

faith, which is 'the evidence of things not seen;' light, in the lustre of that purity of heart and life, which strives in all things to conform itself to God; light, in the mild radiance of their heaven-enkindled charity. *They go on and shine.* The light within them is diffusive. It swells and spreads. As it grows, they grow. They strengthen as it gathers strength. Reflected on them from 'the face of Jesus Christ,' they catch the likeness of his glorious beauty. They are made partakers of his divine and perfect nature. They are 'renewed in knowledge.' They are 'created in Christ Jesus unto good works.' They are 'changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.' Nor does the glorious progress ever terminate. *They go on and shine, until the day be perfected.* 'They go from strength to strength.' They rise from grace to grace. Knowledge is added unto knowledge. Virtue is builded upon virtue. 'They wait upon the Lord;' and therefore they 'renew their strength.' Triumph lends facility to triumph. Conquest gathers security from conquest. And, when the last enemy is vanquished, and 'death is swallowed up in victory,' they find, with glad surprise, the noble race but just begun. Mounting 'with wings, as eagles,' they commence anew their upward and exulting flight,—to soar forever toward the throne and face of God—to bask forever in new floods of uncreated light—to drink forever from new streams of deeper, purer joy—to catch forever clearer views of God's divine perfections—and to reflect forever more and more of their effulgent and eternal glory. 'The path of the just'—how beautiful, and yet how faint, and far below the truth, the figure of the text!—'the path of the just,' is it not like 'the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day?' 'The path of the just,'—remember, my beloved—to be run in heaven, must be begun on earth. There is no entrance on it, but through faith in Jesus, as the lamb of God. There is no strength in it, but through that grace which he has purchased with his blood. There is no triumph for it, but to them, who, patiently continuing in well doing, seek, through his sole merit, 'glory, honour and immortality.'

"Such we believe to have been the course, throughout life, and such we therefore trust, will be throughout eternity, the course, of that just man, embalmed in all our hearts, who, at this hour, upon the last Lord's day, ceased to be mortal, and is now with God. In gratitude to him, who lent him to his Church so long, in justice to ourselves, so long indulged with the rich trust of his most beautiful example, let us improve the present moment, for the contemplation of its meek holiness and placid piety—let us stimulate ourselves, by the contemplation of his long, patient and laborious self-devotion, to better efforts and more willing sacrifices in the cause of truth and virtue—and let us pray for grace, so to be followers of him, as he has followed Christ, that, through faith in the same precious Saviour, we may enter into the same glorious rest!"

* * * * *

"WILLIAM WHITE, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, St. Peter's and St. James', in the city of Philadelphia, Bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania, and, as Senior of the American Church, presiding in the House of Bishops, was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 4th day of April, (new style,) in the year of our Lord, 1748. He was educated in the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in May, 1765. His attention was turned, at a very early age, to the study of theology. On the 23d day of December, 1770, he was ordained deacon by Dr. Young, Bishop of Norwich, on letters dimissory from the Bishops of London, Dr. Terrick, then the diocesan of the American colonies. Having spent the interval, which ensued before the attainment of the canonical age for Priest's orders, in England, where he had access to, and well improved, the society of such men as Lowth, Kennicott, Goldsmith and Johnson, he was ordained Priest, by Bishop Terrick, on the 25th day of April, 1772. He was settled in November, of the same year, as Assistant Minister, and in April, 1779, was elected Rector, of Christ Church and St. Peter's, in the city of Philadelphia,—in which office he continued until his death, a period of more than 57 years. In 1781, on the 4th day of July, he received from the University of Pennsylvania, the degree of Doctor in Divinity; being the first person on whom the honor was conferred by that institution. In the struggle

for national independence, he engaged, so far as became his sacred office, was elected the first Chaplain of the American Congress, and was for many years the friend and pastor of Washington. His services, for a series of years, during a part of which he was the only Episcopal Clergyman in Pennsylvania, were of the utmost importance, first in keeping alive, and then in rallying, the feeble energies of the Church. The first conference on the subject of a general organization was held in his house, March 29, 1784—he presided at the first meeting of the Clergy of different States, held in New Brunswick, May 13, 1784; when he preached the Sermon—he presided at the first General Convention, held in the city of Philadelphia, September 27, 1785; when he drafted the Constitution of the Church. On the 14th day of September, 1786, he was elected Bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania; and, on the 4th day of February, 1787, in the Chapel of the Archbishopal palace at Lambeth, he was consecrated, together with Dr. Provoost, of New York, by Dr. Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by Dr. Markham, Archbishop of York, Dr. Moss, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Dr. Hinchliff, Bishop of Peterborough. He has been present at every General Convention; and at every one, since that of 1792, has presided in the House of Bishops. Of the 28 Bishops who have been consecrated in America, 26 have received consecration from him—the first, Dr. Claggett, have been consecrated by Dr. Provoost, Dr. White being present and assisting; and the last, Dr. McCoskry, by Dr. H. U. Onderdonk, during the period of his last brief illness. For 21 years, since the death of Bishop Provoost, he was, as he himself beautifully expressed it, in a letter to the present Archbishop of Canterbury, 'the last living link' between the American Church and that of England—connecting us, through her, with the primitive Church, and with the Lord himself. In the revision of the Prayer Book, as in all measures of that day, he was most active and influential. He has presided, from the first, over all the general institutions of the Church. In every transaction of her councils, his wisdom has been predominant, and his agency conspicuous. The Pastoral Letters, without exception, have all proceeded from his pen. In short, such has been the duration of his life, such his physical energy, such the activity of his mind; so great, on the one hand, his devotion to the Church, and, on the other, so universal the confidence in his wisdom, his prudence, his integrity, his disinterested zeal, his comprehensive charity; that, not more by the precedence to which his seniority entitled him, than by the instinctive and habitual confidence of the whole communion, he has been first in every thing, and every thing has been identified with him. At the time of his decease, he had entered more than three months on his 89th year, had been 66 years in orders, and a Bishop nearly 50,—having, it is believed, no senior in that office in Protestant Christendom; and being regarded, with unanimous reverence and love, not for his years so much as for his mild paternal rule, the PATRIARCH of our household of faith.

"Nor, though thus prominent in all the duties and relations of his office, did his zeal for the public good rest here. As a citizen, he readily acknowledged his responsibilities, and cheerfully sustained them all. With the most valuable public institutions of his native city, he was intimately connected; of some, among the founders—of all the active member, and liberal supporter. He was regarded by the whole community in which he lived, and where he had mingled with three successive generations, with the highest reverence and love. 'None, of whatever name, could fail to honor the divine and treasured wisdom, the minister of pure charity and dove-like simplicity, the citizen of approved patriotism and constant fidelity, the man of urbane manners, unruffled equanimity, and unsullied purity of life.' 'The majestic form of the deceased,' says a daily paper of his own city, 'was seen until a short time before his death in our streets, with gratification, by every citizen; and the respectful salutations of those who addressed him, showed how general and how deep was the respect which his long life of pious usefulness inspired.' So he lived. His sickness was an object of solicitude as widely as the time allowed it to be known. The tidings of his death fell like a funeral knell on those who had expected it for years. And, in his funeral obsequies, the whole community united; and, with

the sad conviction that they should never look upon his like again, mingled their silent tears."

Wolf, the missionary.—Cairo, March 20—Mr. Wolf, the missionary, has left Cairo on his mission into the interior of Africa. He was to proceed to Gondat, the capital of Abyssinia, and expected to find his way from thence to Timbuctoo. He is to attempt to reach the Cape of Good Hope from Timbuctoo, and if he finds that impossible, he is to return to Tunis or Morocco.

LETTERS received since our last—Rev. H. L. Owen, W. B. Phair, Esq.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at the book-stores of Messrs. A. & W. McKinlay, C. H. Belcher, and J. Munro,

A TREATISE ON INFANT BAPTISM; shewing the Scriptural grounds and historical evidence of that ordinance; together with a brief exposition of the Baptismal Offices of the Church of England—by the Rev. James Robertson, A. M. Missionary from the Venerable Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts. Price 6s. 3d.

The Church Clergy are respectfully requested to act as Agents, and to transmit orders to Messrs. A. & W. McKinlay, the publishers.

BEAUTIFUL APPEAL TO AN ATHEIST.

I cannot believe that a mind like yours, can walk abroad through this beautiful world, beneath its glorious canopy of light, and not feel, and sometimes tremble, at those evidences of Almighty being and agency,—that flame from the sun, sparkle in the stars, echo in the thunder, breathe in the winds, murmur in the waters, exhale from the flowers, and warble from the groves. And I am sure that sometimes in your hours of depression and sorrow, your desolate spirit sighs for brighter hopes and surer foundations than any on which you can now repose. You are beginning to take the downward path of life; the hey-day of youth and enterprize is past; you have tasted about all that this world has to give; death has again and again invaded your domestic circle, and every year as age approaches, one star after another will drop from your sky.

To the Christian, surrounded by the sharers of his hopes, these loved and parting lights of life glide away to wait his arrival in a purer sphere; to you they are sinking to blackness of darkness forever. And as each year, your passage to the tomb becomes more desolate and dim, no glimmer of hope arises to cheer, but all around is darkness, silence, and interminable gloom.

ANECDOTES OF REV. JAMES HERVEY.

While once travelling, Mr. Hervey met with a lady who largely expatiated on the amusements of the stage, as being in her opinion superior to all other pleasures. She remarked that there was the pleasure of thinking on the play before she went, the pleasure she enjoyed while there, and the pleasure of reflecting on it afterwards. Mr. Hervey, who had heard her remarks without interruption, now said, with his usual mildness, there was one pleasure more which she had forgotten. "What can that be," she eagerly asked, for she thought she must have included them all. With a grave look, and a striking manner, Mr. H. replied, "Madam, the pleasure it will give you on a death bed." The remark took her by surprise but went to heart. She had no reply to make. The rest of the journey was occupied in deep thought. She abandoned the theatre and heartily pursued those pleasures which can afford satisfaction even on a death bed.

Mr. Hervey being in company with a person who was paying him some compliments on account of his writings, replied, laying his hand on his breast, "Oh Sir, you would not strike the sparks of applause if you knew how much corrupt tinder I have within."

Mr. Hervey writing to his friend shortly before his death says, "Were I to enjoy Hezekiah's grant, and have fifteen years added to my life, I would be much more frequent to the throne of grace. We sustain a mighty loss by reading so much and praying so little. Were I to renew my studies, I would take my leave of those accomplished trifles, the historians, the orators, and the poets of antiquity, and devote my attention to the Scriptures of truth. I would sit with much greater assiduity at my divine Master's feet, and desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. This wisdom, whose fruits are everlasting salvation after death, this I would explore through the spacious and delightful fields of the Old and New Testament.