

ly inconvenient to the family of the present possessor, would have to be made. The consideration was pressed upon Mr. Hastings' attention. At the same time the health of his younger children seem to require the country air. Might he not be permitted to retire from business, and pass the evening of his days in ease and tranquillity, enjoying the fortune his industry had amassed? When he pondered this question, he remembered the declaration of the inspired Apostle, "None of us liveth unto himself;" and then he thought of Him who went about doing good, and who did not permit weariness and hunger to cause him to relax His efforts for the good of souls.

"I should like nothing better," said he to the holder of the mansion, "than to accept your proposition, and would do so at once if I were my own master."

"You are at the head of the firm, I believe," was the reply.

"The head of the firm is not authorized to do wrong."

"What wrong can there be in buying my place? I have a right to sell it?"

"None in itself considered, but if it be my duty to stay here, it cannot be my duty to live in your pleasant mansion."

"You want another hundred thousand before you retire," said the seller with a smile. It was plain what was the interpretation he put upon Mr. Hastings' remarks respecting duty. The language of Zion is not understood by men of the world.

"You have decided to remain in the city," said Mrs. Hastings, as her husband came home on the evening of the day when the decision could no longer be deferred.

"I have," was his reply.

"I have no doubt you have done right. We are not likely to err when we decide in opposition to our natural inclinations. We shall be happier here."

"No doubt of it. Jonah would not have had such a pleasant time at Tarshish, if he had succeeded in getting there."

LAST WORDS OF THE POET AND SUICIDE CHATTERTON.

THE following is extracted from a volume of Essays on the British Poets, by David Masson, Professor of English Literature in University College, London.—The *London Christian Observer* remarks, that "the passage exhibits considerable power, and may be read with advantage by those who, with little of the genius of Chatterton, manage to arrive at all his credulity."

"Aha! What words were those that one heard? 'Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity! I request them not; for I am no Christian!' The whole letter, with its hollow mocking bitterness, and its cool architectural details, penned by one who knew himself to be on the brink of starvation, has for us an air of horrible irony; but these words, flung into it so carelessly, complete the impression, and convert the horrible into the ghastly.

"I am no Christian." The words are simple, strong, and straightforward. What do they mean? They mean that he, a youth of seventeen years and nine months, born in a town in the west of England, bred up there as an attorney's clerk, and now lodged in a London garret, without food to eat, has, by dint of reading and reflection, come to the conclusion that the Divine One, who died in Judea eighteen hundred years ago, and whom all the generations of men in the fairest lands of the world since have been worshipping as the Son of God, and building temples to, and believing in as their Lord and Master, was, in reality, no such thing or being, but, at the utmost, a wise or holy Jow! They mean that he, this same English stripling, has, in virtue of this conclusion, come to regard all that part of the past history of eighteen centuries which had proceeded on the belief in Christianity, as so much human action, grand perhaps in itself, but done in pursuit of an illusion! They mean that, looking about him on all the apparatus of bishops, churches, and schools, established in the service of this belief, he could view it with a smile, as a fabric with no foundation, piled up by ancient zeal, and cemented by time, custom, and the necessities of social arrangement. They mean that, remembering the names of great men—recently or anciently dead, who had nourished their souls in this belief, and clung to it through grown manhood to grey old age, and died serene in it, and left their testimonies to it as their most solemn words to the world, he could yet account for all this to himself by supposing that these men were and would have been noble anyhow, and that the special form of their nobility alone was due to this intense grasp they had taken of Humanity's largest bal-

lucination! They mean more. They mean that he, the boy of Bristol, was decidedly of opinion, with Voltaire and others, that though the earth had rolled on for ages, a brown ball, spinning in the azure, and freighted with beings capable of weal and woe, all longing, as by the one sole law of their constitution, to hear some voice from behind the azure,—no such voice had really spoken, nor any tongue of light from the outer realms of mystery ever struck the surface of the planet, either in Judea or elsewhere. They mean that the world did not seem to him at all to rest certainly on any rule of love; but to be possibly only an aggregate of beings, more or less clever, more or less miserable, and more or less rich, jostling together, and working on to some end, though no one could say what. They mean that, in the matter even of immortality, or a future world, in continuation of this, he had no absolute certainty, that sometimes he might have a glimpse of such immortality as possible, but that again the glimpse would vanish quite; and it would seem to him that when a man died there might very well be an end of him, and that, should the earth itself ever meet a sufficient catastrophe to destroy all the life upon it at once, there would be some risk of an end to the race too, and to all the accumulated memories and maxims of its sages and Shakespeares, and all the learned lore of its libraries. Sometimes, indeed, he might have his new doubts on this, and might think, both of individual life continued and of the collective wisdom of the world, as safe against any catastrophe; and hence, should the earth itself be cracked in pieces or shrivelled to a scroll, to take wing elsewhere at the moment of the last shriek, and prolong itself somewhere and somehow to the further climes of the universe! But, at all events, for the heaven and hell of the Christian, he could have no belief left; and if a poor wretch, weary of the world, did think fit to kill himself, his soul, if he had one, could fare none the worse in the future life for the one act of rushing suddenly into it.—*Southern Churchman*.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

The *Christian Times* shows how carefully all attempt at real union among Protestants was avoided at the last meeting in Berlin. Each maintained its 'independence' most jealously:—

Respecting this independence, we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of the practical wisdom of the Honorary Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, which has not often been more apparent than when, again and again, he checked a tendency in the Committees, however imperceptible to the subjects of it, to act as if they were an ecclesiastical assembly, vested with power to act authoritatively, or entitled, by the mere fact of being confined together, to set about the reformation of Churches or the guidance of individuals. The appearance of such officiousness Dr. Steane successfully interposed to prevent, and was well supported by the common sentiment of those present, as soon as they were made aware of their position. But there were present many highly influential members of working ecclesiastical bodies, and perhaps in those bodies more than elsewhere, the good effect of the Berlin Conference will be felt. The Kirchentag, the Union, the Chapter, the Conference, the Synod, will be all the better for men who shall view the more public interests of their respective Churches, and the welfare of the world at large, under the light which bursts in upon them more clearly than ever while associated with a wider and more varied circle of brethren than had been assembled for consultation since the Reformation. For although there has often been great diversity of representation in these companies of late years, never had there occurred so great a diversity of rank and of nationality. That the King and Court of Berlin should have so freely committed themselves to an avowal of sympathy with Christians not Lutheran, and should have adopted without hesitation, and even in spite of weighty and persevering remonstrances, the doctrine of Christian liberty in the face of Europe, is a great event, however diligently those of the contrary party may labour to undervalue it. It is no trifling thing that men from all the great sections of evangelical Christendom should have met together under the favouring eye of the leading Protestant Sovereign of Continental Europe, and that the matrimonial alliance of the Royal Families of Great Britain and Prussia should be accompanied by a demonstration of moral union between the representatives of Martin Luther and Thomas Cranmer, joined by the spiritual children of John Knox and John Calvin. However the less tolerant or the more timid may have stood aloof from this first national demonstration of Protestant unity, it is not possible for any man of common discernment to close his eyes to its reality. For the great purposes of Evangelical catholicity this measure may be accounted as tentative—more boldly tentative, indeed, than any which had preceded—but unless the shadow shall fall back on the dial of ages, in sign that the life of intolerance must be prolonged, this measure is but one of a steadily advancing series, a series urged onward by the providence of God and the goodwill of humanity itself. And while we admire the graceful address of Sir Cylling Eardley to the King of Prussia, at the reception at Potsdam, we do not hesitate to express a lively hope that other sovereigns will render their countenance to this movement after Protestant unity, perceiving that until it shall have been consummated, the political benefits promised at the Reformation, and partially realized by a part of Europe, cannot be effectually secured to themselves and to their children.

A SHORT SERMON TO SEXTONS.—WHICH MAY BE OVERHEARD BY ALL CHURCH OFFICERS.

DEAR BRETHREN:—You occupy an important office in the Church of Christ, which is the kingdom of God on earth. An ancient saint with a crown on his head, said he would rather be one among you than dwell in the tents of wickedness. Very honorable, then, is your office. This is the first of our sermon. Let us now pass to

Secondly. Very useful may your post be, also. No man in the congregation can more effectually stupefy the preacher; no one can more effectually put to sleep the hearers. Know you, brethren, the importance of good air? It is next important in the worshipping assembly to the good spirit from on high, of which the holy Scripture maketh it the emblem. As the Lord hath the gift of the latter, so the sexton hath the gift of the former. If he giveth it not, the thoughts of the preacher flag, and the heads of the hearers bow in worship to the false god Morpheus. Keep idleness out of the church, brother sexton. There was a band of old saints once who were called Iconoclasts, because they tore down idols and cast them out of the temples. The temples of our land are degraded by the worshippers of Morpheus; sextons are the champions to make a crusade against this abomination. They could purge the land of it if they would. Up, then, brethren, and expel this heathenism. Do you ask how it shall be done?

1. Up with the windows at reasonable times.
2. Especially keep open a little those nearest the pulpit, during the whole service. The preacher will repay you by better sermons.
3. Manage this matter with skill; blunder not, as some in your honorable office do, by having the windows either too much open, so as to chill the hearers, or not open at all, so as to stupefy them. Distribute the ventilation in small draughts along the cases.

Again. Never freeze the congregation by neglecting the fire. Begin them early to make sure the comfort of the temple. It is better to begin too soon than too late; for, when there is too much heat, it can be removed by ventilation; when there is not enough, ventilation has to be lost without remedying the deficiency. How many in your honorable functions, brethren, have thus robbed the Lord of the worship of an entire assembly! Remember, that with your peculiar honour is connected peculiar responsibility, and we must all give account.

Again. Men in honorable posts should always have courtesy up to their honor. A sexton should be a model of politeness; he should move with alacrity, accommodating everybody, and when he cannot accommodate them, showing that he feels the privation more than they do. Next in importance to a good preacher in the pulpit, is a good sexton at the portal. His smile lighteth up the multitude; his whispers of courtesy openeth the ears of the people for the trumpet of the truth. A rude sexton is out of his place; he is beneath its gracious honor, as much as a bear would be guarding the palace gate of a king.

Application. And now, brethren, let him that hath ears to hear, hear this message. Harden not your hearts against it. He that hath sinned in these respects, let him sin no more, but make haste to repent. Let all our temples on the coming Sabbath show that the word has been fully spoken, and the seed has fallen into good and honest hearts. The Lord add his blessing! Amen.

During the Art Exhibition at Manchester, England, says a letter writer, Prince Albert dined with the Mayor of Manchester at his private house, where he met a select party. His royal highness was particularly affable and amusing, and told several anecdotes; among others was the following:—While in O.S. no, he was in the habit of getting up very early, and walking about his farm. Passing a farmer's house, he stopped to make some inquiries; knocked at the door and asked the servant if his master was in. The servant replied, "He is in, sir; but not down stairs." "Oh, very well," was Prince Albert's reply, and he was about to leave. "Would you be kind enough to leave your name, sir," said the servant. "Oh, it does not matter," said the prince. "Because," said the servant, "my master would be angry with me if I did not tell him who called." "Very well," said the other, "you may say Prince Albert." Upon which the man drew back, looked significantly, put his thumb to the tip of his nose, extended his fingers, and exclaimed, "Walker!"

WORLDLY THOUGHTS IN CHURCH.—St. Stephen (Abbot of Cîteaux, founder of the Cistercian Order) found no consolation from the cares which multiplied upon him, but in the time of the Divine Office. It is recorded of him that at the evening prayer, as he went into the church, he used to pause at the entrance with his hand pressing on the door. One of the brethren whom he especially loved frequently observed this silent gesture as he went into church, and ventured to ask him what it meant. The holy father answered, "I am forced during the day to give free course to many thoughts for the ordering of the house, all these I bid to remain outside the