

A NOON-DAY SUN-SET; A Sermon preached at Bloomsbury Chapel, London, on Sunday, 8th September, 1861. By the Rev. W. BROCK, in grateful and respectful memory of the late Bishop of Durham. 16mo., pp. 32. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1861.

This is a sort of funeral sermon by a dissenting, we suppose a Baptist, minister, who was on friendly terms with the late excellent Bishop when His Lordship was Rector of the Parish in London containing the chapel in which the author officiates. The discourse is written in a simple, elegant style, breathes an evangelical, pious spirit throughout, and is full of wise and salutary warnings respecting the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the great duty of preparing for its close. One of its most remarkable features is the warm and affectionate testimony borne, very deservedly we believe, to the deceased prelate. Indeed if we were to take any exception to the discourse, it would be that while it has quite enough about the Bishop of Durham there is rather too little about the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. The following is part of the commendation bestowed on the deceased, and our readers will be pleased to contemplate the liberality and urbanity displayed by a metropolitan churchman towards a brother in the ranks of dissent. It affords a proof, too, that such courtesy is never thrown away, but usually meets with a generous return:—

Than the Bishop I know no man who loved the Lord Jesus Christ with more sincerity. I know no man who gave better proof or illustration of his love. For many years our neighbour here, as the rector of this parish of St. George's, his manner of life was familiar to us; and of his sound doctrine and godly conversation we became well assured. As long as he was our neighbour, he worked with us heartily in every sphere where co-operation was possible, being always ready to walk by the same rule and to mind the same thing whereunto we had severally attained.

Well do I remember his kindness to myself at the commencement of the work of God in this place. When originating our Sunday School, we deemed it incumbent on us to avoid all interference with neighbouring Sunday Schools. It was our determination to receive no children who were obtaining religious instruction elsewhere. We communicated our determination to the several superintendents, and assured them that our object was not sectarian competition but generous co-operation. The rector heard of this from his superintendent: and on the same Sunday evening I received from him a letter expressive of his warmest sympathy with me as a fellow-labourer in the vineyard of the Lord. It was a welcome such as no other man could have given. Our relative positions taken considerably into account, it was a welcome, I confess, in which I gratefully rejoiced.

From that time he evinced towards the evangelical operations of this congregation the utmost kindness and respect, on the ground that there was room enough and to spare for more labourers amongst the multitudes around us who are ignorant of God. After his elevation to the Episcopal bench he retained for us his kindness and respect: making good as opportunity offered his own words to me when he was leaving Bloomsbury for Carlisle, "I hope the distance in locality will create no distance in our feelings of mutual good will."

To the end those feelings of mutual good will continued: and no doubt have I whatever that at his latter end we should have parted, as many times on Sunday mornings we have parted, he on his way to Bloomsbury Church and I on my way to Bloomsbury Chapel, "The Lord be with you"—his brotherly commendation, "And with thy spirit"—my brotherly response.