

ordain others, but to take care 'not to lay his hands suddenly' on any. In a word, within the limits prescribed, he was clothed with all the power which the apostles themselves had. If to model churches, prescribe rules, to confer orders, command, examine, judge, and reprehend offenders openly, (even presbyters themselves,) are evidences of episcopal power, then was Timothy a bishop.

2 Of Titus. The third instance, which I offer, to show that the apostles settled the episcopal form of government, is Titus. St. Paul calls him an apostle, 2 Cor. 8, 23, and ancient writers all acknowledge him to have been bishop of Crete, an island containing one hundred cities; where he was intrusted by the apostles with the power of modelling and governing all the churches. 1. That St. Paul left him there, is clear from his own testimony; and that he intended he should make that the place of his abode, is evident from the nature of the work assigned him. 2. He was to set in order the things which were wanting, or unsettled.

2. To ordain elders in every city. 4. To stop the mouths of false teachers. 5. To exhort and convince gainsayers. 6. To rebuke them sharply, 'with all authority.' 7. And to reject, or excommunicate heretical teachers, after the first and second admonition, if they remained refractory. Here was plainly episcopal jurisdiction, and the exercise of episcopal power. The whole authority of Crete, it will be observed, was given to Titus singly, not to a college of presbyters. 'For this cause left I thee in Crete, that thou shouldst set in order,' &c.—'that thou shouldst ordain elders,' &c.—'that thou shouldst stop the mouths of false teachers,' &c. &c. If St. Paul had not committed this authority to Titus, or to some other single person, the things which were wanting could not have been set in order according to apostolic rule; elders could not have been ordained; false teachers could not have been silenced. 'For this cause left I thee in Crete.' Here is a manifest argument, to show that presbyters in Crete had no power to ordain, to set in order, or to perform the other acts for which Titus was especially sent there.

To be continued.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

From the London Christian Observer.

THE DYING PARENT'S ADVICE.

LIST my last words, my child I pray thee.—
On earth, should gathering foes affray thee,
Or false ungrateful friends betray thee,
Think, think, my child, of heaven.

For earth is but a world of sorrow—
'Tis well thou canst not read the morrow—
But faith, midst darkest night, can borrow
Bright gleams of joy from heaven.

Should sheltering kindness fondly rear thee,
And tenderest friends forever near thee,
And all life's prospects gaily cheer thee,
Yet, oh forget not heaven!

And when keen woe thy heart o'erpowereth,
Or malice's serpent tooth devoureth,
And dark the nearing tempest lowereth,
Oh, think how bright is heaven!

Should vice with silken dalliance lure thee;
Haply nor shame nor woe can cure thee,
But faith's firm anchor will ensure thee,
Thinking how pure is heaven.

This weary world mocks man's admiring;
Pays not its wearied thrall his hiring;
Its loftiest ecstasies are tiring;
But there is rest in heaven.

All things below are vain and fleeting;
Long absence follows short-lived meeting,
And tears succeed to joyful greeting;
Unchangeable is heaven.

Life's garden yields but mournful willow;
Restless is earth's tempestuous billow,
And sharp with thorns death's raking pillow—
There is no pain in heaven.

Loving, and loved, or scorned and hated;
With ardour keen, or bosom sated;
Lone as the dove, or fondly mated;
What skilleth this in heaven?

Then, oh, whate'er below thy dwelling;
With joy or grief thy bosom swelling;
Or weal or woe alternate telling;
Prepare, my child, for heaven.

From the London Weekly Visitor.

THE PRAYER-BOOK AND THE LITTLE BIRD.

"Therefore, thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art, that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same thing."—Rom. ii. 1.

How quick is the eye of man to see, and the heart of man to condemn, the infirmities and faults of his neighbour! and how slow is he to perceive his own defects! We speak of the pride of those around us; of folly of mankind! and of the neglect of divine things, visible among the multitude, without considering that pride dwells in our hearts; that folly is manifest in our own conduct; and that neglect of divine things is among our own manifold deficiencies.

I was led into this course of reflection by a trifling circumstance, which occurred a short time ago. Whilst standing in a bookseller's shop, talking with the bookseller, a middle-aged woman came in to buy a prayer-book. The bookseller's young man reached down a number of prayer-books of different sizes, and spread them on the counter before her, inquiring if she wished one with a small print or a large one? "O, as to that," replied the woman, "it's no matter at all, for I can't read a letter; but it looks so to be stuck up in Church without a prayer-book before one."

At the moment, I felt shocked at the unblushing manner in which the woman thus acknowledged that she only wanted the prayer-book to keep up appearances before her fellow-sinners, and the reverence which is due to the high and holy one, the Lord of life and glory, and the godly sincerity which ought to fill the heart of every human being entering into God's presence, was altogether lost sight of. I thought the woman had much to answer for, on account of her hollow-hearted profession of religion, and her solemn mockery of God's worship.

These reflections, however, soon gave place to others of a yet more painful nature, for I called to remembrance how frequently I myself, with the book of prayer in my hand, bending my knees before the Searcher of all hearts, the Judge of quick and dead, had allowed my eyes to rove abroad, and my imagination to go forth after worldly things. Was not I then equally guilty? The prayer-book was, in such instances, as useless in my hand as it would be in her's; nay, my fault was the greater, for she could not read, but I could, and I felt the truth come home to my heart, "Thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art, that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same thing."

Some time ago, while sitting in one of the pews of a country Church, during divine service, a little bird winged its way in, and perched on one of the brazen chandeliers which hung suspended in the middle aisle.

I was sorry to see how the attention of the congregation was drawn aside from more important pursuits by this trifling circumstance. The Sunday-school boys had all a smile on their faces, the white caps, tippets, and mittens of the Sunday-school girls were moving to and fro, while their wearers tittered and whispered to each other about the little bird. The folks in the gallery looked down, and the people in the body of the Church looked up to the chandelier; the Church-warden, the squire, and the squire's lady, all took their eyes from their books; and once, I thought that the very clergyman himself gave a glance at the little bird perched on the chandelier in the middle aisle. I thought to myself, "How little must the hearts of this congregation be influenced by divine things, when so trifling an occurrence is sufficient to draw them aside from the worship in which they are engaged? What will He who readeth the thoughts of all hearts, think of those who, in the midst of their prayers and praises, can be drawn from them by the sight of a little bird! This is a solemn sight, and solemn are the reflections it calls forth."

But though I was so quick to perceive the thoughtless conduct of the Sunday scholars, the unseasonable curiosity of the people in the gallery and the body of the Church; the bad example of the Church-warden, the squire and his lady, and the momentary wandering of the minister; there was one person in the Church quite as faulty as any of them, the glancing of whose eye, and the wandering of whose heart, I did not observe. No! that one person, culpable as he was, I had altogether overlooked.

The little bird, after twittering for some time on the chandelier, again stretched its wings, and left the Church by the same window through which it had entered, and then it was, that looking at my prayer-book, I found that a considerable part of the service had been gone through without my having once turned over the leaves of my prayer-book. I stood self-condemned. Here had I been so prompt to see, and so swift to condemn those around me, while I myself had been committing the very same fault which had called forth my reproaches. God is a Spirit, and those who enter his courts ought, indeed, to "worship him in spirit and in truth;" yet how seldom do we feel that holy reverence, that awful consciousness of his presence in the sanctuary, which would prevent our eyes from straying, and our thoughts from his worship! I learned a lesson from the prayer-book and the little bird. Reader, learn one also.

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1836.

CHESTER.—The following particulars respecting the lamented death of Mr. Lloyd, the first missionary at Chester, are extracted from one of the Reports of the Society for Promoting the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and will doubtless be interesting to many of our readers. He is still held in affectionate remembrance by those few of the older parishioners whose pilgrimage has been so far extended as to embrace the brief period of his ministry. His remains were interred in a place over which the Church was afterwards built.

"The Rev. Mr. Lloyd who was settled at Chester, lost his life by a very imprudent resolution, from which no entreaty or advice could dissuade him, of walking in snow shoes from Chester to Windsor—a distance of 30 miles, through a dreary, rocky wilderness, without an inhabitant.—Having engaged a young man for his guide, he set out on Tuesday 24th February 1795—proceeded about 9 miles, when a dreadful storm of snow, hail, and rain came on, continuing all day and most of the night. The next morning about 8 o'clock, he told his guide to go back to Chester as fast as possible and bring him assistance, who about 3 p. m. reached a house 2 miles from Chester, nearly exhausted and quite confused, imagining he was still proceeding to Windsor. A message from him to the town, caused a party to go off immediately to Mr. L.'s relief, who after extreme fatigue, exploring their way all night by the help of a candle, found his body frozen hard as a rock, on Thursday morning, 14 miles from town. It is supposed that he had perished before noon the preceding day; as he had travelled but a short distance from the place where the man had left him. His remains were brought back, and decently interred amid the groans and lamentations of all the people in the township, for all respected him, though all were not of his congregation. They were inconsolable for him, and were persuaded that they had lost their best guide and director to a future happy life."

BISHOP WHITE.—It is delightful to see how the memory of this good old man, and excellent Bishop, is honoured in the land which has so long been the scene of his wise and pious labours. It would appear that the whole Protestant Episcopal Communion in the United States, have but 'one heart and one soul' in regard to their beloved and venerated Father. Nor is the expression of love and respect confined to them alone, but in secular papers we find other denominations uniting in bearing witness to his worth, and in lamenting his loss. The Episcopal Journals are filled with tributes of respect from various ecclesiastical bodies, and every where the Churches and the Clergy are clothed in the garments of mourning.

We have been favoured with the sermon delivered by Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, in his parish Church, at Burlington, on this occasion. It is what might be expected from its distinguished and accomplished author—and we have great pleasure in transferring portions of it to our columns this day. The text is from Proverbs 4 ch. 13 v.—"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more to the perfect day."

THE PATH OF THE JUST.

"How beautiful an emblem of the mild, serene, unearthly splendor of the Christian life! How beautifully exemplified in the illustrious, yet benignant, course of that divine old man, who has just passed before us into glory! How true, how comforting the truth—in him, so far as human sight can reach, how beautifully verified—'the ways of the righteous shine like the light: they go on and shine'—such is the expressive version of the Seventy—'they go on and shine, until the day be perfected! They shine like the light; for, though themselves 'darkness,' they are admitted, through his most gracious goodness, to be 'children of the light.' He who is 'light,' in whom 'is no darkness at all,' dwelleth in them, and they in him. They 'walk in the light.' They are 'of the light.' Nay, they are 'light'—'light in the Lord;' light, in the clear certainty of that prevailing