

love. The Holy Spirit wrought a mighty work in his heart, and he realized that Jesus Christ, as an infinite Saviour, meets an infinite need.

His life at this period was spent mainly at sea. He was in command of a ship in the slave trade, and made four voyages to Africa. At the end of the first, he married Mary Catlett. The fourth voyage was his last. He spent much time in a course of study, taking up Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, and mathematics, and "the best writers in divinity, Latin, French, and English." He lived by rule; the discipline of his ship was admirable; his example an inspiration, his conduct exemplary. It is true that he was master of a slave ship, but his Christian conscience had not been awakened concerning the enormity of the traffic, and he lived up to his light.

For nine years after this he was a tide surveyor at Liverpool, a time rich in religious privilege, for he met there Whitefield, Wesley, and other men of great spiritual power. He now determined to enter the ministry of the Church of England. His life had been a wonderful preparation for spiritual work; his studies for many years had led in the direction of the ministry. He was, after some delay, ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, to the curacy of Olney, at a stipend of £300 a year. This step was the result of the influence of his wife, of Richard Cecil, of the Earl of Dartmouth, and of Young, the author of "Night Thoughts."

(To be continued.)

ASK, AND HE WILL GIVE.

CAN you see the dew fall? No one ever saw a single drop come down, and yet, as soon as the sun rises, you see that it has come and is sparkling all over the fields. It came long before you saw it, falling sweetly and silently in the twilight and in the dark. So, do not fancy that God is not hearing you because you have not felt anything very sudden and wonderful. He is hearing and answering all the time. You would not go on asking unless the dew of His Spirit were already falling upon your heart, and teaching you to pray. The more He gives you of His blessed Spirit, the more you will ask for; and the more you ask, the more He will give.

"Thou gift of Jesus, now descend,
And be my Comforter and Friend;
O Holy Spirit, fill my heart,
That I from Christ may ne'er depart!"

"Show me my soul all black with sin,
And cleanse and keep me pure within;
Oh, show me Jesus! let me rest
My heart upon His loving breast!"

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

WHATEVER distracts the Church of England from the quiet performance of practical religious duties is opposed to her spirit and her character. The special note or distinction of her long history has been a certain tranquil piety. It has been exhibited in the lives of her noblest sons and daughters. She has been the least noisy, the least pretentious, of the churches. She has had a horror of extremes; the *via media*, which others sometimes despise, has been her glory. She has shrunk from excitement or eccentricity; she has been apt to regard it as a sin. Oftener than once she has made the mistake of rejecting enthusiasm, when it seemed to be irregular or extravagant, and has driven it from her precincts into the wilderness.

But her moderation, while it has sometimes put her out of touch with religious emotions and expressions, has been in other ways her blessing and her strength. No church has been such a mother as she has been of simple, steadfast Christian souls. She has not set her heart, like some churches, upon strong feelings, or emotional experiences, or abrupt concessions, as necessary to the Christian life. Nor has she asked, like another church, for an utter sacrifice of the will or the conscience; for the severance of the ties of home; for poverty, asceticism, celibacy.

The note of the Church of England has been always moderation; it has been the "sweet reasonableness" which the late Mr. Arnold was fond of attributing to her Lord. This will not be doubted; but if it were it would be enough to cite the names of those who have been at different times the luminaries of her history. No one will deny that they are types of her true character.

It was so with Hooker, that "obscure, harmless man," as he is described by Izaak Walton, "a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown or canonical coat; of a mean stature and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications"; it is known how glad he was to withdraw from controversy and contention to the quiet shades of Bascombe and Bishopbourne, and how faithful he was in the common duties to the priesthood, preaching and teaching, visiting the sick, speaking words of kindly counsel to young and old, "inducing" them "to meekness and mutual kindness and love" until death came; and, as he lay upon his deathbed,

one who watched beside him asked what were the thoughts that filled his mind at that dread hour, and he replied "that he was meditating the number and nature of angels and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven; and, oh! that it might be so on earth." It was so with George Herbert, the sweet psalmist of the Church of England, who gave up what he calls "the painted pleasures of a court life" for holy orders, and who, during his brief ministry at Bemerton, so touched the hearts of his people that they "would let their plough rest," it was said, "when Mr. Herbert's saint's-bell rang to praise, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him."—*Family Churchman*.

NOT RICH TOWARDS GOD.

PRESIDENT ELIOT tells of a man living near Boston who was asked to give money to Harvard College, who received the suggestion kindly, promised to confer with his wife, and report, and after a few days did report as follows: "We have talked over the question, and have been all over our accounts. We want to give, but actually find that we must deny ourselves. Our accounts show that we are spending every year \$70,000, and our income is equal to just about \$70,000. I am very sorry that I have not a cent to give." And another poor man has been heard of who, when asked to make a subscription to a certain cause, answered with great seriousness: "I am very sorry that I cannot. I have \$500,000 in Suffolk Bank, and it isn't drawing me a cent of interest." Could there be a better illustration than the above of the Master's parable and the rich fool? (St. Luke xii. 16-21).—*New York Churchman*.

A DIVIDED SUNDAY.

GIVE to the world one-half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other. Pass the morning at church, and the evening according to your taste, in the cricket field or at the opera, and you will soon find that thoughts of the evening's hazards and bets intrude themselves on the sermon, and that recollections of the popular melodies interfere with the psalms. Religion is thus treated like King Lear, to whom his ungrateful daughters first denied one-half of his stipulated attendance, and then made it a question whether they should grant him any share of what remained.—*Sir Walter Scott*.