

I cannot conclude this communication better than by quoting the words of the amiable Bishop Horne.....“ And who,” says the prelate, “ will not sing, O divine Psalmist, with thee, that hath an understanding to apprehend, and a tongue to celebrate, the works of his Maker and Redeemer? To whom will not thy heavenly meditations be sweet as honey, fragrant as the breath of spring, pleasant and cheering as the fruit of the vine? Who doth not long to partake of thy spiritual joy and holy gladness?” May this desire influence the mind of every reader of these pages; and of all who do profess and call themselves Christians. *Amen.*

Quebec, March 7th, 1827.

To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN SENTINEL.

REV. SIR,

I send you an account of a conversation which passed between that most amiable and excellent prelate Bishop Porteus and his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, *five* days before the Bishop's death; as related by the latter to Dr. Owen, Rector of Fulham, who had formerly been his Lordship's chaplain. I can vouch for the *authenticity* of the anecdote,* but not for its *originality*; as though I have never seen it except in manuscript, it is most probable that it has long since appeared in print. At all events, I consider it as peculiarly striking and impressive, and I shall feel obliged by your giving it a place in “The Christian Sentinel,” in the hope that it may be of service to those, (and there are unfortunately not a few amongst us,) by whom the sanctity of the Sabbath is too often profanely, or inconsiderately violated.

I am,

Rev. Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

WAYNFLETE.

* We can also vouch for its authenticity. It was related in our hearing a *few* days subsequent to the death of that venerable Prelate; but we have never seen it in print.—EDITOR.