

tended to be carried out. Only a week ago, on Easter Sunday, a whole family of persons of "riper age" who had been found unbaptised, were baptised in Mr. Gurney's church; and the same rite was yesterday evening administered to a youth of Jewish parents, with the assent of his family of that persuasion. This is true missionary work, as much as if it were performed in the centre of Africa; and possesses, too, the additional claim upon us that it is exercised for the benefit of those of our own race and blood.—*Guardian*.

ANTIQUITY OF THE ENGLISH LITURGY.

The choicest portions of our Book of Common Prayer came to us through Rome, but they did not come from Rome. They belonged to the Primitive Church, and consequently to our own branch of it, long before the novelties of Romanism were engrafted on it..... Our reformers did as those who returned from the captivity in Babylon had done: they did not fling away and shiver to pieces the beautiful vessels which their fathers had used in their holy solemnities, because they had been defiled by idolaters: but they purified and sanctified them, and replaced them in their renovated temple. Even so, the prayer of St. Chrysostom, the glorious *Te Deum*, the incomparable Litany, and other portions of our Services, resounded in the churches of the Saints long before it was dreamt that St. Peter was the vicar of Christ, and the Pope the successor of St. Peter; long before Christian worship was defiled with the intercession of saints and angels, the adoration of the Virgin, or the idolatry of the Mass..... We rejoice to remember that very many of our forms of prayer and thanksgiving are well nigh of Apostolic origin, and have given utterance to the fervent devotion of Saints, and confessors, and martyrs, of the holiest, the best, and the noblest of those who fought the good fight of earth, and will hereafter surround the throne of glory in heaven.—*Rev. H. Stowell's Address to Churchmen*.

THE EMIGRANT CHILD'S DREAM.

The dashing surge—the howling blast—
The heaving of th' Atlantic deep—
Had kept me long awake: at last
I sunk into a pleasant sleep.
I seemed to be once more at school
In the dear village far away:
The sky was bright—the air was cool—
A Sunday in the month of May!

Nothing was alter'd; as of yore,
How well I seemed to know it all!
The restless swinging of the door;—
The patch of sunshine on the wall;
The hive-like hum that fill'd the air;—
The quiet clicking of the clock;—
And, sitting in his oaken chair,
The shepherd of that simple flock.

I stood before him—one of eight;—
And heard his reverend voice begin
A grave discourse of man's estate,
Of loving God, and hating sin,
Of sorrow, certain to befall
The heart that clings to virtue's ways;