

... that I can look up with hope unto Him who bore my sins and infirmities on the cross; who is now highly exalted in Glory and Honor and power and Majesty, at the right hand of God, making intercession for me.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy upon me a miserable sinner.

By the mystery of thy holy incarnation; by thy holy Nativity and circumcision; by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation; O Lord have mercy upon me.

By thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost.

O Lord have mercy upon me.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world,

Grant me thy peace.

Both now and ever vouchsafe to hear me, O Christ

Graciously hear me, O Christ, graciously hear me,

O Lord Christ. Amen.

My help is in the name of the Lord.

Who hath made Heaven and Earth.

Now unto the king eternal, immortal, invisible; who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see.

To him therefore be glory, for ever and ever.— Amen, and Amen.

To be continued.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Immediately on the right of the Lord Chancellor, and on the extreme left of the House, as viewed from the gallery, is the Bench of Bishops. In the front is a meek, sickly-looking prelate, in a close-fitting dark wig. He is the Archbishop of Canterbury, against whom not even his enemies have a word to say. He can champion the Church without provoking the ire of her foes. Near him is the less abstracted, but scarcely less respected, Bishop of London. His full, ruddy face offers a fine contrast to the pale visage of the Archbishop. Conspicuous among these divines is the celebrated Bishop of Exeter.—The seats next to the Bench of Bishops, farther down the House on the right of the Chancellor, are occupied by Ministers. In the midst of them sits, or rather loafs, the all-potent, because all-impotent, Melbourne. Observe the careless air with which his white hat is tilted off his forehead, and the dolce far niente which his whole bearing expresses. He is turning hastily over the leaves of a Government bill—it is the first time he has looked at it, though the order of the day for its second reading is now being moved! The tall dandy, with a face like the Saracen's Head in acute grief, is the Marquis of Normandy. An elderly gentleman next him, fresh-coloured, and with a staid, respectable air, is his brother-Marquis of Lansdowne. A very stout, infirm old man, with crutches, a bald head, and bearing in face a marked resemblance to the great Charles James Fox, is his Nephew, Lord Holland. He is chiefly remarkable for vociferous cheering at inconvenient times, and for making good speeches greatly to the embarrassment of his colleagues. To the right of the Marquis of Lansdowne you will observe a peer with a peculiarly sheepish expression and enormous shirt-collar—that is Lord Duncannon. In spite of his very silly appearance, his lordship is one of the few men of business in the Ministry; but the desk, not the House, is his sphere. Immediately adjoining Ministers, on their right, and at the head of a bench that is scarcely separated from theirs, sits Lord Brougham. He displayed his

usual sagacity in the choice of that seat. He is as it were among the Ministers, but not of them; yet the neutrality of his position is not so marked as to signify the impossibility of re-union. Behind the noble and learned lord, on the back bench, sits the Earl of Radnor. To his right sits the Marquis of Clanricarde, concerning whom even his friends are expressively silent; near him, also, sits Lord Denman, with that fine severe face of his—the index of so much more than his mind contains.

Let us now turn to the Conservative benches—on the left of the Chancellor. First, in all points of view, let us single out the Duke of Wellington. He sits at the end of the first bench, in front. His dress is the simplest, consisting of a blue frock coat, and plain white trousers. His attitude is singular. With his arms folded, his head sunk on his breast, his hat slouched over his eyes, and his legs stretched out to their full length on the floor, he would appear to be asleep and regardless of all that is going on. But if you watch his mouth, you will perceive that he is engaged in deep thought, and frequently he rises and proves that he has been so, either by delivering a plain, manly John-hull-like exposition of his views, or by answering in detail the arguments of those who have gone before. Next to the illustrious knight, is his parliamentary squire, Lord Ellenborough—the peer with a full, fresh colour and curling head of dark hair. One of the most clear-headed and sensible of his party, he has until lately neglected business for pleasure, but he is now an altered man, and seems wisely to have become a sort of parliamentary pupil of the duke. Immediately on his right is a dark-haired, pale man, dressed in black, and with the air of a very serious clergyman of the Establishment—it is the Earl of Aberdeen, also a strong, clear-headed man. Lower down, an infirm old man, with white hair and supported by crutches, is Lord Wynford; near him is Lord Kenyon, the peer whose cheek is ruddy with health, but whose hair and whiskers are white as snow. Behind the duke, on the back bench is the Earl of Wicklow, a stout, ruddy-faced man, with sandy hair. When he does not get into a passion, there are few more sensible men in his party. On the same row at the extreme end of the House, farthest from the Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst has chosen to post himself, for what reason it is difficult to say. Quite cut off from the other leaders of his party, it would seem that the inconvenience of the position is its charm. Any other man would feel embarrassed at having to address the House from such a distance; but Lord Lyndhurst's fine, clear, manly, trumpet-like voice, overcomes all obstacles of space, as his self-possession overcomes all those of situation; and he makes himself heard, *aye, and felt too*, in any part of the House.—From the Britannia.

BISHOP CHASE.

The Editor of the Christian Witness, speaking of Bishop Chase's recent visit to Lowell, says "We seldom look upon a man who has done so much for the interests of humanity as he, and who, when he dies, will leave behind him more unequivocal, magnificent, lasting monuments of extraordinary talent, and extraordinary effort, successfully directed to the best interests of men. We reverence the man, who, under such circumstances, has founded two diocesan colleges for religious, secular, and theological education, and placed them upon foundations so ample and enduring."

For the Colonial Churchman.

The following excellent remarks on Recollection Holy Meditation, are so well worthy of serious perusal that I beg your readers attentively to peruse them. David found it well to "meditate on the law of the Lord day and night," how much more should we apply to renewed and earnest meditations!

ON RECOLLECTION.

Extract of a letter from the late Rev. J. Fletcher Madeley.

You ask me some directions to get a mortified spirit. In order to get it, get recollection. Recollection is a dwelling within ourselves; a being abstracted from the creature, and turned towards God. Recollection is both outward and inward. Outward recollection consists in silence from all idle and superfluous words,—and in solitude, or a wise disentangling from the world, keeping to our own business, obeying and following the order of God for ourselves, shutting the ear against all curious and unprofitable matters. Inward recollection consists in shutting the door of the senses, in a deep attention to the presence of God, and in a continual care of entering into holy thoughts, for fear of spiritual idleness. Through the power of the Spirit, let this recollection be steady ever in the midst of hurrying business; it be lasting. Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

To maintain this recollection, beware of engaging too deeply, and beyond what is necessary, in outward things: beware of suffering your affections to be tangled by worldly desire, your imagination to amaze itself with unprofitable objects, and indulging yourself in the commission of what are called small faults. For want of continuing in a recollected frame all the day, our times of prayer are frequently dry and useless, imagination prevails, and the heart wanders. Whereas we pass easily from recollection to delightful prayer. Without the spirit, there can be no useful self-denial, nor can we know ourselves: but where it dwells, it makes the soul all eye, all ear; traces and discovers sin, repels its first assaults, or crushes them at its earliest risings. In recollection, let your mind act according to the drawings of grace, and it will probably lead you either to contemplate Jesus as crucified, and interceding for you, &c. or to watch your senses, and suppress your passions, to keep before God in respectful silence of heart, and to watch to follow the motions of grace, and feed on the promises. But take care here, to be more taken with the thoughts of God than of yourself; and consider how hardly recollection is sometimes obtained and how easily it is lost. Use no forced labour, raise a particular frame, nor tire, fret, and grow impatient, if you have no comfort; but meekly acquiesce and confess yourself unworthy of it; lie prostrate in humble submission before God, and patiently wait for the smiles of Jesus. May the following motives stir you up to the pursuit of recollection:—1. We must forsake all, and die to all, first by recollection. 2. Without it God's voice cannot be heard in the soul. 3. It is the altar on which we must offer our Isaacs. 4. It is, instrumentally, a ladder (which may be allowed the expression) to ascend into glory. 5. By it the soul gets to its centre, out of which it cannot rest. 6. Man's soul is the temple of God; recollection the holy of holies. 7. As the wicked find hell in their hearts, so faithful souls find heaven. 8. Without recollection, all means of grace are useless, or make but a light and transient impression. Recollection is a castle, an inviolable fortress against the world and the devil: it renders times and places alike, and is the habitation where Christ and his bride dwell.

WORLDLY ALLUREMENTS.

The vine, olive, and fig-tree, in Jotham's parable will not leave their vine, fatness and sweetness, to gain a kingdom;—Herod, his Herodias, to save his soul; nor men of corrupt manners, the corruption of their manners, for a blessed reformation.—Lighth