

CHURCH CALENDAR.

August 24.—St. Bartholomew's Day.
25.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sept. 1.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
8.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE CHURCH AND THE MEETING-HOUSE.

A DIALOGUE.—CONTINUED.

T. W. But why, John, were you so sorry that I went to the meeting this morning? sure, there was not much harm in it.
J. C. Well, Thomas, now I will tell you why I am sorry, though you know Mr. Williams could explain these things much better to you. I think that all Christians who live in one country or in one village, like we do, Thomas, ought to serve God together; we ought not, like the Corinthians did, to say, I am of Paul, I of Apollus, I of Cephas, (1 Cor. i. 12.) I am for this minister, I am for that. For, Thomas, as there is "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," (Eph. iv. 5,) so it seems to me that it becomes Christians to be divided into different parties.

J. C. Now I don't think that you can say, that you have ever prayed with earnestness, on a Sabbath morning, that the Word which you are about to hear on that day may be blessed to your soul, and after that have gone to church and found no profit. Sure am, that I never yet went to church really seeking spiritual food, and returned empty.
T. W. Ay, very true, it is because we go to church to gossip with our neighbours, before ad after service, to show off our new clothes or to be thought well of by the gentlefolk, seeking loaves and fishes instead of Jesus Christ, that you think we get so little good there. Well, it may be so, I will think more about it. But does not the sermon of the minister at the meeting move you more than those which you here from the clergyman at the church?
J. C. Now I can't say, Thomas, that I agree with you, if you mean that the sermon at the meeting does me more good than the sermon at the church. Does hearing the Bible read move you? for if it does, you hear more of it, I fancy, read at the church than at the meeting.

fall of that illustrious nobleman he became Chaplain to the Queen of Bohemia, sister to Charles I., and in that capacity accompanied his royal mistress into England in 1660, to visit her nephew after his happy restoration. He was presented to the church and rectory of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he lived much respected. On the restoration of the Church of Scotland he was preferred to the see of Edinburgh as a reward for his loyalty and former sufferings. He was consecrated at St. Andrews, and held the see of Edinburgh till his death, in 1671.—He was buried in the Chapel Royal, Holyrood, where an elegant monument was erected to his memory. He was a man of true religion and piety; and never forgot his own sufferings in Haddo's-hole; but felt for those who inhabited that abode of wretchedness and misery. In pursuance of this charitable sympathy it was his daily practice to send provisions from his own kitchen, all the time he sat bishop in Edinburgh, to the prisoners. In particular, he nearly killed the west-land Whigs, taken at Pentland, with over-repletion. Burnet himself admits that the prisoners were in greater danger from full feeding than they had been during their short campaign. He wrote the History of the War in Scotland under the great Montrose, a book to which all historians are indebted for the true history of that period.—Stephen's Life of Archbishop Sharp (of St. Andrews).

THE SINNER DENIED BY CHRIST.
O! the inexpressible horror that will seize upon a poor sinner, when he stands arraigned at the bar of divine justice! When he shall look about and see his accuser, his judge, the witnesses, all of them his remorseful adversaries; the law implacable mercy, and the gospel upbraiding him; the devil, his grand accuser, drawing his indictment, numbering his sins with the greatest exactness, and aggravating them with the cruellest bitterness; and conscience, like a thousand witnesses, attesting every article, flying in his face, and rending his very heart: And then after all, Christ, from whom only mercy could be expected, owning the accusation. It will be hell enough to hear the sentence; the very promulgation of the punishment will be part of the punishment, and anticipate the execution. If Peter was so abashed when Christ gave him a look after his denial; if there was so much dread in his looks when he stood as prisoner, how much greater will it be when he sits as a judge? If it was so fearful when he looked his denier into repentance, what will it be when he shall look him into destruction? Believe it, when he shall hear an accusation from an Advocate, our eternal doom from our Intercessor, it will convince us that a denial of Christ is something more than a few transitory words: What trembling, what ecstasies, what astonishment will there be upon the pronouncing this sentence! Every word will come upon the sinner like an arrow striking through his reins; like thunder, that is heard, and consumes at the same instant.—Yes, it will be a denial with scorn, with taunting reprobinations; and to be miserable without commiseration, is the height of misery. He that falls below pity, can fall no lower. Could I give you a lively representation of guilt and horror on this hand, and point out eternal wrath, and deceiver eternal vengeance on the other, then might I shew you the condition of a sinner hearing himself denied by Christ: And for those whom Christ has denied, it will be in vain to appeal to the Father, unless we can imagine that those whom mercy has condemned, justice will absolve.—Dr. South.

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WILLIAM COLLINS.

My last interview was on the 30th day of September, 1815, when, accompanied by Mrs. Bowles, the Rev. Mr. Skinner, and the Bishop of the Diocese (Bath and Wells), I again visited the abode of this sole survivor of a whole buried generation of the parish. (Uphill in Somersetshire.)
He was seated near the window, by a small fire, and seemed more collected than when I last saw him, though now turned of ninety years. He instantly remembered me, and pressed my hand, which he held in his for some time, with tears in his eyes. His voice was clear and distinct. His daughter was with him. The inside of the cottage was very neat, and on the table, amongst a few other books, an old Bible was conspicuous; near which stood, most appropriately, an HOUR GLASS. I made some religious reflections on the silent sands of life, slowly passing away, and on the Book which, when these sands are all shed, sets before us the "sure and certain hope of eternal life." and I never shall forget the words and action of my most benevolent friend the Bishop, who appeared deeply interested in the scene. "My good old man," he said, with a gentle smile, "in the present days, I fear, a bishop's blessing may not be thought so valuable, as it has been in ages past, but," placing his hand on the old man's head, he added, in a manner and voice most affecting, "such as it is, it is given most warmly."

Piously and placidly, this humble and ancient servant of Christ now waits the end of his long and weary journey upon earth, an "exile hastening to be loosed," in "the full assurance" of "faith" and "hope." Baptized and brought up in the bosom of the church, from which, in his maturity, and in old age, he never departed, we trust that at his last hour, when that awful hour approaches, and his last sand is shed, with his trembling hand clasping the Bible to his heart, through repentance and grace, he may be enabled to lift up his eyes to heaven, and faintly utter, "Oh Death where is thy sting? Oh Grave, where is thy victory?" We looked on his countenance some time in silence, and then departed with a blessing and a prayer.

We left his solitary abode, not without boding feelings, as, in all human probability, we should see his face no more.—Rev. W. Bowles.

VILLAGE CHURCHES IN ENGLAND.

Blessings on those old gray fabrics that stand on many a hill, and in many a lowly hollow, all over this beloved country; for as much as we would reprobate that system of private or political patronage by which unqualified, unholly, and unchristian men have been sometimes thrust into their ancient pulpits, I am of Sir Walter Scott's opinion, that no places are so congenial to the holiness of Christian worship as they are. They have an air of antiquity about them, a shaded sanctity, and stand so venerably amid the most English scenes, and the tombs of generations of the dead, that we cannot enter them without having our imaginations and our hearts powerfully impressed with every feeling and thought that can make us love our country, and yet feel that this is not our abiding-place. Those antique churches, those low, massy doors, were raised in days that are long gone by; around those walls, may beneath our very feet, sleep those who, in their generations, helped each in his little sphere, to build up our country to her present pitch of greatness. We catch a glimpse of that deep veneration, of that unambitious simplicity of mind and manner, that we would fain hold fast amidst our growing knowledge, and its inevitable remodelling of the whole framework of society. We are made to feel earnestly the desire to pluck the spirit of faith, the integrity of character, and the whole heart of love to kin and country, out of the ignorance and blind subjection of the past. Therefore it is that I have always loved the village church; that I have delighted to stroll far through the summer fields, and hear still onward its bells ringing happily; to enter and sit down among its rustic congregation, better pleased with their murmur of responses, and their artless but earnest chant, than with all the splendour and parade of more lofty fabrics.—W. Howitt.

The Garner.

LOSERS OF SOULS.

All they who wrong others to enrich themselves; all that rob upon the highway, pick pockets, or break open houses; all that forge deeds, forswear themselves, or suborn others to do so in law-suits; all that willingly cheat, defraud, or over-reach their neighbours, in buying or selling their goods; all that pilfer and steal, or so much as withhold and conceal that which they know belongs to another; all that are able, and yet will not pay what they owe, but lie in prison, or hide themselves, or at least pretend they cannot do it; all that smuggle the king's customs, or corrupt his officers, and by that means keep to themselves what the law hath made due to him; all that refuse or neglect to relieve those of their relations or others, which are really in need, and so withhold from them the maintenance which God hath appointed for them; all that oppress and gripe poor workmen in their prices, or servants in the wages which are due to them; all that work upon people's necessities, and extort from them more than the laws of the land allow of; all that follow such unlawful trades as tend to the corrupting of youth, and to the nourishing of vice and wickedness in the world; all that by false weights or measures, by lying or over-reckoning, or by any trick, impose upon those they deal with; and all that are conscious to themselves, that by these, and such like unlawful ways, they have got other men's money, goods, or estates in their hands, and yet will not restore them again to their right owners as far as they are able: these all so plainly lose their souls for this world, as if they should make a solemn contract or bargain with the devil, that upon condition they may have such and such things at present, he shall have their souls for ever; for so he will, and leave them in the lurch too: he will serve them in their own kind; as they cheated others, he will cheat them, and put them off with nothing but dreams and fancies, instead of the great profit and advantage they expected.—Bishop Beveridge.

BISHOP WISHART.

George Wishart, Bishop of Edinburgh, was of the family of Logie, in the county of Angus. He first was minister of North Leith, but was deposed by the Covenanters in 1638, for refusing to take the Covenant.—The insurgents who were then in possession of the government, discovered that he had corresponded with the royalists, and in consequence they plundered him of all his goods, and imprisoned him in Haddo's-hole. Haddo's-hole, or the thieves' hole, was the nastiest and worst part of the common gaol of Edinburgh, and was so denominated from the circumstance of Sir John Gordon of Haddo having been shut up in it for his loyalty to Charles I. Wishart was immured in this loathsome dungeon for seven months, and during all that time was only allowed once to change his linen. While in Haddo's-hole he ran some risk of being devoured by rats, the marks of whose voracity he bore on his face to the grave. On his discharge from this horrible place, he went abroad with the marquis of Montrose. After the