

Selections.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—This beautiful sketch of the First Prelate in the Church of England appears in a letter published in the Calcutta Christian Intelligencer, and republished in the Record by the late Sir R. H. Inglis:

"Addington Park, Nov. 15, 1854.

"Thinking so often of you as I do, I am surprised at myself for having so long intermitted the practice of letting you see that I did so think of you. My ailance has been the rather common effect of the question—'what can I say worth sending half around the globe?' But I have begun; and will go on. We are now staying on a short visit with one of the most excellent and valuable of men—living or dead—whom I have ever known, the Archbishop of Canterbury; who gives, extempore, to his family and friends, in his chapel every morning, such expositions as, happily for the rest of the world, he has printed in his eight volumes. He is himself as active, as well, as upright as ever; and not only retains all his early love of out-door and country life, but resumed the exercise of one art connected with it, that of landscape drawing—to which the scenes of his own park furnish perpetual objects and attractions. We may well thank God for preserving to us his meekness of wisdom in the discharge of the immediate duties of his high office. By getting up very early, and often lighting his own fires, he has done half a day's work before public prayers, and has, therefore, and thereby gained time for the social entertainments of his hospitality. His house at this season is daily full. We have reason, I am told, to be thankful also for the way in which some of the latter appointments in Church patronage have been filled up, particularly the Sees of Sydney, and the Mauritius. The appointment of Dr. Jackson to the See of Lincoln is an old affair; but the importance of it, and its blessing, are felt perhaps increasingly. He has lately printed a very remarkable volume of sermons, preached before the University of Oxford.

THE PRAYER BOOK.

A correspondent of the *Western Episcopalian* communicates to it the following interesting article:—

"Mr. ——— was a Baptist. Up to the age of some thirty-five years he had never listened to the Episcopal Service. A member of the congregation invited him to attend. He came for the first time. He was struck with the solemnity of the service. All was new, but all interesting. Every word found an echo in his heart. He listened to the sermon with equal interest. But the service, short to him, closed. He could not leave the church without some expression of his interest. He asked the privilege of taking to his home a Prayer Book. He did so, and till midnight he read, examined and compared. He was delighted with it. The day following and the next, it was his companion. Now in full health he approved it.

"But disease now took a strong hold of him. Two weeks from that Sabbath he was in his grave. But on the sick bed the Prayer Book was his companion. While strength lasted he read it, and when strength failed him he desired his wife to read to him. The writer of this article visited him, and the Prayer Book lay on his pillow.

"When he was laid in his grave the widow loved that Prayer Book. She too read it. She had offered another in place of the old one; her husband had read and loved. But none was so dear to her as that one. Soon she loved to use it. She became a member of the church, and lives, I hope, to love the Prayer Book which her husband gave her as a richer legacy than lands and houses.

Two facts are illustrated by the above historical incident.

1. An unprejudiced mind will not speak lightly of, but approve the Prayer Book, as a valuable help of devotion for those who use it aright.

2. That man does a "good work" who induces his neighbour to attend the service of God's house.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that."

A characteristic anecdote is told of one of the Turkish soldiers who was the first to set foot inside the battery at Ingour. Perceiving a Russian colonel lying dead upon the ground he plucked off his glove and appropriated a valuable diamond ring which was upon his finger. Knowing, however, that it would be impossible very long to keep secret the possession of so valuable a prize, he showed his Ushashi, or captain, his treasure, and requested permission to keep it. The Ushashi

told the man that he was quite right to bring the prize to him, and that henceforward it should be transferred to the finger of the said Ushashi. The soldier, not satisfied with this arrangement, referred the matter to the Bimbashi, or Major, who said that both he and the Ushashi were highly culpable in daring to retain the ring from their superior officer, and that he would therefore relieve them of the subject of dispute. From the Bimbashi the soldier went to the Kauma Kauma, or Lieutenant-Colonel, who at once followed the example of his inferiors, and took possession of the ring. The soldier still persevered, however, and went to the Meer Ali (Colonel), who determined that he was the rightful possessor of the ring by virtue of his rank, and dismissed the rival claimants from his presence in the most summary manner. Next day a French officer attached to the Staff of Omer Pacha observed a private soldier prowling near the tent of the Commander-in-Chief. The story of the ring was at once related by its original possessor to this gentleman, who laid the matter before his Highness, and the man had not only the satisfaction of regaining possession of his property, but of knowing that those who had attempted successively to deprive him of it had been severely reprimanded for their conduct.

POPULATION OF CHINA.—At a meeting of the Asiatic Society at Hong Kong, Sir John Bowring, introducing the subject of his paper "on the Population of China," alluded to the great attention which is now being paid at home to "Vital Statistics," under the very large establishment of the Registrar General—embracing subjects of the greatest interest throughout the world. The paper about to be read was a reply to a communication he had lately received from Mr. Graham regarding the Vital Statistics of China—a subject about which the most widely different statements are current; and though there are no data from which very accurate conclusions can be drawn, yet he thought a tolerably near approximation to the total population might be arrived at. Sir John thought that the Russians possessed more correct knowledge on this point than any other foreign power, and when in Russia, some years ago, he had an opportunity of conversing with Father Hyacinthe, who had been long resident at Peking, endeavoring to collect all possible information of this kind. According to Russian policy, however, such information had never been published; so jealous indeed was the Russian Government in such matters, that never was an instance known of a young man sent from Moscow to the Russian college at Peking who could speak any other language than his native Russ, in order to prevent any chance of information gained in China being given to other Europeans. Father Hyacinthe, however, had taken to studying other European languages after his return from Peking.

The Secretary then read Sir John Bowring's paper, in which he estimates the present population of the Chinese Empire as between 350,000,000 and 400,000,000 of human beings.

CHANGE IN A RECRUIT, AND WHY.—A year or two passes, and you meet the same lad again—if indeed it is the same. For a strange change has come over him: he walks erect, he speaks clearly, he looks you boldly in the face, with eyes full of intelligence and self-respect; he is become civil and courteous now; he touches his cap to you "like a soldier"; he can afford now to be respectful to others, because he respects himself, and expects you to respect him. You talk to him, and find that the change is not merely outward but inward; not owing to mere mechanical drill, but to something which has been going on in his heart; and ten to one, the first thing he begins to talk to you about with honest pride, is his regiment. His regiment! Yes, there is the secret which has worked these wonders; there is the talisman which has humanised and civilized and raised from the mire the once savage boor. He belongs to a regiment; in one word he has become the member of a body. The member of a body, in which, if one member suffers, all suffer with it; if one member be honoured, all rejoice with it. A body, which, has a life of its own, and a government of its own, a duty of its own, a history of its own, an allegiance to a sovereign, all which are now his life, his duty, his history, his allegiance; he does not now merely serve himself and his own selfish lusts—he serves the Queen. His nature is not changed, but the thought that he is the member of an honourable body has raised him above his nature. If he forgets that, and thinks only of himself, he will become selfish, sluttish, drunken, cowardly, a bad soldier; as long as he remembers it he is a hero.—He can face now, and worse than now, he can face hunger and thirst, fatigue, danger

death itself, because he is the member of a body. For those know little, little of human nature and its weakness, who fancy that mere brute courage, as of an angry lion, will ever yield, or yielded a few weeks ago, to spur our thousands up the steep of Alma, or across the fatal plains of Balaklava, or through the corpses of their comrades, across the deadly throats of Russian guns. A nobler feeling, a more heavenly thought was needed, (and when needed, thanks to him it came), to keep each row lad, nursed in the lap of peace, true to his country and his Queen through the valley of the shadow of death. Not mere animal ferocity; but that tattered flag which floated above his head, inscribed with the glorious names of Egypt, Corinth, Toulouse, or Waterloo, that it was which raised him into a hero. He had never seen these victories; the men who conquered there were dead long since; but the regiment still lived, its history still lived, its honor lived; and that history, that honor, were his, as well as these old hand warriors'; he had fought side by side with them in spirit, though not in the flesh, and now his turn was come, and he must do as they did, and for their sakes, and count his own life a worthless thing for the sake of the body to which he belonged; he but two years ago the idle, selfish, country lad, now stumbling cheerfully on in the teeth of the iron hail, across ground slippery with his comrades' blood, not knowing whether the next moment his own blood might not swell the ghastly stream. What matter? They might kill him, but they could not kill the regiment; it would live on and conquer, ay, and should conquer, if his life could help on its victory; and then its honor would be his, its reward be his, even when his corpse lay pierced with wounds, effusing beneath a foreign sky.—*Kingley's Sermons for the Times.*

A correspondence between the Earl of Cardigan and the Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington, vicar of Glapthorne, has just been published by the latter, with the professed view of exposing the evil of the lay rectorial system. On either side there is some ebullition of temper manifested; but the reverend gentleman has the best of the argument, and perseveres in having the last word. In a letter written by the noble earl, on the 10th Oct., he commences by saying that he has not the honour of Mr. Skeffington's acquaintance, and he concludes by declining all future correspondence with him directly. The Vicar of Glapthorne, in his reply says, "I can hardly find terms to express my indignation at the unwarrantable language in which your letter is couched. It is as a peer of the realm your lordship considers this as a sufficient reason to be obnoxious to those who simply fulfil their duty and tell you what is right, I, as a son of a peer of the realm, will tell your lordship in return that such conduct will not escape the censure of the people of this land, and that it is by such pride and such tyranny that the voice of the country has already cried out against the aristocracy, and it is by such means that their downfall will be accelerated." The origin of the correspondence is the inefficiency of the school-house at Glapthorne and the inadequate state of the finances for carrying on the school. Lord Cardigan as the lay rector, receives all the tithes; whereas the incumbent gets only £91 a year for the united vicarages of Glapthorne and Lutterstock. The Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington is a younger brother of Viscount Massarene. *Stamford Mercury.*

An inhabitant of the parish of Bishopcote having for some time been at variance with his neighbors, and rejecting the attempt of a mutual friend to bring about a reconciliation, the *Exeter Gazette* relates that—"Between the conclusion of the prayers and the administration of the Holy Communion on Sunday morning last, this gentleman rose from his seat, and with evident emotion, which extended to the spectators, went and offered his hand to each of his offended neighbors, expressing himself at the same time as became a Christian. The tender was readily accepted, and as soon as the excitement was appeased the reconciled friends united in the participation of that sacred rite which is the pledge of a higher and holier reconciliation."

The *Moniteur* also publishes a document of considerable interest in the shape of the official list of the Russian Admiralty of all the ships comprising the Black Sea fleet in 1853. Previous statements had represented the number at about 80 vessels; the official list shows that at the commencement of hostilities the fleet in the Black Sea amounted to 127, to be further augmented to 187. The whole of this fleet of 187 vessels of all sizes has been completely destroyed or dispersed. Out of 16 ships of the line not one remains; 15 having been sunk by the Russians themselves, and one, the *Maria*, burnt by our bombs; 5