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Miscellaneous Articles.

THE RECIPROCAL INFLUENCE OF THE EVANGELICAL
DENOMINATIONS.

It may seem to be quite a discovery to find a subject on which no book has been yet written, and it may also seem that one lays the world under no obligation to him for suggesting a new topic. But would not the world be the better for a volume that should skilfully trace the providential design of permitting so many diversities as are found in the creeds and forms of the Christian Church? Might not a McCosh add "Ecclesiastical" to the title, "The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral?"

At least one chapter of such a work should be headed as the present article is. The general influence of the variety of denominations in provoking one another's zeal, and thus multiplying the means of grace for the world, is plain enough. But it would be curious and instructive, and promotive of Christian harmony, could we see that there is a mutual action and reaction going on through all the existing diversities of the Church, the final end of which is to preserve and vivify the substantial and essential faith.

In thinking how our own section of the great family would stand in such a review, both as to the influence imparted and received, our position strikes me so favourably, that I could scarcely trust my impartiality to write the first part of that chapter. But I have made a few notes on the latter branch of the inquiry, which are at any body's service.

I suppose that Presbyterianism receives both a favourable and unfavourable effect from each of the other forms of Christianity with which it comes into association—that is, wherever any or all of the other forms exist in the same place with itself.

A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

MANY years ago, I visited a church in the eastern part of the State of —, not very far from the ocean. It is one in which the sainted Brainerd is known to have preached, on a sacramental occasion, when he was accompanied by a troop of his tawny converts. The house is very plain, after the manner of those days, and was reared by the descendants of a small Scottish emigration. But there is one object which gives venerable beauty to the edifice—it is surrounded by a spacious burying-ground, lying gracefully over the rounded crest of a hill, and shaded by clumps of ancient oaks, the survivors of a great forest. Here lie the people of several generations, with many a lettered stone, on which the children, who stray among the rank grass and spring-flowers, love to spell out the well-known family names. Vastly more touching, in my humble judgment, is this simple cemetery, than all the landscape-gardening of Mount Auburn, Greenwood, or Pere la Chaise. Without the aid of Hervey or Young, the thoughtful mind may here read lessons that quiet, instruct and elevate.

The month of May, in which I first visited this church, was genial and delightful, and many groups of worshippers were sprinkled over the field of the dead. Some walked in the green paths, some stood under the shady trees, and some, who were bowed with years, sat upon the broad tombstones; but all were serious and devout in their mien, for it was a communion season. Among all these persons, there was one who attracted instant attention, even before his character was known. He was a tall old man, of slender but erect form, with gray hairs that straggled from beneath his broad old-time hat. He scarcely leaned on the staff, which, like the clergy of all ages, he seemed to bear as a pastoral symbol. All who met him did him reverence; voices were hushed as he approached; many rose as he passed; yet the smallest children appeared happier for his greeting. For nearly forty years he had ministered to them, and had at length become the patriarch of the vicinage. I well remember the serene and gentle grace with which he would lead away some shrinking creature, all suffused with emotion, into the covert of a little grove, to administer words of cheering with regard to the approaching ordinance; and then with what grave control in his manner he would gather around him the grey-haired elders, to confer with them on cases arising out of the same solemnity. As the look and carriage of a good man spring, when he is unaffected, from inward sources of character, so they have their share in that influence which a faithful minister carries with him, more and more, upon all who come into his presence. Feelings thus produced, are made more solemn and enduring amidst the memorials of the dead. For who that walked among those hillocks could forget that this aged servant of God had preached to their forefathers, and that the congregation of the dead was far greater than that of the living?

It is abusing the simplicity of the gospel, and urging it to an extreme, to prohibit all records over the graves of the departed. Epitaphs are often foolish and often false, but sometimes they are as edifying as sermons. The dead are not lost. The spot where they lie should have a record. Such a record is found in the simple monument. Let us not forget how carefully the Scriptures indicate the burial-place of many saints. The humblest grave-stone testifies concerning the resurrection, and may speak warning or consolation to the passer-by.

The churchyard in a colder season presents a different scene, yet one which has suggested some fine thoughts to a great poet of our day:—

“ Thus, when in changeful April snow hath fallen,
 And fields are white, if from the sullen north
 Your walk conduct you hither, ere the sun
 Hath gained his noontide height, this chdrchyard, filled
 With mounds transversely lying side by side
 From east to west, before you will appear
 An unilluminated, blank, and dreary plain,
 With more than wintry cheerfulness and gloom
 Saddening the heart. Go forward, and look back ;
 Look, from the quarter whence the land of light,
 Of life, of love, and gladness doth dispense
 His beams ; which unexcluded in their fall,
 Upon the southern side of every grave
 Have gently exercised a melting power,
 Then will a vernal prospect meet your eye,
 All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,
 Hopeful and cheerful:—vanished is the snow,
 Vanished or hidden ; and the whole domain,
 To some too lightly minded might appear
 A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.”

C. Q.

A WELL-ORDERED CONVERSATION.

[Being part of a sermon preached in New York, 1707, by the Rev. FRANCIS MAKEMIE, the father of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.*]

I proceed to describe, or to show to you, what a WELL-ORDERED CONVERSATION is, or wherein it consists. And this is the next head, and so requisite to be explained, that I cannot apprehend how any can be convinced of the want thereof, or engaged to promote,

* We are indebted to PETER FORCE, Esq., of Washington City, for a copy of this famous sermon, preached by *Francis Makemie*, in New York, for which he suffered imprisonment. A brief account of the circumstances of his imprisonment is given in the first volume of the *Presbyterian Magazine*, pp. 30, 31. The Church is under obligations to Mr. Force for his antiquarian skill in rescuing this sermon from oblivion, and in preserving it in his valuable library. We render to him this public acknowledgment for his kindness in sending a beautiful manuscript copy for the *Presbyterian Magazine*.

The sermon is much longer than we expected, and would take up nearly 30 pages of the *Magazine*. We may continue the extracts hereafter. The following is an outline of the plan of the sermon: the text being, “ *To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God,*” Ps. l. 23. After an introduction, the author, 1. Lays