

rest and nourishment give to the body. Time never sits heavily on us, but when it is badly employed. Time is a grateful friend—use it well, and it never fails to make a suitable requital.

DIOCESAN SYNODS.

From the London Patriot.

Those who dream of quiet within the Establishment must, however, be themselves under some narcotic influence. It is not only the Baptismal Regeneration controversy that is agitating the Church. Its very frame-work is threatened by the movement in favour of the Diocesan Synods. At an adjourned "consultative meeting" on this subject, held at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday last, the Rev. THOMAS COLLINS, B. D., of Farnham, Rural Dean, in the Chair, it was announced by the Chairman, that the Bishop of Ripon had, since their last meeting at Derby, expressed an opinion in favour of such Synods; and a similar opinion was believed to be entertained by many other Prelates. The Honourable J. TALBOT, in moving the first Resolution, remarked that "the Kirk of Scotland, and the Free Kirk, each had Synods; and they had also heard of a synod of Thurlas; why then should the Church of England be called upon to stand by with her hands tied behind her? If they looked to the Church across the Atlantic, they found that she had entire freedom of action." Lord LYTTLETON said, that, in the restoration of Synods, the laity, as an integral part of the Church, were deeply interested; and he moved a Resolution recording the humble judgment of the meeting:—

"That the spiritual rights of both clergy and laity demand that diocesan Synods should be collected together from time to time, to consult with their bishop, in solemn assembly, as to what is needed for the benefit of their respective dioceses; and that the present mode of diocesan government, by the sole and unlimited mind of the diocesan, is inconvenient and injurious to the Church itself, inconsistent with the true principle of Episcopal authority, and opposed alike to Scripture precepts and the practice of the primitive Church in the best and earliest ages."

This Resolution was seconded by the Rev. Canon Trevor, and carried unanimously; as was the following one, moved by Sir Walter James Bart., and seconded by the Hon. and Rev. W. Howard. At the close of the proceedings, the meeting was adjourned to April 29, to be held at Gloucester.

It is evidently contemplated, to keep up the agitation by holding meetings throughout the country. The High-Church clergy are becoming more and more impatient of those State trammels which the Evangelical clergy so fondly cling to, trembling at any innovation that would loosen their fetters, or put an end to the sham of a hollow and deceptive uniformity. How long things can remain in this unsatisfactory state of political compromise and theological schism, we will not venture to predict; but nothing, we apprehend, can avert, ultimately, either a disruption of the Established Church itself or its divorce from the State.

MARTYRDOM.

During the persecutions of the Scotch Covenanters, on the same day two women, Margaret Machlachan and Margaret Wilson, the former an aged widow, the latter a maiden of eighteen, suffered death for their religion in Wigtonshire. They were offered their lives if they would consent to abjure the cause of the insurgent covenanters, and to attend episcopal worship. They refused, and they were sentenced to be drowned. They were carried to a spot which the Solway overflows twice a day, and fastened to stakes fixed in the sand, between high and low water-mark. The elder sufferer was placed near

the advancing flood, in hope that her sufferings might terrify the younger into submission. The night was dreadful; but the courage of the survivor was sustained by an enthusiasm as lofty as any that is recorded in martyrology. She saw the sea draw nearer and nearer, but gave no signs of alarm. She prayed and sang psalms till the waves choked her voice. When she had tasted the bitterness of death, she was, by cruel mercy, unbound and restored to life. When she came to herself, her pitying friends and neighbours implored her to yield. "Dear Margaret, only say God save the King!" The poor girl, true to her stern theology, gasped out, "May God save him, if it be God's will!" Her friends crowded round the presiding officer. "She has said it; indeed, sir, she has said it." "Will she take the adjuration?" he demanded. "Never!" she exclaimed. "I am Christ's; let me go!" and the waters closed over her for the last time.—Macaulay.

PRIDE.

The word pride, etymologically considered is of the same derivation as the word "parade," and the German word "praacht," meaning show or splendour. It primarily signifies that temper of mind which makes a man esteem something in himself as beautiful or splendid. Self respect is a just source of satisfaction, when confined within proper limits. Pride is its excess. The proud man magnifies himself disproportionately, till his pride induces haughtiness, contempt, and envy.

The examples of pride and its consequences, as set forth in the Scriptures, one would think were sufficient to lead every reflecting mind to repress a spirit so hateful and ruinous. How unlovely and how fatal was the pride of Pharaoh! He was temporarily softened by the divine judgments. Yet, returning mercies inflated his self consequence, till he was led by it into the bed of the Red Sea, where the refulgent waters swallowed up his whole army, and the surge dashing upon the shore has scented ever since to be murmuring forth the language of the proverb—"Before destruction, the heart of man is haughty."

Pride was the sin of Nebuchadnezzar. It deposed him from his kingly throne, and reduced him to a fearful state of madness. Haman and his tragical end, Herod and his loathsome malady, are equally signal instances of the consequences of a proud and haughty temper.

These provocations of the judgment of God did not rise at once. They commenced with small beginnings. The pride of Pharaoh did not spring up suddenly from an humble and gentle nature. It must have been nurtured in childhood. The mortification and scorn of Haman, and the diabolical plot to which his pride excited him, were not due to a sudden temptation. Nebuchadnezzar's boast was not like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, and Herod's boastful spirit was not suddenly put on like the robe of silver that enveloped his form, and glittered gloriously in the sun. The power of a bad passion is the result of a long continued growth. It is first small and unobserved, like a bubbling fountain in a deeply secluded recess. It trickles noiselessly through the grass. Thence it comes quietly forth, flashing in the sun-light. Anon it bubbles along the declivity of its course, "making sweet music with the enamelled stone," till swelling to a river, it sweeps on in resistless might, prostrating every barrier that opposes its progress.

Let the young be warned against the dangerous vice. It grows like your frame when you think not of it. It destroys confidence, weakens friendship, awakens enmities.

God has pledged himself to abase the proud. The whole scheme of divine grace assumes the necessity of an humble temper. Every Christian who has had a conscious struggle with scepticism before he embraced the gospel, will admit that his great difficulty was pride. The scheme of mercy

was mortifying to his unhumiliated spirit. This was the foundation of his difficulties regarding the divine nature of the Messiah, the atonement, and forgiveness through the sacrifice of Christ. Cowper has beautifully expressed the thought:

"Through various foes against the truth combine,
Pride, above all, opposes her design;
Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
The subtle serpent with the loftiest crest,
Swells at the thought, and kindling into rage,
Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage."

Pride is a hateful spirit. If it could enter heaven, it would unstring every golden harp, and change the sweet songs of that blessed world into voices of lamentation and woe.

The Infidel and Dying Child.

Euston Hastings, the father, is an infidel. The child's disease was scarlet fever. Ten days and nights of ever-deepening gloom has passed, and, in the silent night, having insisted that Evelyn, who had herself shewn symptoms of illness through the day, should retire to bed, Euston Hastings sat alone, watching with a tightening heart the disturbed sleep of the little Eve. It was near midnight when that troubled sleep was broken. The child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

"What is the matter with my darling?" asked Euston Hastings in tones of melting tenderness.

"Where's mamma? Eve wants mamma to say 'Our Father.'"

Euston Hastings had often contemplated the beautiful picture of his child kneeling with clasped hands beside her mother to lisp her evening prayer, or, since her illness forbade her rising from her bed, of Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking those clasped hands in hers, and listening to Eve's softly murmured words. Well he knew, therefore, what was meant by Eve's simple phrase, to say "Our Father."

"Mamma is asleep," he said; "when she wakes I will ask her."

"No, no, papa, Eve asleep then."

"I will call her at once, then, darling," and he would have moved, but the little hand was laid on his to arrest him.

"No, don't wake poor mamma; papa say 'Our Father,' for Eve."

"Will Eve say it to papa? Speak then, my darling," he added, finding that, though the hands were clasped and the sweet eyes devoutly closed, Eve remained silent.

"No; Eve too sick, papa; Eve can't talk so much. Papa kneel down and say 'Our Father,' like mamma did last night; won't you, papa?"

Euston Hastings could not resist that pleading voice; and, kneeling, he laid his hand over the clasped ones of his child, and, for the first time since he had murmured it with childish earnestness in his mother's ear, his lips gave utterance to these hallowed words of prayer. At such an hour, under such circumstances, it could not be uttered carelessly, and Euston Hastings understood its solemn import, its recognition of God's sovereignty, its surrender of all things to him. He understood it, we say; but he trembled at it. His infidelity was annihilated; but he believed as the irconcilable believe, and his heart almost stood still with fear while "Thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in heaven," fell slowly from his lips.

Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still, and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice than had been heard in that room for days, she exclaimed, "Papa, papa, see there! up there, papa!" Her own eyes were fixed upwards, on the ceiling, as it seemed to Euston Hastings, for to him nothing else was