The Church.

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Poetry.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With holy reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof
Lo! death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh! change—Oh! wond'rous change—
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The Sun eternal wakes—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

RULES FOR A HOLY LIFE.

A Letter to the Right Hon. GEORGE, EARL OF BERKLEY, *from* MARY, COUNTESS OF WARWICK—*Born November*, 1624.

(*Continued from our last.*)

My next advice to you is, to make a good choice of your friends, and to keep company most with those of them who are civil, religious and ingenious, for such company will be both pleasant and advantageous to you; but the ranting gamester's company ought to be displeasing to you; for I am sure you may get a great deal of ill by them and no good, therefore let such company be rather a punishment than a choice.

Next I would desire you to be as cheerful as you can; and, to that purpose, I would recommend to you that gaiety of goodness that will make you most pleasing to yourself and others.

And now, my Lord, as your friend, you must give me leave not only to give you good counsel, but my own experience also, like nurses who feed their children with nothing but what they have first digested into milk, and to assure you, that however the Devil and wicked men may persuade you, religion will make you melancholy, I can assert from my own experience, that nothing can give you that serenity and composedness of mind, as a well and orderly led life. This will keep you clear from all those sad remorses and checks of conscience which follow an ill action. This will give you that "peace of God which passes all understanding," and the continual feast of a good conscience. This will make you "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." This will quiet your wishes, so that you shall find that the consolations of God are not small. You will find that you have made a happy exchange, having gold for brass—pearls for pebbles; for truly, my Lord, I am, upon trial, convinced that all the pleasures of this world are not satisfactory. We expect a great deal more from them than we find, for the pleasures die in their birth; and therefore, as Bishop Hall says, "are not worthy to come into the Bills of Mortality." I confess, for my own part, though I had as much in this kingdom to please me, and was an eye-witness to all the glories of the court, and was young and vain enough to endeavour to have my share of its vanities, yet that I never found that they satisfied me: God having given me a nature incapable of satisfaction in anything below the highest excellency. I never, in all my life, experienced real satisfying comfort but in the ways of God; and I am very confident that your Lordship never will. Therefore I beseech you to make the experiment, and then I verily believe you will be of my opinion, that all the "ways of religion are pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace."

When you have spent what time you think fit in your recreations, in visiting your friends, or receiving visits from them, then I would have you every day set some time apart for reading good books and for meditation. Do not fear that a little time alone should make you melancholy; for the way not to be alone is to be alone; and you will find yourself never less alone than when you are so; for certainly that God who makes all others good company, must needs be best Himself.

Be often in the profitable work of self-examination. Be not a stranger at home; but pray St. Augustine's prayer: "Lord, make me to know Thee and myself." You will find the practice of this rule conduce much to the good of your soul. This will make you see what sin is most predominant, and what grace is most weak, and therefore has need of strengthening; it will keep sin from growing undiscerned upon you. Remember, my Lord, the best gardens have need of weeding, or else they will be soon run over; and that the most delicate house must be often swept, or else there will be much dirt and dust in it.

Meditation is a most profitable duty. I would therefore have you meditate sometimes on the transitoriness and dissatisfyingness of all this world's glories. Your Lordship, young as you are, has seen such strange revolutions as are sufficient to convince you that there is nothing certain in this life and that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. God has in our own age cast contempt upon princes, and stained all the glory of human excellencies to make us cease to put confidence in man whose breath is in his nostrils—for wherein is he to be accounted of? God hath humbled all the gods of the earth, that He might be God alone; and hath embittered the stream that we might apply at the fountain. In this matter often meditate, and thus you will be kept from over-loving any sublunary enjoyment.

Next would I have you meditate sometimes on the shortness of life, and the uncertaintly of the time of your death; on the dark abysses of eternity, and the great account you must give of all you have done in the body whether it be good or evil. "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to receive what we have done in the body whether good or evil." I would not keep you to such awful thoughts as these too long, and therefere I would have you think of the joys of heaven, and of "that rest which remains for the people of God;" of that better country, that is, a heavenly one,—of that city that has foundations whose maker and builder is God; and of those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, but which God hath laid up for them that love him; for heaven will make us happy, not as philosophy pretends to do by the refinement, but by the finition of our desires. There we shall be past doing as well as suffering ill. There all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and we shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. They are unmixed blessings which are reserved for a better life. We shall then enjoy health without sickness, pleasure without sorrow, and happiness to eternity.—But that which is above all, we shall be ever with the Lord and see him who shall be all in all to us. Yea, we shall follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. I would have you frequent in such meditations as these, that whilst you are musing the fire of heavenly devotion may be kindled and inflame your heart with love to God, that your meditation of Him may be sweet.

I would also recommedd to you the frequenting the public ordinances, which are excellent helps to devotion; for faith comes by hearing; and God hath promised that he will wait upon him shall renew their strength and that he will make them joyful in his house of prayer.

I know your Lordship too well to persuade you to works of charity for I am not ignorant that your Lordship abounds in good works: only to encourage you to continue in the exercise of it, I would put you in mind of some promises, how that God hath said, "He that gives to the poor lendeth to the Lord;" and "that whosoever gives to a disciple in the name of a disciple though it be but a cup of cold water, shall not lose his reward."

And now, my Lord, I fear I have tired you with too many tedious rules, and therefore I shall put an end to them, when I have added this one more, which is to conclude the day always of prayer; and not to give sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids till you have called yourself to an account, what mercies you have received in the day that you may praise God for them, and what sins you have committed in the day that you may be humbled for them remembering what the good primate of Armagh said "that the best man living did enough in one day to bring him upon his knees at night," therefore every night make you peace with God remembering that many have shut their eyes in healthful sleep, and yet waked in another world.

My Lord, I have now done with my rules which I would never have ventured upon had you not assured me you were confident they would by God's grace do you good, and also promised me faithfully that you would practice them which promise I must beg your Lordship to perform, and then I shall be much satisfied for I assure your Lordship I am so much your friend, as that I cannot but with great earnestness desire the salvation of your soul; and indeed all professions of friendship are empty if they do not aim and design all they can to make their friends eternally happy, which I beseech your Lordship to believe is the earnest desire of

My Lord,
Your affectionately,
&c. &c.

TRAITS OF THE REFORMATION.

(*From "The English Reformation," by the Rev. F. C. Massingberd, M. A.*)

There was a gentleman of Shropshire, Edward Burton of Longnor, who was strongly attached to the reformed doctrine. He had often been compelled to hide himself for fear of being called to account for his religion, the exercise of which he had privately continued at his own house throughout these dangerous times. He was an aged man, but his feelings were alive to the miseries of his country, and the afflictions of the Church. The report of the Queen's [Mary's] illness had reached his residence near Shrewsbury, when one morning the church-bells of St. Chad's were heard to ring merrily, and he thought it possible these sounds might announce the accession of Elizabeth to the throne. His son undertook to go to learn the news; and as the road by which he was to return passed in front of the house on the opposite side of the river, to reach the bridge below, it was agreed that, if the surmise should prove true, he should wave his handkerchief as he passed, to signify it to his father. The old man watched for his return, and saw the signal; it told of restored peace and liberty, not to himself only, but to his country and his religion; and he went into his house, and breathed his *nunc dimittis* [Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace], and laid him down and died. They buried him in his garden, because it was not yet lawful to bury a heretic in a churchyard; and his epitaph, preserved by his descendants, relates the incident, and why he was like his Saviour in his place of sepulture.

It was with such men as this, and not with those who acted a more prominent part upon the public stage, not in the retainers of political faction, or those who sought only for spoil, that the reformation gained its moral strength. The persecution drove earnest men to think and meditate why they ranged themselves on either side, and inquiry could not be repressed. A stubborn opponent of the reformed doctrines, Julius Palmer was a spectator of the death of Latimer and Ridley. Their fortitude and faithfulness had such an effect upon him, that he could not rest till he had searched the Scriptures to ascertain the grounds of the faith which they professed. The result was conviction to himself, and a determination to offer himself to the same trial. He persevered and suffered at the stake. Constantine Ponce de la Fuente was among the Spanish Ecclesiastics, who attended Philip to this country. He had been one of the preachers of Charles V., and his learning and eloquence made his character as famous as his private worth made him beloved. He returned to Spain, and began to expound Scripture and write catechisms for his countrymen: but when the people crowded at his preaching, he was almost immediately accused and imprisoned. His death, in a dark cell of the Inquisition, left only his effigy to be burned at the stake. Charles V. heard of his arrest a short time before his own death; "If Ponce is an heretic," he said, "it is time to look to it; for he is no common man."

How fatal it was at this period to attempt to instruct the people, was seen in the story of Carranza, whom we have mentioned as confessor to Queen Mary. He was a man of great distinction in his own country, and one of the divines sent from Spain to the council of Trent. He was firmly attached to the Church of Rome, as Pole was, with whom, during his residence in England, he formed a great intimacy. He had preached at many executions of heretics in Spain; and he was not slack in the same kind of occupation while he resided in England, for it was during his residence that most of the burnings took place, and he probably suggested the instructions which Mary gave about sermons at such scenes, at the beginning of the persecution. But he was not quite bad enough for the bad spirits of his own party. He was learned, and had been captivated in his youth with the writings of Erasmus. He thought that terror was a good instrument to maintain unity, but instruction a better. He was employed in England in preparing a catechism in the Spanish language, to give a little knowledge to the people; and he thought that all ought to be allowed to read the Scriptures. This was enough to raise a host of enemies against him. He was, however, promoted by Philip, in 1559, to the dignity of Primate of Spain; and he came into his province and was shortly after summoned to the death-bed of Charles V. When he came, he found the Emperor near his end; holding in his hand a crucifix, and falling on his knees by his bedside, he said, "Let your Majesty be of good comfort; sin hath no more power—the death of Jesus Christ hath blotted out all that was against you—all is pardoned." A monk of the order of St. Jerome, who was in the apartment, noted down his words, and called others who were present as witnesses. It was considered that he had by these words intended to express his contempt for the sacrament of confession since he had given the Emperor absolution before he had confessed him. He was accused to the Inquisition, seized, and imprisoned; and passed the remainder of his life, sixteen long years, a prisoner, first at Valladolid, and afterwards at Rome.

REMINISCENCES.

(*From the Protestant Churchman.*)

It was in the year 18—, that a couple of students, with myself, were seated in Bishop Hobart's study, preparing for recitation, when a visitor was announced. It was Dr. William Smith, of Connecticut. The old gentleman listened attentively to us when the Bishop began to put his questions. The subject, if I recollect rightly, led to some remarks upon the proper performance of the occasional services, and especially the burial service. As a pause occurred, the Dr. suddenly asked each of us the question.—"Have you committed that office to memory?"—"No sir."—"Then I advise you, young gentleman to set about it at once; learn all these offices by heart." "Why so, Dr.?" asked the Bishop. "Would you have them to keep the book out of view as if they were ashamed of it?" "Surely not was the reply. "But I would have them feel independent of the book. Suppose they are called to bury a person at night, must they call to the sexton to bring them a lantern? No. Let them set to work and learn the office." "Right, right," said the Bishop, "learn them at once." The hint was taken as it was meant, and many, many a time, in the chamber of sickness, and at the grave, have I found how essential it is to a clergyman's comfort and usefulness, and the proper performance of our services, to need no *book or light*.

THE PALACE OF DAVID.

To the left of the platform, the temple, and the walls of Jerusalem, the hill which supports the city suddenly sinks, stretches itself, and descends in gentle slopes, sometimes by terraces of falling stones. On its summit, at some hundred paces from Jerusalem, stand a mosque, and a group of Turkish ediffices, not unlike a European hamlet, crowned with its church and steeple. This is Sion! the palace, the tomb of David! the seat of his inspiration and of his joys, of his life and his repose! A spot doubly sacred to me, who have so often felt my heart touched, and my thoughts rapt by the sweet singer of Israel! *The first poet of sentiment! the king of lyrics.* Never have human fibres vibrated so harmonious, so deep, so penetrating, so solemn. Never has the imagination of poet been set so high, never has its expression been so true. Never has the soul of man expanded itself before man, and before God, in tones and sentiments so tender, so sympathetic, and so heartfelt! All the most secret murmurs of the human heart found their voice and their note, on the lips and the harp of this minstrel? And if we revert to the remote period when such chants were first echoed on the earth; if we consider that at the same period the lyric poetry of the most cultivated nations sang only of wine, love, war, and the victories of the muses, or of the coursers at the Eleian games, we dwell with profound astonishment on the mystic accents of the prophet-king, who addresses God the Creator, as friend talks to friend; comprehends and adores his wonders, admires his judgments, implores his mercies, and seems to be an anticipatory echo of the evangelical poetry, repeating the mild accents of Christ before they had been heard by the philosopher or the Christian, neither of them can deny the poet-king an inspiration bestowed on no other man! Read Horace or Pindar after a psalm! For my part I cannot!

I, the feeble poet of an age of silence and decay, had I domesticated at Jerusalem, should have selected for my residence and abiding place, precisely the spot which David chose for his at Sion. Here is the most beautiful view in all Judea, Palestine, or Galilee. To the left lies Jerusalem with its temple and its edifices, over which the eyes of the king or of the poet might rove at large without his being seen from thence. Before him, fertile gardens descending in steep declivities lead to the bed of that torrent, in the roar and foam of which he delights. Lower down, the valley opens and extends itself; fig trees, pomegrnates, and olives overshadowing it. On one of these rocks suspended over the rolling tide, in one of these sonorous grottoes, refreshed by the breeze and by the murmur of the waters; or at the foot of a terebinthus, ancestor of that which shelters me, the divine poet doubtless awaited those inspirations which he so melodiously poured forth! And why will they not here also visit me, that I might recount in song the griefs of my heart, and of the hearts of all men, in these days of perplexity, even as he sang of hopes in an era of youth and of faith? Song, alas! no longer survives in the heart of man, for despair sings not! And until some new beam shall descend upon the obscurity of our times, terrestrial lyres will remain mute, and mankind will pass in silence from one abyss of doubt to another, having neither loved, nor prayed, nor sang.—*Lamartine.*

THE BOOK OF CONSCIENCE OPENED.

(*By Bishop Stillingfleet.*)

How full of terror will the proceedings of that day be, wherein all secrets shall be disclosed, all actions examined, and all persons judged? That will be *the day of the Revelation of the righteous judgment of God* (Rom. ii. 5). This is the time of darkness, and therefore of disputes and quarrels; but then the wisdom and justice of divine providence shall be made manifest to all; *for every one shall receive according to his work:* and none will wonder at the sentence when they have seen the evidence. Then the most secret impurities, the most subtle hypocrisy, the most artificial fraud, and the most dissembled malice, shall be laid open to public view. For then *God will bring to light the hidden things of darkness*, and *will make manifest the counsels of the hearts* (1 Cor. iv. 5). Then all the intrigues of lust and ambition, so much the talk and business of the world, will be nothing but men's shame and reproach in the next. With what horror will they then behold all the sins of their lives set in order before them, when they seemed in this life, next to the committing them, to design as much as may be to forget them? Happy men! if their consciences were like their table-books, that they could blot out and put in what they pleased themeelves. Then all the black catalogue of their sins would be presently expunged, and they would have nothing to be seen there, but the characters of what seemed to be good. For though men be never so vicious, they neither care that others should think so of them, nor they of themselves. Of all things they do not love to dispute where they cannot answer, and that is their case in all the retorts of conscience upon them. They know that there is no drolling with so sour a piece as that within them is, for that makes the smartest and most cutting repartees, which they are uneasy to hear, but impossible to answer. Therefore they study their own quiet, by seeking to keep that silent; and since they never hope to make conscience dumb, they would have it sleep as much as may be: and although the starts it sometimes makes show that the most sleepy sinners have some troublesome dreams, yet, if it does not thoroughly awake in this world, it will do it with a vengeance in another. Then there will be no music and dancing which can cure the biting of this *tarantula* within; no opium of stupidity, or atheism, will be able to give one minute's rest. How will men then curse themselves for their own folly in being so easily tempted; and all those who laid traps and snares to betray them by? What different apprehensions of sin will they have then from what they have now, while they are beset with temptations to it? Oh! will a forsaken sinner then say, had I ever believed as I ought to have done, that this would have been the fruit of a sinful life, I should have taken more care to prevent this misery than I have done! But, oh! the folly of intemperance, the mischief of ambition, the rage of lust, the unsatiableness of covetousness, the madness of debauchery, and the dullness of atheism! what have ye now brought me to, with all your pleasures and promises, and flatteries, while I lost my soul in your service? Oh that I had time to grow wise again, and once more to try whether I could withstand the cheats and witchcraft of a deceitful world! Now all my sins are as fresh before me as if committed yesterday, and their burden is heavier than the weight of mountains, however light I made of them then; I need no judge to condemn me but mine own conscience. Oh that I could as easily see an end of my misery, as I do that I have deserved that there should be none! Thus shall the Book of Conscience be opened at that day in the heart of every impenitent sinner, wherein like Ezekiel's roll he finds written within and without, *lamentation and mourning and woe* (Ezek. ii. 10).

THE STREETS OF CANTON.

(*From the Dublin University Magazine.*)

As there is no part of the world so densely populated as China, so there is no part of the empire so densely populated as Canton. The streets are exceedingly narrow, and in many places hardly sufficient to allow the crowded population to pass. There are no wheel-carriages to use. The passenger walking through the town is constantly jostled by the chair-bearers of the mandarins, or wealthy merchants. Recovered from such a shock, a colee or porter, bearing a burden, knocks him against the wall with a sort of grunt, while he is shuffled in an opposite direction by a second. Peculiarly curious to English eyes are the number and variety of live stock which are exposed for sale in those narrow streets—puppy dogs yelping in bamboo cages, kittens mewing, rats squeaking, fowls clucking, ducks quacking, geese cackling, and pigs grunting. Fish swimming, and earthworms, slugs, &c., variously disposed, are exhibited in tubs and earthen pans. A barber close by twangs his iron tweezers to call his customers near him; another operates upon a patient customer, seated on a tripod-stand—plaiting his tail, cleaning his ears, shaving his head and face, extracting all long and superfluous hair from his eyelashes, eye-brows and nose, and finishing off by a good thumping of his back, and cracking his joints. Hard by is an itinerant vender of cooked food, with an enormous reed umbrella, dispensing rice, fat pork, and stews swimming in oil and soy, which he serves out in small bowls and basins to his hungry customers, who devour the mess with an epicure's gout. Beside this merchant is seated a brother itinerant, the vender of sweet-meats. A little farther on stands a bookseller, exposing his library, the contents of two boxes which he hawks about. In this vicinity is a fortune-teller, in the act of unfolding the future to an anxious dupe, and a doctor decorated with a string of human teeth around his neck expanding before him. Then an aged woman [illegible] by the scen, with feet three inches long, seated under an umbrella, mending old clothes, while a passer-by wanting a button sewed on, repairs to her, and remunerates her with "cash."

Not far distant, a leprous beggar exhibits his disgusting sores, and rattles two pieces of bamboo, to attract attention. Suppose the air filled with the noises, cries, and vociferations of these various venders, and of the constantly changing throng of human beings, and some slight conception may be formed of Canton on approaching the Hog Lane. Going through this thoroughfare, which is occupied by spirit shops and stores of all kinds, announcements such as the following arrest the eye: —"Ingli is ere spok;" "Jack all ting ere find will;" with other of a similar orthography. This street is frequented by sailors, and being the resort of the very lowest and most depraved, Jack often gets robbed, and becoming crusty, uses his fists, when a general *scrimmage* takes place.

NEANDER.

The American student will not remain long at Berlin, without seeking an introduction to Neander. Near the head of Charlotte-street, on the left, you find the entrance to his house; and if the hour of your call be the hour for reception of company, you find a ready access to his study. Out of the half dozen or dozen in the room, you are at a loss to whom to make your address, till one of the number, in an old German Schlafrock, presents himself. You take him for the professor's servant, and immediately begin to speculate upon the physical distressing extremeties to which the working classes in Prussia must be reduced. You hand your letter. The waiting man reads it,—probably this is the way in Germany; he then extends his hand, and gives you a welcome in English! You find you have made a slight mistake. This man in untidy dress, half combed, black hair, with a sprinkling of grey ones,—is the veritable professor himself. If you measure a little over five feet, you are in stature just upon a level with him. His Jewish physiognomy excites no surprise, for he is by birth of the stock of Israel; and yet, despite of heavy eyebrows, timid eyes, and sallow complexion, a decided benevolent expression lights up his countenance. One little peculiarity you will be likely to remember, and that his the grasp, or rather absence of a grasp of his hand. His arm you fancy to be an elongated, flaccid piece of cartilage. He seems to have no bones, no muscles. It is not strange then that he should have no manners. By this is not meant that he is unmannerly, but a negation of all manners, good, bad, and indifferent, intended.

Neander shows more cordiality than could be expected from a recluse scholar, and a student of antiquity; still he might like you full as well if you were done up in vellum, and labelled St. Crysostom, or St. Bernard. Warm sympathies he has with the present, with living men; men who can converse, as well as those who have written; but he looks at them far less in their personal and local, than in their philosophical relations, No one can find fault with him for this, but it is connected with peculiarities of abstraction which are strikingly singular. It is a current saying in Berlin, that, to this day, the professor cannot find his way along to the University, although the distance from his house does not exceed the fourth of a mile. He never goes out except accompanied by a sister, or some other guide. He is short sighted, to be sure, but it is owing more to habits of severe and constant study, that he is so little observant of "the things that are seen." Indeed the sentence in the fac-simile under his engraved likeness is appropriate to his physical as well as his spiritual being;—"Now we see through a glass darkly."

In the lecture room he always commences by taking up an old pen or quill, deposited expressly for the purpose upon the desk before him; This he twirls, twists, and snaps incessantly, till the lecture is finished. To this habit he is a perfect bond-servant. Having only a brief before him, he would not be able to proceed at all, without this monito.

Opening any one of the many books upon his study table, or study floor, you need not be surprised if louis d'or slip out, the half yearly fee of some student who has a receipt for this payment, of which the professor has no recollection, and very little care. He really is not competent to take care of money or of himself. Either is liable at any time to be lost between the lids of a folio.

A SUNSET THOUGHT FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

(*From Fraser's Magazine.*)

Walking once along a shady lane, while the harvest-moon glittered through the trees upon the corn-fields, darkened here and there through the piled-up sheaves, I met a party of gleaners returning to their cottages with their little bundles of wheat upon their heads. The Saturday evening of the Christian may be compared to the [illegible] of the sleeper. He too has been wandering over many a field of hope, of learning, or of business. Saturday evening is the gate of Sunday,—before him lies—

"The Sabbath-ground to vernal sunshine left."

At this gate we ought to sit down and think over all the temptations, the struggles, the hopes, the blessings, the consolations of the week that his gone:—

"Themes of graver tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found,
Unlook'd for, life preserved, and peace restored."

Herbert regarded the Sabbath of our lifes as the pearls of the Christian year; how diligently and how reverently we have treasured them, will only be known in the day when God shall make up his jewels. Every sixth day throughout the year, the path of life conducts us to the vestibule of Sunday. These regular returns of sacred repose from toil, are admirably adapted to revive in our hearts the flames of decaying devotion. Upon each Sabbath morning we rise, as it were, from the grave of our week-day sorrow and corruption. We touch, with the finger of humble faith, the hem of Christ's garment, in the teaching of His hallowed word. We cannot, indeed, go out to meet our Lord with the crowds that welcomed Him from Bethany to Jerusalem, but we meet Him spiritually when we cherish any pure thought or holy inclination, we bear olive branches when we diffuse peace through our own and our neighbours' home; we have palms in our hands, when we vanquish the temptations and allurements of sin; we are crowned with flowers if we cultivate the Christian virtues, and put on the ornament of a meek and quite spirit; we strew our garments in his way, if we cast aside for His sake the trappings of pride, and the rich apparel of human praise; our hosannas are repeated in every honour shown to His name; we praise Him in the internal melody of the heart; we proclaim him by the rhetoric of an innocent life.

The consecrated precincts of the Sabbath are not to be approached without solemn preparation. The traveller who reaches his home through the perils and hardships of the eastern desert washes his feet, and anoints his head before he reclines at the supper of welcome. The wilderness of human life is not less wearisome, not less painful with dust and glare. Satrefreshment, and repose; while already from the dawning day of holiness, the lights shine into his eyes,

"Mild as opening gleams of promised heaven."

Such blessings are not to be carelessly received or indifferently thrown aside. Every Saturday evening should find us looking over our accounts with time. "He is happy indeed, who can secure every hour to a pious employment." We may be sober, if the world will not always give us time to be pious; above all, it becomes us to ponder upon the saying of Bishop Butler, that resolutions are lesser *acts*.

Let us then, at the close of every Saturday evening, remember, and endeavour to apply to our own benefit, the advice of the learned and good Henry More,—to pray continually, and to watch continually, that we may pass from transaction to transaction with a circumspect eye; converting our common conversation and our common business into instruments, or aids of moral improvement. To accomplish this object, we must take a diligent account of all our

"Errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last."

THE GADARENE DEMONIAC.

(*From Sermons on the Miracles, by the Rev. Dr. Hook.*)

What a sad world of turmoil is this in which our lot is cast! storm succeeds to storm, and when we have contemplated a tempest from without, we are called to contemplate that fiercer and more deadly tempest which the Devil can upraise in the inner man. The disciples of our Lord were doubtless congratulating themselves on having escaped the dangers of the deep, when they would have been exposed to yet greater danger from a man more savage than the raging elements, if the Lord Jesus had not been near. But their faith, we may be sure, was reinvigorated; the fear, for which they had been rebuked, had no longer possession of their minds, when they stood by their Lord's side, as a demoniac, the terror of the country round, drew nigh to them. It is a dreadful sight, even now, to see the effects produced by Satan upon the soul of an apostate Christian, although, as was shewn in a former sermon, the power he possesses in Christendom is as nothing compared to what he exercised before the Incarnation of the Son of God, Who saw him "fall like lightning from heaven." It is dreadful to see the habitual drunkard acking like a madman, doing, through the instigation of Satan, the very things which, in his calmer moments, he condemns: it is dreadful to witness the gambler raving with despair at his losses, and yet seeking opportunity and means to return to his besetting vice: it is equally dreadful to behold the malignant doing all they can to injure others, as whisperers, slanderers, backbiters,—and this without any benefit to themselves; but rather hereby making themselves miserable, because torn to pieces by the fury of their passions: very dreadful is the Devil's work everywhere and even now; but more dreadful by far it was, when he had actually possession of the human body, and the possessed man felt, as did this poor Gadarene, that he was not his own master; that there was a being within him, whose will was stronger than his own; when a man was a maniac, and knew himself to be such, and worse than a maniac, detesting himself for doing what made him detested by others. But we may carry our thoughts on this subject yet further. What should we have been,—you, I, every child of Adam,—if the Devil's power were unchecked and uncontrolled? Such as was the wretched demoniac of whom we have been reading,—such should we, every one of us, have been, but for the intervention of the Saviour. Why the Devil, on his sinning, was not destroyed; why he is still permitted to have some, though a contracted dominion; why the warfare between Messiah and His angels on the one side, and Satan and his angels on the other side, is still going on, when a word from the Almighty would speak the annihilation of His enemies, we know not. We only know that this world is a field of battle, and the spiritual conflict is not yet over, and that the victory, though certain, will not be accomplished, till Christ shall come again. But what an indescribable satisfaction and comfort it is, to know that, with the Lord Jesus our Almighty Protector on our side, no harm can happen to us: for then only are we in danger, when we leave our Divine Guardian, when we desert the Captain of our salvation, and approach (as we do by sin) the legions of the enemy. Perhaps one of the reasons why the record of this miracle has been preserved to us by God the Holy Ghost, is, first, to excite our gratitude, by exhibiting to us a specimen of the misery from which we have been rescued; and, next, to give us assurance that, powerful as is the enemy, yet even when he ventures to exhibit his greatest power, he must yield at once to the word of Christ the Lord.

THE TWO BROTHERS

(*From the "Voice of Jacob."*

The site occupied by the temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by several children; the other was unmarried—they lived together, however cultivating in the greatest harmony possible, the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest soon had arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves and made two equal stacks of them and left them on the field. During the night the unmarried brother was struck with an excellent thought: "My brother," said he to himself, "has a wife and children to support; it is not just that my share of the harvest should be as large as his."—Upon this he arose, and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy, as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his brotherly offering might not be refused. On the same night the other brother awoke, and said to his wife—"My brother lives alone without a companion; he has no one to assist him in his labour, nor to reward him for his toils, while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; it is not right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness. If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly, a certain number of our sheaves to his stack by way of compensation, and without his knowledge see his portion of the harvest increase. The project was approved and immediately put into execution.

In the morning each of the brothers went to the field, and were much surprised at seeing the stacks still equal. During several successive nights the same contrivance was repeated on both sides, for as each kept adding to his brother's store, the stacks always remained the same. But one night both having stood sentry to dive into the cause of this miracle, they met, each bearing the sheaves mutually destined for the other. It was thus all elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to heaven for having so good a brother.

Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea simultaneously occurred to the two brothers, and with so much pertinacity, must have been acceptable to God. Men blessed it, and Israel chose it, there to erect the house of the Lord.

THE SEA.

[illegible] at the depth of twenty feet, we could see pebble and so transparent, and shells, marine plants gently wavering, and thousands of little fishes of varied hues disporting in the placid element—treasures of the bosom of the sea, as rich and inexhaustible as the earth in vegetation and inhabitants. Life is every where like intelligence: all nature is animated, all nature feels and thinks!—He who does not perceive this, has never reflected on the inexhaustible fecundity of the creating thought.—It could not, ought not to pause: infinity is peopled, and wherever life is, sentiment exists. Thought has its inequalities no doubt, but there is a vacuum nowhere. Would you have a physical demonstration of the fact? Look at that drop of water through a solar microscope you will perceive gravitating therein thousands of worlds! worlds in the tear of an insect; and and if you succeeded in decomposing each of these thousands of worlds, millions of other universes would still be found in them! If from these worlds without number and infinitely small, you rise at once to the innumerable great globes of the celestial vault; if you plunge into the Milky-way, an incalculable dust of suns, of which each governs a system of globes greater than the earth and moon—the mind becomes crushed beneath the weight of calculations: but the soul can support these, and is proud in having its own place in the stupendous whole, of having the power to comprehend it, and the feeling to bless and adore its Author? Oh my God! what a worthy prayer does nature suggest to him who seeks thee therein, who discovers thee there under every form, and who comprehends a few syllables of its language, mute, but saying everything.

The wind has died away, and nothing announces its return. Not a fold on the surface of the gulf; the sea is so smooth that we can distinguish here and there the impression of the transparent pinions of the winged tribes which float on this mirror and alone tarnish it at present. Behold to what a degree of calmness and mildness this element can descend, which raises three-decked vessels without any regard to their burden, which tears up leagues of coast, wears away the hills, and splits the rocks; breaking down mountains beneath the shock of its roaring waves! Nothing is so gentle as that which is powerful.—*Lamartine.*

THE IMPORTANCE OF JOINING REVERENTLY, BUT AUDIBLY, IN THE RESPONSES OF THE CHURCH SERVICES.

(*From the "Churchman's Penny Magazine."*)

It has for a long time been the misfortune of the writer to sit in a corner of the church where, from some cause or other, none have *dared* or *willed* to let their voices be audibly heard in the proper place.—And yet there are those around who evidently had their heart in the solemn services in which they were engaged. Whence then arose this silence? This question has often suggested itself, and the conclusion as often been arrived at, that surely it must in *many* instances arise only from the want of a little reflection upon the great events to which this "little cause" was continually leading. If the reader of these lines has ever thought upon the subject at all, the probability is that it has been in such manner as this:—

"True, the prayer-book does provide that a large portion of the prayers and praises shall be offered up by the congregation, but so long as this is done, what can it matter whether we repeat aloud or to ourselves? Others are silent or speak only in a whisper, and why not I also?" Perhaps it will be more easy to point out, "why not," by begging you for once to picture to yourself the wonderful change which would take place, if all for one Sunday, would obey strictly the reasonable requirements of our inimitable Prayer-book. Supposing that all with one voice, unitedly, would pray when they are required to pray, praise when they are required to praise, and sing when they are required to sing, what would be the effect? Oh, what a change would then take place in our public worship! Who would need to complain of want of heart and life in our solemn services? Surely *then*, if by chance, as we might deem, "there came in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he would be convinced indeed, and