

they shall bring you unto the synagogues, and unto magistrates," *tas arkas* (plural of *arke*). So in Titus iii. 1. "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities, *arkais* (princes) and powers, *ezousias*, &c. See also Eph. iii. 10; Eph. i. 21; Col. ii. 15. Hence we infer that the passage in question should have been translated thus:—"The ruler of the creation of God." The idea thus presented, may be found in other parts of the Scriptures, as for example in Heb. i. 8. "But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom." Eph. i. 20, "And set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come, and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be head over all things to the church."—*Gospel Witness.*

THE MARTYR OF TOURNAY.

I had rather muse by a martyr's than by a monarch's grave. I have lingered over the hand-writing, or the chair, or even the prison, of those who have shed their blood for the testimony of Jesus, with pleasure unalloyed. "Sweet is the savour of their names;" and the one emotion excited in my soul has been adoring gratitude to that God, who enabled his servants to glorify him in the midst of the fires.

From a recollection of this kind, a brief visit to the city of Tournay was lately rendered very interesting to me. I had been travelling through a summer's night, when, in the freshness of the early morning, I espied over the flat, which we were traversing, the imposing fortifications of a place apparently of vast strength. Above them towered a cluster, if I may so express myself, of spires, indicating, as I judged, the cathedral of the place.

We speedily entered the first gate, and passed line after line of defence, till the heavy *diligence*, rolling with hollow sound over the draw-bridge, and then rumbling through the dark and echoing archway beyond, emerged into the streets of Tournay. In a few minutes we stopped before the hotel where we were to change horses; and as I found there were ten minutes to spare, I walked hastily through two or three streets to look at the cathedral. I was soon in front of it, surveying with astonishment its five vast steeples. The church was open; and the country people, many of whom we had passed as we approached the city, on their way to market, were, as usual in Roman Catholic countries, going in to share the early service. I had no time to enter; but I could just hear, as the doors opened and shut, the distant chant of the priests, accompanying the subdued sweet tones of the organ. The impressions which Popish worship always makes upon my mind is one of deep sadness. And as I looked upon that noble temple, reared nominally to God, and yet defiled with idolatrous superstitions, I could hardly help audibly breathing forth the prayer, that it would please him to cleanse soon his sanctuary, and to make the place of his rest glorious once more. I thought little then of the deeds for which Tournay was celebrated in English story, or that here our mighty Wolsey had been enthroned as bishop; my mind was irresistibly led to muse upon the touching history of one humble minister of Jesus, who proclaimed once within these walls the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Peter Bruley is the individual to whom I allude. This martyr's fate had something very remarkable in it. He had been preacher at the French church in Strasburg, and at particular solicitation came to labour here. His ministry in the city, and neighbouring country, appears to have been much