

man as honest as he was, and well nigh as pithy, quaint, and at times, like him, broadly humorous or caustic :

" In our Established Church the gospel is no longer dominant, albeit that a little band of good and faithful men still linger in it, and are like a handful of salt amid general putrefaction. We have no longer any right to speak of our national Protestant Church; it is not Protestant; it tolerates barefaced Popery, and swarms with worshippers of the God whom the baker bakes in the oven, and whom they bite with their teeth. Not many streets from the house in which we are assembled, you may have your candles, and your incense, and your copes, and your alos, with all the other pomps and vanities of the detestable idolatry of Rome. That Romanism against which Latimer bore testimony at the stake has been suffered to hold its mummeries, and practise its fantastic tricks, in the name of this nation, until it counts its deluded admirers by tens of thousands. That monster, which stained Smithfield with gore, and made it an ash-heap for the martyrs of God, has come back to you: the old wolf that rent your fathers, and tore their palpitating hearts out of their bosoms, you have suffered to come back into your house, and you are cherishing it, and feeding it with your children's meat.—Once again the harlot of Babylon flaunts her finery in our faces almost without rebuke. *Do not tell me it is not Popery; it is the self-same Antichrist with which your fathers wrestled, and a man with but half his wits about him may see it to be so;* and yet this land bears it, and rejoices in it, and crouches at the foot of a priest once more. Our great ones, our delicate women, and dainty lords, are once again the willing vassals of priestcraft and superstition; and amid all this, if any one speaks out, he is assailed as uncharitable, and abhorred as a troubler in Israel. Is it for nothing that God has favoured this land with the gospel? Must all her light be turned to darkness? Must all the gains of the valiant men of old be lost by the sloth and cowardice of this thoughtless generation? In days of yore, men like Knox and Welch in Scotland, and Hugh Latimer, and John Bradford, fought like lions for the truth, and are we to yield like coward curs? Are the men of oak succeeded by willow? The men who cried out, "No Popery here!" now sleep within their sepulchres, and their descendants wear the yoke which their fathers scorned. Shall not God visit us for this? I would that a voice of thunder could arouse this slumbering generation."

The preacher expressed, at the same time, that he would desire all liberty of conscience for the Romanist to practise his religion. "I would have religion left to its own native power for its support. But above all, if we are doomed to have an Established Church, I pray God that it may not for ever be the haunt of Papistical heresies. If the Church of England does not sweep Tractarianism out of her midst, it should be the daily prayer of every Christian man that God would sweep her utterly away; for the old leprosy of Rome ought not be sanctioned and supported by laws which once shed so much of its blood to be purged from it."—*Exchange Paper.*

Corner for the Young.

THE GIANT SELFISHNESS.—The giant Selfishness is an ugly-looking creature. If he could be caught in a bodily shape, and carried to the photographer's to have his likeness taken I am sure that, when you came to look at his picture, you would think it about the ugliest that you had ever seen.

Now we must all fight this giant. But how are we to do this? Not by standing off at a distance and throwing stones at him. This will not do. No; this must be a close, hand-to-hand fight. We must fight this giant by self-denial.

There were two little boys named James and William. One day, as they were starting for school, their father gave them each a penny to spend for themselves. The little boys were very much pleased with this.

"What will you buy, William?" said James.

"I don't know yet," William replied.

"Mother is sick," said James; "I'll buy her an orange. I think it will taste good to her."