

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

As late my little boy and I,
Our evening rambles took,
Among the sheltered paths that lie
Beside the winding brook.

Just at the closing of the day,
We met a funeral train,
That to the grave-yard bent its way
Along the village lane.

We followed to the church-yard wall,
We saw the grave and spade,
My eager boy would fain know all,
For whom, and why 'twas made.

I told him 'twas a father's grave,
I spoke of death and heaven,
Of him who came our souls to save,
Whose life for us was given.

He listened, tears were in his eyes,
Trembling he turned to me,
Father, if you should also die,
Who would my father be?

I took his hand, look forth, my love,
On all this pleasant scene,
The hills, the stream, the shady grove,
The meadows smooth and green.

See on the slopes those flocks of sheep,
Like drifts of winter's snow,
The cows that feed beneath the steep,
Where all our spring flowers grow.

The noisy insects passing by,
The birds upon their nest,
The busy bees with loaded thigh,
Returning to their rest,

Then look above, where yonder sky,
Its curtain o'er us spreads,
With all its shining stars that lie,
Like lamps above our heads.

You have, my child, a Father there,
Who sees you night and day,
Who guards you with a parent's care,
And listens when you pray.

By Him the highest hills were made,
The fields and valley low,
He raised for us the thicket's shade,
And bade the rivers flow.

'Tis he who scatters seed around,
Who clothes with grass the fields,
And at his will the fertile ground,
Its fruits and flowers yields.

The flocks and herds who feel his care,
Securely feed and stray,
And birds and insects through the air,
In safety wing their way.

You too, my child his goodness guides,
Through darkness and through light,
For all your wants by day provides,
And watches you by night.

Should death then rob you of my care,
Look up beyond the sky,
And think you have a Father there,
Who will not, cannot die. *Youth's Sketch.*

EARLY PIETY OF THE LATE BISHOP HEBER.

He very early became sensible of the necessity and importance of prayer, and was frequently overheard praying aloud in his own room, when he little thought himself within reach of observation. His sense of his entire dependance upon God, and of thankfulness for the mercies which he received, was deep, and almost an instinct planted in his nature; to his latest hour, in joy as in sorrow, his heart was ever lifted up in thankfulness for the goodness of his Maker, or bowed in resignation under his chastisements; and his first impulse, when afflicted or rejoicing, was to fall on his knees in thanksgiving, or in

intercession, for himself and for those he loved, through the mediation of his Saviour.—(Extract from his Life.)

A hint to profane swearers.—A king was riding along in disguise and seeing a soldier at a public house door, stopped and asked the soldier to drink with him; and while they were talking, the king swore. The soldier said, Sir I am sorry to hear a gentleman swear. His majesty took no notice, but soon swore again. The soldier, said sir I'll pay part of this pot, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing, that if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it. Why, should you? said the king. I should said the soldier. His Majesty said no more and left him. A while after, the king having invited some of his lords to dine with him, the soldier was sent for; and while they were at dinner, was ordered into the room and to wait a while. Presently the king uttered an oath. The soldier immediately (but with great modesty) said, "Should not my lord the king fear an oath?"—The king looking first at the lords, and then at the soldier, said "There my lords, there is an honest man; he can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing, but you can sit and let me send my soul to hell by swearing, and not so much as tell me of it."

From the Church.

THE PRAYER BOOK.

The zeal which Archbishop Grindal, Bishop Ridley, Dr. Taylor, and other the holy martyrs and confessors in Queen Mary's time, expressed for this excellent Liturgy, before and at the time of their death, defending it by their disputations, adorning it by their practice, and sealing it with their blood, are arguments which ought to recommend it to all the sons of the Church of England for ever, infinitely to be valued beyond all the little whispers and murmurs of arguments pretended against it.—*Bp. Jeremy Taylor.*

The sublimest truths conveyed in the most chaste and exalted language, throughout a Liturgy which must be regarded as the genuine offspring of piety impregnated by wisdom.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Although a Protestant Dissenter I cannot be insensible of its merits. I believe the evangelical purity of its sentiments, the chastised fervor of its devotions, and the majestic simplicity of its language, have combined to place it in the very first rank of uninspired compositions.—*Robt. Hall.*

What words can describe the full value of her incomparable Liturgy?—*Jackson.*—(Wesleyan Methodist.)

How often do we take up our Bibles and Prayer Books, and heedlessly and coldly turn over their leaves, without a feeling of thankfulness for the unmolested enjoyment of such a privilege! How few are aware, and, if aware, how few do recollect that, in the earliest ages of Christianity, imprisonment, torture, and death, were the frequent penalties attendant on the reading of the inspired writings! Kings and Governors vainly imagined that they had entirely obliterated the indestructible word of God, by persecuting the Christians who 'choose rather to give up their bodies, than their bibles, to be burnt;' and it is but little more than three hundred years ago, since bonfires were kindled at St. Paul's Cross in London with printed copies of the Holy writings, and the study of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue was forbidden under pain of death. The Christian who had once tasted the living waters of the Gospel, and whose unquenchable thirst urged him, regardless of worldly consequences, to repair to that inexhaustible fountain, was compelled to secrete himself on the housetop, in the sequestered chamber, or the recess of the forest, for fear of incurring detection. The husband dared not even trust the wife of his bosom with a secret which the wily priest, hot on the scent of heresy, might extort from her in confession; and the parent could not venture to make his offspring partakers of the glad tidings, lest, in the unguarded loquacity of childhood the fact should transpire, and the Church call in the secular arm to repress the dangerous innovation. Entire copies of the Bible, when they could only be multiplied by means of

amanuenses, were too costly to be within the reach of very many readers; but those who could not procure 'the volume of the book,' would give a load of hay for a few favourite chapters, and many such scraps were consumed upon the persons of the martyrs at the stake. They would hide the forbidden treasure under the floors of their houses, and put their lives in peril, rather than forego the book they desired; they would sit up all night, their doors being shut for fear of surprise, reading or hearing others read the word of God: they would tend their herbs in the fields, and still steal an hour for the drinking in 'the good tidings of great joy;' the pauper blind would hoard their scanty earnings to purchase a Bible, and when purchased, hire persons to read it; and ladies of the court could only procure the sacred writings by employing a faithful female emissary, who used to tie the books with strings under her apparel, and so pass with them into court.

In addition to the far weightier reasons we have for cherishing the Bible as our dearest earthly treasure these historical recollections ought to serve as secondary aids in promoting reverence for the book of books. Every page, as it were, has been crimsoned by the blood of martyrs; every scripture promise has been contended for at the stake; a Rogers, a Bradford, a Taylor, a Latimer, and a Cranmer have sprinkled their ashes over many a text; the strangling of a Tindal was the forfeit paid for the printed translation of the English Testament. In these merely human claims to reverential affection and respect, our inestimable Book of Common Prayer most fully shares. Second only to the Bible in spiritual wealth, it is second only to it in the calamities and sufferings it has brought upon those who, in the season of persecution, still clung to its use, and made bold avowals of its doctrines.

In the reign of Mary the Mass Book regained its lost sway, and the Protestant formulary, as based on Scriptures, and in many parts, clothed in its language, was a sure conductor to the dungeon, and much more frequently to the faggot.

In the unhappy times of Charles I, when the English Parliament disgraced the nation by purchasing the rebellious assistance of the Scots at the expense of Episcopacy, commenced the imposition of the Presbyterian Covenant, and the second proscription of the Liturgy. While the illiterate soldier, and the presumptuous mechanic mounted the pulpit, demolishing in their way some ornament or effigy, and then thrust out the minister, and forced from him, and tore his book,—while irreverent schismatics contemptuously sat in church with their steeple hats drawn firm down over their austere brows,—while God was addressed and expostulated with in terms of the grossest and most revolting familiarity, and the Lord's prayer was stigmatized as 'a rotten prayer,'—while religion ran so mad as almost to drive moderate men into a chilling scepticism,—the celebration of divine service according to the Book of Common Prayer was performed at the risk of incurring a severe penalty; and a person frequenting meetings held for this purpose was liable to a fine of five pounds for their first offence, of ten for the second, and a year imprisonment for the third. Under the veil of darkness, the faithful members of the Church of England gathered together to listen to the word of God from the lips of some unsilenced clergyman; and it is left on record by the grandmother of Hannah More, that 'at midnight pious worshippers went with stealthy steps through the snow to hear the words of inspiration delivered by a holy man at her father's house while her father with a drawn sword, guarded the entrance from violent or profane intrusion.'

In the spoliation and desecration of the cathedrals and churches throughout the land during the civil wars, the Book of Common Prayer did not escape the unhallowed malevolence of the sectarians. If the organs were broken or sold, the communion-plate plundered, and the fountains used as troughs for horses or for the baptism of swine,—if the pulpits were turned into shambles for meat, and the remains of the dead kicked insultingly about,—if every sacred vessel and object, even to the senseless monument and painted window, bore marks of the infuriate hatred of the republicans,—so did the Prayer Book sustain its share of indignities. In many places it was burnt as 'idolatrous,' as 'a popish mass-book;' at Chichester