

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## ANÉCDOTES OF CHRISTIAN MINISTERS.

*Bishop Andrews.*—The Bishop of Ely, in his funeral sermon, for this excellent prelate, thus delineates his character:—His admirable Knowledge in the learned tongues, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, besides other modern tongues, to the number of fifteen, as I am informed, was such, and so rare, that he may well be ranked as one of the rarest linguists in Christendom. Of this reverend prelate, I may say his life was a life of prayer. A great part of five hours every day he spent in prayer and devotion to God. After the death of his brother, Thomas Andrews, whom he loved dearly, he began to reckon of his own, which he said would be in the end of the summer, or the beginning of winter. And when his brother Nicholas Andrews, died, he took that as a certain warning of his own death; and, from that time to the hour of his dissolution, he spent his time in prayer. And in his last sickness continued, when awake, to pray audibly, till his strength failed, and then by lifting up his eyes and hands, showed that he still prayed; and then, when voice, eyes, and hands, failed in their office, his countenance shewed that he still prayed and praised God in his heart, till it pleased God to receive his blessed soul to himself, which was about four o'clock in the morning of Monday the 25th of September, 1626.

*Bishop Hutton.*—While Dr. Hutton was bishop of Durham he was once travelling between Wensleydale and Snyleton, when he suddenly dismounted, and having delivered his horse to the care of one of his servants, he retired to a particular spot, at some distance from the highway, when he knelt down, and continued for some time in prayer. On his return, one of his attendants took the liberty of inquiring his reason for this singular act; when the bishop informed him that when he was a poor boy, he travelled over that cold and bleak mountain without shoes or stockings, and that he remembered disturbing a cow on the identical spot where he prayed, that he might warm his feet and legs on the place where she had lain.

His feelings of gratitude would not allow him to pass the place without presenting his thanksgivings to God for the favour he had since shown him.

*Bishop Butler.*—The late Rev. John Newton relates, that a friend of his once dined with Dr. Butler, then bishop of Durham; and though the guest was a man of fortune, and the interview by appointment, the provision was no more than a joint of meat and a pudding. The Bishop apologized for this plain fare, by saying that it was his manner of living, and that, being disgusted with the fashionable expense of time and money in entertainments, he was determined it should receive no countenance from his example. Nor was this conduct the result of covetousness; for, large as were his revenues, such was his liberality to the poor, that he left at his death little more than enough to discharge his debts and pay for his funeral.

## PIOUS MOTHERS.

Facts often carry more force than arguments.—Bishop Hall, speaking in tender and affectionate terms of his mother, says, "How often have I blessed the memory of those divine passages of experimental divinity, which I have heard from her mouth! What day did she pass without being much engaged in private devotion? Never have any lips read to me such feeling lectures of piety as her's. In a word, her life and death were saint-like."

Philip Henry, usually called, on account of the spirituality of his mind and the amiableness of his conduct, 'the heavenly Henry,' was, in his earliest years trained up by his fond parents in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and he retained to the end of his life, a lively sense of the benefit thus received.—'If ever,' says he, 'any child such as I was between the tenth and fifteenth year of my age, enjoyed line upon line, precept upon precept, I did; and was it in vain? I trust not altogether in vain. My soul rejoiceth and is glad at the remembrance of it. The word distilled as dew, and dropped as the rain. Bless the Lord, O my soul; as long as I live I will bless the Lord; I will praise my God while I have my being. Had it been only the restraint that it laid upon me, whereby I was kept from the common sins of other children and youth, such as cursing and swearing, and Sabbath breaking, I was bound to be very thankful;

so that it prevailed, through grace, effectually to bring me to God; how much am I indebted to him! what shall I render to him!'

Mr. Gilpin gives a pleasing picture of the attention given by Mrs. Gilpin to the education of his excellent son, especially in the earlier stages of the work.—She was skilled in all the proper methods of dealing with his gentle spirit, and could elevate his yielding thoughts to God by the most familiar representations. She knew all the direct approaches to his heart, and was constantly watching the most favorable opportunities for making serious impressions on his mind. By her intimate acquaintance with the holy Scriptures, she was prepared to entertain him with narratives of the most interesting kind; while by her piety she was enabled to turn that entertainment to some profitable purpose. Methinks I see him, at this moment, sitting in his little chair by the side of his tender guardian, and listening to her instructions with a face full of eager attention. Many a time have I seen her so occupied, while I have silently solicited a blessing upon their happy employment. Such were our joint labors, to raise our willing child, step by step, towards the fountain-head of blessedness; and our efforts were crowned with more than ordinary success."—*Christian Witness.*

## M. BRIDAINE.

Bridaine was one of the most celebrated of the French preachers. Marmontel relates that in his sermons he sometimes had recourse to the interesting method of parables, with a view the more forcibly to impress important truths on the minds of his hearers. Preaching on the sufferings of Jesus Christ, he expressed himself thus:—A man accused of a crime of which he was innocent, was condemned to death by the iniquity of his judges. He was led to punishment, but no gibbet was prepared, nor was there any executioner to perform the sentence. The people moved with compassion, hoped that this sufferer would escape death. But one man raised his voice, and said, 'I am going to prepare a gibbet, and I will be executioner.' You groan with indignation! Well my brethren, in each of you I behold this cruel man. Here are no Jews to day, to crucify Jesus Christ—but you dare to rise up, and say, 'I will crucify him.' Marmontel adds, that he heard the words pronounced by the preacher, though very young, with all the dignity of an Apostle, and with the most powerful emotion; and that such was the effect, that nothing was heard but the sobs of the auditory.

## RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

Religious newspapers may be, very properly regarded as periodical tracts;—and because periodical, and prepared in view of existing states of public feeling, and in reference to that feeling, they have some peculiar advantages over other tracts. In point of cheapness, in proportion to the quantity of matter, they are unrivalled. As a means of doing good, we know of no mode in which truth can be more cheaply and acceptably diffused, than through their columns. Have you a poor neighbour who would gladly hear of the operations of benevolence, and of the results of the efforts to extend the kingdom of Christ? In addition to your own paper, can you, at the same expense do a more benevolent work, than to subscribe for a religious paper for his use? Have you a poor neighbour who drinks ardent spirit, notwithstanding all the light shed on this dangerous practice, in modern times? How can you do a better service to your community—how show in a more effective manner, that you love your neighbour as yourself, than by taking an additional copy of a religious paper for his use? Have you—who has not—a friend who has removed to the far West—or to some other remote part of the land,—would you not do well to imitate the example of one, at least, of our subscribers, and send him every week a printed letter to gladden his heart, in the shape of a religious newspaper? You may not be able, on account of the distance; to whisper a word of encouragement, or of admonition to your friend,—or to talk with him on a multitude of topics of deep and passing interest;—but send him a religious paper, and once a week you may, in effect, give him such counsel, and impress on his mind such truths, as you would desire to give and impress, if he were to be in your company an hour or two, every seventh day.—*Connecticut Observer.*

*The Bible a Missionary.*—Eternal Truth is winning its glorious way into midnight recesses of hoary error. The intelligence that comes from the ancient empire of China respecting the influence of the sacred Scriptures in that land of darkness, is of the most encouraging character, and should be engraved on the banners of the Bible Society every where. Mr. Abeel, the American missionary to China, was at London during the last anniversaries of the benevolent societies, and gave the following noble testimony in favor of the 'Book of Books' in China: Mr. Abeel said—'He knew but one missionary in whom he could place complete confidence. That missionary he had met in China; he was instructed in languages, and diligent in exertion; he had made voyages from island to island; he had gone forth unaided and alone; he had entered villages and hamlets; he had dared to enter the palace of him who was called 'the Son of Heaven,' and had ventured to tell him of the true way to heaven. That missionary had done the speaker the honor to be his companion, and such another companion he never expected to find. Where he could not go, that missionary went; what he could not do, that missionary did. He had never left him in entering regions which had no teacher, he was still his companion. He went among all classes—he abode with him for weeks at a time, he animated all his exertions; and what was most remarkable, with all his powers, with all his elevation of soul, he became his servant. He entered even the junks, and taught the mariners. He went on, and entered China itself. Surely the audience would all desire to know who he was. He would tell them who he was not; he was not a Churchman, nor a Dissenter—he was not a Calvinist, nor an Arminian—he was not an American, nor an Englishman, nor a Scotchman, nor a Hollander. He appeared to hate all sects, and many of those who were the most prominent he had never mentioned. That missionary was the Bible.'—*Missis. Chris. Her.*

*An Important Question.*—A number of intimate friends, dining together one day, a certain individual of the company said, *It is a question*, whether we shall go to heaven or not. It was afterwards that this one sentence proved, by the special blessing of God, instrumental to the conversion of some of them. Has my little reader, when in company with his school fellows, ever thought of this question? Ever made this inquiry? Ever asked himself whether he is going to heaven or hell? It is certain you are going to one of these places, and going very rapidly? and while you are reading this, some are taking their seats in heaven, and others are making their bed in hell. Choose which you will have, and resolve, by the assistance of God's Spirit, you will now set out for heaven. Sometimes an inquiry of this kind is attended with special benefit. A Mr. K. was once preaching in London on the Lord's day, when a heavy and unexpected shower of rain coming on, several Sabbath-breakers took shelter in the place where he was preaching. Among them was a young man who personally knew the preacher, who came from the country; he therefore waited till the service was concluded, to inquire of Mr. K. after the welfare of some relations. The preacher gave him the desired information, and added, 'Your good aunt and religious mother have both lately gone to heaven; but which way are you going? What will your pious mother say, if she should miss her William there? Though the sermon had not the least effect, this sentence struck him to the heart, and God made it the means of his conversion. Which way is my young friend going? Will no father or mother, no minister, or Sunday school teacher miss, you in heaven, if you should now die? Think of this before it be to late. And may God make it the means of your conversion.'—*Presbyterian.*

*Action.*—If there be a place in creation, where propriety of speech, solemnity of manner, and decency of action be exhibited, surely the pulpit is the place. It is said of Dr. Doddridge, that in one of his diaries, there was an account of an admonition he had received of a friend, concerning an improper gesture in his public prayers, which had seemed to denote a want of reverence to God, upon which he writes, 'I would engrave this admonition upon my heart.' A word to the wise is enough.—*Back.*