

IN ALL THINGS LOOKING TO JESUS, THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH.

When the way is long and dreary,
And thy earth-worn feet are weary,
When through sin thou'rt sadly hinder-
ed,
Vexed by Satan and his kindred,
Look up.

Is thy spirit sad and worn,
With the burden it hath borne?
"I will give them rest," said He,
"Who bring the heavy load to me."
Look up.

Doth the world seem cold and chill,
For thy good returning ill,
He for the world His blood did shed,
Yet had not where to lay His head.
Look up.

Art thou of earthly love bereft,
Only through faith, is hope still left,
Make Calvary's matchless love thy own,
Accept, and He to thee is known.
Look up.

When on tempestuous stormy sea,
Tempest-tossed thy soul shall be,
When destruction seemeth nigh,
Think on the Unsleeping Eye.
Look up.

If pleasure beckoneth thee astray,
From the narrow living way,
If thou lackest strength to fly,
When to tarry were to die.
Look up.

If, alas, by sin o'ercome,
Thou hast wandered far from home,
When conviction's mighty power
Overwhelms thee, in that hour,
Look up.

In the bitter parting hour,
When loved ones yield them to death's
power
To the blessed home above,
With an eternity of love,
Look up.

In spirit patient, fervent, true,
Well doing what thou hast to do,
With all thy might still serving God,
Firmly tread the heavenly road,
And trusting Him, Who is the Author
Of the faith which He demands,
With heart subdued and reconciled,
Await perfection at His Hands.
So when thine eye is growing dim,
And faintness creepeth on each limb,
Rejoice, lift up thy voice and cry,
My redemption draweth nigh.
Look up.

—Mrs. BLACKWELL, Dundas.

BISHOP SANDERSON.

DIED 1662. AGED 65.

Dr. Robert Sanderson was an eminent scholar and divine. He was appointed Chaplain to King Charles I., and afterwards made Bishop of Lincoln. From Wheatly "On the Common Prayer" we extract the following interesting remark relating to Bishop Sanderson. "There was one General Thanksgiving added to the last review, (at the Savoy conference in 1661,) for daily use, drawn up, it is said, by Bishop Sanderson, and so admirably composed, that it is fit to be said by all men who would give God thanks for common blessings, —and yet peculiarly provided with a proper clause for those, who, having received some eminently personal mercy, desire to offer up their public praise: a duty which none that have had the prayers of the Church should ever omit after their recovery, lest they incur the reprehension given by our Savior to the ungrateful leper, recorded in the Gospel, 'Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?'"

A very interesting biography of this excellent prelate was presented by Isaac Walton, from whose work we make the following extract:—

About three weeks before his death, finding his strength to decay, by reason of his constant infirmity, and a consump-

tive cough added to it, he retired to chamber, expressing a desire to enjoy his last thoughts to himself in private, without disturbance or care, especially of what might concern this world. Thus as his natural life decayed, his spiritual life seemed more strong and his faith more confirmed; still laboring to attain that holiness and purity, without which none shall see God.

In this time of retirement, which was wholly spent in devotion, he longed for his dissolution; and when some that loved him prayed for his recovery, if he at any time found an amendment, he seemed to be displeased, by saying, "his friends send their prayers backwards for him." He rejoiced much that he had so lived, as never to cause an hour's sorrow to his good father; and that he hoped to die without an enemy.

He, in his retirement, had the Church prayers read in his chamber twice every day; and at nine at night some prayers read to him, and a part of his family, out of "The Whole Duty of Man."

The day before he took his bed, (which was three days before his death) he, that he might receive a new assurance for the pardon of his sins past, and be strengthened on his way to the new Jerusalem, took the Blessed Sacrament of the body and blood of his and our Blessed Jesus from the hands of his chaplain, Mr. Pullen, accompanied with his wife, children, and a friend, in as awful, humble, and as ardent a manner as outward reverence could express. After the praise and thanksgiving for this blessing was ended, he spake to this purpose: "I have now to the great joy of my soul, tasted of the all-saving Sacrifice of my Savior's death and passion; and with it received a spiritual assurance that my sins past are pardoned, and my God is at peace with me: and that I shall never have a will or power to do anything that may separate my soul from the love of my dear Savior. Lord! confirm this belief in me, and make me still to remember, that it is Thou, O God, that tookest me out of my mother's womb, and hast been the powerful Protector of me to this present moment of my life: Thou hast neither forsaken me now I am become grey-headed, nor suffered me to forsake Thee in the late days of temptation, and sacrifice my conscience for the preservation of my liberty or estate. It was not of myself, but of grace, that I have stood where others have fallen, under my trials; and these mercies I now remember with joy and thankfulness; and my hope and desire is, that I may die remembering this; and praising Thee my merciful God."

After this, taking his bed, and about a day before his death, he desired his chaplain, Mr. Pullen, to give him absolution; and at his performing that office, he pulled off his cap, that Mr. Pullen might lay his hand upon his bare head. After this desire of his was satisfied, his body seemed more at ease, and his mind more cheerful: and he said often, "Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me; but continue Thy mercy, and let my mouth be ever filled with Thy praise."

He continued the remaining night and day very patient, and thankful for any of the little offices that were performed for his ease and refreshment; and during that time did often say to himself the 108th Psalm, (a Psalm that is composed of praise, and consolation fitted for a dying soul,) and say also to himself these words, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed where true joy is to be found." And now his thoughts seemed to be wholly of death, for which he was so prepared, that the King of Terrors could not surprise him as a thief in the night, for he had often said, "he was prepared, and longed for it." And as this desire seemed to come from Heaven, so it left him not till his soul ascended to that region of blessed spirits, whose employments are to join in concert with his, and sing praise and glory to that God who hath brought him and them to that place into which sin and sorrow cannot enter.

Thus this pattern of meekness changed this for a better life; it is now too late that mine may be like his. (for I am in the 85th year of my age, and God knows that it hath not.) but I most humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may; and I do as earnestly beg, that if any reader shall receive any satisfaction from this very plain, and as true relation, he will be so charitable as to say, "Amen."

OUR NEW NEIGHBOR.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

But curiosity was strong. Moreover, there was about the voice a species of fascination he could not resist. Drawing up his horse he looked down through the veil of tender green. The thought crossed his mind that it had never occurred to him before how lovely was the foliage of these young beeches; now, as the rays of the evening sun shone upon them, they seemed radiant with a light of their own. Probably he was in a receptive mood. But the beech-leaves were presently forgotten in the exquisite little picture they framed.

The mystery of the sustained voice and nonsensical jargon was solved. A mother was telling fairy tales to her child.

And now Sir Walter could not have stirred if he would. To say that he was spell-bound would be a mere commonplace. As he looked at that marvellous face, all the more fascinating for its touch of sadness—where he sat he could catch the profile of the face, and tiny ear, and the golden-brown hair, tossed back behind it—Walter Harcourt had the curious sensation of the world enlarging about him.

He stayed but a moment. He was afraid of disturbing them; but he went away thoughtful.

And since then he had seen the lady again. This second time it was at church. He inquired who she was, and was told that she was Mrs. Rosebay, the lady to all appearance dropped from the clouds, who had taken Fairfield House. He heard also, for he was persevering in his questions, that the child to whom she showed such motherly tenderness was not her own, but a little foundling whom she had brought from London; probably, his informant said, she could not bear the loneliness of her life.

Since then Sir Walter did little else but think of the solitary stranger, frame histories of her past, and wish, with the fervency of his two-and-twenty years, that his good fate would throw into his hands some chance of serving her. For as yet no selfish feeling mingled with his adoration; indeed, the mental revolution he had undergone consisted principally in the fact that his point of view was changed. Hitherto self had been the central sun of his universe; now he began to look at things through the eyes of another. Hence it came about that his aunt's idea of building up his fortunes through the surrender, possibly the sacrifice, of his little friend and play-fellow, was all at once repugnant to him.

Nevertheless—for Miss Harcourt was a strong-natured woman, and the habit of obedience to her will was one of long standing—Sir Walter went out upon the terrace.

Sibyl was still there, lost in thought. It was a beautiful evening; the lawn, with its grey borders, and shrubs of fantastic form, seemed to sleep in the moonlight; through the shadowy background of tall forest-trees two or three stars shone brightly; the odors of moss-rose and carnation filled the air. Sibyl sighed deeply.

"What a sigh!" said Sir Walter, lightly; he was doing what was required of him. "Might one inquire—"

Sibyl's requirements did not happen to be the same as Miss Harcourt's, and she answered petulantly, with the manner of a child aroused from sleep, "No; one might not inquire. And please, another time, don't creep. I hate people to watch me."

He ventured another light remark but her answer was of so chilling a nature, that he did not attempt to conciliate her further. He braved his aunt's contempt by requesting her to go into the drawing-room and give them some music.

Sibyl would go into the drawing-room readily, but she would not play. She said Maggie's "thinking aloud" made her own elaborate *morceaux de salon* odious. So, to Mrs. White's secret mortification, Maggie played again—this time some well-known airs, to please Mrs. Vernon—and Sibyl took her place on an ottoman near the piano, Sir Walter standing near her, submissively. She was in one of her wilful moods, and wished he would not stand there. He irritated her. She knew him well enough. He was a good fellow in his way, but not interesting. There were others in the room to whom she would have preferred to talk. But, till Maggie's second performance was concluded, there he stood, like a rigid kind of watchman, bound not to stir.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Darrent, who sat at the further end of the room, had noticed Sibyl's constrained attitude.

"I know what it is," she said to her brother-in-law, who, sitting near her, followed the direction of her gaze; "she wants to be introduced to you."

"Wants to be introduced to me!" he echoed. "That seems strange; but who is she?"

"Oh, you must surely have heard Maggie talk of her—Sibyl White. Her mother owns Melbury Park. They have plenty of money, and she is the only child."

James Darrent looked at Sibyl with interest. He had already recognized in her the young lady whose magnificent pose he had admired. He said, "If I don't mistake, she is a remarkable girl."

"She is remarkable," Mrs. Darrent replied, with that generous enthusiasm which gave force to her approvals. "Another girl would have been spoiled long ago. She is as simple, and fresh, and girl-like as she can be. She is clever, too, and accomplished."

As she spoke, she made a friendly sign to Sibyl, who obeyed it by crossing the room to her.

"I knew you were longing to be introduced to Uncle James," she said, in a whisper.

Sibyl thanked her by a grateful smile, and then looked up to the traveller, who had risen from his seat, and was bowing to her in as orthodox a fashion as if he had been accustomed to drawing-rooms all his life. Then followed a pause. In her rapid fashion this girl was dotting down his characteristics, and noting, with a little sinking of soul, such as naturally attends upon disappointment, that they were rather of a negative than a positive description. James Darrent was not tall, he was not weather-beaten; his eyes were not piercing, his chin was not massive. Had he been any one but James Darrent, the traveller, and long-time hero of her imagination, Sibyl might have pronounced him commonplace. That she came to no such rash conclusion was due, perhaps, not only to the dream preceding the introduction, but to the quiet friendly smile and look of unmistakable interest that, on his side, followed it, and that moved her to say, to the accompaniment of a slight heightening of color, "You must not be surprised that I wished to see you, Mr. Darrent. It seems to me that I have known you for a long time." Here, reflecting that this imagined knowledge might be mysterious to him, she explained, with her peculiarly frank and winning smile, "Maggie used to read your letters to me—that is how I heard of you. We read them together in the orchard at Mrs. Darrent's, and, for a long time after any of them came, you would figure as a personage in our fancies."

She laughed as she thought of those games. It was a clear, healthy, girlish laugh; but in a moment she recovered her composure. She added, more seriously, being touched with the fear that