

sure. I bid you not to be slothful,—not to be careless, not to be content with a small measure of grace,—not to be satisfied with being a little better than the world. I solemnly warn you not to attempt doing what never can be done, I mean, to serve Christ, and yet keep fit with the world. I call upon you, and I beseech you, I charge you and exhort you,—by all your hopes of heaven, and desires of glory,—do not be a lingering soul.

Would you know what the times demand—the shaking of nations,—the uprooting of ancient things,—the overturning of kingdoms,—the stir and restlessness of men's minds? They all say,—*Christian! do not linger!*

Would you be found ready for Christ at His second appearing,—your loins girded,—your lamp burning, and yourself bold and prepared to meet Him? *Then do not linger!*

Would you enjoy much sensible comfort in your religion,—feel the witness of the Spirit within you,—know in whom you have believed,—and not be a gloomy and melancholy Christian? *Then do not linger!*

Would you enjoy strong assurances of your own salvation, in the day of sickness, and on the bed of death?—Would you see with the eye of faith, heaven opening, and Jesus rising to receive you? *Then do not linger!*

Would you leave great broad evidences behind you when you are gone?—Would you like us to lay you in the grave with comfortable hope, and talk of your state after death without a doubt? *Then do not linger!*

Would you be useful to the world in your day and generation?—Would you draw men from sin to Christ, and make your Master's cause beautiful in their eyes? *Then do not linger!*

Would you help your children and relations towards heaven, and make them say, "We will go with you?" and not make them infidels and despisers of all religion? *Then do not linger!*

Would you have a great crown in the day of Christ's appearing, and not be the least and smallest star in glory, and not find yourself the last and lowest in the kingdom of God? *Then do not linger!*

Oh! let none of us linger. Time does not,—death does not,—judgement does not,—the devil does not,—the world does not. Neither let the children of God linger.

Reader, are you a lingerer? Has your heart felt heavy, and your conscience sore, while you have been reading these pages? Does something within you whisper, "I am the man?" Reader, listen to what I am saying,—how is it with your soul?

If you are a lingerer, you must just go to Christ at once and be cured,—you must use the old remedy. You must bathe in the old fountain. You must turn again to Christ and be healed. The way to do a thing is to do it. Do this at once.

Think not for a moment your case is past recovery. Think not because you have been long living in a dry and heavy state of soul, that there is no hope of revival. Is not the Lord Jesus Christ an appointed Physician for the soul? Did He not cure every form of disease? *Let Him not cast out every kind of devil?* Did He not raise poor backsliding Peter, and put a new song in his mouth? Oh I doubt not, but earnestly believe that He will yet revive His work within you. Only turn from lingering, and confess your folly, and come,—come at once to Christ. Blessed are the words of the prophet, "Only acknowledge thine iniquity." "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backsliding." (Jerem. iii. 13, 22.)

Reader, remember the souls of others, as well as your own. If any time you see any brother or sister lingering, try to awaken them,—try to arouse them,—try to stir them up. Let us all exhort one another as we have opportunity. Let us provoke unto love and good works. Let us not be afraid to say to each other, "Brother, or sister, have you forgotten Lot?" Awake! and remember Lot!—Awake, and linger no more.—*File.*

### News Department.

From Papers by H. F. N. Canada, March 26.

**DEPARTURE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.**—Once in each generation is it permitted, it would appear, for a British people to witness the spectacle of its fleets going forth to war. The present generation may boast of a sight more thrilling and exciting than any which the heroes of the last or any war ever yet witnessed. We may excite the youthful ardour of our children by telling them that on the 11th of March, 1854, the

Queen of this empire led out to sea a portion of one of the most powerful squadrons which ever left our shores, from the deck of her royal yacht animated and cheered the gallant crews, and while returning to her sea-air home, watched with lingering eye the swelling canvasses as the proud ships glided over those seas of which she was the acknowledged and undisputed Sovereign.

At an early hour all Portsmouth was abroad and stirring in order to be spectators of the scene. Shortly after eight o'clock, the *Neptune*, 120 guns, one of the finest models of architecture in the world, which for more than twenty years had been in harbour, and had never yet tested its powers on the broad ocean, was towed out to Spithead by two small steamers. The flag of Admiral Napier was shifted from the *St. Jean d'Acre* to the *Duke of Wellington* shortly before the *Neptune* arrived at Spithead.

Admiral Napier, having attended at the Guildhall to receive an address from the town council, proceeded to Victoria pier, to go on board his flag ship. The pier, which was crowded with people anxious to witness the admiral's departure was gaily decorated with the flags of England, France, Turkey, Austria, and the United States, and with a large banner, bearing in huge letters the words "God save the Queen, and give success to Admiral Napier and our gallant tars."

A few minutes before one o'clock, the *Fairy*—having on board her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, the Princess Royal and Princess Alice, with the ladies and gentlemen waiting, and accompanied by Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane—followed by the *Elfin*, *Fire Queen*, and *Black Eagle*, was seen approaching the fleet, and on the signal from the Admiral, a general royal salute was fired. As the Royal yacht neared the anchorage, all hands were piped on deck to man the rigging of the *Duke of Wellington*, and certainly few sights could be more interesting than that which immediately presented itself. As the *Fairy* came up, signals were made for the admirals and captains of the fleet to repair on board. The Royal yacht, having run to leeward of the fleet, hoisted, and Admiral Napier, the admiral commanding in chief, and the admirals of division, Corrie, Chads, and Plumridge, with the captains of the fleet and commodore Seymour, preceded on board, and were presented to her Majesty by Sir James Graham and the other lords of the admiralty. After a short stay on board, the officers returned to the ships, and at half-past one Admiral Napier gave the general signal to the screw fleet to get under weigh with sail.

As Her Majesty returned back from the *Nab*, she was cheered by each ship which she passed, and as she crossed the bows of the *Duke*, the admiral dipped his ensign. The *Fairy* hoisted for some time to see the *Duke* fairly under weigh; the crews manned the rigging and gave a most hearty and tremendous cheer. Her Majesty, having seen the fleet fairly off, returned to Osborne.

**THE ADDRESS TO ADMIRAL NAPIER.**—Previous to embarking, Admiral Sir C. Napier attended at the Guildhall, for the purpose of having an address presented to him by the Town Council of Portsmouth.—Sir Charles Napier said in reply: I thank you, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, for the terms in which you have addressed me, and when I tell you I had only twenty-four hours to prepare to go afloat, you will not be surprised at my not being able to address you at any length. I must be off to sea, and cannot, therefore, address you at any length; but I beg to thank you most sincerely for the address you have presented to me. Perhaps it is not usual for a man in going abroad to receive such an address, but I can only say that I will do the best I can to prevent the British flag from being tarnished (loud applause). I know much is expected from this fleet, and I think it will be able to do something, but gentlemen must not expect too much from it. We are going to meet no common enemy, we are going to meet one well prepared. I am sure every officer and man in the fleet will do his duty well and thoroughly; but at the same time you must not expect too much. It is well equipped and efficient, but it is newly formed, and such changes have taken place in nautical matters that it is impossible to say how much or how little may be achieved. The system of war is entirely new, and the introduction of steam also materially alters the tactics of war. I can, however, assure you that I will—and I know the officers and crews with me will—do everything in my power to uphold the honour of the country and its navy. We will do our duty to the best of our ability, and I am sure I shall ever remember the kind-

ness of the people of Portsmouth (hear, hear).—Sir Charles then left the hall, and accompanied by vast crowds of people and preceded by the aldermen and common councilmen in their civic robes, and the band of the 42d Highlanders, proceeded to the pier amid the cheers and acclamations of thousands.

The Marquis of Londonderry died on Monday at his residence, Holderness-house, Park-lane, after three days' suffering from an attack of influenza, which proved too severe for a constitution already weakened by long service and the natural decay of age. His death was free from pain, and his last moments were soled by the presence of nearly all the members of his family, including his youngest daughter, and his sister, the wife of the General Commanding-in-Chief.

**FUNERAL OF THE LATE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.**—On Thursday morning the mortal remains of the late noble Marquis of Londonderry, K. G., were finally deposited in the family vault at Long Newton Church, Stockton, amidst universal demonstrations of respect for the memory of the deceased. The funeral procession was formed in Wynyard Park, and moved towards Long Newton Church, headed by the tenantry, mutes, the clergy, medical attendants, and the coroner and cushion borne by the late Marquis's butler, helmet, sword and sash. The body was in a hearse drawn by six black horses, emblazoned with scutillions of the late noble Marquis.

The *Colonial Clergy Regulations Bill*, which stands for a second reading to-day, is brought in by Mr. Solicitor-General, Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Peel. It is entitled, "A Bill to relieve the Clergy of the United Church of England and Ireland resident in the Colonies, from any Disability to the holding of Meetings in such Colonies for the Regulation of Ecclesiastical Affairs therein." The preamble sets out:—

"Whereas, by reason of the laws, statutes, and ordinances, which affect or bind the Bishops and Clergy of the United Church of England and Ireland, doubts may exist whether the Bishops and Clergy of the said Church resident and performing spiritual duties in the colonial possessions of her Majesty can lawfully hold or be present at meetings of Bishops, Clergy, and lay persons professing to be members of the said Church in any colony for the purpose of agreeing on rules and regulations touching ecclesiastical affairs, and it is expedient that such Bishops and Clergy should be relieved from any such disability, be it declared and enacted by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Common in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

Then follows the single clause constituting the bill:—

"I. No statute, law, rule, usage, or other authority of the United Kingdom, shall extend or be construed to prevent the Metropolitan of any province, or the Bishop of any diocese in the colonies of her Majesty, together with his clergy and the lay persons of such province or diocese, being members of the United Church of England and Ireland, from meeting together from time to time for the purpose, at such meetings, of making or altering in any such regulations, agreements, or arrangements (local circumstances shall, in their judgement render necessary for the management or conduct of ecclesiastical affairs within such province or diocese, provided always that such meetings, or the regulations, agreements, or arrangements that may be made thereat, do not obtain any force or authority from the enactments hereby made."

The *Morning Herald* states that a correspondence has lately passed between the Rev. Dr. Sallier, Sec. Dean of St. Patrick, Dublin, and the Rev. Erskine Hawkins, B. D., on the subject of the affairs of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel:—

"It appears that Dr. Sallier is one of the directors treasurers in Ireland, and in consequence of a defamatory article which appeared in a religious newspaper, consulted the Archbishop of Dublin and the Provost of Trinity College on the question of the necessity of an inquiry into the nature of the Society's operations. The objections which Dr. Sallier made to the Society founded upon the article alluded to, were, that it had large grants to the diocese of Tasmania, the Bishop of which treated one of his clergy, the Rev. J. G. Land with unusual severity, and threatened to resign him to the Society, merely because he signed a declaration, approved of by the Archbishop of Canterbury, protesting against the Romanizing teaching which has become so common in that colony. Other objections against the society were founded on the allegation that the diocese of Toronto had received large grants from the Society, while the diocese of Calcutta had been neglected; and on the fact that the Society appointed a Bishop of Michigan to preach at the anniversary meeting of St. Paul's, the right rev. prelate having at the same time, advanced doctrines not warranted by the Clergy of England. To these allegations, founded upon a total misapprehension of the true state of the case,