

Now, all these topics discussed in the social interviews of Christians are necessary and important, but they cannot without great spiritual loss take the place of spiritual conversation. They do not pertain to the heart of religion but only to its surface. They touch its form, not its substance. They interest our feelings, stir our passions, sharpen our intellects, increase some of our outward activities, and thus accomplish incidental good, but they do not deepen the tone of true devotion, they do not strengthen the life of genuine godliness, they do not draw us into closer communion with Christ, they do not give us glimpses of each other's interior character, such as will link heart to heart in purer bonds of love.

Some of us fail in this respect partly through a natural reserve of character, which disinclines us to open our breasts to the inspection of others. Doubtless there is a proper reserve to be practiced on this as on other subjects of a personal nature, and there are communings of the soul with God that would be profaned by being advertised to the world. As we are to "shut the door," when we enter the closet of prayer, so we are to have a secret chamber of meditation and feeling into which none but God may come. Still there is also a proper communicativeness, by which we bear our testimony for Christ, impart cheering and instructive views to others, obtain light for our own perplexed minds, and promote a general Christian intercourse. Our brethren will pardon us, (if pardon be necessary) for drawing attention to this subject and for urging that the apostolic injunctions quoted above be allowed to give new life and power to our words, until Christian conversation becomes an habitual means of grace.—*Congregational Herald*.

EXECUTION OF RIDLEY AND LATIMER.

In turning round, however, Ridley saw Latimer coming up behind him in the freize coat, with the cap and handkerchief—the work-day costume unaltered, except that under his cloak, and reaching to his feet, the old man wore a long new shroud. "Oh! be ye there?" Ridly exclaimed. "Yea," Latimer answered. "Have after as fast as I can follow." Ridley ran to him and embraced him. "Be of good heart, brother," said he; "God will either assuage the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it." They knelt and prayed together, and then exchanged a few words in a low voice, which were not overheard. Lord Williams, the Vice-Chancellor, and the doctors were seated on a form close to the stake. A sermon was preached, "a scant one," "of scarce a quarter of an hour," and then Ridley begged that for Christ's sake he might say a few words. Lord Williams looked to the doctors, one of whom started from his seat, and laid his hand on his lips.

"Recant," he said, "and you may both speak and live." "So long as the breath is in my body," Ridley answered, "I will never deny my Lord Christ and His own truth. God's will be done in me. I commit our cause," he said in a loud voice, turning to the people, "to Almighty God, who shall indifferently judge all." The brief preparations were swiftly made. Ridley gave his gown and tippet to his brother-in-law, and distributed remembrances among those who were nearest to him. To Sir Henry Lee he gave a new groat, to others he gave handkerchiefs, nutmegs, slices of ginger, his watch, and miscellaneous trinkets; "some plucked off the points of his hose;" "happy," it was said, "was he that might get any rag of him." Latimer had nothing to give. He threw off his cloak, stood bolt upright in his shroud, and the friends took their places on either side of the stake. "Oh, Heavenly father," Ridley said, "I give unto Thee most humble thanks for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee even unto death. Have mercy, O Lord, on this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies." A chain was passed round their bodies and fastened with a staple. A friend brought a bag of powder, and hung it round Ridley's neck. "I will take it to be sent of God," Ridley said. "Have you any more for my brother?" "Yes, Sir," the friend answered. "Give it him betimes then," Ridley replied, "lest it be too late." The fire was then brought. To the last moment Ridley was distressed about the leases, and, bound as he was, he entreated Lord Williams to intercede with the Queen about them. "I will remember your suit," Lord Williams answered. The lighted torch was laid to the faggots. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley," Latimer cried at the crackling of the flames. "Play the