

derings, and coldness, and indevotion of my prayers; for the sake of my blessed Saviour, have mercy upon me.

Lord, make me a doer of Thy word, and not a hearer only, lest I deceive my own soul. Amen.

EXTRACTS.

THE SIGN OF OUR REDEMPTION. — True, you will say, but then the Cross is Popish. — And who is it dares to make such an assertion? Who will be content to surrender that blessed symbol to the Papists, as if because *they use it* reverentially (and often perhaps use it superstitiously), *we* were to abandon the comfort to be derived. Why, at this rate, we must give up the use of every gift of God, seeing that there is not one but has been abused by man. To the adoption of the *Crucifix*, indeed, great and strong objections may, as I think, be fairly and wisely made, but to the simple *Cross*, none. And to him who bids me keep the Cross out of sight because the Papists have used it (as I think they *do* use it,) idolatrously, I will answer as Naboth did to Ahab, "The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers to" *them*. I abhor Popery as much as you can do, and the more I study its history, and principles, and see its practical workings, the more I abhor it. But because Popery has many bad things in it, I will not be so weak as to oppose what is good merely because the Papists use it. I do not abjure the doctrine of the Trinity, on the ground that it is received by the Roman Church; and it would be equally wicked to be ashamed to use the Cross, in fit places and on proper occasions, through a cowardly fear of being called Papistical. No; let the Infidel, and the Puritan, and the Schismatic, hate and oppose all exhibition of the Symbol of Redemption to the eyes of men: they may have their own reasons for doing so: but let every true son of the Church of England cherish it as "the inheritance of his fathers," and as the sign which he most honours, — that which was marked upon his brow in Holy Baptism, which is the source of his hopes while living, and which he desires should hallow his last earthly resting place. — *Paget's Tract on Tombstones.*

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH'S ENGLISH PAST AND PRESENT. — * * * But a passage in which the altered meaning of a word involves sometimes a more serious misunderstanding is that well-known statement of St. James, "pure *religion* and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." "There," exclaims one who wishes to set up St. James against St. Paul, that so he may escape the necessity of doing either, "listen to what St. James says; he does not speak of faith as the condition necessary to salvation; there is nothing mystical in what he requires; instead of harping on faith, he makes all religion to consist in practical deeds of kindness from one to another." But let us pause a moment. Did "religion," when our translation was made, mean "godliness"? did it mean the *sum total* of our duties towards God? for of course no one would deny that deeds of kindness are a part of our Christian duty, an evidence of the faith which is in us? There is abundant evidence to show that "religion" did not mean this; that like the Greek *Threskeia*, for which it here stands, like the Latin "religio," it meant the outward forms and embodiments in which the inward principle of piety arrayed itself, the external service of God: and St James is urging upon those to whom he is writing something of this kind: "Instead of the ceremonial services of the Jews, which consisted in divers washings and in other elements of this world, let our service, our *Threskeia*, take a nobler shape, let it consist in deeds of pity and of love" — and it was this which our translators intended, when they used "religion" here and "religious" in the verse preceding. How little "religion" once meant godliness, how predominantly it was used for the *outward* service of God, is plain from many passages in our Homilies, and from other contemporary literature.

THIS life of ours is a wild Æolian Harp of many a joyous strain, but under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain. — *King Henry in the Golden Legend.*