

The Christian Visitor.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
Peace, good will toward Men."

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SPURGEON'S SERMONS.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON,
AT SURREY GARDENS, LONDON, JULY 31ST.

THE MEEK AND LOWLY ONE.

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy
laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon
you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in
heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my
yoke is easy, and my burden is light."—Matthew 11: 28-30.

The single sentence which I have selected for
my text consists of these words: "I am meek and
lowly in heart." These words might be
taken to have three distinct bearings upon the
context. They may be regarded as the lesson to
be taught: "Learn of me; for I am meek and
lowly in heart." One great lesson of the gospel
is to teach us to be meek—to put away our high
and angry spirits, and to make us lowly in heart.
Peradventure, this is the meaning of the passage
—that if we will but come to Christ's school, he
will teach us the hardest of all lessons—how to
be meek and lowly in heart. Again; other ex-
positors might consider the sentence to signify,
that is the only Spirit in which a man can learn
of Jesus—the Spirit which is necessary if he
would become Christ's scholars. We can learn
nothing, even of Christ himself, while we hold
our heads up with pride, or exalt ourselves with
self confidence. We must be meek and lowly
in heart, otherwise we are totally unfit to be
taught by Christ. Empty vessels may be filled;
but vessels that are full already can receive no
more. The man who knows his own emptiness
can receive of Christ; but he who glories in
himself is not in a fit condition to receive any-
thing from God. I have no doubt that both of
these interpretations are true, and might be
borne out by the connection. It is the lesson
of Christ's school—it is the spirit of Christ's dis-
ciples. But I chose, rather, this morning, to
regard these words as being a commendation of
the Teacher himself. "Come unto me and learn;
for I am meek and lowly in heart." As much as
to say, "I can teach, and you will not find it
hard to learn of me." In fact, the subject of this
morning's discourse is briefly this; the gentle,
lovely character of Christ should be a high and
powerful inducement to sinners to come to
Christ. I intend so to use it: first of all, notice
the two qualities which Christ here claims
for himself. He is "meek;" and then he is
"lowly in heart;" and after we have observed
these two things, I shall come to push the con-
clusion home.

1. First, then, I am to consider the FIRST
QUALITY WHICH JESUS CHRIST CLAIMS. He de-
clares that he is "MEEK."

Christ is no egotist; he takes no praise to
himself. If ever he utters a word in self-com-
mendation, it is not with that object; it is with
another design, namely, that he may entice
souls to come unto him. Here, in order to ex-
hibit this meekness, I shall have to speak of
him in several ways.

1. First, Christ is meek, as opposed to the
ferocity of spirit manifested by zealots and
bigots. Take, for a prominent example of the
opposite of meekness, the false prophet Mahomet.
The strength of his cause lies in the fact, that
he is not meek. He presents himself before
those whom he claims as disciples, and says,
"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for
I am neither meek nor lowly in heart; I will
have no patience with you; there is my creed
or there is the scimitar—death or conversion,
whichever you please." The moment the Ma-
hometan religion withdrew that very forcible
argument of deputation or impalement, it
stayed in its work of conversion, and never
progressed; for the very strength of the false
prophet lays in the absence of any meekness.
How opposite this is to Christ! Although he
hath a right to demand man's love and man's
faith, yet he comes not into the world to demand
it with fire and sword. His might is under per-
suation; his strength is quiet forbearance, and
patient endurance; his mightiest force is the
sweet attraction of compassion and love. He
knoweth nothing of the ferocious host of Ma-
homet; he bids none of us draw our swords to
propagate the faith, but saith, "Put up thy
sword into its scabbard; they that take the
sword shall perish by the sword." My King-
dom is not of this world, else might my servants
fight." Nay, Mahomet is not the only instance
we can bring; but even good men are subject
to the like mistakes. They imagine that religion
is to be spread by terror and thunder. Look at
John himself, the most lovely of all disciples:
he would call fire from heaven on a village of
Samaritans, because they rejected Christ. Hark
to his hot inquiry—"Wilt thou that we command
fire to come down from heaven and consume
them?" Christ's disciples were to him something

like the sons of Zerahiah to David; or when
Shimei mocked David, the sons of Zerahiah said,
"Why should this dead dog curse my lord the
king? let me go over, I pray thee, and take off
his head." But David meekly said, "What have
I to do with you, ye sons of Zerahiah?"—and put
them aside. He had something of the spirit of his
Master; he knew that his honour was not
then to be defended by sword or spear. O blessed
Jesus! thou hast no fury in thy spirit; when
men rejected thee thou didst not draw the sword
to smite, but, on the contrary, thou didst yield
thine eyes to weeping. Behold your Saviour,
disciples, and see whether he was not meek. He
had long preached in Jerusalem without effect,
and at last he knew that they were ready to put
him to death; but what said he, as standing on
the top of the hill, he beheld the city that had
rejected his gospel? Did he invoke a curse
upon it? Did he suffer one word of anger to
leap from his burning heart? Ah! no; there
were flames but they were those of love; there
were scalding drops, but they were those of
grief. He beheld the city, and wept over it,
and said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often
would I have gathered thy children together, as
a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,
and ye would not." Even when they drove the
nails into his blessed hands, he had no curse to
breathe upon them, but his dying exclamation
was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not
what they do." O sinners see what a Christ it
is that we bid you serve. No angry bigot, no
force warrior, claiming your unwilling faith; he
is a tender Jesus. Your rejection of him has
made his bowels yearn over you; and though you
abhor his gospel, he has pleaded for you,
saying, "Let him alone yet another year, till I
dig about him; peradventure he may yet bring
forth fruit." What a patient master is he! O!
will you not serve him?

2. But the idea is not brought out fully, un-
less we take another sense. There is a sternness
which cannot be condemned. A Christian man
will often feel himself called to bear most solemn
and stern witness against the sin of his times.
But Christ's mission, although it certainly did tes-
tify against the sin of his times, yet had a far greater
reference to the salvation of the souls of men.
To show the idea that I have in my own mind,
which I have not yet brought out, I must picture
Elijah. What a man was he. His mission was to
be the bold unflinching advocate of the right, and
bear a constant testimony against the wickedness
of his age, and how boldly did he speak! Look
at him: how grand the picture! Can you not
conceive him on that memorable day, when he
met Ahab, and Ahab said, "Hast thou found me,
O mine enemy?" Do you mark that mighty
answer which Elijah gave him while the king
trembles at his words. Or, better still, can you
picture the scene when Elijah said, "Take you
two bullocks, ye priests, and build an altar, and
see this day, whether God be God or Baal be
God." Do you see him as he nicks the wor-
shippers of Baal, and with a biting irony says to
them, "Cry aloud, for he is a god." And do
you see him in the last grand scene, when the
fire has come down from heaven, and consumed
the sacrifice, and licked up the water and burned
the air? Do you hear him cry, "Take the
prophets of Baal; let not one escape." Can
you see him in his might heaving them in pieces
by the brook, and making their flesh a feast for
the fowls of heaven? Now, you cannot picture
Christ in the same position. He had the stern
qualities of Elijah, but he kept them, as it were,
behind, like sleeping thunder, that must not be
yet wakened and lift up its voice. There were
some rumblings of the tempest, it is true,
when he spoke so sternly to the sadducees, and
Scribes, and Pharisees; those words were like
murmurings of a distant storm, but it was a
distant storm; whereas, Elijah lived in the midst
of the whirlwind itself, and was no still small
voice, but was as the very fire of God, and like
the chariot which he mounted to heaven—fit char-
iot for such a fiery man! Christ here stands in
marked contrast. Picture him in somewhat of
like position to Elijah with Ahab. There is
Jesus left alone with an adulterous woman. She
has been taken in the very act. Her accusers are
present, ready to bear witness against her. By
a simple sentence he empties the room of every
witness; convicted by their conscience they all
retire. And now what does Christ say? The
woman might have lifted up her eyes, and have
looked at him, and said, "Hast thou found me,
O mine enemy?"—for she might have regarded
Christ as the enemy of so base a sin as that which
she had committed against her marriage bed. But
instead thereof Jesus said, "Doth not man condemn
thee; neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no
more." Oh, how different from the sternness of
Elijah! Sinners! if I had to preach Elijah as your
Saviour I should feel that I had a hard task, for
you might throw it in my teeth—"Shall we come
to Elijah? He will call fire from heaven on us,
as he did upon the captains and their fifties.
Shall we come to Elijah? surely he will slay us,
for we have been like the prophets of Baal!"
Nay, sinners, but I bid you come to Christ.
Come to him, who, although he hated sin more
than Elijah could do, yet nevertheless, loved
the sinner—who, though he would not spare in-
iquity, yet spares the transgressors, and has no
words but those of love and mercy, and peace
and comfort, for those of you who will now come
and put your trust in him.

3. Christ is meek in heart. To exhibit this
quality in another light, call to your minds Mo-
ses. Moses was the meekest of men; and yet
Christ far exceeds Moses in his meekness. Around
Moses there seems to be a hedge, a ring of fire.
The character of Moses is like Mount Sinai; it
hath bounds set about it, so that one cannot draw
near unto him. Moses was not an approachable
person, he was quiet, and meek, and tender, but
there was a sacred majesty about the King in
Jeshurun that hedged his path so that we can-
not imagine the people making themselves fam-
iliar with him. Whoever read of Moses sitting
down upon a well, and talking to a harlot like
the woman of Samaria? Whoever heard a story
of a Magdalene washing the feet of Moses?
Can you conceive Moses eating bread with a
sinner, or passing under a sycamore tree and call-
ing Zaccheus, the thievish publican, and bidding
him come down? There is a kind of stately
majesty in Moses, no mere affectation of stand-
ing alone, but a loneliness of superior worth.
Men looked up to him as to some cloud-capped
mountain, and dwelt within which they might
have communed with him. Moses always had in
spirit what he once had in visible tokens; he had
a glory about his brow, and before he could con-
verse with men he must wear a veil, for they
could not bear to look upon the face of Moses.

But how different is Jesus! He is a man among
men; wherever he goes no one is afraid to speak
to him. You scarcely meet with any one who
dare not approach him. There is a poor wo-
man, it is true, who hath the flux, and she fears
to come near him, because she is ceremonially
unclean; but even she can come behind him in
the press, and touch the hem of his garment,
and virtue goeth out of him. Nobody was afraid
of Jesus. The mothers brought their little
babes to him; whoever heard of their doing that
to Moses? Did ever babe get a blessing of
Moses? But Jesus was all meekness—the ap-
proachable man, feasting with the wedding
guests, sitting down with sinners, and eating
with the unholly and with the unclean, and touch-
ing the leper and making himself at home with
all men. Sinners! this is the one we invite you
to—this homely man, Christ. Not to Moses, for
you might say, "He hath horns of light, and
how shall I draw near to his majesty? he is
bright perfection—the very lightning of Sinai
rest upon his brow." But sinners, ye cannot
say that of Christ. He is as holy as Moses—as
great, and far greater; but he is still so homely
that ye may come to him. Little children, ye
may put your trust in him. Ye may say your
little prayer,

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee."

He will not cast you away, or think you have
intruded on him. Ye harlots, ye drunkards, ye
feasters, ye wedding guests, ye may all come;
"this man receiveth sinners, and eateth with
them." He is "meek and lowly in heart."

4. But yet, to push the term a little further,
Christ on earth was a king, but there was no-
thing about him of the exclusive pomp of kings,
which excludes common people from their society.
Look at the Eastern king Ahasuerus, sitting on
his throne. He is considered by his people as a
superior being. None may come in unto the
king, unless he is called for. Should he venture
to pass the circle, the guards will slay him, un-
less the king stretches out the golden sceptre.
Even Esther, his beloved wife, is afraid to draw
near, and must put her life in her hand, if she
comes into the presence of the king uncalled.—
"Christ is a king; but where his pomp? Where
the Janitor, that keeps his door, and thrusts away
the poor? Where the soldiers that ride on
either side of the chariot to screen the monarch
from the gaze of poverty? See thy King, O
Sion! He comes, he comes in royal pomp!
Behold, Judah, behold thy king cometh! But
how cometh he? "Meek and lowly, riding up-
on an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass."
And who are his attendants? See, the young
children, boys and girls. They cry Hosannah!
Hosannah! Hosannah! And who are they
that wait upon him? His poor disciples. They
pull the branches from the trees; they cast their
garments in the street, and he rideth on—Ju-
dah's royal King. His courtiers are the poor;
his pomp is that tribute which grateful hearts
delight to offer. O sinners, will you not come
to Christ? "Come to the King! "What is
thy petition, and what is thy request? It
shall be done unto thee." If thou stayest away,
it is not because he shuts the door, it is be-
cause thou wilt not come. Come, filthy, naked,
god, poor, lost, ruined, come, just as thou art.
Whosoever will, let him come and take the
water of life freely."

5. I will give you but one more picture to set
forth the meekness of Christ, and I think I shall
not have completed the story without it. The
absence of all selfishness from the character of
Christ, makes one ingredient of this precious
quality of his meekness. You remember the
history of Jonah. Jonah is sent to prophesy
against Nineveh; but he is selfish. He will not
go for he shall get no honor by it. He does
not want to go so long a journey for so small
a price. He will not go. He will take a ship and
go to Tarshish. He is thrown out into the sea,
swallowed by a fish, and vomited by it upon dry
land. He goes away to Nineveh, and not want-
ing courage, he goes through its streets, crying,
"Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be over-
thrown." That one man's earnest cry moves
the city from one end to the other. The King
proclaims a fast; the people mourn in sackcloth
and confess their sins. God sends them tidings
of mercy, and they are spared, but what will
Jonah do? Oh, tell it not, ye heavens; let none
hear it—that ever a prophet of God could do the
like! He sits himself down, and he is angry
with God. And why his anger? Because, says
he, "God has not destroyed that city." If God
had destroyed the city, he would have aban-
doned over the ruins, because his reputation would
have been safe; but now that the city is saved,
and his own reputation for a prophet tarnished,
he must needs sit down in anger. But Christ
is the very reverse of this. Sinners! Christ does
thunder at you sometimes, but it is always that
he may bring you to repentance. He does take
Jonah's cry, and utter it far more mightily than
Jonah could; he does warn you that there is a
fire that can never be quenched, and a worm
that dieth not; but if you turn to him, will he sit
down and be angry? Oh, no; he thinks I see
him. There you come poor prodigals; your fa-
ther falls upon your neck and kisses you, and you
are accepted, and a feast is made. Here comes
the elder brother Jesus. What does he say?
Is he angry because you are saved? Ah! no!
"My father," saith he, "My younger brothers
have all come home, and I love them; they shall
share my honors; they shall sit upon my throne;
they shall share my heaven. Where I am, there
they shall be also. I will take them into union
with myself and as they have wasted their in-
heritance, all that I have shall be theirs forever."
Oh! come home, prodigal, there is no angry
brother and no angry father. Come back, come
back, my brother, my wandering brother, I invite
you; for Jesus is rejoiced to receive thee. Do
you not see, then, that the meekness of Christ is
a sweet and blessed reason why we should come
to him?

(To be Continued.)

For the Christian Visitor.
CHRIST A SUFFERER.

Our Saviour was man and God combined. He
spoke with a human voice, saw with human eyes,
heard with human ears, handled with human
hands, and was seen in the deeds and footsteps
of human history. And yet, he had the power
and wisdom and did the works of a God. His
life on earth was one of incessant activity and
arduous toil. He was ever "about his father's
business." This exposed him to the malice and
opposition of the majority of the people among
whom he travelled. Though the silver and the
gold, the cattle upon a thousand hills, the world
and the fulness thereof were all his, yet he was
often without the common necessities of life.
"The foxes had holes and the birds of the air had
nests, but the Son of Man had not where to lay
his head." His life was an exceedingly afflictive
one. He seemed to have no one to protect
him when most exposed to danger. When he
apparently stood in the greatest need of protec-
tion and assistance, he was deserted by his cho-
sen disciples, his earthly bosom friends, and was
left alone to endure the hatred of his enemies.
One disciple denied him. The others forsook
him and fled away. There are no bright spots to
be found in our Saviour's earthly history. Per-
haps every man lives a happier life than Christ
did. Even on the occasion of his transfigura-
tion, Peter who seems to have been a creature
of circumstance, offered to give the same accom-
modation to Moses and Elias as to Christ. "Let us
make three Tabernacles; one for thee, one for
Moses and one for Elias." Christ was alone and had
no one to sympathise with him when he most need-
ed sympathy. His enemies were continually
planning schemes for taking away his life. Al-
though his works and labours of love were such
as astonished the people, and such as the world
had hitherto never witnessed, yet they ma-
liciously sought to destroy him. Did he ever
look at him in the hall where justice is a mockery,
and where insult is the sentence of condemna-
tion. See him on the cross enduring the
agonies of death. Behold the quivering lip and
the brow wrung with anguish and pain. Which
of the senses was not a window to let in suffer-
ing there? He looked upon an infuriated and
excited multitude who had gathered around to
witness his crucifixion. He heard the united
cry of the Jewish mob, "crucify him, crucify
him." He drank the bitter wormwood and the
gall. His hands and feet were fastened to the
wood, his brow was mangled by the thorns, and
his side was pierced with the sword. Oh what a
sufferer! The floods and billows of God's wrath
broke upon him. He is completely immersed in
a sea of wrath. Heaven bends with wonder
over the scene; hell is in suspense. A cry goes
up from a heart swelling and bursting with an-
guish, "My God, my God, why hast thou for-
saken me." He is borne to the rugged summit
of torture, and endures the weight of his agony,
the instrument of death still crushed by its over-
powering weight, and he gives up the Ghost,
reclaiming, "It is finished." Then the sun re-
fused to shine, the earth trembled—the everlast-
ing hills were shaken—the rocks were riven—the
veil of the temple was rent in twain—the
graves were opened, and some of the dead leaped
forth; angels rejoiced, and devils were dismay-
ed. All nature was wrapped in the pithy mantle
of chaotic darkness. But "it is finished." This
is heard above the groans and sighs of a mourn-
ing universe, and breaks through and silences
the confusion of the scene. "It is finished."
This is the charm of the Gospel, the joy of the
Christian, and the hope of the sinner. It is music
in the sinner's ear; 'tis life, light and peace.
Redemption is accomplished. A way to heaven
is opened up; heaven's gates are thrown open;
heaven's glories are hung out to the world. Sing
oh heavens and rejoice on earth, for the Lord
hath done it, his right hand his holy arm hath
gotten him the victory. The Lord hath done
great things for us, whereof we should be glad.
He was buried, but soon came forth from the
grave, and ascended on high, and became our
intercessor. Now my brother look up; no fiery
cherub guards the throne, for Jesus sits there
as your intercessor. No impenetrable darkness
clothes it, for Christ scattered it when he finish-
ed Redemption. Christians rejoice in it. Sin-
ners accept it and live. And when the song of
redemption by the blood of Christ shall go
from the world swept of its sins to commingle
with the song of everlasting ages, may we be
there filled with the life of God, and may we be
able to say, Lord, it has been done as thou didst
command, there am I and the children whom thou
didst give me. Then shall the Church in heav-
en say as Christ said on the cross, "It is finish-
ed."

Yours, &c.,
J. W. GOUGHAN.

Regent's Park College,
London, Aug. 4, 1859.

EDUCATED-MAN AND WOMAN.

The educated man—the educated woman;
how noble a spectacle do they present! Behold
him in the majestic beauty of his well-built
and carefully developed form; his senses true
and rapid; his strength unweakened by low in-
dulgence, and undiminished by laziness and neg-
lect. His sleep is sound and dreamless. He
wakes with the sun, and gazes with a never

ceasing wonder at the miracle of its rising. The
morning song of birds is music to his ear. He
steps forth from his chamber and trends with
delight upon the freshened earth. The early
breezes salute his keen senses, with a healthy
thrill. The blue heavens breathe a tranquil joy
into his uncontaminated soul. The hum of the
awakening world arouses his energies and draws
attraction to his customary labors. If he till the
earth, he walks a field with a brave and vigorous
step. If he be a professional man, he takes up
his unfinished task, with the happy conscious-
ness that good work shall be done to day. If he
be a teacher, he goes gladly and hopefully to the
scene of his appointed duties, and with ever re-
newing interest and hope, watches over the
daily growth of those—the young promise of the
land—whose minds and characters are entrusted
to his oversight and conscientious care.

Behold her, too, the paragon of intellectual,
moral and physical beauty—the educated wo-
man—the queen of the earth—the charm of so-
ciety—the best companion, adviser, guide, friend
of man—the better half of humanity. Culture
has added to her natural delicacy, a new refine-
ment. Letters have clothed her womanly grace
with the permanent charm of taste and intellect.
She moves in her destined path of duty, as if she
had descended from a higher sphere to adorn, delight
instruct and elevate society. The impaired weak-
ness of her sex is transformed into a strength,
whose gentle power is mightier than the boasted
strength of man. In prosperity she turns her
affluence to the noblest uses, and becomes the
almoner of heaven. Her presence sheds upon the
splendors of wealth a grace and a charm,
without which rich are a vulgar show. She
calls around her the creations of art and poetry
—herself the loveliest creation of them both.
She summons order out of chaos; she turns dis-
cord into harmony; she scatters moral darkness
by the genial sunshine of the soul. In adversity
her virtues shine out with the most lustre. Her
brave soul refuses to be cast down. Here, cer-
tainly, she rises to a conspicuous height above
him who is sometimes called her lord and
master.

With what uncompromising firmness she en-
counters privation; with what courageous devo-
tion she bows her noble beauty to the toils and
hardships which sudden poverty, like a cruel
conqueror, lays upon her. With what meek and
soul-subduing submission she accepts the most
burdensome conditions of existence, and without
a murmur leaves the enchanted bowers in which
her youth was passed to tread the rugged ways
of duty through the hard realities of life itself,
leaving to those who survive her the blessing
of her spotless example, and the undying memory
of her dying smile.

Can a whole community be formed of such
men and such women? or is the hope that such
a result may at some time or other, in some
blessed clime, be attained the dream of a vi-
sionary? Perhaps it is, but every step in the
moral and intellectual progress of the race is a
step toward such a consummation. At all
events, it will do no harm to set the mark—
to aim high; for our success will be high in pro-
portion.—Prof. Felton

From the Watchman and Reflector.
WASHINGTON AND LADY HUNTING-
DON.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon—of whom no
less than three highly interesting memoirs are
now circulating in this country, the first and best
of which was prepared by Mrs. H. C. Knight, a
lady of New England, and published by the Amer-
ican Tract Society of New York—was in every
way a truly remarkable woman. She was born
in England, in 1707. Her mother, a member of
the Shirley family, was the second daughter of
the second Washington, Earl Ferrars, and to
American Christians the fact has a special inter-
est, that a lady, so distinguished for station,
piety, and usefulness in the advancement of the
cause of Christ, was related to the illustrious
founder of the independence of our country.

Mr. Mapleson, the editor and illuminator of
"Pearls of American Poetry," has published an
illuminated sheet, showing the pedigree of Wash-
ington, from which it appears that Washing-
ton was related to Lady Huntingdon, not only
through her mother, but through her husband
also, Lord Huntingdon, then the head of the
house of Hastings, to whom she was married in
1738.

The pedigree of General Washington carries
back his descent to William de Herburn, lord
of the manor of Washington in the county of Dur-
ham. From him descended John Washington, of
Whitfield, in the time of Richard III.; and ninth
in descent was George, the first President of
the United States.

The mother of John Washington, who
emigrated to Virginia in 1667, and who was
great-grandfather to the general, was Eleanor
Hastings, daughter and heiress of John Hast-
ings, grandson to Francis, second Earl of Hunt-
ingdon. She was the descendant, through Lady
Huntingdon, of George, Duke of Clarence, brother
of King Edward IV., and Richard III., by
Isabel Nevil, daughter and heiress of Richard,
Earl of Warwick, celebrated as the kingmaker.
Washington, therefore, is common with our
Countess of Huntingdon, and all the descend-
ants of that marriage, was entitled to quarter
the armor of Hastings, Pole, Fair of Salisbury, Pla-
tagenet, Scotland, Mortimer, Earl of March,
Beauchamp, and Devereux.

In giving these facts, we are forcibly remind-
ed of a remark from the lips of Lady Hunting-
don herself,—that she had cause to bless God for
the letter M., without which the text, 1 Cor. 1, 26
would have read, Not any mighty, not any no-
ble are called." Nor with less interest do we
remember the lines of Robert Crittenden, Esq.,
an intimate friend of the Countess, who died in
London, in holy triumph, in 1763.

"Let others boast their ancient line,
In long succession great;
In the proud list let heroes shine,
And monarchs swell the State;
Descended from the King of kings,
Each saint a noble title sings."

ANGLO-AMERICAN.