

Let us speak not in a spirit of defiance, but in a spirit of love, let us eschew all needless expressions which may give offence; above all let us remember that the grand object which we have in view is the discovery of the wisest methods of work, the strengthening of peace, the firmer cohesion of the members of the Body. By this course our very differences will serve to bring out more clearly the unity of our faith, and our diversities of thought will be at once a safeguard and protest against any narrowing of the limits which define the membership of our branch of the Catholic Church.—BISHOP MACLAGAN.

#### THE CHURCH TIMES ON 'VERTS.

READERS of the organs of the ultra party must have been struck with the very decided anti-Romanist utterances with which their columns now teem. These papers would be much offended, shocked we fear, if we were to say that their trumpets rang with Protestant tones, but it is very true, although objectionably put in this way, that even the *Rock* and *Record* are not more emphatically anti-Papal than the *Church Times* and *Church Review*. The *Times* for some years bravely bore the banner of the Catholic Church revival, when contumely and sneers came up from every quarter, the day is not far back when he who read this journal was set down as almost too far gone for recovery. There is a wiser spirit abroad now-a-days, both in this paper and in the Church, the former, being strong, is more sober and less rash, its eyes have been opened, as it candidly admitted, to the weakness, the folly, the treasonableness of their position who, in their new born zeal for union with the Catholic Church of Rome forgot altogether that their own Church was also a branch of the One Church of CHRIST, and though not as large, was a far purer Church than Rome, and therefore more truly Catholic because of its nearer likeness to Him by whose Headship over all catholicity comes.

We give the following quotation from the *Church Times* to show how decided is the antagonism to Rome of those who repudiate the title Protestant: "To spend one's time in dreaming what might have been, may not be very profitable; but it sometimes fills the mind with a melancholy pleasure. The Bishop of WESTERN NEW YORK has lately been in this mood, and has furnished the local *Churchman* with his idea of what would have happened if Dr. NEWMAN had remained loyal to the Church of his Baptism, and if by his vote he had placed Mr. KEEBLE at the head of Oriel College. 'What,' he asks, might have been the result? Scores of SELWYNS and PATTESONS might have been sent forth. The regenerated Church would have regenerated the masses. The universities would have endeared themselves to the nation, by the welling forth of such streams of refreshment and renewal to the heart and mind of the nation. Great ministers of State would have seized the opportunity to strengthen the seats of national education, to restore the convocations, or even to organize a national synod, and to make episcopal election less unreal without impairing any essential part of the royal prerogative.' And so on. We believe that the picture is true; and that no good man ever did so much harm in this world with so little excuse as Dr. NEWMAN, or ever lived to see his mistake yield such bitter fruit; for it cannot reasonably be doubted that the illusions with which the apparent success of the Romanizing movement in England filled the mind of Pius IX. was one of the chief causes of a policy which has brought such disasters on the Continental Churches. It should never be forgotten that though a few hundred members of the upper clas-

ses were won, the Anglo-Roman party has made no progress at all since the time when the Irish immigration occasioned by the potatoe famine came to an end; and the reverts have borne a larger proportion to the 'verts than the 'verts bore to the classes to which they belonged. The latest of these returned truants is Lord ROBERT MONTAGU. There are not many of those who went out from us that would not follow the noble lord's example if they would make the same allowances for the Church of England as they make for the Church of Rome, or would regard the Church of Rome with the critical eye with which they have allowed themselves to look upon the Church of England."

We draw especial attention to the severe terms in which Dr. NEWMAN is condemned: "No man ever did so much harm in this world with so little excuse." A most true saying, for Dr. NEWMAN to this day has not given any reason whatever for changing his Church, his notorious book being a mere tissue of trifling irrelevancies, and only saved from nonsense by its good English. We would also ask our friends to note also that the "reverts" have borne a larger proportion to the 'verts than the 'verts did to the classes to which they belonged," while "the Anglo-Roman party has made no progress at all since Irish Immigration came to an end."

So much dishonest capital has been made by the sects and their friends inside our lines out of the numerous secessions of a certain class to Rome, who were driven there chiefly by the narrowness, bigotry, anti-Catholic teaching and puritanism of sectism, that it is very desirable for Churchmen to be thoroughly informed as to the judgment and feeling of those Church organs which, like the *Times* on the 'vert question, speak with the authority of perfect knowledge.

#### EVENSONG IN THE WILDERNESS.

(COMMUNICATED.)

SEE, there is a district in a wild continent, where the inhabitants know not GOD; or a rock bound island with a rough and perhaps half Christian population. It is evening. The Eternal FATHER has poured down of His gifts all the day long upon that land; has sent sunlight, warmth, health and safety, food and prosperity; and now He is listening for man's thanks for all these benefits. What does He hear? Heather shouts of revelry, wild songs, blasphemy, sordid or harmless conversation; but praise, thanks to the Giver—none.

But stay, what is that faint, clear sound rising amid the din? It is the silver tone of the church bell—a rough little homely church—and it is rung by the priest himself. Soon one voice, perhaps only one, is saying the Psalms, and raising the *Magnificat* and the *Gloria*. "How pitiable," the world says, "how useless to have service with no one to come to it!" How disheartening even the solitary priest may feel! But oh! brothers; could he but realize, could you all but realize, and remember what that evensong in the wilderness truly is, as I seem to see it now! The little bell sounds, men do not heed or break off their occupation to be present, but the angels hear, and the angels come. The guardian angels of all that land, of those wandering souls, hear the call with joy unspeakable. From east, and west, and north and south they come, they flock into and around the church, they form an overflowing congregation.

The priest raises his *Magnificat*. It is the one human note of praise, the one voice that pierces higher than the tree-tops, higher than the stars, the one "Alleluia" out of all those human hearts.

But it is not solitary, though the priest may so believe. No; behind the curtain of natural silence the holy spirits break forth into song, they encompass, they bear up the words of man with a glorious chorus of praise. Nor is this all. The strain rises from earth, and strikes the gates of heaven; it is taken up and repeated as the full sonorous repetition of an antiphon; it rebounds from side to side of the courts above; it is echoed from the lips of ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; "and again they say Alleluia."

So one voice on earth awakes the praises of heaven; so the ear of the FATHER is satisfied, and His heart is glad, for He knows that now, when He pours down there His "blessings on the evil and the good," "His rain upon the just and the unjust," there is one heart that knows whom it has to thank, one voice that will raise up faithfully morning and evening the glorious sacrifice of praise."

#### A WORD ON EVIL SPEAKING.

(COMMUNICATED.)

TO be ignorant on subjects which are constantly brought before us, upon which we are offering opinions is, to say the least of it, awkward. Take an illustration. A stage coach was starting, it matters not from what place, or where it was going. I do not know myself, but its only inside passenger was a worthy, comely, well-fed and well-intentioned dame. Just before the coach drove out of the inn yard, the guard opened the door, and a quiet parson-like, middle aged gentleman, with a meek aspect and a benevolent smile, took his place by her side. Journeys by stage coach take a long while in performing, and before they had arrived at their respective destinations, the parties in question had had time for a good deal of conversation. Being each prepossessed with the other's appearance and sentiments they had formed what may be termed a stage-coach intimacy. The lady talked much, as ladies of that age are apt to do, of the wickedness of the times, "and then those Puseyites," she said; "those wicked Popish Puseyites—they are worse than all put together—whatever shall we come to!"

"Puseyites, ma'am," said the gentleman, "what are they, and what wickedness do they commit?"

"Is it possible, sir," said the lady, "that you have never heard of those Puseyites, that are turning the world upside down?"

The meek gentleman admitted that he had heard of such people, but that he did not know a great deal about them; and as for turning the world upside down, the lady had just admitted that she did not see much good in the side which was now uppermost.

"Do you know," said she confidently, speaking in a low solemn voice, and laying her hand upon his arm, "do you know that Dr. Pusey himself sacrifices a lamb every Friday?"

"Nonsense, my dear madam," said the gentleman, "I assure you he does no such thing."

"I don't know what you mean by nonsense, sir," said the lady, drawing herself up and speaking with becoming dignity. "I suppose you do not mean to doubt my word; and I assure you, I have it from the very best authority."