

SIR T. FOWELL BUXTON.

A series of Lectures has been delivered in Exeter Hall, London, the past winter, by sundry distinguished gentlemen, (chiefly clergymen) in connection with the "Young Men's Christian Association." The last in the series was by the Rev. T. Binney, one of the most eloquent preachers in London, of which we have the following report:

"The Rev. THOMAS BINNEY, after a few preliminary remarks, as to his inability to do full justice to the subject of the lecture, (Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton,) in the short time he had to address them, said he wished them to present to their imaginations two pictures.—The first was this. About the year 1798, there might have been seen a respectable widow lady, most likely attired in the garb of the Friends, going down from London to Greenwich, where she had two or three of her boys at school. One of them, a lad about twelve years of age, had been fatherless from his sixth year, and he had been rather encouraged to take the position, and put on the airs, of a master of the house; in fact he was rather encouraged to play the little tyrant, and he (Mr. B.) did not think he was very reluctant to do so. The Christmas before, Master Fowell had been angry, and had slapped his sister's governess, and, in consequence, his mother said he should be left at school at Easter. But circumstances made her afterwards think it would be better to bring the boy home, and, therefore, she was going down to reason with him, and put the matter before him. She received an answer, in which there was somewhat of heroism and hardihood, but the latter predominated, and so Master Fowell was left at Greenwich as a punishment. He did not remain there long, but left when fifteen years of age; he went home, where he did nothing but what he liked, which consisted of riding, shooting, boating, or anything but downright work. At twenty-one he got married; at twenty-two he had a wife and child, but still he had nothing to do, and he said at that time he would have been very glad to have got a situation of £100 a year, if he had to work twelve hours for it. That was the first picture. Let them next come down to February, 1845. They are now in front of a gentleman's country seat; the mansion or hall, with its old trees and woodland, everything indicative of the wealth and station of its owner. They entered the house; everything was indicative of affluence, intelligence, culture, refinement: the master of the house was a father and a grandfather,—sons and daughters and little ones were there, but above them all, and over them all, there was an air of cultivation, accomplishment, and piety.—But still we penetrate into the house. Hush! hush! Let us move softly; they were in the chamber of death; the master of the house was on his death-bed, and his death was illustrating the proverb "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." He was expressing himself in terms which indicated his acquaintance with evangelical truth, and his deep experience of evangelical piety. He had no terror; he was sustained by elevated hope, and his death-bed was a scene of tranquil triumph. But let them realize what was going on without, as well as within. The illness and death of that man was exciting universal inquiry and universal attention; it was spoken of in the newspapers, and in London and the country his illness excited universal sympathy, and his death was anticipated as a blow which would come down and reverberate through half the world. His funeral, though intended to be private, was more like the gathering of the clans. A monument was to be raised to his memory; the husband of the Queen headed the subscription, hundreds of his friends and admirers in this country sent in their subscriptions, and thousands in other lands, who had been benefited by his exertions, came forward with their pence; nearly five hundred pounds was raised so, and 50,000 persons, exclusive of those in this country, contributed to that monument. At last it was raised, in the grandest structure in the land, in Westminster Abbey, which was the greatest distinction they could pay to genius and virtue. (Applause.) And now put the two pictures together; mark the raw, rude lad, who, at Greenwich, got other boys to do his exercises for him, who did not like to work when at home, but was fond of nothing but shooting, boating, and physical excitement, now grown up to this heroic, noble man, and a whole nation happy to do him homage. Now the question was by what process was that transformation effected,—how was that

mass of youthful rude and raw material taken and worked up into that magnificent result? That was the question he had to answer that night; he had to show what took place in the interval between the date of the two pictures. That question involved three points of inquiry, namely, what Sir Fowell Buxton did,—what he was to be capable of doing it,—and how he came to be what he was. First, as to what Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton did to be seen, that men could look at, and from which they could judge of his character? Why, in the first place he got married;—(laughter)—he was married when about six weeks past twenty-one, in the year 1807; in the year 1808, he began to give hostages to fortune, and he wanted work and he got it. He obtained an appointment in the concern of his uncle Hanbury, with a promise of a partnership in three years. In 1816 there was great destitution and suffering among the Spitalfields weavers, and at a meeting, at which the Lord Mayor presided, he delivered a speech which made an immense impression. That speech caused Wilberforce to write to him, telling him that Parliament was the proper sphere for his talent and influence. Before he went to Parliament, however, he gave deep and serious attention to the subject of Prison Discipline, and in 1817 he published a volume which went through six editions in the first year. Then he went into Parliament, devoting himself principally to the anti-slavery cause; he gave his whole soul to it,—his time, attention and effort,—and from 1823, when he made his memorable motion, to 1833, when the matter was taken up by Parliament and carried into effect, it was his absorbing passion. (Applause.) He afterwards wrote a book entitled "The Slave Trade and its Remedy," the result of which was the Niger expedition; a plan which every one must admit flowed from the purest principles in Sir Fowell Buxton, however disastrous the result. (Applause.) In the failure of that expedition, it might be said, his public life closed; it affected him much; that spirit which was as tender as it was strong, felt it deeply, and it made an inroad on his athletic constitution, which was then beginning to fail. The Rev. lecturer next proceeded to consider the influences which caused Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton to take the course he did. In the first place there was no doubt that he received a great deal from his parents. Sir Fowell Buxton had a good and wise mother, who wished to make a strong, independent man, and she succeeded. When he was fifteen years of age he was invited to go to Earlham Hall, in Norfolk, the seat of Mr. Gurney, where he derived great benefit from intercourse with the family, and was prompted by a desire to equal them in attainments, to go to Dublin University, where he obtained great distinction for learning. There was no doubt that the influence of the Earlham family and of Wilberforce had a great effect in causing Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton to take the part he did. The Rev. lecturer concluded by adverting to the religious character of Sir Fowell Buxton.

THE CHRISTIAN A LIGHT.

Our Lord said to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world." Was this a mere rhetorical figure, or was it a sober and practical estimate of the Christian's influence and responsibility? The Christian is commanded to let his light shine before men, that others beholding it may be led to glorify his heavenly Father. This is required of every Christian; for every true Christian has light, and is himself a light. He walks in light; he lives near to the great Fountain of Light; and his light shines of course as long as he feeds the flame of piety in his own soul. This light is not to be produced by artificial means; its shining cannot be increased by mechanical contrivances; the lamp of devotion must be fed; it must be kept ever trimmed and burning; whatever would obscure or tarnish its lustre must be put away; and then the Christian's life will be a pure and heavenly light. How many eyes may be turned toward one such light; how many souls may be guided by it to truth and to heaven, or how many may perish if it burns dimly or is extinguished.

We remember to have read a traveller's conversation with the keeper of the light-house at Calais, in nearly the following words. The watchman was boasting of the brilliancy of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea, when the visitor said to him: "What if one of the lights should chance to go out?" "Never! impossible!" he cried, with a sort of consternation at the bare hypothesis. "Sir,

said he, pointing to the ocean, 'yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every part of the world.' If to-night one of my burners were out, within six months would come a letter—perhaps from India, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of—saying, such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim. The watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah, sir, sometimes in the dark nights, in the stormy weather, I look out to sea, and feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light! Go out! burn dim! Oh, never!"

"With how much dignity can enthusiasm invest the meanest occupations; and how constantly the human heart rises superior to its circumstances! What more monstrous drudgery can be conceived than this poor fellow's existence—pent in a narrow tower, burning his mirrors by day, trimming his lamps by night! And yet as he stands, with excited imagination, in the midnight conflict of the elements; feeling the eyes of the world upon him; holding himself responsible to all nations—his function almost rises into the sublime, dilating to moral grandeur by the force of his own conceptions."

But it is no romance which makes the Christian a light for the world, with the eyes of the whole world upon him. This he is, by express appointment of his Lord, commanded to shine, holding forth the Word of Life. Let then his light be always full, bright, pure. The moment he neglects it and suffers it to grow dim, some poor soul, struggling amid the waves of temptation, for lack of it may be dashed upon the rocks of destruction.—*Independent.*

[From the New England Puritan.]

OUR DANGER AND OUR SAFETY.

We live in a world of dangers. Our possessions are exposed to the inroads of injustice,—to fire and storms; our reason to derangement; our characters to defamation; our limbs to fractures and wounds; our bodies to sickness and decay. Arrows fly around us from a thousand strings. True, we have many comforts. When winter fetters the earth, and fills the howling air with sleet, we rejoice around our genial firesides. But frequent occurrences show that there is no security even there. The very element we trust to to soften the rigors of the season, destroys us. We have friends shedding around us the sweetest sunshine of life, but death touches them and they are no more. Calamities often spring from causes so secret that we cannot foresee them, burst forth so suddenly that we cannot avoid them, rush upon us with such impetuosity that we cannot resist them. We can do little, and others less, to guard our safety. But more than our temporal interests are in peril; our souls are exposed to temptation and ruin; our depraved hearts and the suggestions of the adversary are constantly alluring us astray. Go where we will, dwell where we please, evils, like birds of prey, hover around to rob us of our peace.

But amid these "dangers of every shape and name," what shall we do? Shall we live in continual anxiety, perturbation and alarm; or, with the proud spirit of the Stoic, resolutely brace against what we cannot avoid? Neither of these courses would be pleasing to God. He has shown us a more excellent way. David says, "Trust in the Lord. He is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation." "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." And a greater than David has said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." There is then one place of safety even in this perilous wilderness. It lies around the cross of Christ. Let us repair thither with confidence and joy, and rest securely beneath the protecting love of Jesus "till the storm of life is past."

"Here safety dwells, and peace divine."

RELIGION FIRST.

Get Christ, and get all; want him, and want all; a man that catches at the shadow, loses the substance; but get the substance, and you get the shadow with it. So long as you look after other things besides Christ, you lose him; but if you get him, you get the shadow of all—you get life, and peace, and comfort, and all that your hearts can desire. Be content to lose all to get Him who is so precious, and whom when you have got, you shall be sure never to lose.

THE GRAVE OF JESUS.

Why should his disciples fear to go where Christ has been? He has explored the mansion in which our mortal part must soon dwell, and taken away its gloom and its terrors.—Why should we shrink at the thought of that which could not harm him, and which he will take care shall never injure us? When we forget him, the grave is indeed a land of darkness, covered with impenetrable clouds; but when, in the exercise of faith, we behold him entering it and passing through it as our forerunner to a world of light, these clouds disperse and this darkness is dissipated. "True," says the Christian, "I must lie down in the grave, but I shall rest peacefully on the bed provided for me there, for my Saviour has been there before me, and left behind him security and quiet. Here would I bury all my sins, and here would I entomb all my fears. O death, where is now thy sting? and where is thy victory, boasting grave? I consider thee now, not as a gloomy dungeon, but as a peaceful sanctuary in which my mortal part shall repose securely till the great rising day." Reader, if you are conscious of a sincere and supreme regard to Christ, fear not to go down into the grave under his special care. He who raised up himself will assuredly raise up thee, and he will make thy body, now vile and sinful, all bright and pure and glorious like his own. The angels Mary saw were clad in robes of white,—the emblem of purity and joy; and here was an indication of the brightness and glory of that state to which Jesus had risen. Bitter, beyond comprehension, had been his sorrows, and deep indeed his humiliation; but his sorrows have all passed away, and the days of his mourning are ended.—The battle is fought, the victory is won, the conqueror has entered his rest, and is encircled with glory. Ah, who can tell the sweetness of that rest, or who can conceive the brightness of that glory! Angels, then, are among the witnesses of our Saviour's resurrection: what does this declare? Does it not assure us that the God of peace is fully satisfied with the sacrifice Jesus offered? It does—our debt is fully paid; the release of our heavenly surety from the prison of the grave declares it; justice has received all it required, and asks no more; death is disarmed of his sting, the gloom that surrounded the grave is removed, Satan is conquered, hell has lost his prey, and the kingdom of heaven is now opened to all believers. Christian, be animated by the thought, Christ is not in the tomb, he is risen; therefore set your minds on things above; lay up your treasures in heaven; and ere long you will arise and ascend to be for ever with thy Lord, and for ever like him.

A WORD TO THE IMPENITENT.

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, Jesus ready stands to save you, Full of pity, love and power." Such is the language of every heart which is filled with the Spirit of Christ. Those who do not fear God are sometimes settled in the belief that Christians care but little for them, and sometimes perhaps have reason to say, "No man has cared for my soul." But it is not so with the soul which enjoys the presence of Jesus. His soul is united to Christ. The Saviour came to call sinners to repentance. He has associated his people with him in the same great work. While here upon the earth, he went about personally to preach salvation, and so much more important was his work than any other, that he did not hesitate to call men away from every other pursuit and employment, to listen while he taught them the way of life. When the disciples were converted, he made them his associates and sent them out to preach to sinners, and he has continued to do so until the present time. Now we are upon the earth, a few ministers and Christians, and a multitude of sinners in the way to death. Jesus is in heaven preparing mansions of rest for all who believe in him. We are to echo his voice, and to embody his Spirit, while we imitate his example, and go about to do good, and say, Come, for all things are now ready.

God is ready to receive you and forgive all your sins. He is ready to bathe your souls in the precious blood of his Son. Without this you never can be happy. Jesus is ready to become your advocate in heaven, and your guide upon the earth. The Holy Spirit is ready to regenerate your soul, and lead you by a glorious shining way, up to the enjoyment of immortality and eternal life. A crown of glory, a mansion of rest, boundless riches,—all are