

Diocesan Intelligence.

QUEBEC.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CHURCH SOCIETY.—At a large and influential meeting of the Central Board of the Church Society held in the National School, on Wednesday Afternoon, the 19th, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Moved by W. G. Wurtele, Esq., seconded by Rev. William King,—"We, the members of the Board, desire to take this the earliest opportunity of welcoming your Lordship back to your Diocese, and to express the fervent hope that the improvement in your health may continue for many years, enabling you to render to the Church those valuable services which we have so long learned to appreciate and value.—Carried unanimously, all standing.

Moved by Henry S. Scott, Esq., seconded by Rev. Geo. Vernon Housman,—"That this meeting, while gladly hailing the return amongst them of their President, the Bishop of Quebec in renewed health, desires to put on record its thankful acknowledgments of the important services rendered by the Rev. Charles Hamilton, M. A., who has acted as Commissary during his Lordship's absence. His watchful care over the interests of the Church in the Diocese generally, as well as the patience, urbanity and perfect impartiality, with which he has presided over the meetings of the Central and Diocesan Boards, have acquired for him the gratitude and esteem of the members of these bodies, and they congratulate His Lordship and the Diocese on the fact that both have been so ably represented during the last nine months."—Carried unanimously.

Moved by R. H. Smith, Esq., seconded by Rev. M. M. Fothergill,—"That the members of the Central Board have learnt with heartfelt regret of the removal from amongst us by death of the late Rev. George Hamilton, M. A., beg to express their deepest sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and their family on the sad and irreparable loss which they have sustained (and not they only, but the whole Diocese) in the death of one, who, though young, has proved himself by his earnestness and zeal a true soldier and servant of his Master. And while deeply sensible, as the Board is, that no words of sympathy of theirs can comfort hearts so sadly bereaved, yet they cannot forbear expressing at this time, their respect and esteem for him, who in health was devoted to his high calling, and who in sickness—although possessing so much in this life that is high and attractive—yet could bow his will to the Divine will, and was ready for life or death at his Master's bidding. May that Divine Master, who has bidden his servant to come up higher, help us to pray that our last end may be like his."—Carried unanimously, all standing.

QUEBEC.—The Lord Bishop of Quebec held a confirmation service in St. Michael's Church, on Trinity Sunday, when the Rev. A. A. Von Iffland presented fourteen candidates. In the afternoon of the same day his Lordship confirmed eighteen candidates in St. Peter's Church, and on Tuesday evening, the 25th, the Rev. T. Richardson presented seven young people for the same holy rite in St. Paul's Church.

Holy Trinity.—The Rev. R. Ker, of Mansonville, Diocese of Montreal, has accepted the curacy of Holy Trinity Church. He will enter upon his duties on Sunday the 6th of June. Mr. Ker will have full charge of the Parish, as the Rector, the Rev. S. W. Sewell, seldom officiates.

St. Paul's.—The Rev. T. Richardson takes charge of the Quarantine Station, Grouse Isle, for the season. He leaves at once for his duties, and during his temporary absence, St. Paul's Church

will be under the charge of the Rev. Ernest Wood.

We regret to learn that the Rev. C. Chetwood Hamilton has been compelled to leave for England in consequence of severe illness in his family. We sincerely hope that under the skilful treatment of his London physician he may soon be enabled to bring his son back again in renewed health.

The Lord Bishop and Mrs. Williams left Quebec on Thursday for Lennoxville. His Lordship held a confirmation on Sunday, the 30th, at Sherbrooke, and returned to Quebec early in the week.

Family Reading.

BISHOP HALL.

DIED 1656. AGED 81.

As we have no particular account of the last words which he addressed to his attendants, let us present the reader with the following soliloquy extracted from one of his latest writings, "The soul's farewell to earth."

"And what remains, O my soul, but that thou do humbly and faithfully wait at the gate of Heaven, for a happy entrance, at the good pleasure of thy God, into those everlasting mansions?"

"I confess, should my merits be weighed in the balance of a rigorous justice, another place, which I cannot mention without horror, were more fit for thee, more due to thee; for, alas! thou hast been above measure sinful; and thou knowest the wages of sin—death. But the God of my mercy hath prevented thee, with infinite compassion (Ps. lix. 10); and in the multitude of His tender mercies, hath not only delivered thee from the nethermost hell, (Ps. lxxxvi. 18), but hath also vouchsafed to translate thee to the kingdom of His dear Son. (Col. i. 12.) In Him thou hast boldness of access to the throne of grace; thou who in thyself art worthy to be a child of wrath, art in Him adopted to be a co-heir of glory, and hast the livery and seizin given thee beforehand of a blessed possession, the full estate whereon I do in all awfulness attend. All the days, therefore, of my appointed time, will I wait at the threshold of grace, until my changing come, with a trembling joy, with a longing patience, with a comfortable hope."

"Only, Lord, I know there is something to be done, ere I can enter. I must die ere I can be capable to enjoy that blessed life with Thee; one stroke of Thine angel must be endured in my passage into Thy paradise. And lo, here am I before Thee, ready to embrace the condition; even when Thou pleasest, let me bleed once, to be ever happy. Thou hast, after a weary walk, through this roaring wilderness, vouchsafed to call up Thy servant to Mount Nebo, and from thence, afar off, to show me the land of promise, a land that flows with milk and honey. Do Thou but say, 'Die thou on this hill,' with this prospect in mine eye; and do Thou mercifully take my soul from me, who gavest it to me, and dispose of it where Thou wilt, in that region of immortality. Amen, Amen. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

"Behold, Lord, I have, by Thy providence, dwelt in this house of clay more than double the time, wherein Thou wast pleased to sojourn upon earth; yet I may well say, with Thy holy patriarch, 'Few and evil have been the years of my pilgrimage,' few in number, evil in condition. Few in themselves, but none at all to Thee, with whom a few years are but as one day. But had they been double to the age of Methuselah, could they have been so much as one minute to eternity? yea, what are they to me, now that they are past, but as a tale that is told and forgotten?"

"Neither yet have they been so few, as evil. O Lord, what troubles and sorrows hast Thou let me see, both of my own and others. What vicissitudes of sickness and health! What ebbs and flows of condition! How many successions and changes of condition, both at home and abroad! What turnings of times! What alterations of governments! What shiftings and downfalls of favorites! What ruins and desolations of cities! What havocs of war! What frenzies of rebellion! What underminings of treachery! What cruelties and barbarisms in revenges! What anguish in the oppressed and tormented! What agonies in temptations! What pangs in dying! These I have seen, and in these I have suffered. And now, Lord, how willing I am to change time for eternity; the evils of earth for the joys of Heaven; misery for happiness; a dying life for immortality. Even so, Lord Jesus; take what Thou hast bought; receive my soul to Thy mercy, and crown it with Thy glory. Amen, Amen, Amen."

It is said that he punctually foretold the night of his death, and accordingly gave orders for the time and manner of his funeral; he was gathered to his fathers in a good old age. By his will he desired to be buried without any funeral pomp, at the discretion of his executors, with this only monition, that he did not hold God's house a meet repository for the dead bodies of the greatest saints.

On occasion of his wife's death, he wrote his treatise entitled, "Songs in the Night, or Cheerfulness under Affliction." In the letter addressed to a dear and worthy friend, prefixed to his treatise, the bishop observes, "Indeed it pleased my God lately to exercise me with a double affliction at once; pain of body, and grief of mind for the sickness and death of my dear consort. I struggled with them both as I might; and by God's mercy attained to a meek and humble submission to that just and gracious hand, and a quiet composedness of thoughts; but yet, methought I found myself wanting in that comfortable disposition of heart, and lively elevation of spirit, which some holy souls have professed to feel in their lowest depression, fetching that inward consolation from Heaven, which can more than counterpoise their heaviest crosses. Upon this occasion you see here how I held fit to busy my thoughts, laboring, by their holy agitation, to work myself, through the blessing of the Almighty, to such a temper as might give an obedient welcome to so smarting an affliction; and that even while I weep, I might yet smile upon the face of my heavenly Father, whose stripes I do so tenderly suffer. If in some other discourses I have endeavored to instruct others, in this I mean to teach myself, and to win my heart to a willing and contented acquiescence in the good pleasure of my God, how harsh soever it seems to rebellious nature."

In one part of this excellent treatise, speaking of his heavy afflictions and losses, the pious and aged bishop says, "Come then, all ye earthly crosses, and muster up all your forces against me. Here is that which is able to make me more than conqueror over you all." (He had spoken before of that blessed eternity which he wished to keep in view.) "Have I lost my goods, and foregone a fair estate? Had all the earth been mine, what is it to Heaven? Had I been lord of all the world, what were this to a kingdom of glory? Have I parted with a dear consort, the partner of my sorrows for these forty-eight years? She is but stepped a little before me to happy rest, which I am panting for; and therein I shall speedily overtake her. In the mean time and ever, my soul is espoused to that glorious and immortal Husband, from whom it shall never be parted. Am I bereaved of some of my dear children, whose hopes promised me comfort in my declining age? Why am I not rather thankful it hath pleased my God out of my loins to furnish Heaven with some hap-

py guests? Why do I not, instead of mourning for their loss, sing praises to God for preferring them to that eternal blessedness? Am I afflicted with bodily pain and sickness, which banisheth all sleep from my eyes, and exercises me with a lingering torture? Ere long this momentary distemper shall end in an everlasting rest. Am I threatened by the sword of an enemy? Suppose that man to be one of the guardians of Paradise, and that sword as flaming as it is sharp, that one stroke shall let me into that place of inconceivable pleasure, and admit me to feed on the tree of life for ever.

"Cheer up then, O my soul; and upon the fixed apprehension of the glory to be revealed, while thy weak partner, my body, droops and languishes under the sad load of years and infirmities, sing thou to thy God even in the midnight of thy sorrows, and in deepest darkness of death itself, songs of confidence, songs of spiritual joy, songs of praise and thanksgiving; saying, with all the glorified ones, 'Blessing, honor, glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.'"

Of Bishop Hall, Dr. Whitefoot thus observes: "He is now silent, and so must I be, for the time will not allow me to protract my speech. An angel from Heaven hath translated the soul of this angel of the Church, and placed it among the twenty-four elders which St. John saw about the throne of God, attired with a white robe of glory instead of his earthly rochet; and instead of his crosier, he hath a branch of the peaceful and victorious palm put into his hands; and for his mitre, which fell with the royal crown, he hath a crown of glory set upon his head."

NIGHT LIFE OF YOUNG MEN.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty. Night is sin's harvesting time. More sin and crime are committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk; the gay-colored transparencies are ablaze with attractions; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay company begin to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling dens are aflame with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness, and hope, out of thousands of lives. The city under the gaslight is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and perils and pitfalls of night are a hundred-fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose depths and abysses and whirlpools make us start back with horror. All night long tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character and future destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be, "Watchman, what of the night?" Policemen, facing thy beat, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in, and what time do you see them come out? Policemen, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning paper the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the street for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business; some would leave the city; some would commit suicide.