

who betrayed the cause of Christendom. While the tower of the mighty and enthusiastic host, which their determined and remorseless master had gathered round the walls, had been won from Christendom; "while the greatest part of Mahomet's pachas and Janisaries were the offspring of Christian parents;" Christians, who had their faith and their liberty to save, hung back, and refused to fight in company. The Genoese traders of Galata were bargaining for themselves with Mahomet, in the very height and crisis of the siege; and looked on without molesting him, when he dragged his barks under their fortifications, from the Bosphorus to the harbour. It was a Christian engineer who gave Mahomet his artillery;—but he was perhaps, only a dull craftsman working for his bread;—it was a Christian ambassador in the camp of Mahomet, the ambassador of the great Hunyady, who instructed the awkward artillerymen how to breach the rampart.

It is some relief in this oppressive spectacle of blindness, of baseness, and of decay, to rest our eyes on the imperfect virtue and desolate end of the last Constantine. A brave man in a herd of cowards, yet even he did not deserve to save Constantinople: for he had sold his conscience and outraged his people, by purchasing the niggard aid of the Latins at the price of the humiliation of the Eastern Church. But he, at least, had taken his resolution to endure even to death, and that gave him nobleness. He calmly bore the insults of the fanatic and dastardly populace in the streets, who remembered only that he had suffered a Roman legato to profane by the Western ritual the altar of St. Sophia, and hooted him, while he was toiling against hope to save them. Then, when all was done; when, in spite of all, the Turks were in the harbour, and the walls had crumbled beneath their cannon; when the great breach was now ready at the gate of St. Romanus, and the last sun had set on an empire of eleven hundred years, he prepared to die, as one who bore the name and the crown of him who had been the first of Christian kings. All Christmas times, all Lent, all East-tide, at Pentecost, on Ascension-day, there had been emptiness and solitude under the dome of Justinian. Since the Latin prelate had been there, the crowds of Greek worshippers had forsaken it, as delivered over to demons. Its midnight gloom was the fit refuge for a deserted emperor, when his soul came to seek for the last mournful moments of peace. All around the city, from the heights of Galata, along the bridge across the harbour, and in front of the city walls to the shore of Propontis, a dazzling blaze of illumination lighted up the Turkish lines; in the camp, and on the sea, festive lamps were hung out on tent, and mast, and yard-arm, and the shouts of exulting multitudes, proclaiming the greatness of the false prophet, and the victory of the morrow, rose fierce and wild on all sides through the night, while the last rite that Christians were to perform in St. Sophia was celebrated, the midnight communion of its doomed emperor. Humbled and meek in his fortitude, he earnestly craved, as his last request, the forgiveness of those from whom he was parting. Dawn found him in the breach, breasting the destroying storm. He bore up while the Genoese captain, Giustiniani, who had fought with him through the siege, remained by his side. He might, perhaps, have borne up successfully—but Giustiniani was at length wounded; whether from the agony of his wound, or, as others thought, from a despair which he could control no longer, the gallantest of the Italian captains left the breach; and when the stranger forsook him, Constantine sunk beneath his fate. He perished, unrecognised, by an unknown hand. A few hours afterwards, Mahomet rode through the gate, in which the heaps of corpses showed where the last fierce struggle for the perishing empire had taken place; and knew not that the Cesar's was among them. It was found before evening; and, for a second time within ten years, the head of a Christian king was borne on a pike through the camp of the Ottomans.

THE THREE DUTIES.—"Reading," says Lord Bacon, "maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." A young man who neglects reading is generally very meagre; one who does not see much of his fellows is seldom a man of affairs; and few who do not write much ever attain that precision of thought which is essential to real power. Therefore, young man, read—confer—write! Not one of the three duties can you safely neglect.—*Pictorial Pages.*

CRITICAL HEARERS.—Beware of the critical hearing of sermons preached by good men. It is an awful thing to be occupied in balancing the merits of a preacher, instead of the demerits of yourself.—*Rev. Leigh Richmond.*

Correspondence.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

LIVERPOOL.

DEAR SIR.

As no account of the recent visitation in this parish has yet appeared, I will endeavour to supply the omission. After the concluding services in the parish of New Dublin, the Bishop and Mrs Binney proceeded towards Liverpool. They were met at Mills Village by the Rector and W. Storns Esq., when the party rested a few moments, affording his Lordship an opportunity of visiting one or two of the proposed sites of the intended Church, and of admiring the beauties of this neat and thriving village. On the morrow a large congregation assembled in the accustomed place to unite in the solemn services of the day, rendered more than usually interesting by the presence of the Chief Pastor, and his confirming a band of candidates in their act of self dedication to a life of faith and holy obedience, and the subsequent admission of several into full communion and fellowship with the Church of Christ. The interest of the occasion was also not a little enhanced by the previous admission of one of the candidates into the Church by the ministration of Holy Baptism. We never witnessed a more impressive service. Few, but were deeply affected, and many a fervent prayer was offered "that one who by baptism had put on Christ, and been made the child of God and of the light by faith in Jesus Christ, might henceforth walk answerably to her christian calling, and as becometh the Children of light.—

"Thus outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for His own,
And may the brow that wears the Cross,
Hereafter share the Crown."

The Candidates for Confirmation were then addressed in reference to the special services of the day, in the forcible and perspicuous style for which his Lordship is distinguished. The nature of their Covenant relationship, their duty publicly to profess in the Apostolic ordinance of "Laying on of Hands," their solemn faith and trust in that name into which they were baptised, and their obligation to believe and to do, according to God's holy will and commandments,—the necessary preparation for so holy an ordinance, and the encouraging assurance of an increase of heavenly grace and benediction thereby, were amongst the topics treated of and established by the Word of God. After Confirmation, the Congregation generally were addressed from the Pulpit, and a large body of communicants subsequently partook of the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Long before the services of the morning had drawn to a close, the rain commenced falling, and had now increased to a violent storm. Through the provident attention however of one whose kindly offices are never wanting, a covered conveyance was in attendance, so that those who remained to the concluding services, were not exposed to any inconvenience. The storm continued unabated throughout the evening, in consequence of which not more than a hundred persons succeeded in getting out. We were happy to observe Mrs. Binney amongst the number, and hope that so significant an example may not be lost upon those who are more robust, and who suffer many a lesser cause to prevent their attendance in the House of God.

On the morrow though the storm still continued, the Bishop accompanied by the Rector and by Messrs. Morse and Snow, proceeded to keep his appointment at Eagle Head. There, as usual, the Church was filled with an expectant Congregation. Both Candidates and Congregation were respectively addressed. They all appeared deeply impressed with the solemnities of the occasion, and it is devoutly hoped that those who thus publicly professed their intention of living soberly and righteously in time to come, may not have received the gift in vain. After the services the Bishop visited a member of the Church whom a serious accident had confined to his bed. Having instructed him in the design and aid of God's afflictive dispensations, and how to improve the present to his good, he supplicated the Divine mercy in the sufferer's behalf, and left him much gratified by the interest exhibited in his welfare, and comforted by the services in which he had engaged.

Evening service in town concluded the duties of the day.

Tuesday was the day originally intended for the services at Caledonia, but the General Election happening on the same day, the visitation was deferred till the following Thursday.

On Wednesday, the Bishop in charge of the Rector of New Dublin set out for the northern district. The

rain continued throughout the day: the roads were flooded; mud and water deluged everything; the opening buds and tender foliage, shivering and dripping in the passing squall, seemed to weep in very dread of further exposure in so ungenial a climate. The beauties of Caledonia however, soon dispelled all unpleasantness of the journey: the varied aspects of its scenery, its general diversity, upland and meadow, farm and forest; the tributaries of the Mersey winding among the hills and expanding now and again into lakes of various size. In form, reposing in shades which have never been unbroken, or reflecting the neat and comfortable dwellings which the good taste of their owners has erected on their banks. Arrived at one of these, the hospitable mansion of James F. More Esq., where his Lordship met with every attention, the Church intended for consecration, was immediately recognised on the opposite shore of the lake, and by its side the rising village of "Caledonia Corner."

On the morrow the Church bell, the gift of Wm. Storns Esq., summoned the congregation to the consecration services. Although it was not our privilege to be present on the occasion, we can well imagine its imposing effect, and the interest which it must have excited in the minds of the Rector and his flock, who at no inconsiderable expenditure of time and means have labored not a little to provide a place for the living to worship in, and a quiet resting place for their dead.

After morning prayers were said, the Bishop delivered an address on the subject of Confirmation, entering briefly upon the nature of Infant Baptism, and citing a few of the many passages of Holy Scripture which tend to its observance. At the conclusion of his address several persons presented themselves to receive the holy rite of Confirmation, and these with others were subsequently admitted to the Holy Communion of the Lord's Supper. In the course of the sermon the other services of the day were treated of, the consecration services explained, and the example and authority of Holy Scripture adduced as the origin and authority of both. The cup and patten used at the communion were the gift of F. W. Collins Esq. And here we may also record the heavy obligation which has been incurred by this congregation to friends at home and abroad, and particularly to the ladies of Liverpool and Halifax, for their timely and generous assistance in the erection and completion of their Church, assured as we are that it is deeply felt and gratefully acknowledged. After the services the Bishop took the opportunity of communing with the members of the congregation, expressing his gratification at much that he had witnessed, encouraging them to continued exertions, and promising on certain conditions to provide them if possible with the services of a resident clergyman. Having again partaken of the hospitality of Mr. More, the Bishop and party returned to town, where they arrived at eleven the same night, and next day (Friday) his Lordship left Liverpool on his journey westward.

Thus ended the recent visitation, highly gratifying in its results, and we trust not unproductive of future and lasting good, memorable as extending through the week, while circumstances on previous occasions have marked it rather as a season for compressing the greatest possible amount of work into the smallest possible space of time. Interrupted in some degree by the occurrence of the general election, but doubtless tending much to allay the angry excitement which at such seasons is apt to prevail—confirming 43 members in the faith and obedience of the Gospel—adding another to the Free Churches of the living, and securing a place for the sepulture of the dead, besides the edification and comfort experienced by the faithful generally, and the gratification and encouragement to both pastor and people from personal counsel and communication with him who is set over them in the Lord.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

BRIDGETOWN, 21st June, 1855.

The Bishop and Mrs. Binney's visit to Bridgetown left an impression not to be speedily removed.

His Lordship expressed himself satisfied, and without enlarging thereupon, the Parishioners are much gratified.

A portion of ground was consecrated to the Lord for the burial of our dead. Meek and humble did we feel when standing round the grave of one who but very lately was the youngest and healthiest of our flock, the uncertainty of human life; and the propriety of dedicating a part to Him who has done so much for us; would that the spectators not fellow-worshippers would do likewise. After which the impressive rite of Confirmation was administered by the Bishop. The remarks were well calculated to sink deep into the hearts of a large and most attentive congregation.