

Miscellany.

THE PRIEST'S POSTURE IN DIVINE SERVICE.

—“The Priest, being a man of like infirmities with the rest of the congregation, is directed in all confessions of sins and penitential prayers to beg God's forgiveness on his knees. But then, as a Priest or Minister of the Most High God, who has received from God an office and authority, he sometimes stands to signify that his office and authority.”

God has written on the flowers that sweep the air—on the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every pencilled sheet that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sea that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all his works he has written: “None liveth for himself.”

“When trees are much loaded with fruit the quantity bends, nay sometimes breaks the branches; whereas, those which are not so loaded remain straight—and when the ears of corn are full, they hang down, so that the stalk seems ready to break, but when they are straight up it is a sign that there is little in them. Just so it is as to spiritual things. They who bear no fruit shoot still upwards, but they who are laden with the fruit of grace and good works are always hanging down their heads in an humble posture; they make the favors they have received from God a subject of further humiliation and fear.”—*Rohiquet.*

“Ritual and ceremonial are aids to devotion—they are sacramental, it is said; they are means to grace—they are helps for men to become religious. . . . In themselves, besides their use to our edification, they are for God's glory—they are of the nature of a sacrifice; they are rather part of the Church's offering of incense to heaven; they are her reverend and awe-inspiring gesture to her Lord—the emitting of His sacred feet, and the wiping of them with all that we hold beautiful and precious.”—*Christian Remembrancer.*

At a recent meeting of the Bible Society, the Bishop of Chester, who presided, protested against the attempt now being made to obtain an alteration of the established version of the Scriptures, asserting that, as it now stands, does not misrepresent any essential point of faith:—“The present text (he said) has a simplicity, vigour, and majesty, that no attempt at a modernised version has yet been able to equal or approach. But more than this, my friends, it has now been hallowed and consecrated by time. It is associated with every tender sentiment in our hearts, with every serious incident in our lives, with every cherished remembrance

of our parental home, with every sacred remembrance of our own home, with all the happy recollections of an early youth, with all the solemn feelings of advanced age. It is a word that lives in all the echoes of the past, in all the realities of the present, and in all the hopes of the future. They are heard every day around our firesides, engraved on the gravestones of our fathers, written on the living tablets of our hearts. My friends, these are associations which it is indeed unwisely, needlessly, or rudely to disturb.”

MR. EMERSON AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Mr. Emerson is quite wrong when he says that the alienation of educated men from the Church is complete. All Englishmen know to the contrary. There are to be found, not only among the laity, but among the clergy, men who have received as high an education, as liberal, deep, and various a training, as any men whatever, who are perfectly familiar with all that is valuable in German criticism, who know all that the most modern science has to teach them, who inspire all those that know them with a conviction that they would eat bread and drink water rather than speak or act a lie, and who yet adhere zealously to the Church of England. . . . Quietly to ignore the whole possibility of men of the sincerest thought being found in the English Church, is a piece of superficial assumption, excusable only in a foreigner who makes a hasty visit to this country.—*Westminster Review.*

Poetry.

What the Bird Said.

MR. EDITOR,—We of the country sometimes hear strange things; incredible to those who know not how much God, who “made the country,” teaches His creatures that dwell there, by the works that are therein. The birdie did say what I have put in his mouth; whether he knew what he was saying, it behoves him not to declare.

Winter was gliding onward to the close,
“And I was freezing in a dear wood lone;
When soft and sweet, from neighbouring tree, arose
A voice, that seemed to say in gentle tone,
“Spring's coming! Spring's coming!”

I turned and listened, but could see no bird,
Whose tiny voice could sing so sweet a lay;
Yet still the happy, glad-sounding notes I heard,
And still they seemed deliciously to say,
“Spring's coming! Spring's coming!”

A thrill of keen delight ran through my frame,
(Who is not glad when Winter wanes away,
And blessed Spring returns?) but gladder still
Was I to hear so sweet a prophet say,
“Spring's coming! Spring's coming!”

So when life's winter, and the snows of age,
Tell me my days are almost passed away,
Grant me, dear Lord, with heart of joy to hear
Thy welcome voice within my spirit say,
“Spring's coming! Spring's coming!”