

the position in which she stood in her day and generation, than this fact, that the holy Portous; holding the high station of Bishop of London, and surrounded therein by "righteous men," whose prayers he might well hope would "avail much," yet he selected this female, as the individual whose intercession he valued above those of all others in an hour of critical trial. Mrs. More erected a monument to the bishop in the grounds at Barley Wood, with this inscription:—

To BEILBY PORTEUS,
Late Lord Bishop of London,
In grateful memory

Of long and faithful friendship.—H. M."

In 1811 she produced a work entitled "Practical Piety," the results of the publication of which were most gratifying to her mind. The great demand for it shewed that it had been made in the hands of God the instrument of touching and awakening many hearts. After the lapse of another year she began a kind of sequel to the above, which she entitled "Christian Morals," a work which "may be styled the completion of Mrs. More's code of practical and devotional Christianity," though it was not the last of her performances.

At the end of two years from the publication of her preceding work she descended upon the lustre of the actions and writings of the great apostle of the Gentiles, in a work called an "Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul," in two volumes.—This was scarcely completed, when her life was threatened by the circumstance of her shawl catching fire, while she was in the act of reaching across the fireplace to a bookshelf in her apartment. She was in a moment enveloped in flames; but owing to her self-command, and with the aid of servants, whom her cries had brought to the spot, she was extricated without material injury. Her mind was deeply impressed with the mercy of this deliverance: she was frequently heard to repeat the words of the prophet, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame be kindled upon thee."

An alarming increase of illness in 1824 led her physician and friends to fear that her valuable life was near its termination. She believed herself to be dying; but even in this situation she was bent on again speaking the words of important truth. In her eighteenth year she wrote the "Spirit of Prayer," with this affecting preface: "From a sick, and, in all human probability, a dying bed, the writer of these pages feels an earnest desire to be enabled, with the blessing of God, to execute a little plan which has at different times crossed her mind, but which she never found leisure to accomplish till the present season of incapacity." This work has gone through eleven editions; and 17,500 copies have been printed. It was immediately translated into French, and was widely circulated in Paris.

The latter days of this admirable woman were rendered sadly unquiet by the misconduct of her servants. Though she had shewn to them every species of kindness, yet they had requited it by a system of disgraceful fraud. Robbery and revelling marked the proceedings of the domestics for the last three years of Mrs. More's residence at Barley Wood. These iniquities being at last discovered, she yielded to the advice of her friends to dissolve her establishment, and to retire to Clifton. From this time, the spring of 1828, her health was never otherwise than in a very precarious state: and for the five years and a half that she lived at Clifton she was subjected at various times to violent inflammatory seizures; and on the 7th of Sept., 1833, she delivered up her spirit to that God who gave it to be the active instrument of more important religious benefit to the age in which she lived than ever fell to the lot of any one of her sex, and probably of her species.

Such, says Mr. Thompson, was Hannah More. Few words will suffice to point the moral of so eloquent a life.

"These pages will not have been written in vain should they engage one heart to remember solemnly the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Do agreeable society, worldly celebrity, the homage of the distinguished and the gay, compose a scene of such

enchantment and attraction that the soul would almost hesitate to exchange it for a crown which must be cast before the throne, and would actually revolt from the steep and narrow path of self-denial and diligence, by which alone it can climb to the eternal prize? does death which must prostrate all earthly pleasures, seem distant, and time enough in hand for the enjoyment of this world and the procurement of the next? be it remembered that the life of Hannah More was prolonged far beyond the ordinary date of human existence; yet she never regretted that she withdrew so early from worldly pleasures to active and useful exertions, or lamented that she had not given more time to fashionable society, before she became seriously convinced that the life of a candidate for heaven must be a life of energy and beneficence. When the hour shall come which shall lay the reader's dust with Hannah More's, which course would he prefer to have run?"

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Selected for the Colonial Churchman.

JAMES BROWN.

James Brown, a little boy belonging to the High Felling Sunday-school, near Newcastle, met his death by an accident, in the coal-pit. When asked by his teacher if he thought he should die, he replied,—“yes.” “And where do you hope to go?” “To heaven,” was his answer. “And why?” Here he called his mother and the rest of the family, and said, “I love you mother; and you father; and my brothers and sisters, and my teacher; but I love Jesus Christ above all; and I am going to heaven, that beautiful place.” Here he ceased; his voice failed, and his happy spirit took its flight to the realms of eternal bliss.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOLAR AND THE BIBLE.

A little Sunday-scholar was one day sent by his mother to a shop for some soap; when the shop woman having weighed it, took a leaf from a Bible that was placed on the counter for waste paper; at which the boy was greatly astonished, and eagerly exclaimed, “Why mistress, that is the Bible!” “Well, and what if it be?” replied the woman. “It is the Bible,” repeated the boy: “and what are you going to do with it?” To wrap up the soap, was the answer. But mistress you should not tear up THAT book, for it is the Bible,” cried the boy, with peculiar emphasis “What does that signify?” said the woman sharply: I bought it for waste-paper to use in the shop.” The boy still with increasing energy exclaimed, “What the Bible.” I wish it was mine: I would not tear it up like that.” “Well” said the woman “if you will pay me what I gave for it, you shall have it.” Thank you” replied the boy, “I will go home and ask my mother for some money.” Away he went and said “mother, mother, please to give me some money.” “What for?” said the mother; “To buy a Bible” he replied: “for the woman at the shop was tearing up the Bible, and I told her, she should not do it; then she said she would sell it to me: O mother do give me some money to buy it, that it may not be torn up!” His mother said “I cannot, my dear boy; I have none.” The child cried; still begged for some money; but in vain. Thus sobbing, he went back to the shop, and said, “My mother is poor, and cannot give me any money; but O mistress, dont tear up the Bible, for my teachers have told me that it is the word of God!” The woman, perceiving the boy greatly concerned, said, “Well, don't cry, for you shall have the Bible, if you will go and get its weight in waste-paper.” At this unexpected but joyful proposal, the boy dried up his tears, saying, “that I will mistress and thank you too.” Away he ran to his mother and asked her for some paper; she gave him all she had; and then he went to his neighbours and begged more; and having, as he hoped, collected enough, he hastened with the bundle under his arm to the shop, and on entering it he exclaimed, “now, mistress, I have got the paper!”

“Very well” said the woman “let me weigh it.” The scale turned in the boy's favour, and he cried out, with tears of joy sparkling in his eyes. “The Bible is mine!” and seizing it exclaimed “I have got it!—I have got it!” and away he ran home to his mother, crying, as he went, “I have got the Bible! I have got the Bible.”

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

CHARITY OF THE CHURCH.

This feature in her character has always—but never so much as in the present day of division and strife—commanded the admiration of the wise, pious and peaceable.

Not only does she seek to promote love and unity among her own children, and within her own borders, but desires to follow peace with all men. She professes to believe in one Catholic and Apostolic Church, embracing all who profess to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the communion of saints; that is, the union of the hearts of all true believers one with another, and with their divine head. She commands her ministers and people, on every returning sabbath and holy occasion, to pray for all who call themselves christians. She never dogmatizes—never in the spirit of infallibility anathematizes those who differ from her, casting them out of the covenant, and leaving them to the unpromised mercies of heaven. Even when bleeding at every pore, from the cruel wounds inflicted upon her by the Church of Rome, instead of loading her with bitter execrations, and hurling the anathemas of heaven against her, for having shed the blood of her saints, and denying that she had any portion in the Church of Christ, she mildly yet firmly says, “that as the Church of Jerusalem and of Alexandria, and of Antioch have erred, so also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies but also in matters of faith;” not undertaking to say what the extent of her error, or of God's anger, much less to affirm that she was utterly cast away and inherited no promise from God. And would she not have spoken more tenderly, if occasion for speaking had arisen, of those Protestant Churches who fought side by side with her in the battles of the Reformation, though they came forth from the glorious contest with the loss of some of those things which she considers so desirable and important to the perfection and prosperity of Zion, being found, as she believes, in the pattern given us by Christ and his Apostles.

Surely her silence as to those defects, is evidence of her unwillingness to offend, while her own conduct in retaining those features, and her expressed belief that they were of divine origin, show that she considered them no doubtful questions.—Bishop Meade of Virginia.

Ministers and Sunday Schools.—It is a remarkable fact, which has awakened the attention of many, that the ministers of the Episcopal Churches in this city are far more attentive to their Sunday schools than those of other denominations. They seem to regard the schools as the nursery of the Church. We are personally acquainted with several instances of the most assiduous and persevering exertions on the part of the pastor to secure proper conductors for the school connected with his Church. We have also remarked the untiring industry displayed in encouraging and advising, the teachers, in recommending the school during pastoral visitation, and in personal effort to collect scholars. These things are as they

* The author is well aware that some object to the application of this term to those societies which have not been as we think, regularly constituted according to Apostolic practice, but as we hesitate not to apply this term even to the houses of worship in which we meet, we cannot think it improper to apply it to respectable bodies of Christians. Our American forefathers, who organized the church, did not object to the use of the term; for in the preface to the book of Common Prayer set forth in the general Convention in the year 1789, they speak of the “different religious denominations of christians in these states being left at full and equal liberty to organize their respective churches.” If search were made it is probable the same language would be found in many of the documents of our own and Mother Church in times past.