

after Him who seeks after us, and who bears us in his arms? It is within his tender and fatherly bosom that we forget him; it is through the sweetness of his gifts that we cease to think of him. What he gives us every moment, instead of tenderly affecting, does but serve to amuse us. He is the fountain of all pleasures; the creatures are but the channels, and the channel makes us count the source as nothing. His immense love pursues us everywhere, and we continually fly from its pursuits! He is everywhere, and we see him nowhere! We think ourselves alone when we have none but him. He doeth all, but we rely not upon him in any thing! We think our affairs to be all desperate, when we have no resource left us but what his providence can supply—as if infinite and almighty Love were able to do nothing! O monstrous folly! O salvation of the whole man!

2. Yet thou, O Love, bearest with us! thou waitest on us with patience without end, and even seemest by thy excess of patience to indulge our ingratitude; even they who desire to love thee only for themselves, for their comfort, or their security. Where are they that love thee for thy own sake? Where are they that love thee, because they were created for no other end but to love thee? They are unknown among men, and their names are written only in thy book. But to what purpose doth the world subsist, if we love not thee, and if we love thee not so as to be made sensible that the love of thee is above every other blessing? This was thy intention in producing without thee what is not thyself: thy design was to create beings, who, having all from thee, should devote themselves to thee alone.

On the words, "Lord teach us to pray," Luke ix. 1.

O Lord, I know not what I should ask of thee. Thou only knowest what I want: and thou lovest me better than I can love myself. O Lord, give to me, thy child, what is proper, whatsoever it may be. I dare not ask either crosses or comforts. I only present myself before thee; I open my heart to thee. Behold my wants, which I am ignorant of; but do thou best, and do according to thy will. So it will be done; de-ress me, or raise me up; I adore all thy purposes, without knowing them. I am silent, I offer myself in sacrifice. I abandon myself to thee. I have no more any desire, but to accomplish thy will. Teach me to pray. Pray thou thyself in me.

Religious Intelligence.

Abridged from the Recorder.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Thirty-ninth Annual meeting of this society was held on Tuesday, the 30th ult., in the Great Room, Exeter Hall, which was crowded with a highly respectable assemblage, the majority being ladies. On the platform were Lord Mountsdown; Lord Teignmouth, M. P.; the Bishops of Winchester, Chester, Ripon, and Chichester; Rev. H. Rukes, Chancellor of Chester; J. P. Plumptre, Esq., M. P.; H. Pownall, Esq.; Sir George Rose, M. P.; H. Hoare, Esq., &c.

The Earl of Chichester, on taking the chair, said—Never has the Church of England had such a hold on the affections of the people, never has she been blessed with such a number of faithful and zealous ministers, never have her appeals for aid in the extension of her operations at home been so cheerfully and liberally answered as during the last two years. (Hear.) To trials and dangers the church is indeed still exposed; perils from without and from within, perils from her own countrymen, and perils from false brethren may still disturb her peace; but such is her appointed condition in her troublesome journey to the land of her triumph and her rest. (Hear, hear.) But there is one part of self-denying love in which the Church of England has yet been manifestly deficient, one burden which she yet seems unwilling to bear for her blessed Master, one cross which few of her sons have yet learnt to carry, a warfare whose cost but few have love enough to incur. The souls in heathen lands, who have known the terror of Britain's arms and the white sails of her gallant ships, and whose fields and gardens are ministering to so many people's wants, the souls that are in those lands perishing in the darkness that has so long bound them, are claiming from Britain spiritual liberty and light. Those lands are the moral wilderness, that should be broken up and sown and cultured by our Christian industry and love. But what has the Church of England done? What has been the case with our own Society? You will hear I regret to say, from the report, that our resources have fallen off. Though fresh mercies have been showered down upon us, though increasing light is shining around us, our tribute of gratitude and praise this year will be found less liberal than it was last. In the presence of those around me, the bishops and elders of the church, it would ill become me to exhort you, still less to censure you for a fault in which I bear so large a share of guilt. I would only call attention to a state of things which none of us can deny, and the application I would not hear, excepting to my own heart. I have lately heard much of discussions upon the constitution of our Missionary Societies; many faults have I heard found with this and with that; but few have seemed prepared to mend what they find amiss, or vigorously to help that which they cannot mend. I for one am always ready to admit that it is most desirable from time to time to revise and improve our different institutions, and even to fashion them according to modern taste, when that taste is, as I believe to be at present, in favour of a stricter adherence to Church discipline and Church order. (Hear, hear.) It is my opinion that there are no matters of greater importance than those to which I have alluded for the vigour and stability of our foreign missions. I may confidently assert that no men have more fully appreciated these considerations, and more anxiously and zealously applied their minds to them than the committee of this society. (Hear.) But there is reason to fear that of late some of us have sacrificed the end to the means, for while I have heard much both ably said and ably written upon the duty of Christian missions, and upon the mode in which the Church should send them forth, the missionary resources have scarcely increased either in the contributions to the funds or in the number of missionary candidates. But I never will believe that the Church Missionary Society is declining, or even standing still. The cold scorn of the world may frown upon her, friends may desert her, and her lovers grow reluctant; but though father and mother forsake her, the Lord will take her up. (Applause.) I am sure that the Society will this day be encouraged and go forwards, and that the fortieth year of its pilgrimage will be a year of increasing triumph and success in her warfare with the powers of darkness, and that God will continue to