

which they acted; and Jesuits subsequently attempted to vindicate the memories of those, whom their doctrines had hurried to ruin and infamy everlasting.

Probably no conspiracy, so fatally sweeping in its anticipated results had ever been projected with such feeble and inadequate means, and yet was so close on the verge of a successful termination. The enormity of its conception struck with surprise the most experienced statesmen, and the most profound investigators of ancient and modern history. In expatiating on its gigantic and guilty proportions, Sir Edward Coke himself casts off the fetters of his cramped and pedantic style, and breaks out into a strain of noble eloquence. "No mantle of holiness," he exclaims, "can cover it—no pretence of religion can excuse it—no shadow of good intention can extenuate it;—God and heaven condemn it—man and earth detest it—the offenders themselves were ashamed of it;—wicked people exclaim against it—and the souls of all true Christian subjects abhor it." The great Thuanus, an enlightened Catholic, can scarcely find language to express his wonderment at the boldness and immensity of the plot. After introducing into his admirable work a narration of the facts, he subjoins this just and dignified reflection; "History has recorded the murder of princes, and the attempted overthrow of states; but no country, no age ever gave birth to so monstrous a conspiracy as this, in which a King with his Queen, parents with all their children; all ranks of the kingdom, even the whole kingdom itself, and with it thousands of innocent persons were devoted to a promiscuous and simultaneous destruction; to glut the frenzy of a few infuriated wretches." "The Sicilian even-song," preaches Jeremy Taylor, "the matins of St. Bartholomew, known for the pitiless and damned massacres, were but the dream of the shadow of smoke if compared with this great fire." Wordsworth, dwelling upon the horrible object, gazes long and intensely on its fearful features, till his overwrought imagination finds relief in the accompanying sonnet:—

Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart; and there is one
(Nor idlest that!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were meant to be.
Aghast within its gloomy cavity
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
From subterranean Treason's darkling power:
Merciless act of sorrow infinite!
Worse than the product of that dismal night,
When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed.

Another event remains to be recorded, which still further consecrates the Fifth of November in the calendar of our Protestant anniversaries. On the 4th of November 1688, William of Orange, came with his fleet in sight of the Isle of Wight, hastening to the rescue of the laws, the liberties, and the religion of England. "This being the day," we quote from Bishop Burnet, "in which the Prince was both born and married, he fancied if he could land that day, it would look auspicious to the army, and animate the soldiers. But we all, who considered that the day following, being gunpowder treason day, our landing that day might have a good effect on the minds of the English nation, were better pleased to see that we could land no sooner." The wind favoured this happy coincidence, and from the moment that William landed at Torbay, on the Fifth of November, the Church and the liberties of England raised aloft their drooping heads.

On each returning anniversary of this day, let us recollect with a warm and christian gratitude the double mercy by which it has been signalized. Following the language of our Common Prayer Book, let us yield to God our unfeigned thanks and praise for the wonderful and mighty deliverance of our Gracious Sovereign King James I., the Queen, the Prince, and all the Royal Branches, with the Nobility, Clergy, and Commons of England, then assembled in Parliament, by Popish treachery appointed as sheep to the slaughter, in a most barbarous and savage manner, beyond the examples of former ages: and not less, let us adore the wisdom and justice of Providence by bringing His Majesty King William, upon this day for the deliverance of our Church and Nation from Popish tyranny and arbitrary power.

ALAN FAIRFORD.

Toronto, 19th October, 1837.

EXTRACTS FROM JEREMY COLLIER.

VIRTUE THE FRIEND OF HEALTH.—The mind has a mighty influence upon the body, and operates either way, according to the quality or reflexion. The disorders of passion or guilt inflame a distemper, envenom a wound, and boil up the blood to a fever. They often baffle the virtue of drugs and the prescriptions of art. On the other hand, when the review pleases, when we can look backward and forward with delight,—to be thus satisfied and composed is almost a cure of itself. 'Tis true, a good conscience won't make a man immortal. But yet the quiet of his mind often keeps him from wearing out so fast. It smooths his passage to the other world, and makes him slide into the grave by a more gentle and insensible motion. And when the body is shaken with diseases, when it bends under time or accident, and appears just sinking into ruin, 'tis sometimes strangely supported from within. The man is propped up by the strength of thought, and lives upon the cheerfulness and vigor of his spirit.

AN APOSTLE GREATER THAN A PRINCE.—Though I hope I pay as great a submission to the character of a crowned head, as another, yet I cannot help saying, that in my opinion, a Prince made but a lean figure in comparison with an Apostle. What is the magnificence of palaces, the richness of furniture, the quality of attendance; what is all this to the pomp of miracles, and the grandeur of supernatural power? Mines of gold, and rocks of diamonds, are but the glimmerings of a glow-worm to such lustre as this. To reinforce, or stop the vigour of second causes, to change the course of nature, and make death and disease give way, is a much more shining appearance than to be surrounded with guards and armies, and march in all the glitter

of human glory. What a little thing is the raising a noble structure, the temple of Herod, the Louvre or the Escorial, to the raising a man from the dead? A Prince can raise a subject, from poverty to wealth: he can give a cripple silver and gold enough, but he cannot give him limbs or senses; he cannot pronounce that powerful sentence, *Rise up and walk*. A Prince can bestow marks of distinction, and posts of honour and authority, but he cannot give the Holy Ghost, he cannot register his favourites among the quality of Heaven, nor entitle them to the bliss of eternity. No: those powers were apostolic privilege, and the enclosure of the church; the prerogative royal cannot stretch thus far; these jewels are not to be found in the imperial crown.

THE NOBILITY OF A CHRISTIAN.—I say a Christian and no gentleman, is more a person of condition, than a gentleman and no Christian. The former is more nobly related, born to a greater fortune, and better founded in personal merit.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

TESTIMONY OF SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.—It has also of late been much the fashion to asperse another venerable institution—that of the National Church of England. (Hear.) Now, I do not believe that so wise, so good, and so liberal a system of religious government, and so free in its results, exists on the face of the earth. (Cheers.) Nor is there another set of men in the aggregate—for here and there, as in every other community bad members will be found—equally numerous, pious, learned, moral, kind, and benevolent as the clergy of this country. (Loud cheers.) It is a blessing to the country that so many members of that sacred order are devoted to a country life, for they impart a blessing to the land; not interfering with any, but assisting the poor with the aids of charity and religious consolation, and delighting the rich by refined companionship and good instruction. I do not know a greater blessing in the country than that derived from the present system of the Church of England. (Loud cheers.) Many persons cast a heinous eye on the wealth of the church. The Church does not appear to me to be over wealthy; but I look upon the wealth of the clergy as a fund belonging to the people, out of which the son of the poorest peasant in England, if he manifest a peculiar talent for learning, a disposition for liberal acquirements, and an intellect beyond the common run, might derive the best education. This is another advantage attributable to the pious liberality of our forefathers. (Hear, hear.) I could cite many instances in illustration of this fact, showing how children of the humblest origin have, by good conduct and attainments, raised themselves to the highest stations, after having been educated out of the wealthy endowments of the Established Church. I should like to know how much better the people would be if the wealth of the Church were administered by any other body? (Hear, hear.) A great deal has been said about the self-interestness of the clergy. But surely they must, as well as other men, take care of their families. They do not put up for that exuberance of virtue which the Roman Catholic priests profess (laughter); but they spend a great part of their income in hospitality and charity—advancing the progress of science, and encouraging the progress of literature in several ways. There may be abuses in the church, but whatever the abuses are they do no harm to the people. If the people think a clergyman can live upon £200 a year, reading prayers every Sunday, visiting amongst the poor, and dwelling in a cottage, they are much mistaken. A clergyman is obliged to fill a certain station, which he never could sustain out of that scanty income. I do not see any good that can result out of church reformation, as it is called. I do not see what good it has done in Ireland." (Cheers.)

FROM MR. POWNALL'S SPEECH AT LIVERPOOL.—"It is not for a town, for a city, or for a county, that we are contending, but for the land of our forefathers—for the land that is dear to us; it is not only for the institutions to which I have been alluding, but for that which is even more dear to us—our national Protestant church,—[enthusiastic cheering.]—that church which, while it was the brightest fruit of the Reformation, has continued upwards of three hundred years the glory of the Protestantism of Europe.—[Reiterated applause.]—Where can you point to any other of the reformed churches that has maintained the principles of the Reformation pure and unsullied as they are maintained in the articles and services of the Church of England.—[Cheers.]—Where is there a church containing all that Christianity enjoins on her followers, exhibiting to others that kindness and charity which they imbibe with their earliest lessons, at the same time bringing her own children around that common centre of human sympathy and human hope—the cross that consummated eternal love?—[Applause.] Where shall we find another church which has weathered the storms and vicissitudes of time and circumstance, and now exhibits as fair a front to the Christian world, as the Church which it is our duty, our privilege, and our pleasure to uphold?—[Cheers.] It is said that that Church is old and the name given to her is "Old Mother Church." Why, it is precisely for that reason that I would cling more closely to her. It is the duty of the child to love the parent as she becomes more venerable with years, with more intenseness and energy than when she was in the vigour and prime of life.—[Cheers.] As we grow more matured we should feel more the value of the instructions she gave us in our youth; we should esteem more highly the comforts and consolations she poured forth in her liturgies and services, and more duly appreciate the everlasting things to which we have been taught to aspire through her ministrations. As the font received us when we could not lisp her hallelujahs, so the grave will receive us when we cease to repeat them, and the hallowed grass of her church-yard solitudes grow over us, till the trumpet sounds that shall summon us to re-echo them throughout eternity."—[Protracted applause.]

"One said that the great saints in the calendar were many of them poor sinners; Mr. Newton replied, they were poor saints indeed, if they did not feel that they were great sinners."—*Life of Rev. J. Newton.*

The great body of Churchmen throughout this extensive Diocese will observe with much interest and sincere gratification the steps which appear to be taken towards the erection of some monumental record, worthy the imperishable name of the late excellent Bishop of Quebec. The propriety of some such tribute of respect was felt, but not maturely discussed, by the Clergy of this Province at their meetings in September: the feeling, however, seemed to be generally in favour of the erection of some such tributary memorial in this Province, and to be placed in the parish church of Toronto. This desire was a good deal strengthened by the very prevalent impression that the time was not far distant when this Province would constitute a distinct Diocese; so that it would seem proper that such a memento of our departed Bishop should have a place where it might, as respects the Clergy of Upper Canada, be within the reach of occasional observation, and have for them something of local interest and association. This idea was, of course, accompanied with the belief that a similar testimonial from the Clergy of Lower Canada would be placed in the Cathedral at Quebec.

Such was the view of the case originally entertained by the Clergy of this Province; but the plan which we understand to be implied in the resolution and circular which follows certainly proposes a record much more worthy the lamented object of our veneration and love, viz. the erection of a chapel to be attached to the Cathedral of Quebec, to be called "Bishop Stewart's Chapel," and to contain within it the monumental tablet which would record his worth. With such an edifice, besides constituting a visible memorial of our departed Father, there would be the very benefit associated, in the extension of religious privileges, to which his life and energies were so zealously devoted.

But in contemplating an undertaking so becoming and praiseworthy, we are not without a fear that the expence required for its completion may act with some depressing influence at a time when the means of the clergy are, in general, so straitened, and the claims upon the laity for objects connected with the spread of the Gospel are so numerous and urgent. We know not how far the chapel which it is in contemplation to erect may benefit the inhabitants of the city where it is proposed to be built, as regards the extension to them of the means of religious services;—but should this be a happy consequence resulting from its completion, probably the additional liberality of those who might thus be regarded as, in some degree, more nearly interested in the intended edifice, would render the attainment of the needful funds much more practicable than might otherwise, at first sight, appear.

Having now stated what had been contemplated in the Upper, and what is proposed in the Lower Province, respecting the monumental tribute which all will confess to be due to the memory of our departed Diocesan, we shall only add our willingness to receive any further suggestions upon the subject, and, at the same time, profess our readiness to forward to the best of our power the desire of such gentlemen as intend to become contributors to this object, should their convenience induce them to render us, what we are so ready to become, the channel for the transmission of their donations.

Quebec, 16th October, 1837.

SIR,—By desire of the Lord Bishop of Montreal, and the Select Vestry of the Cathedral of Quebec, I have the honor to transmit to you the annexed Copy of a Resolution passed at a Meeting of that body, on the 6th instant, and to request the favor of your assistance and co-operation in making the same generally known, and also that you will receive such subscriptions as may be offered in furtherance of the object, transmitting to me the necessary information at your early convenience.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your very obt. humble servt.
(Signed) GEORGE MACKIE,
Chairman.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF THE SELECT VESTRY.

RESOLVED,—That in the opinion of the Vestry, it is expedient to follow up the Resolution recorded at the last Meeting, of deep sorrow at the lamented death of the late Honorable and Right Reverend Charles James Stewart, D. D. by forming "a voluntary Subscription for the foundation of some suitable Monument to perpetuate the memory of his character and virtues, and that for this purpose the Vestry do undertake and promulgate the same, with an understanding that the subscriptions may be applied in whole or in part to such object of permanent utility connected with the Cathedral Church of this City, as in the opinion of the Lord Bishop of Montreal and Vestry of the said Cathedral, may combine a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased Prelate, and usefulness to the cause, which, when living, he so strenuously and successfully laboured to promote."

"That the Revd. G. Mackie, J. B. Forsyth, J. G. Irvine, J. Benner, and T. Triggs, Esquires, be a Committee to act on the above Resolution, and that J. B. Forsyth, Esq. be requested to act as Treasurer."

N. B.—Subscriptions will also be received by any Member of the Select Vestry, viz: H. LeMesurier, J. Leaycraft, D. Burnet, J. Hunt, The Hon. G. Pemberton, J. M. Fraser, H. Trinder, W. Phillips, R. Peniston, and C. S. Bourne, Esqrs.

In giving insertion to the following Circular from the Lord Bishop of Montreal to the Clergy of Lower Canada, with a copy of which we have lately been favoured, we cannot too strongly express our sense of the kind interest taken by his Lordship in this our humble journal,—as manifested by the recommendation which he has been pleased, spontaneously, to make of its object and tendency, to the patronage and encouragement of the Clergy of that Province.

We know not how far we may be thought to have sustained the interest of our paper, or to have kept up a supply of matter commensurate with the tastes and wants of those for whose benefit it is more particularly designed,—we can only say that we