

good and sweet Father; thou shalt you labour to mortify all things that would spot either soul or body. All these things spring out of this certain persuasion and faith, that God is our Father, and we are his children by Christ Jesus. All things should help our faith herein, but Satan goeth about in all things to hinder us.

Therefore let us use earnest and hearty prayer; let us often remember this covenant: "I am the Lord thy God." Let us look upon Christ and his precious blood, shed for the sealing and confirmation of his covenant; let us set before us God's benefits; how he hath, ever since we were born, blessed, kept, nourished, and defended us; how he hath often and faithfully corrected us—how he hath spared us, and with how spare us, giving us time, space, place, grace. This is if you do, and use earnest prayer, and so flee from all things which might wound your conscience giving yourself to diligence in your vocation, you shall find at length a sure certainty of salvation, without such doubt as may trouble the peace of conscience, to your eternal joy and comfort. Amen. Amen.

Your's in Christ,

JOHN BRADFORD.

WORDS OF COMFORT TO THE HUMBLE BELIEVER.\*

Be thankful, for you have great cause. You are even in the blessed state of God's children—for they mourn, and do not you so? And that not for worldly weal, but for spiritual riches, faith, hope, charity, &c. Do you not hunger and thirst for righteousness? And I pray you, saith not Christ, who cannot lie, that happy are such? How could God wipe away the tears from your eyes in heaven, if now on earth you shed no tears? How could heaven be a place of rest, if you found it on earth? How could you so often call upon God, and talk with him, as I know you do, if your enemy should sleep all day long? How should you elsewhere be made like unto Christ, I mean in joy, if in sorrow you sobbed not with him? If you will have joy and felicity, you must first needs feel sorrow and misery. If you will sit at Christ's table in his kingdom, you must first abide with him in his temptation. If you will drink of his cup of glory, forsake not his cup of ignominy

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

The Episcopate is one; it is a whole in which each enjoys full possession. The Church is likewise one, though she be spread abroad, and multiplies with the increase of her progeny: even as the sun has many rays, yet one light; and the tree boughs many, but its strength is one, seated in the deep-lodged root; and as when many streams flow down from one source, though a multiplicity of water seems to be diffused from the bountifulness of the overflowing abundance, unity is preserved in the source itself.—Part a ray of the sun from its orb, and its unity forbids this division of light, break a branch from the tree, once broken, it can bud no more; cut the stream from its fountain, the remnant will be dried up.—Thus the Church, flooded with the light of the Lord, puts forth her rays through the whole world, with one light, which is spread upon all places, while its unity of body is not infringed. She stretched forth her branches over the universal earth in the riches of plenty, and pours abroad her bountiful and onward streams; yet is there one source, one head, one mother, abundant in the results of her fruitfulness.—Cyprian.

*Education and Crime.*—Out of 32 prisoners recently brought forward for trial in one of the counties of England, only two could read and write. Four could read intelligibly and write imperfectly, and seven, could both read and write imperfectly: eight could not read or write at all.—*Chron. of the Church.*

*Religious parties in England.*—The Liverpool Mercury declares that the High Church party of England, has made common cause with the Methodists and Orthodox Presbyterians, against the spread of liberal principle.—*Ibid.*

\* Extracted from Bradford.

For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,

There are many occasions in human life upon which silence is of far greater importance than eloquence itself; and it would not be difficult to instance cases, in the prosecution of merely worldly affairs, where this property is invaluable. In inferiors and juniors it is frequently the best wisdom, because generally their manifest duty; and in superiors a well timed silence is sometimes not less forcible than the language of authority itself. But the great difficulty of the subject under discussion, is to lay down practical directions when to be silent; for who can give shape and colour to those nice and delicate occasions which require the closest attention and the longest life to observe and improve.—Who that has ever acquired this experience can hope to describe it on paper: and far indeed is it from the writer of this brief communication to suppose that he has gained it. Little else can be done here then, than to advert to a few general cases;—long and perhaps painful intercourse with the world, with a habit of watching the minutest incidents of life, and the various turns of conversation, and above all an acquaintance with the human heart,—alone can fill up the outline.

To the conscientious christian, silence is often valuable as a delicate yet powerful mode of reproof.—What has not the awful silence of a reverend character sometimes effected in repressing the rage of sin and checking the sinner in his career, or in frowning to silence the infidel or scorner, when the most able argument would be lost upon them. Impenetrable silence is a shield from which the keenest shafts have frequently glanced without effect. Silence is valuable, as it often represses anger.—What bitterness and wrath are sometimes quenched by its influence! How does it disarm opposition; how does it soothe irritation and allay resentment.

I hope I am not presuming, Messrs. Editors, when I say that I sincerely hope, silence will be the eloquent expression of your displeasure towards the many bitter things that have of late been ushered into public notice against you and the paper you conduct, and the institutions with which you are connected. Believe me, controversy, particularly upon local matters, will be far from pleasing to the majority of your readers; and I very much hope that you will not take the hint of a contemporary journalist, and make the pages of your religious paper a party in the late controversy.

Remember that our blessed Lord answered nothing to the taunting question of Pilate and the Jews, as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, "so he opened not his mouth." Remember that forbearance is a christian grace, and although it may be hard to sit quietly under the severe pen or tongue of our adversary, and to reply not to charges that can at once be refuted,—still there is a great satisfaction in subduing our feelings, and in abstaining from giving utterance to them when we know that by so doing we would only be generating strife; better by far is it, when our opponents descend to personalities, (some instances of which I remember during the past year) to humble ourselves before God, and beg of Him to forgive our persecutors and slanderers, and to turn their hearts. Indeed the true christian will ever be watchful over his powers either of the pen or of the tongue, and tremble at the dangers which

are inseparable from the best things in human hands. This fear will often command him to preserve silence, when others suspect not the reason. Nay, who can describe the advantageous influence of that amiable and mitigated opposition, which softens down the stronger feelings without extinguishing them; and often resists what is wrong with the greater effect from not appearing to resist it at all; and often achieves, by saying nothing, what never could be accomplished by saying much.—Can we, then, wonder that the son of Sirach should recommend the wholesome restraint?—"Hear, O ye children, the discipline of the mouth."

Whatever men of the world may achieve by silence, from their sense of its necessity in particular cases, the Christian alone can turn this advantage to its best account: and it is the true christian only who can habitually keep a due rein upon his tongue, because he alone implores the Divine aid in doing so. David prayed, "Keep thou the door of my lips;" and St. James says, "If any man seem to be religious and bridled not his tongue, that man's religion is vain."

Yours truly,

P.—

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

CHRISTMAS EVE.—A TALE.

"There now, I am sure it does look pretty," cried little Robert Grant, as he finished putting the green leaves of ivy and holly into the window of the neat cottage in which he dwelt. "What a happy day to-morrow will be! I wish it was come. Of all the days in the year I like Christmas-day best, don't you grandfather?" The person whom he addressed sat in the chimney corner, his large Bible spread open on his knees. At his feet was a fine boy about five years old, who was intently watching the fire, and with his grandfather's stick occasionally thrusting fresh bits of fuel under the saucepan in which was his father's supper. "I do, indeed, like Christmas-day," replied the old man, "I, and every one have good reason to do so." "Why so," asked Tom.—"Come and sit down by me, Bob, and tell me why you like Christmas day."

Robert did as his brother desired him. "Because," said he, "every body looks so happy and the bell-ringing so sweetly, and the church looks so pretty with all the evergreens about it, and we have such a comfortable dinner." "And why do you like it, grandfather?" inquired Tom. "Because," returned the grandfather, "it is the day on which our blessed Saviour was born; the day on which the son of God came into the world to save wretched sinners from the misery and punishment that were their due, and to reconcile them to his heavenly Father. Oh, it is indeed a day to make our hearts rejoice!" "Do not the angels sing with joy when Christ was born?" said Robert. "Yes," answered the old man, "of the blessed spirits brought the glad tidings to the shepherds, and a whole company of them joined in a hymn of praise to God, and good will towards men. What therefore made the angels glad should surely inspire us, for whose salvation: Christ came with the utmost gratitude and delight." "Oh, grandfather, read all about it," cried Tom, "I promise to sit very, very still." The old man put on his spectacles, which Robert had just wiped, and taking the gospel of St. Luke, read aloud the interesting account contained in the first and second chapters.

Thus engaged, time glided insensibly away with the children, but not so with the mother. She had again and again mended the fire, swept up the hearth, and arranged the supper table; and now having dressed her baby, she held him in her arms endeavouring to lull him to sleep. She had at first listened attentively to what was passing between the children and her father, but her fears began to rise at her husband's delay, and anxiety for him abated