

Poetry.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

But there are spots in which little cost The Pastor's hand can proffer is not lost; Spots where not all the seed his care has thrown...

On some bright morning, when the golden Sun A three hours' course above the hills has run; And oped these eyes which dare not wish for morn...

Or when the lessening year declines away, Slow down the Sun, and early sinks the day; When the dark glades of Autumn, subtle thief...

By steps like these the saintly Herbert trod, And to his "Temple" led the Priest of God; He from St. Paul the gifts of Grace displayed...

MEMOIR OF THE REV. WILLIAM JONES OF NAYLAND.

(By The Rev. E. Coleridge.)

The life of a country Clergyman is not likely to contain many incidents calculated to strike the mind of the general reader. While he keeps strictly within the pale of his duty...

Such was the quiet, yet eminently useful course of the Rev. William Jones. His scene of action was for the most part within the narrow limits of his parish...

He was born at Lovick in Northamptonshire, July 30, 1726; being descended from the Colonel Jones, who married a sister of Oliver Cromwell...

In 1754 he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Nathaniel Bridges, and went to reside at Wadenon, in Northamptonshire, as Curate to his brother-in-law, the Rev. Brook Bridges...

gular piety, and amiable manners. She was a help meet for him, one who cheerfully co-operated with the Country Parson in all his charitable designs...

Usus et impiger simul experientia mentis Paalatim docuit pedetentim progredientes. Lact. l. v. 1451.

Bishop Horsley, while speaking of Mr. Jones in a Charge delivered to his Clergy in the year 1800, says, "Of that faithful servant of God I can speak both from personal knowledge and from his writings..."

About the year 1778 he was induced once more to change his place of abode to Nayland in Suffolk, and having effected an exchange of Pluckley for Paston in Northamptonshire, which he visited annually...

Here too, in obedience to the precept and example of our blessed Lord, he devoted himself with the utmost zeal and affection to the training up the little children of his parish in the way they should go...

Thus did this great and good man go on labouring in his vocation; blessing and being blessed, until the year 1798, when he lost his power of hearing, and with it the solace and delight, which he so long derived from his favourite instrument, the Organ...

In the following letter to his intimate and dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Glasse, he pours forth his whole soul on this mournful event: he describes with touching simplicity the distressed state of his mind, and draws a most affecting character of his departed wife...

My DEAR FRIEND:—Though I am in a very low and sorrowful state, from the pressure of a troublesome memory upon a broken heart, I am not insensible to the expressions of your kind consolatory letter...

Lessons of the day to her as usual, in the first of which there was this remarkable passage:—"And the time drew nigh that Israel must die."

"I have reason to remember, with great thankfulness, that her life was preserved a year longer than I expected; in consequence of which I had the blessing of her attendance to help and comfort me under a tedious illness of some months."

As regards the Navy, we have shown that the machinery for its spiritual welfare is already, to a certain extent, in existence, and requires nothing but improvement and adaptation. We have only to compare the list of Chaplains serving abroad at present with those before 1823...

Shortly after writing this letter, he was deprived of the use of one side by a paralytic stroke, the result no doubt of great mental distress on a body rendered weak by age...

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What shall I profit a man, indeed, to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? But is it not so much the worse, to lose his soul, and gain nothing? The sensual pleasures of this life may bring one to eternal pain...

and I hope they never will: but if they should, they have as much to say before God as ourselves; no sex, age, or degree, can pretend to a privilege of offending God. But I would gladly hope 'tis love to those relations, that would give you both grief and shame, to hear them fall into this wicked practice...

NAVAL CHAPLAINS.

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NOTHING IS A TRIFLE. In this world nothing is a trifle. A painter was one day copying a portrait by Rembrandt. He took off shadow after shadow, light after light, upon line, most accurately...

THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

At the Weymouth Conservative dinner, last week, the Rev. H. Jenour, in returning thanks for the toast of "Church and State," cited the evidence of a Dissenter in favour of the Established Church, as contained in the following extract from a letter of the Rev. John Grey...

Great occasions, violent temptations, gigantic efforts, superhuman prowess, these are rarely within our reach. And they are not required. They even diminish admiration. Our hearts are balanced on a point, and they will vibrate with a breath of air.

And then turn to the field of reasoning. If every principle contain, as in a Trojan horse, a host of applications,—if it is but the condensed summary, the quintessence of innumerable experiences,—so also every separate fact involves the principle itself. Of things inseparably united, no one part, however small, can be denied without the denial of the whole.

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