

Ecclesiastical.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Bishop Melvaine, at the recent Anniversary Meeting of the Church Missionary Society, related the following interesting little narrative.—

Seventeen years have now elapsed since I last stood upon this platform and addressed this Society. I was then in England endeavoring to obtain assistance for my Christian brethren towards the erection of a theological seminary in my own diocese. I have nothing to do with that object now, but it is part of the little narrative that I am about to tell you. At the end of the address I made on that occasion, I was permitted to say a few words as to that object, having, however, nothing ulterior in view. But as I was reminded by a brother on the platform to-day, I said then, "I am here as a fisher, and into the sea I let down my net." I am happy to say, that the net was found by and by to contain many good contributions to the object I had then in view. But there was one contribution from the Lord that I was not expecting. The Meeting adjourned, and a day or two after as I was walking in one of the narrow streets in the City, I was met by two youths who were introduced to me by an excellent, but now deceased clergyman of the Church of England. Said he, "Here are these two beloved youths whom I can vouch for, they want to go with you to America, to be educated in your college for the work of the Christian ministry, and to submit themselves entirely to the Lord's disposal as to what he would have them to do." Without dwelling further on the particulars of the narrative, the youths went to America, passed through a regular course of collegiate and theological education, and were both ordained to the ministry. One of them is now a very faithful and useful minister at home. The other, next to our missionary Bishop at Shanghai, in China, is the most important agent in our Chinese mission. (Applause.) And I should say, a person remarkably gifted for that work, having a colloquial talent and dialect of the Chinese, which is almost unprecedented, and brings him into individual communication with the Chinese mind, which few can attain to. Two or three years ago I received a letter from that missionary, in which he said, "Do you remember Exeter Hall, and do you remember when you let down your net? I had never heard of you before, but I was a little boy in that Meeting, and the desire arose in my heart at that moment to go with you, and to devote myself to the work of God in that ministry." Well that was the contribution which I then obtained. (Applause.) I answered the letter and told him I remembered all. By and by came another letter, but this was written in the Chinese language, and addressed to me by a Chinese convert under his tuition. That Chinese convert is now a deacon, or a candidate for deacon's orders. The letter stated, that when I replied to the missionary's first communication, I was thus placed before the Chinese as having been the instrument under God of bringing the missionary labourer to him, through whose means they profited in the word of the Lord. On the receipt of my letter, and its being read to him, the convert said, "Let us kneel down and pray for your bishop," and all present knelt down. The Chinese convert led the rest in prayer, supplicating God to bless me with his Holy Spirit for that which He had enabled me to do. Thus is our "bread cast upon the waters," and we find it after many days. (Loud applause.)

The Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, said, among other things, that the glory of England had been since the Reformation in the tenacity of the Church for the Scriptures. How beautiful was the Petition to Queen Elizabeth, of the four prisoners who asked for liberation—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. (Applause.) The Queen did liberate them, and no living King or Queen would ever catch them again. (Loud applause.) They had gone forth from England to the very end of the globe, and it would puzzle all England to put the chain around these four wandering men, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. (Continued applause.) The good Bishop Hooper said he would leave every controversy in Christendom to be decided by four impartial and infallible judges—the Hebrew Bible, the Bible in the Greek version, the Latin Bible, and the Bible in the vernacular tongue of every land. They did not hold their assize in England only—they did not hold their assize in America only. The time had come when men had got the Bible, and it would be impossible ultimately to palm upon any man that which the Bible would not sustain. (Applause.) England had now a glorious present. When he came here again many painful and yet pleasing thoughts rushed through his mind. His friends, the Bickersteths and the Fratts—

where were they? He could not help thinking, that they were now looking down from their blissful abodes upon this glorious Society, and rejoicing in its success. (Applause.) The great glory of England at present consisted in the numerous young and faithful ministers of the Gospel in the metropolis, and scattered throughout the kingdom. (Cheers.) This showed that God had not forsaken the Church of England. And when he looked on the character of the laymen whom he had heard within the last few days—noble, many of them, in position—nobler still in a higher position than any rank he knew—when he looked on them, and heard them, he felt that it was England's fidelity to the Bible that had given her as a recompense a noble generation of laymen, both faithful, spiritual, and independent. (Applause.) But the Church of England had a glorious future as well as a glorious present. It used to be called the bulwark of the Reformation. There was a time when it was necessary to defend that only which is within. Other times had come, and a Church of England could fill up other illustrations as well as that. He called her now the great bulwark against an encroaching ocean. Standing the same noble mole far out at sea, where the waves may bluster and foam, they would only roll back to show the perpetuity of that covenant to a faithful Church, she will never fail, nor will God ever forsake her. (Loud applause.) Behold her as a breakwater! The resolution presented the substance of which it was composed, the living truth of the living God, cemented together, abiding and to abide until the great purpose for which it had been constructed should be fully and permanently accomplished, a haven of rest within to convey souls throughout the whole tempest-tossed globe. For a breakwater there was an under current just as dangerous to the joints of the masonry, as the overspreading ocean which dashes its power above. You guard against the latter, but pay keep your eye fast and clear upon that silent under current that washes far below. (Loud applause.) He feared even the Greeks when they brought presents. He had no faith in Popery at Oxford any more than he had in the Pope of Rome. (Cheers.) He had no faith in semi-Popery. He did not like to see one red thread upon a man's coat. ("Hear, hear," and laughter.) Let England stand by in simple dependence upon the sacred word of God, and with a resolution to perpetuate it. What a glorious scene it was when the outward chief minister of the English Church went into the metropolis, and consecrated the British and Foreign Bible Society. (Loud applause.) The Archbishop of Canterbury had consecrated a long line of episcopacy. Never did one officiate to set apart an overreaching power so penetrating, so permanent, so glorious, so certainly triumphant, as when Archbishop Sumner laid his hands upon the head of the British and Foreign Bible Society. (Loud and prolonged applause.) That is an episcopacy that will outlast all time, for it is the true apostolic succession.

Youths' Department.

CLING TO THY MOTHER.

CLING to thy mother, for she was the first
To know thy being and to feel thy life;
The hope of thee through many a pang she nursed,
And when, 'midst anguish like the parting strife,
The babe was in her arms, the agony
Was all forgot for bliss of loving thee.

Be gentle to thy mother! long she bore
Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth.
Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er
Thy cradle played, and taught thy lisping truth.
Yes, she is old, yet on thy manly brow
She looks, and claims thee as a child e'en now.

Uphold thy mother! close to her warm heart
She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest:
Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,
Exulting in the fluttering from her nest;
And now her steps are feeble, be her stay,
Whose strength was thine in thy most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother! brief perchance the time,
May be that she will claim the care she gave;
Passed are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime;
Of joy on earth, her friends are in the grave;
But for her children she could lay her head
Gladly to rest among the precious dead.

Be tender with thy mother! words unkind,
Or slight neglect from thee, would give a pang
To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined
In love unutterable, more than fang
Of venomous serpent. Wound not her strong trust,
As thou wouldst hope for peace when she is dust.

O mother mine! God grant I ne'er forget,
Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,
The untreaured, the inextinguishable debt
I owe thy love; but find my sweet employ
Ever, through thy remaining days, to be
To thee as faithful as though wert to me.

How BROAD IS SUNDAY.—Quite a small boy desired permission to do a certain thing. "It is Sunday," replied his mother. "Is it Sunday up at Mr. A's?" "Yes, my child," "Is it Sunday down at Mr. B's?" "Yes."

"Is it Sunday everywhere?" "Yes, everywhere." Do all my little friends—do all full grown people know the breadth of the Sabbath? Is there not an idea among them that somehow, it don't come in some places just when it does in others?

When at a certain time Ellen stole to her room, took out her doll and made a new dress for it, and spread her little tea cups and saucers on a table before it, did she think it was Sunday there? She knew there was a sacred stillness through the house, and that her mother was in the parlor engaged with her Bible; but was she aware that the Sabbath reached to her own room too? Did she reflect that any deeds unsuitable to the day were just as wicked there in secret as if done anywhere else.

The other day, Robert and some of his companions got together, and had a game at ball. The church steeple was out of sight, they could not see the people on the road to meeting; but was that retired nook beyond the limits of the sacred day.

Ah, my friends the Sabbath is as broad as the earth! You are bound to keep it holy wherever you are. Though you may retire where no human eye can see you profane it, no spot is so secluded, no darkness is so deep, that the eye of God cannot there be a witness to your conduct. "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him?" saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord. Jer. xxiii. 24. "He knoweth vain men: he seeth wickedness also, will he not then consider it?" Job xi. 11.—*New York Observer.*

IDLENESS.—How important it is for you, little children, to form habits of industry. Idle children are ever engaged in mischief, and almost always bring misery or suffering upon themselves. To grow up in habits of idleness is something greatly to be lamented, as

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

Now, little friends, would you love to grow up in such a way? Just look at the character of an idle boy, and answer my question.—*Orphans' Advocate*

"PUTTING YOUR FOOT IN IT."—This term, it seems is of legitimate origin. According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated.

A WORD TO LITTLE BOYS.—Who is respected? It is the boy who conducts himself well, who is honest, diligent and obedient in all things. It is the boy who is making an effort continually to respect his father, and to obey him in whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who is kind to other little boys, who respects age, and who never gets into difficulties and quarrels with his companions. It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day, who is busy and active in endeavoring to do a good act towards others. Show me a boy who obeys his parents, who is diligent, who has respect for age, who always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom, and to do good towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved by every body, then there is no such thing as truth in the world. Remember this little boys, and you will be respected by others, and you will grow up and become useful men.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners."—Thus those little children who associate with others that are wicked, will themselves become depraved. A boy who holds daily intercourse with those who swear, or steal, or lie, or play truant, or break the Sabbath, will soon learn the same wickedness. Let then our little readers, avoid as much as possible, those who are guilty of those sins.

Selections.

CHARMS OF AUSTRALIA.—On the 8th December I left the diggings by conveyance to Geelong, a distance of 86 miles, for which I paid £4. The driver was an ex-convict, as also one of the passengers. Two days after I started by a screw steamer for Melbourne and spent half a day on my arrival, seeking for a roof to cover me, the town being completely overcrowded. Only think! I pay £25s. per week for the privilege of sleep