

that of the Archbishop, to whom we listened in the evening.

His Grace informed us that "forgiveness comes through the man from God"; he quoted his favorite passage from John xx, 23, in supposed substantiation of the statement, and of course did not stop to inquire whether ecclesiastical offences, (rather than personal transgressions) were not the subject of the promise. That the Archbishop himself realized somewhat of the weight of unforgiven sin, was manifest from the touching confession, which, with bared head, and on bended knees, he made, extempore, from the pulpit; in order further to give expression to his feelings on the solemn occasion of passing from one year to another, he read the *Miserere* (Psalm li); we will not stop to enquire how His Grace would propose to "teach transgressors God's ways," or how, by his instrumentality, "sinners might be converted" (v. 13); it shall suffice on the present occasion, to pass over any amount of non-infallible teaching, and to eliminate from amidst heaps of traditional rubbish, germs of truth, such as might put to shame, more than one of our newly-concocted Ecclesiastical systems. "On the altar is raised a cross, with a figure of a dead Christ on it, to bring to our minds, that it was he who died for the sins of the world, and that *there is no other name under heaven whereby we may be saved.*" The "Te Deum" with which we conclude this notice, was read by the Archbishop, from the pulpit, and impressed the writer so favorably as to lead him to request His Grace to put him in the way to possess a copy of it; the loan of "the Key of Heaven" containing it, was the Archbishop's courteous mode of responding to this request.

THE THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Thee, sovereign God, our grateful accents praise:
We own thee Lord, and bless thy wondrous ways.
To thee, eternal Father, earth's whole frame
With loudest trumpets sounds immortal fame.
Lord God of Hosts! to thee the heavenly powers
With sounding anthems fill the vaulted towers.
The cherubim thrice-holy, holy, holy, cry,
Thrice "holy" all the seraphim reply,
And thrice-returning echoes endless songs supply.
Both heaven and earth thy majesty display;
They owe their beauty to thy glorious ray.
Thy praises fill the loud apostles' choir,
The train of prophets in the song conspire.
Legions of martyrs in the chorus shine,
And vocal blood with vocal music join.
By these thy Church, inspired with heavenly art,
Around the world maintains a second part,
And tunes her sweetest notes, O God, to thee,
The Father of unbounded majesty;
The Son, adored co-partner of thy seat,
And equal everlasting Paraclete.
Thou King of glory, *Christ*, of the Most High,
Thou co-eternal filial Deity:
Thou, who, to save the world's impending doom,
Vouchsafedst to dwell within a virgin's womb;
Old tyrant Death disarmed, before thee flew
The bolts of heaven, and back the foldings drew,
To give access, and make the faithful way;
From God's right hand thy filial beams display.
Thou art to judge the living and the dead:
Then spare those souls for whom thy veins have bled.
Oh, take us up among the blessed above,
To share with them thy everlasting love.
Preserve, O Lord, thy people; and enhance
Thy blessing on thine own inheritance.
For ever raise their hearts, and rule their ways:
Each day we bless thee, and proclaim thy praise.
No age shall fail to celebrate thy name;
Nor hour neglect thy everlasting fame.
Preserve our souls, O Lord, this day from ill;
Have mercy on us, Lord! have mercy still.
As we have hoped, do thou reward our pain;
We've hoped in thee: let not our hope be vain.