

hearing of the unparalleled murder of our late King (Charles I.), by his own subjects, sent one of their own-body as an Envoy over here into England, and his errand was this: *To know of Oliver Cromwell, and the rest, by what Law, either of God or MAN, they had put their king to death?* But the Patriarch, speaking no language but the common Greek, and roaming without an interpreter, no one understood him; and though there were many good Grecians (whose names I have forgot) brought to him, yet they could not understand his Greek. Thereupon Lentale, who was Speaker to the House of Commons, told them that there was in prison one of the King's party,\* that understood the common Greek, who would interpret to them what the Patriarch said, if they would set him at liberty, and withal, promise not to punish him, if what he interpreted out of the Patriarch's word reflected on them; which, at last, they were forced to do, though much against their will. At last the day was set for hearing, when were present Cromwell, Bradshaw, and most of the late king's judges, if not all. When the Patriarch came, he wrote in the common Greek the aforesaid sentence, and signed it with his own hand; after which my father turned it into our Greek, which, when it was written, he (the Patriarch) did (though with much ado) understand and set his hand to it. Then my father turned it into Latin and English, and delivered it under his hand to Cromwell, stating that that was the business of the Patriarch embassy; who (Cromwell and the others) then returned him this answer, that they would consider of it, and in a short time send him their answer: but after a long stay, and many delays, the Patriarch was forced to return as wise as he came. Upon the Patriarch's departure, they would have sent my father to prison again, but Lentale would not let them, saying that it was their promise that he should be at liberty; whereupon they sent for him and commanded him to keep the Patriarch's embassy private, and not to divulge it upon pain of imprisonment, if not of death. This is the relation which I have heard my father oftentimes tell; and, to the best of my knowledge, I have neither added nor diminished anything.

"Anger in dispute is like an unquiet horse in a dusty way:—it raises so much dust in the eyes of the understanding, that it blinds it, and puts it out."—Earl of Bedford's Advice to his Son.

**A BISHOP PREACHING IN THE OPEN AIR.**—On Sunday the Bishop of Sodor and Man was announced to preach on behalf of the schools connected with the church of Kirk Braddan, situated nearly two miles from Douglas, in the

\* The father of the person who writes the above letter; he was domestic Chaplain to the loyal Earl of Derby.

Isle, of Man. Such a congregation met that a great number could not gain admittance, and at the close of the Communion Service an adjournment took place to the church yard, where the Bishop, duly robed, mounted upon a chair on a tombstone, and addressed the assembly. The people were delighted....

**OPEN-AIR SERVICES.**—The clergy of the Camden District, Cambridge, have recommenced this form of ministerial labour. On Sunday, May 25th, the Rev. D. More went out with the intention of holding a service, but was prevented by the rain from doing so. On the two last Sabbath evenings, however, service has been conducted by the Rev. J. Thompson Smith, the senior curate. The subjects selected on each occasion were John iii. 16, and Psalm cxvi. 12—14. The attendance and behaviour of the assembly were satisfactory. It is proposed to continue these services during the summer, by which means it is hoped that the "Word of life" may be proclaimed to the otherwise almost entirely unapproachable class, viz., the working men of the neighbourhood.

**THE VICTORY.**—One day Robert's uncle gave him an English halfpenny. "Now," said he, "I'll have a stick of candy; for I have been wanting some for a long while." His mother asked him if that was the best use he could make of his halfpenny. "Why, I want candy very badly;" and he put on his cap, and ran off in great haste. His mother was sitting at the window, and saw him running along; then he stopped. She thought he had dropped his halfpenny; but soon started off again, and soon reached the confectioner's shop. Then he stood there a while, with his hand on the latch, and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for. But she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run home again without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor, with a bright glow upon his cheek, and brighter glance in his eye, and exclaimed, "Mother! the heathen have beat! The heathen have beat!" "What do you mean, Robert?" "Why, mother, as I went along, I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your halfpenny, to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy. Won't you?' And I kept saying, 'Oh, I want the candy; I do want the candy.' At last the heathen beat, and I am going to put my halfpenny into the missionary-box. It shall go to the heathen."

**SUPERSTITION.**—Henry IV., of France, used to say of superstition, that it was "merely the rust of religion, the moss that grows on the stock of piety." This is only true when superstition is the consequence of ignorant sincerity, and not the result of fleshly lusts, spiritual pride, or of a bitter spirit.