications of sense, or merely animal enjoyments, when inordinately pursued, less dangerous or destructive in their nature and tendency, than the pride of the human heart which so eagerly catches at the phantom of praise. And while the means of such gratifications are so multiplied and easy of access, especially in and about our cities and populous towns, none can feel too deeply anxious for the moral and religious character and welfare of the young.

The ball-room, the tavern, the theatre, midnight-assemblies, horse-races, fairs, routs, the gaming-table, and various public gardens, are among Satan's strong holds, and are dangerous beyond expression. Here associations of the worst kind are too frequently formed, and prin-

ciples early imbibed which, it has been proved in too many painful instances, have produced habits that could never be eradicated, but have ended in disease and infamy, and even in poverty and death.

That in a country professedly Christian, so much that is directly opposed to Christianity should not merely exist, but be tolerated, nay, more, be by law maintained and defended, and even supported by dignitaries both in *Church* and *State*, is lamentable in the highest degree. These things prove powerful and plausible obstacles to the formation and growth of the moral character of *our youth*,—the hope and glory of our nation. The reproach however is rolling away: light and knowledge are majestically marching through the land, and the powers of darkness flee before the heralds of the Cross. The self-confuting dogma of anti-christian policy, that “*ignorance is the mother of devotion*,” no longer bears sway; the secret spring of human action has been touched by the ready hand of the philanthropist, a desire for learning has been produced, and the information sought has been abundantly afforded, and is still richly supplied.

A fact of the most pleasing kind has lately occurred in the very town where Jairus received his birth, and the knowledge of which cannot fail to impart, to every decided friend of God, the highest gratification; while, at the same time, it affords demonstrative evidence that in proportion

as knowledge is imparted, the works and the abettors of moral darkness will disappear. The *Theatre*, which had nearly proved the ruin of Jairus, *has lately been purchased by some friends to the rising generation, and converted into spacious and commodious rooms in which the children of the poor are to be instructed in the principles and doctrines of the religion of Jesus!* A population of from twelve to fourteen thousand persons have thus proved their practical rejection of this powerful incentive to wickedness, by withholding both their support and countenance from this temple of Satan, and now they no longer retain the stigma of even having a theatre among them.

From the dangers to which we have now briefly adverted, Jairus was graciously delivered: he was saved, however, as “a brand plucked out of the fire,” or, as the adage expresses it, “by the skin of his teeth.” The circumstances which surrounded him and their influence upon him have already been seen; his experience and practice by nature, plainly proved that “the heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.” Every struggle and effort which the mind, howsoever enlightened, yet unaided and alone, can make to free itself from the shackles of sin is unavailing till the Divine power of sovereign grace sets it at liberty. The great agent therefore in the regeneration and conversion of the soul, is the Holy and Divine Spirit. Education

by its restraining power may do much to influence the external conduct, both by discovering on the one hand the evil and disgrace of notorious crimes, and on the other by presenting to view the beauty and advantage of morality. The force of example and habit, and the judicious exercise and application of parental discipline, may go far towards regulating the practice; but all this and much more may be employed, (and, indeed, they absolutely should be,) but they cannot cure because they cannot change the heart. To change, renew, and sanctify the soul, is work for Him who made it: He only can

Nature's blindness remove, and conquer the will,
 Foul enmity slay, and remove
 The guilt of transgression by mercy, and fill
 The soul with a heaven of love.
 This, this is His work, and his too alone
 'Tis to pardon the present and past;
 And He who for sinners once died to atone,
 Will bring us to heaven at last.

Upon whatever individual such spiritual miracle has been performed, the change, in the entire renovation of the grand principle of moral action, and the complete transformation of the character, is equally obvious as if a departed spirit had been re-called from the invisible state again to inhabit and inspire with natural life the recently putrid animal frame.

It is, however, acknowledged that all are not in an *equal degree* impelled, when this important change takes place, much less are all influenced in a *similar manner*, so as to adopt the same

course in reference to their future conduct, or to think and profess precisely alike on every point in theology. The natural constitution undergoes no change in this spiritual operation; neither is the constituent temperament of the man destroyed, and replaced by that of a contrary character. The same constitutional feeling, whether of gravity or vivacity, is still realized and manifested, although the power of grace prevents the former from degenerating into moroseness and ill temper, and preserves the latter from giving way to frivolity and criminal levity. And hence it is that the conduct of the individual newly converted assumes a character correspondent to his natural disposition. In some is seen a backwardness like that of *Moses* when he made repeated attempts to excuse himself from the service enjoined upon him by *Jehovah*, to whom he replied, "O Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since thou spakest unto thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." In others we behold the impetuosity of *James* and *John*, at once disposing them to call for fire from heaven to consume those who act not with themselves. While some may be found to possess all that gentle placidity, together with the fervent love, of the favoured apostle *John*, who leaned upon the bosom of his Lord, as if anxious to catch at once the gracious words which fell from his lips, and the spirit by which they were inspired. The habitual and uniform characteristics of the true

children of God, however, are a heartfelt detestation of all sin, and earnest solicitude on behalf of unawakened and unpardoned sinners, who are still heedlessly rushing towards impending ruin.

Who can either describe or conceive the feelings of an affectionate parent whose eyes are spiritually opened, and whose heart, participating in the love of God, enjoys comparatively a present, and looks forward to a future heaven; but still beholds himself surrounded by a numerous family, every member of which, it may be, is “dead in trespasses and sins:” neither counsel nor reproof is regarded by them; each, perhaps, appears desirous to surpass the others in transgression. Frequently the painful, the distressing thought, darts irresistibly across his mind, as he beholds disease undermining the health of one and another of the family circle,—that his own children, those over whom, during the days of infancy and childhood, he watched with parental solicitude and fondly cherished in his bosom, will *finally be lost*. The thought is too distressing to bear,—it fills his mind with partial distraction,—how fervently he prays, how earnestly he entreats, with what inexpressible solicitude he urges his petition—“*O that my sons,—my daughters, might live before thee!*”

The period of life at which Jairus discovered the influence of the saving grace of God, was the most interesting and favourable both to himself and others. The sacred name of parent or of

husband did not apply to him; the concerns and cares of such relationships did not engage his attention: his entire time, and talents, and influence, were therefore consecrated to the highest, noblest acts of charity,—those which regard the *soul*. At such a season how lovely are the gradual developments of grace; how delightful is it to watch the earnest career of the newly converted stripling; to observe his growth from the “*babe*” in Christ, tottering and trembling at every gust, until he arrives at the comparative stability of the “*young man*,” hardy, robust, and well disciplined in the cause of truth; and then to mark him eventually crowned with the honours of righteousness, attaining the usefulness and dignity of a “*father in Israel*,” instructing by his sage advice, and animating by his holy example, the youthful competitors for the imperishable crown of eternal life; till, richly laden with spiritual treasures, and preparing for his final rest, he triumphantly exclaims, “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.”

The first sacred feeling of new converts is frequently an ardent desire to impart to others something of the high enjoyments with which themselves are favoured. Forgetting what were

but recently the feelings of their own hearts, they almost wonder at the folly of those by whom they are surrounded, and who still continue in their sin; and they conceive the work comparatively easy to persuade others to renounce their evil ways by the bare recommendation of religious truth, or by the simple narration of their own change of character. So thought Jairus, and so he acted too, until painful experience taught him otherwise.

Enviably indeed is the condition of those persons who, upon their conversion to God, are providentially so situated as to have the benefit of the watchful eye and kind attention of some faithful minister of the Gospel; or who can at least enjoy the counsel of a judicious, affectionate, and devout aged Christian. Placed amidst such circumstances, the ardour and zeal and forwardness of some have been prevented from prompting them to any injurious or censurable measures; while the talents of others, who were naturally diffident and reserved, have been gradually elicited and developed, and advantageously employed.

Scarcely any degree of reprehension can be too severe towards some grave professors of religion. Grown old in spiritual sloth and inactivity themselves, their tempers are similar to a disposition ably exposed in a fable of Æsop: they have no inclination nor ability to be actively employed themselves in the cause of truth, and they there-

fore urge every conceivable objection their sagacity can invent, against those young persons especially who are ardently pressing forward "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." They disapprove and condemn the ardour which themselves never possessed,

"Or hate the excellence they cannot reach."

How unlike the Diotrephesian spirit of these sages was the noble example of *Moses*, who, when told that *Eldad* and *Medad* prophesied in the camp, exclaimed, upon being requested by Joshua to forbid them,—“Enviest thou for my sake? would God that all the Lord’s people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his Spirit upon them.” Such characters should go for instruction to our Lord, who, when his disciples informed him that on “seeing one casting out devils in his name, they forbade him, because he followed not with them,” replied, by way both of counsel and reproof, “Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us.”

Evil, generally speaking, is of no particular form or aspect, but, like the *Chamelion*, changes its appearances according to the influence, more or less qualifying, which may be exerted upon it by existing circumstances; and, therefore, while the evil already complained of is much to be deplored, there is another, which although operating with a contrary tendency, is equally lamentable. The external conduct of an individual previously irreligious, but whose mind, perhaps,

has been impressed during the delivery of an alarming discourse, or by the merely natural operation of some particular providence, has no sooner undergone a partial reformation, than some superficial and inconsiderate professor easily persuades both himself and the person thus apparently altered, who is naturally disposed to think well of himself, that the work of saving grace is wrought in his heart: he is therefore urged, whether possessing suitable talents or not, to take the lead in certain social exercises of devotion; and, because a measure of boldness and readiness may perhaps be manifested by him, he must therefore publicly stand forward to exhort sinners "to flee from the wrath to come:" and thus he, who probably but a few weeks before had not even made a profession of Christianity, is now fearlessly thrust into the sacred *desk*, and both runs himself, and is pushed by others, into the important and awful work of the ministry; and thus ill-prepared and unprepared,

"Negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy."

But,

"Fools will rush in where angels fear to tread."—*Young*.

Admitting even the actual conversion of such individual, still "these things ought not so to be," except perhaps in some very particular and extraordinary cases. Many it is to be feared, to the disgrace and reproach of such a ministry,

have thus been introduced to various parts of our country, "understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm."

Is then the *Christian Ministry* the only work in the world for which no preparation, by previous instruction and information, is necessary? Must those who labour at the *Bar*, or who practise for the health and comfort of the *human body*, or who plead in the *Senate*, undergo a toilsome course of studious preparation, in some measure to qualify them for their respective offices, and he alone who is professedly engaged about the infinite concerns of souls and their eternal interests be supposed to require none? Nay, must the lowest *artisan* submit to toil and drudgery before he can attain a knowledge of his profession so as to instruct others, and shall the high, and holy, and arduous, and responsible duties of the ministry be undertaken without any previous knowledge or consideration, and with the mind beclouded and confused about even a bare acquaintance with the leading and peculiar doctrines of the Gospel? So thought not the apostle when, contemplating the important character of his ministerial engagements as being "the savour" either "of life unto life," or "of death unto death," he exclaimed, "*And who is sufficient for these things?*"

By such crude and barren declaimers, "Counsel is darkened without knowledge," and "Ignorance," even among *Protestants*, is thus, by

the heedless, made to appear as “the mother of devotion.”

To this it may perhaps be said, God has a right to call whom he will to the ministry of his own word: and that, as of old he summoned *Elisha* from driving oxen and guiding the plough, and *Peter* from his fishing-boats, and endued them with his Spirit, sending them forth *immediately* to the work to which he had appointed them; so now he can, without human aid, raise up and qualify men for the same important duty.

No truth, it is presumed, will be more cheerfully admitted than that it is the prerogative of God alone to call and appoint whom he will to this distinguished office; and when Scriptural evidence is furnished that those who are engaged *are thus divinely appointed*, none dare attempt, nor, indeed, will any with impunity endeavour to raise an objection.

The day however in which *we* live is a day of means, and not of miracles: what the *Eternal can* do, and what he has given us warrant to expect he *will do*, are most clear and important distinctions. He could convert the whole world without the agency of any of his creatures, or the employment of any means, and that too without an hour's delay: but he chooses not thus to act. As in the natural so also in the moral world, he has been pleased to confer important privileges upon his creatures by usefully employing them; and through them he continues to accomplish his

own unchangeable and eternal purposes. Nor are we to expect that any of those sudden and extraordinary qualifications adduced, will in the present day be imparted to any man: neither, indeed, are those crude and imbecile characters referred to, as such reasoning certainly assumes, in any degree the subjects of such preparation.

While no office upon which mortal man can enter is more dignified and honourable than that sustained by the minister of the Gospel, so none can be selected in which greater or more severe trials are to be experienced. The immediate causes of affliction and discouragement with which such have to contend are numerous and diversified, and arise not unfrequently from quarters whence better things might have been expected, and ought to have been experienced. The coldness and unkindness of those who, on the contrary, should have held up his hands, as *Aaron* and *Hur* did those of Moses, the treachery of false brethren, the instability and fickleness of some who profess to be Christians, and the undisguised worldliness, both in spirit and conduct, of others;—these, in connexion with other painful considerations with which he must expect to contend, are, to the diligent and faithful minister, a fruitful source of heartfelt sorrow and inconceivable mental depression. But, of all the causes of distress which agitate his bosom and disturb his peace, none, perhaps, exceeds that occasioned by a want of evidence of success in his efforts for

the conversion of sinners and the edification of the body of Christ. And this frequently may be the experience of those, especially, who are called to sow the seed of eternal life over widely extended tracts of country, or whose spheres of exertion comprise numerous and scattered populations. Rendered unable by such circumstances either himself to enjoy, or to impart to others, the benefits arising from *pastoral visits*, a minister's knowledge of his people must, of necessity, be extremely limited; and hence, much of the real good resulting from the Divine blessing on his instrumentality may never become known to him on earth.

Such circumstances as those just alluded to are, it is conceived, not unfrequent. Would that they were! if indeed this petition can be offered in consistency with "Thy will be done." Devoted men of God, however, amidst such delays and apparent disappointments, should be encouraged to persevering exertion in the faithful discharge of their duty, toilsome and disheartening as it may seem, from the consideration, to them justly warrantable, that the disclosures of eternity may probably lay open before their astonished and enraptured view, a rich harvest of souls given as the reward of their labours, although, while they were here, not a single solitary ear of precious grain was visible. To such, especially, "the Lord of the harvest" emphatically says, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening with-

hold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." And such may also, without being chargeable with presumption, apply to themselves the cheering language of the prophet, "Though Israel be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the *Lord*, and my God shall be my strength."

Jairus himself, by this very circumstance, was induced to exclaim, "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain:" and when just on the eve of abandoning his work, and ignobly quitting the field of honourable exertion, a reviving evidence was vouchsafed to him that his "work was with his God," and that He *truly* declares, "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

The inspiring sentiment of the Poet should ever be the principle impelling the heralds of the cross to devoted exertion, and by the firm persuasion of which they should, at the same time, be supported amidst their diversified and ceaseless trials and cares.

"Thy power and saving truth to shew,
A warfare, at thy charge, I go!
Strong in the Lord and thy great might;
Gladly take up the hallow'd cross,
And suffering all things for thy cause,
Beneath thy blood-stain'd banner fight.
"Let me to every creature cry,
The poor and rich, and low and high,
Believe, and feel thy sins forgiven!"

Damn'd, till by Jesus sav'd thou art;
Till Jesus' blood hath wash'd thy heart,
Thou canst not find the gate of heaven.

“ When I have liv'd to thee alone,
Pronounce the welcome word ‘ *Well-done!* ’
And let me take my place above;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and extacy, and love.”

“Τῷ Θεῷ Δόξα.”

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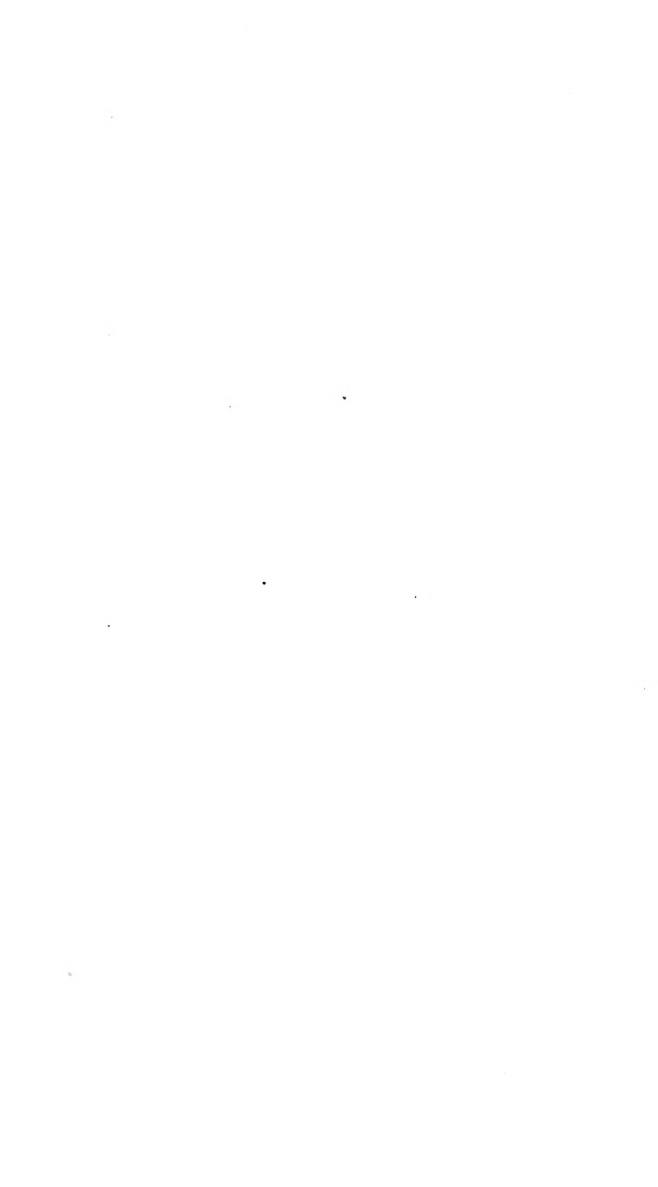
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