

rank; seeks the sweetest of its joys within the veil—a life of 'faith that worketh by love'—an active life, but active without fainting, because its springs are often becoming fresh and new in secret contemplation and prayer—such a life as makes the Christian feel that it is not he that lives, but Christ that liveth in him. Teach your people the way to Christ in every thing and for every thing. Be much in the habit in your ministry of carrying out this hidden life into the various applications of its principle, showing, by line upon line, the several practical results to which it leads in spirit and action, in private and public, in domestic and social relations. More instruction is needed, without more exhortation—more exposition of scripture, and less formal dissertation—more distinct setting forth of doctrines by their practical bearings, and of practice connected with, and only resulting from, the great doctrines of the gospel. We need to have more sowing of the seed of the word, as it comes fresh and immediately from the Bible, and less of that admixture of man's wisdom in which they who deal at second hand are apt to exhibit it.

Let your preaching, my brethren, in these days especially, be much upon the distinctive features of the Christian character, the evidences of a new heart; the various counterfeits under which delusion may be masked; the duty and evidence of growth in grace. Imitate your Master in bringing every hidden affection to the test of its fruits. Measure it by obedience to whatever the Lord hath commanded.

Labour to promote a great deal of secret prayer. How many lamps go out because they are not fed by such prayer. How has the most fine gold become dim, because of neglect of the praying that is 'without ceasing'—that always prays, 'and never faints.' You cannot do a better work for the revival of religion and the glory of God, than to promote a more steady habit and a more earnest spirit in secret prayer.

For all these ends, brethren, you need no new instruments or devices; but only that you use the old ones with which Paul fought his good fight, and Timothy did the work of an evangelist, with more of your devoted, fervent, believing mind. 'Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season.' 'Study to show yourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.' 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.' 'Be instant in prayer.'

But what can ye do except ye be holy! How can ye shine as lights in the world, or promote the growth of your people and the revival of religion and the advancement of the Church in all spirituality of mind, except ye be holy! How can ye recommend the unspeakable preciousness of Christ, and the joy unspeakable of his great salvation, except as ye know him and are daily receiving out of his fulness! Follow after more holiness, if ye would attain more usefulness! Who can calculate what fruits of blessedness the ministry would be daily yielding; how the life, vigour, glory of the Church would increase, if, to be spiritually minded, to be constrained by the love of Christ and crucified with him—to walk with God—to be dead to the world, and 'holy in all manner of conversation,' were much more the hungering and thirsting of those who preach the word. 'Be ye holy, because the Lord your God is holy.'—*Bishop McTearne*.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

We are grieved to know that another of the Clergy of the diocese has been lately called to mourn. We observe, in a daily paper, the death, at Bristol, Pennsylvania, of an infant daughter of the Rev. Jehu Jones, of this diocese. "I am in some little disorder," writes Jeremy Taylor to Evelyn, in 1656, "by reason of the death of a little child of mine, a boy that lately made us very glad; but now he rejoices in his little orbe, while we thinke, and sighe, and long to be as safe as he is." May our afflicted friends rejoice in the same consolation!

Good Works.—Even as the picture, graven or painted, is but a dead representation of the thing it is, and is without life, or any tranſfer of moving; so he the works of all unfaithful persons before God.—*Hom.*

The Sick.—Would death be a loss or a gain to you? And from what considerations do you form your opinion on the momentous subject—eternal life or death?

NAAMAN THE SYRIAN. 2 KINGS V. 1-14.

By J. Jacob.

Bravest in battle field—in hall,
'Mid Syria's princely clan;
Wisest, and most renowned of all,
Was favoured Naaman;
But all his lordly power and fame
Could not secure his mortal frame
From mortals' dreadful ban;
High tho' his titles, great his soul,
The warrior was a leper foul.

His little captive Hebrew maid
Of Israel's prophet told;
"Would but my master seek his aid
He'd not his aid withhold."
From Syria in his stately car
Came down the mighty man of war
Laden with gifts of gold,
And stood in all the pomp of power
Expectant at the Prophet's door.

But lo! no fawning prophet came,
To please the Syrian's pride,
A message in Elisha's name,
Obsequious forms supplied.
"If from this hour thou would'st be free
From thy polluting leprosy,
Go wash in Jordan's tide,"
High rose the wrath in Naaman's breast,
He scorned to observe the mean request.

"And is it this for which I came?
"And shall I stoop so low?
"What, wash in Jordan's puny stream?
"Insulting prophet!—no.
"Thro' Syrian vales of sylvan song,
"Far purer rivers roll along
"Than all thy lands can show.
"Why may I not to them repair,
"And wash—and leave my foulness there!"

He said—then madly turned away;
His homeward path pursued;
Till by his servants urged to stay,
And check his ireful mood:
He listened to his faithful men,
In Jordan dipped—and lo! was clean.
Then full of gratitude,
Came back the prophet to reward,
And praise the goodness of the Lord.

Sinner—behold thy madness here,
Thou art unclean—unclean;
Yet, tho' thy Saviour's blood is near
To wash away thy sin,
Thou view'st it with a scornful frown,
And seekest fountains of thy own;
Proud leper, think again:
Hear—Hear the voice that speaks to thee,
Wash from thy fatal leprosy.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

A KING of England of happy memory, who loved his people and his God better than kings in general are wont to do, used, as the custom of the times then was, occasionally to take the exercise of hunting. Being out one day for this purpose, the chase lay through the skirts of a forest; the stag had been hard run, and to escape the dogs, had crossed the river in a deep part. The dogs, however, could not be brought to follow; it became necessary to make a circuitous route along the banks of the river, through some thick and troublesome underwood. The roughness of the ground, the long grass, and frequent thickets, gave opportunity for the sportsmen to separate from each other; each one endeavouring to make the best and speediest route he could. Before they had reached the end of the forest, the king's horse manifested signs of fatigue and weariness; so much so that his majesty resolved upon yielding the pleasures of the chase to those of compassion for his horse. With this view he turned the first avenue in the forest, and determined on riding gently on to the oaks, there to wait for some of his attendants. His Majesty had proceeded only a few yards, when, instead of the cry of the hounds, he fancied that he heard the cry of human distress. As he rode forward, he heard it more distinctly: "Oh, my mother, my mother! God pity and bless my poor mother!" The curiosity and kindness of the king led him instantly to the spot; it was a little green plot on the side of the forest where was spread on the grass, under a branching oak, a little pallet, half covered with a kind of tent; a basket or two with some packs, lay on the ground. At a few paces distant from the tent, near to the foot of the tree, he observed a little swarthy-featured

girl, about eight years, of age, on her knees, praying, while her little black eyes ran down with tears.

Distress of any kind was ever relieved by his Majesty, for he had a heart which melted at human woe. Nor was it unaffected on this occasion.—And now he inquired, "What, my child, is the cause of your weeping?"—For what do you pray?" The little creature at first started, then rose from her knees, and then, pointing to the tent, said, "Oh, Sir, my dying mother!" "What," said his Majesty, dismounting and fastening his horse to the branches of the oak, "What, my child? tell me all about it?" The little creature now led the king to the tent.—There lay, partly covered, a middle aged female gipsy, in the last stage of a decline, and in the last moments of life. She turned her dying eyes expressly to the royal visitor, then looked up to heaven: but not a word did she utter; the organs of speech had ceased their office; the silver cord was loosed; the wheel broken at the cistern. The little girl again wept aloud, then, stopping, wiped the dying sweat from her mother's face. The king was much affected; asked the little girl her name and of her family, and how long her mother had been ill. Just at this moment, another gipsy girl, much older, came, out of breath, to the spot. She had been to the town of W—, she had brought some medicine for her dying mother; observing the stranger, she modestly curtsied, and hastened to her mother, kneeled down by her side, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into tears, "What, my dear child," said his Majesty, "can be done for you?" "Oh, Sir," she replied, "my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her before she died: I ran all the way to W— and asked for a minister, but no one could I get to come with me to pray with my dear mother." The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her countenance was much agitated. The air was again rent with the cries of the distressed daughters. The king, full of kindness, instantly endeavoured to comfort them; he said, "I am a minister, and God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother."

He then sat down on a pack, by the side of the pallet, and taking the hand of the dying gipsy in his, discoursed on the demerit of sin, and the nature of redemption; he then pointed her to Christ, the all-sufficient Saviour.—While the king was doing this, the poor creature seemed to gather consolation and hope; her eyes sparkled with brightness, and her countenance became animated, she looked up, she smiled, but it was her last smile, it was the glimmering of expiring nature. As the expression of peace, however, remained strong in her countenance, it was not until some little time had elapsed, that they perceived the struggling spirit had left mortality. It was at this moment that some of his majesty's attendants, who had missed him at the chase, and who had been riding through the forest in search of him, rode up, and found the king comforting the afflicted gipsies. It was an affecting sight, worthy of everlasting record in the annals of kings. His Majesty now rose, put some gold into the hands of the afflicted girls, promised them his protection, and bid them look to heaven. He then wiped the tears from his eyes, and mounted his horse. His attendants, greatly affected, stood in silent admiration; Lord L. was going to speak, when his majesty, turning to the gipsies, and pointing to the breathless corpse, and the weeping girls, said with strong emotion, "Who, my lord L.—, who, thinkest thou, was neighbour to them?" Reader, "Go, thou, and do likewise!"—*Huish's Memoirs*.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

Another peculiarity in the construction of the church in Medina, in which, I believe, it and that at Geddes, stand alone in our Diocese, is the surmounting of its spire with a cross. The conceding of the epithet catholic to the Church of Rome, as in any peculiar way appropriate to it, and regarding the sign of the cross as symbolizing its distinctive principles, I cannot but consider as serious errors, inconsistent with sound Protestantism. It is generally granted by Christians, in accordance with the teachings, of nature, and the sanction of Holy Writ that it is meet and right to have, in the construction of Churches, a due regard to becoming ornaments. Emblematic representations are frequently introduced into them. Why should one so full of deeply interesting meaning, and the very name of which is made in Holy Writ to represent the essence of the Christian's faith, and all that is well founded, holy, and true, in the Christian's hope, be discarded? Why should it be given over to degrading association with heresy, corruption, and idolatry? Let it not be. Let the cross stand on every temple devoted to the true Christian worship of the crucified, as indicative of this its sacred purpose, and as symbolizing the holy faith in which that worship is conducted.—*Bishop Onderdonk*.