"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

STAND YE IN THE WAYS, AND SEE, AND ASK FOR THE OLD PATHS, WHERE IS THE GOOD WAY, AND WALK THEREIN, AND YE SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS .- JEREMIAH VI. 16.

VOLUME IV.]

TORONTO, UPPER CANADA, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1840.

FNUMBER 2.

Poetry.

SUNDAYS.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss: Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossess'd in this; A day to seek; Eternity in time; the steps by which We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight;
The pulleys into headlong man; time's bower; The narrow way;
Transplanted paradise; God's walking hour,
The cool o' th' day;

Angels descending; the return of trust;
A gleam of glory after six days' showers; The Church's love-feasts; time's prerogative And interest,
Deducted from the whole: the combs and hive,
And home of rest;

The milky way chalk'd out with suns, a clue
That guides through erring hours; and in full story,
A taste of heaven on earth; the pledge and cue Of a full feast, and the outcourts of glory.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1695.

THE FOUNTAIN.

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, that stoop'st to taste These sweeter streams, let me arrest thy haste;
Nor of their fall The murmurs (though the lyre Less sweet be) stand to admire; But as you shall See from this marble tun The liquid crystal run, How fix'd the one abides, How fast the other glides, Instructed thus, the difference learn to see 'Twixt mortal life and immortality.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE, Born 1618, died 1702.

DR. CROLY.*

The follies of the mind have been very beautifully compared with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, impart a more luxuriant fertility to the ground. The improvement of the intellectual soil bears some analogy to that of the moral. When the fire of criticism, so to speak, has burned up the rank and unprofitable growth of a Preceding age, the seed scattered by a purer taste has been found to spring up with greater rapidity, and to expand into a more abundant harvest. The very errors of feeling and fancy, thus consumed, seem to contribute to the nourishment of a better deposit, and the decaying weeds of one generation to brighten the flowers of

Let us look, for example, to a part of the eighteenth century. Nothing can be more dreary and comfortless than the prospect—a scanty and shrivelled verdure waved over the fields of poetry. The stars of Imagination and Invention set with Pope, and that tune which every warbler had caught from his lyre almost degenerated into an air of Grub-street. A miserable race of versifiers defrauded the public and outraged criticism. The writers of a considerable portion of the eighteenth century could only be appropriately treated of in a Dunciad. In this desert the rose began to blossom under the cultivation of Cowper. One of the sweetest sounds that delight the ear of the poetical pilgrim come from that fountain of the heart which was opened in The Task. No stream in an Arabian wilderness ever awakened a richer sensation of gladness in the bosom of the thirsty wayfarer. By this spring it might have been expected that the arid waste of Imagination would have been watered and revived, and that rills of refreshing fancy would have diffused fertility and bloom over the forsaken haunts of Poetry. The hope was disappointed. Cowper had a single disciple in Hurdis; and The Task inspired only the Village Curate. The icy elegance of Hayley still benumbed some of the strongest understandings of the time. "A new star," Miss Seward wrote to a friend, in 1786, "has arisen in our poetical hemisphere with a very powerful lustre; yet I by no means think its angry beams very auspicious to human happiness or virtue. The name of this luminary is Cowper." . To another correspondent she observed, that the gloomy fires of Young, with the corrosive ones of Churchill, streamed through his pages. But though the seed cast into the ground by this intellectual husbandman might seem to be choked up by the weeds that corrupted the soil, it was destined, after many days, to grow up into a verdant tree, and to stretch out its present inquiry to watch the gradual advance of its over the surface of the soil, it seemed to shoot up higher and greener, and to cover the ground with a lovelier shade. Years passed on, and the earth of Dereham enveloped all of that Christian poet which could slumber or sleep; but the flowers which had been fostered by his influence were only blossoming into beauty. Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge appeared, and led the Muse once more among the haunts of men.

. 8cc.

calls

by

least

We have no intention of dwelling upon the carnival of the imagination that ushered in the century in which we are living. Through every corner of the intellectual arena the silver trumpets resounded. Byron moved along his high and perilous paths of daring research, luminous, terrible, and enraged-

Βη δε κατ, Ουλυμποιο καρηνων χωομενος κηρ, Τοξ ωμοισιν εχων, αμφηρεφεα τε φαρετρην.

He dazzled every eye with the blaze of his arms, and startled every ear with the twanging of his silver bow. Nor were other candidates wanting to the lists, who almost rivalled him in majesty of stature and splendour of equipment. Among these the name of Croly deserves to be mentioned. Byron, indeed, might glitter with a more cloudless lustre in the midst of those dark chambers of thought in which he delighted to dwell; he might lead on with a more resplendent march the chivalry of Sin against the bulwarks of our faith, and scatter, in sharper vollies, that arrowy tempest of wit which his Quiver always supplied against the just and the good; he might kindle with a livelier flame the tale of licence

* From the Church of England Quarterly Review.

instead of inflaming the heart, he has softened and purified it, surely he has not lost his reward?

Dr. Croly's earliest poetical production, if we rightly remember, was entitled Paris in 1815. The subject nation presented a spectacle of equal grandeur, variety, or picturesque association. "Its public places were crowded," says the poet in his brief preface, "with the armies of Europe. Every man of whom we had been and degradation, of reviving hope and darkening ambition, of military pomp and mental magnificence, was then congregated within the boundaries of Paris. The plan adopted by the poet was the one best calculated to display his genius. Entering the city by the Mont Martre-road, in the early dawn of day, he sketches in succession the objects that present themselves. The martial pageant, the gorgeous edifice, the eager populace, are all represented with vigour and truth. lutionary commotions, which compose the dismalest pages of European history, are also recorded with a pen of fire. But the second part of the poem has a livelier charm for the imagination. Less connected with reality, it shines more abundantly with the rays of fancy, and breathes more freshly of the dews from her urn.

We have heard Croly compared with Darwin. The resemblance, however, is only partial. If Croly has occasionally assumed the mantle of Darwin, it has only been, if we may preserve the metaphor, with a view of embellishing his poetical costume; of throwing the Persian robe of gold over his own simpler and more enduring apparel. Nor is the Physician of Lichfield unworthy of a diligent attention by any one who is studying the art of decoration. He not only possessed a remarkable felicity of selection and combination, but he disposes every word with a single eye to effect and attitude; his colours are chosen upon no principle of harmony or truth, but on account of their power of contrast alone. With him Nature is nothing. He would have painted a forest crimson, if any corresponding advantage had been promised by that violation of truth. What colours are to Turner, language was to Darwin. The same brilliancy, the same glare, the same marvellous union of tints may be discovered in the scenery of the poet and of the painter. Darwin was essentially and singly a picturesque writer. Then again, his versification has some excellent characteristics, which have not, we think, been unnoticed by Croly .-It is always sonorous, full-mouthed, and unhesitating ; and occasionally the modulation displays an ear of great skill and quickness. Take for example the following

"Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must yield, Frail as your silken sisters of the field! Star after star from heaven's high arch must rush, Suns sink in suns, and systems systems crush; Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall, And Death and Night, and Chaos mingle all. Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the stor Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form, Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame, And soars and shines another and the same.'

Or take his exquisite and statuesque description of a mother suckling her infant :-

"Thus charmed to sweet repose when twilight hours Shed their soft influence on celestial bowers, The cherub Innocence, with smile divine, Shuts her white wirgs, and sleeps on Beauty's shrine.

Southey once expressed a desire to see the Phanix of Claudius translated into English hexameters of equal pomp. Darwin would have performed the task better than any living writer. The thick and vivid colours of that Oriental tinting would have suited his heavy, but admitted that the first work which issued from a Press

These observations upon the poetical talents of Croly form a necessary introduction to our consideration of his theological character. We shall pass with a livelier appreciation to the exhortation of the divine, after we to 1455. have lingered over the sunny page of the poet. The prose of Croly is, indeed, of a very high order of poetical inspiration, if it do not rather draw its fire from a holier branches far and wide. It belongs not, however, to our altar. If we were called upon to define his eloquence by a single epithet, we think that pictorial might convey that twenty years only intervened between the discovery growth. As the flame of a purifying criticism swept our impression of its character. He is, above all the preachers of his time, vividly delineative and picturesque. He does not describe—he paints; the drops of purple moment upon the analogy which subsists between these and ruby light were never showered from the pencil of remarkable events. Columbus, pursuing his perilous rained from the pen of this most entrancing preacher. star of lofty and inspiring hope, may be regarded as no He seems to delight in ascending to the summit of some inapt emblem of that adventurous Reformer who emtion, to borrow an image from one of our elder divines, of the intrepid sailor. How mighty the enterprise of social economy of the world. The tide of population is silver throne of Persian Majesty blazes upon the marble twangs upon the ear; the black cloud of Asiatic cavalry lowers upon the ridges of the mountain; or the mailclad armies of the crusaders roll their waves of tossing wondering and delighted eyes of the reader.

One of the most eloquent and original appeals to the conscience and heart of a modern congregation was made from the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral, in the autumn of the last year. We allude to the sermon delivered by Dr. Croly at the triennial visitation of the and to throw a spark into the magazine of the passions; briefly this: The Judaic, and Christian Dispensations to Leo, not two years after Luther's first public demonstrations of the District Bishop of London. The argument of Dr. Croly is he might erect a costlier statue to Vice and offer a having been revelations of the Divine Will to mankind, richer hecatomb upon her altars. All this he might do; the Reformation, resembling them in the circumstances of its history, is to be referred to the same sacred agency. The eloquent writer begins by pointing out

all this he did; but in copiousness of imagery, in the peculiar and distinguishing characteristics of the The apostle of the Reformation, with a single Bible, flexibility of language, and in picturesque description, three Interpositions. In the emigration of the family of could strike terror into the Vatican. A second shepherd, we should have no hesitation in claiming for Croly the Jacob into Egypt he sees a Providential provision against he went out against a second Philistine; and he went we should have no nestration in claiming for Croly the right of challenging Byron. If, instead of binding the temples of the leper with a garland, he has driven him was this all. The Hebrew mind was being educated upon this illustrious person have been recently published out of the camp; if, instead of employing the enchantments of poetry to degrade the man into the beast, he masters. The labourer in the brick-field was to become has endeavoured to recall him from the herd; if, the artificer of the temple. The second interposition was to be preceded by the same preparatory discipline. The heart was to be reached through the understanding. Accordingly the first rays of Christianity broke upon a world in the golden age of civilization and refinement. was peculiarly suited to the graphic powers of the Athens—the eye of Greece—had sent out her poetry author. Never had the metropolis of that electrical and her eloquence over the face of the earth. Philosophy and the arts had walked together. From Italy a flood of light had broken upon the nations of the East. Rome was the metropolis of the intellectual world :-

"The universal peace and the extinction of all political conceiving portraits, through the cloud and tumult of the war, was to be met with face to face in the streets."

The fiery marauder, from the deserts of Tartary, swept along by the side of the sluggish soldier from the banks of the Rhine. All that can be imagined of splendour to sharpen the national mind. It was while this education was in its highest-ardour that Christianity was given,—the especial religion of evidence, of argument, of learned research, and of intellectual freedom was given to the human understanding, especially awakened, invigorated, and refined."

The third Interposition was to be heralded and dignified, according to the luminous view of Dr. Croly, by an apparatus of Divine Power scarcely less august and magnificent. From the sixth to the fourteenth century, a cloud had overcast the say of learning. The over-throw of the western empire of Rome, and of classical literature, were simultaneous. The pillars of the civil conomy and of the temple of the Muses were bowed by the same blind fury of tarbarian ignorance. The last light of Grecian song was extinguished in the cell of Boethius. This latest of the old philosophers, in whose works the music of the Academy melted away, died in 529. The first sign of renewed animation in the lifeless features of literature, has been discovered in the seventh century. One of the earliest gleams of the dawning day shone from the Iish monasteries.* In our own country, two names will recur to the memory, which are never mentioned without lonour-Bede and Alcuin. Upon this most interesting branch of literary investigation, however, we cannot linger. The temporary clearblacker gloom. But light began to break out upon some of the countries of the continent. During this period the imagination seems to have been almost entirely dormant. The only specimens of poetical genius are to be sought for in the Teutonic languages. Mr. Hallam mentions the wild and impressive, though turgid spirit of the Anglo-Saxon poetry; and the still more vigorous

delineations of Scandinavian bards. century the human mind was in a lethargy, seems to require limitation. To examine and test this assertion, a view of European literature would be required, and we are desirous of resuming the chain of argument which has, for a season, been sufered to drop aside. The beginning of the fourteenth century witnessed the preparation of one work, at least, ordained to be immortal. The divine comedy of Dante is supposed to have been commenced in 1304. In Italy the restoration of Greek learning opened a new creation to the student. Emanuel Chrysoloräs, according to Tiraboschi, appeared at Florence in 1395. From his land the rekindled torch was transmitted through the Itaian universities.

But if Dr. Croly has passed too sweeping a censure and fifteenth centuries, as the most remarkable period of mental advancement, will be universally received .-It was an age of marvels; and, as the sunlight flashed in upon the human faculties with deeper radiance, the intellectual eye-sight seened to become stronger and clearer. Then was discovered a new instrument of death, more terrible in its operation than the celestial weapons of Epic warfare: then, too, a mute and unerring guide conducted the solitary ship over the waste of ocean; and finally, to consummate the gifts lavished upon mankind, the Printing Press conferred immortality upon Genius. Although the invention of printing has occasioned much controversy, it seems to be generally was the Bible. We allude to the famous Latin Bible discovered in the middle of the eighteenth century, in the library or Cardinal Mazarin, and after that celebrated person. Its appearance has been assigned

At this stirring period the horizon began to burn with an unexpected lustre, and the star of the German Reformation rose over Wittemburg. Dr. Croly observes, of America and the first preaching of Luther. The Christian scholar may be pardoned if he lingers for a Titian with a more changeful lustre, than the words are journey over the Atlantic, and led forward by the single high and sacred argument, and from that radiant elevato present to the eyes of his congregation a wide and both! how magnificent the result! A land of beauty glowing landscape of the Gospel. The history of the world is brought forward to illustrate the history of garden of promise blossomed before the eyes of the resplendent in all the pageantry of dominion. The by the German. In each the magical and idolatrous rite was to be abrogated by a purer creed—for Protestantism palace of Persepolis; the Grecian soldiery thunder may be supposed to occupy the same relation to Papistry, through the gates of Thebes; the Parthian arrow in its corruptest form, which Papistry bore to Idolatry, with its grossest abominations.

Dr. Croly rejects the assertion that Luther was plumes over the white hosts of the Soldan. Pictures the ardour of the time. His disposition led him to the like these, in endless combination, pass before the fallen solitude of the monastic life, and the accidental disthrowing the Pope than on overthrowing the world."theological arena was peculiarly favourable; and he had launched out upon the sea of popular opinion at the stration of enmity to the Romish hierarchy, that twentyfive thousand soldiers would hardly ensure his capture.

Europe. They are distinguished by the usual temperance of that sagacious and learned writer, who, without taking the high position of Dr. Croly, seems to us to lend it his unconscious support. After refuting the various hypotheses which have been advanced to explain the conduct of the great Reformer, such, for example, as a desire of introducing a purer mode of worship, of asserting the freedom of individual judgment, or of zeal in the diffusion of literature; he comes to this conclusion-" Every solution of the conduct of the Reformers must be nugatory, except one, that they were men absorbed by the conviction that they were fighting the battle of God."

From considering the claim of Protestantism to a seem to designate her "as the great restorative organ of Europe and mankind." In working out this very im- ments, are sordid, nor that they prefer gain to principle. portant proposition, the writer glances at the transition Again, it is true that some appointments are useless and some state of the Continental nations. And, undoubtedly, overpaid; but that does not prove that it is wise to lessen or

"Where" says Dr. Croly, "is this to end?" We epeat the question-Where is this to end? Shall the Spirit, which, the most powerful of all enchantments, the nagic of intellect, has invoked, be a desolating, or a beneficial Spirit ?-Shall it go about seeking to devour, or seeking to save ?- Shall it ameliorate the character, or sear the conscience?—Shall it be the minister of Dr. Croly's remark, that from the sixth to the fifteenth | Heaven, or of hell? Shall it diffuse delusion, or propagate the Gospel? Let the Government of the nation answer-let the Christian world answer. The elements of human improvement must be brought into subjection to the directing principle of Religion, if they are to promote the happiness and welfare of our race. The Ark of our Polity must be constructed in obedience to the commands of God, if we would expect it to float upon a deluge that threatens at no distant period, to bbliterate the ancient landmarks of custom and authority. The flood pours not its waters over the moral surface

of a single region, or a single principality. It has beaten down the despotism of the Czar; it has flowed up to the gates of Constantinople. Already, to the eager and straining eye of hope, the iron ramparts of upon the dark ages, his designation of the fourteenth Chinese intolerance begin to totter; already, the implenents of the labourer resound upon the arid sands of Egypt; already, the heart of the bereaved mother turns with a joyful hope to the City of Palaces. Civilization, the pioneer of Truth, is putting forth its hundred hands in every quarter of the globe. In the Oriental world, especially, the progress of change cannot fail to fill the mind with solemn wonder. The flowing robes of the Prophet are compressed into the habits of the Frank .-The mind, moreover, seems to be re-fashioning its apparel in a similar manner. Well may the admirable Preacher, whose discourse has suggested these reflec-

"The most singular and pregnant omen is in the East. There the star of change has risen with sudden and perplexing beams.

If man ever speculated on innovation, it must have been in the activity and ardour of Europe. On the threshold of the East it dand not plant its foot. The oriental love of ancient customs; the oriental contempt for European; the oriental tyranny; the oriental superstition; the tiger-ferocity of the despot—linked most stagnant, prejudiced, and intrite is intrathe, milest of this most stagnant, prejudiced, and intractable race of the stagnant innovation has come with matchless force; that it has plunged, like a thunderbolt into a lake, and roused up all its depths, flashing on every side. It has come upon the three great branches of Islamism—the Turk, the Arab, and the African—and come upon them all at once. It has come upon them from different sources; fear of conquest; ambition of independence; violent aggression—yet it urges all in the same direction. From Algiers Constantinople, Islamism is flinging off its ancient and cur brous robes, and striding with gigantic steps into that arena where every passion and every energy of man will soon be demanded and displayed."

But there is another element of tremendous power, for good or for evil, which is beginning to agitate the setting in with awful impetuosity. In England, the census shows an increase of births to the startling amount of one thousand a day. In Ireland, the returns religion—nation after nation starts from the sepulchre Reformer. A new world was to reward the courage of are infinitely greater. Where will it end? The Bible at his summons; not sordid in the ashes of decay, but the Spaniard; but an old world was to be re-peopled supplies the answer. The only battlement by which the incursions of tumultuous rapine can be repelled,-the only intrenchment not to be stormed by the audacious and infuriated passions of the populace, must be thrown up by Religion. If the Angel of the Christian Dispensation ride in the whirlwind, we have no fear for the results of any gathering tempest. For every moral evil, created by his age; that the Reformer was inspired by we propose the great, the single, the unfailing remedy of a Christian education-not an education in arithmetic and geography-not an education in abridgments of covery of a Bible turned the whole of his thoughts into history or epitomies, but an education in the Bible—an a new channel. "Luther no more calculated on over- education rooted in the Word of God, watered, as we may hope and pray, by the dew of his blessing, expanded Undoubtedly, the moment of his appearance in the by the rays of his grace, and brought to ripe maturity and fruitfulness by the influence of his Spirit. With such an education as this for the rising generation, we hour when the tide had risen to a height which floated confess that we should gaze with no painful alarm at the him onward with tremendous power. Mietitz declared cloud, like a man's hand, which now seems to darken upon the edge of the horizon. We would not only bind the Strong Man of Sin, but we would strip him of the arms, wherein he trusted; let a Christian education supersede a natural; -yes, we say, in the words of a recent pamphlet-" CHRISTIANIZE OR CRUSH IT."

MAMMON.*

There is a very large number of men capable of appreciating the value of money and of nothing else, and to whom the thoughts of getting and saving are the only familiar and precious thoughts; while there is a very small number who rise higher, either intellectual or morally. Consequently, when a politician of sordid and slavish views (take Mr. Hume as an example) who has not himself the power of looking beyond the market, or taking any large, or wise, or generous views, addresses himself to the many on the ground that money can be saved or gained, he speaks a language which the many are both able and willing to understand.-The consequence is obvious. No one can doubt that among the adherents and members of every government which ever was or will be, there will be sordid and slavish men, who measure the value of everything by what they can get, and who would always sacrifice principle to gain. Of course the practices, and the meannesses, and the iniquities, and the sordidness of these people are known, and politicians like Mr. Hume can strengthen their argument by undoubted Divine origin, Dr. Croly goes on to write upon those facts, proving corruption and baseness in the adherents of distinctive features of the Church of England which government. But, although this is true, it neither follows that all men and all members and adherents of all governto whatsoever point we turn our eyes, objects of wonder to lower appointments indiscriminately. Once more, the and interest meet the gaze. Old things seem to be only cure undoubtedly for sordid natures is, to mulet them, crumbling into dust; the surge of time, no longer lessen their power of doing harm, or turn them out of their washing away, with almost inaudible destruction, the office. You cannot make them feel in any other way, nor abandoned workmanship of political architecture, now sweeps onward with tumultuous and overbearing violence. The student, who has been accustomed, from the loop- to trust no one, and, by depriving every one of their power holes of his retreat, to take glimpses of the changeful of doing harm, to deprive them also of their power of doing panorama of history, is irresistibly drawn forth to behold good. Without frank confidence in public men, the public the flashing foam thrown up by these billows of popular has no right to expect good service from them; without plaexcitation. No ear can be deaf to this voice of many cing much power and much wealth at their command they canwaters-a spirit has been evoked at the summons of not render good service. But the Hume plan, of course, Science, which is now going up and down through the teaches the multitude to cry out for indiscriminate suspicion universe. Time is paralysed; space is annihilated .- and reduction and destruction, -in its stupid selfishness to Soon the North will call unto the East, and the South deprive all its servants of the power of benefitting itself, to stretch out its arms unto the West. Already the waste regard all who have money and power as equally unprinciof snow and the desert of flame approach nearer to pled and selfish in their use of it, and to look at them all with each other; and the fur-clad Laplander may soon stare the same suspicion and hatred. Money, money, is the quarter upon the tent of the Arab. A mightier than Prometo which it is taught to look. The question how much, is the theus is here, overruling a mightier element than fabled first question respecting every public station and every pubing of the horizon in England was succeeded by a daring ever brought down from the skies for the service lie man; and as money is the standard by which the desirableness of any public station is judged, (all notion of its sphere of usefulness, its power of glorifying God, promoting his cause, and blessing mankind, and of its moral responsibility, being wholly out of the view,) so money is the only guide and director of reform. Then, it being found that the low and slavish views which will always prevail in common minds having so strongly taken hold of ours at present, and the popular strength being great, there is a large number of adventurous men, some of them too of high birth and connexions, who wish to take advantage of this strength for their own aggrandizement, and, by means of Parliament, to push their own fortunes. These, instead of acting on high statesmanlike grounds, even if they had the power or greatness of mind, repeat the cry as to money, just to catch the popular feeling and obtain votes, give it the additional weight which the expressed opinion of persons of higher station and rank must give, and thus wickedly add to the miserable delusion already existing as to the proper standard and guide of good and evil. These two-people and public men-like cause and effect, reproducing one another, are perpetually adding to one another's errors; and then, the force of their union being very great, governments, more or less, quail before it -give in, more or less, to the same errors-and impart greater strength to them. Then Mammon is, in fact, made Lord of Earth, and to him, and what belongs to him, the highest and best wishes, thoughts, and aspirations of man are The spirit described here of course relates to church re-

form as much as to any other. The cry even from churchmen themselves, ninety-nine times out of an hundred, is not this-"Strengthen episcopacy, for it is too weak; make this great hinge, on which your system turns, more prominent, for it is too much hid; raise the character of your clergy, by sterner and stricter demands as to qualifications, and thus impress them with a deeper sense of their usefulness and their consequent awful responsibilities. Having done all you can to make them worthy of power, and influence, and confidence, give them all these things freely. Put the power of doing good into their hands, reserving to the proper quarter, ndeed, the power of taking it away from those who will not use it rightly." Nor, again, in details, has the cry been of this kind-"Such or such a post is most important from its should increase its power of exerting that moral influence of which its position makes it capable, and thus promote the cause of the Gospel." No; the cry for reform has generally been this, in spirit, if not in words-"The Bishop of A. has too many thousands a year. A man with so many footmen, and so much brass on his horses' harness, cannot care for the Gospel. The rector of B. has fifteen hundred a year. Does any man with fifteen hundred a year care for or look after the poor, or know how to deal with them? The curate of C.'s rector pays him only £100 a year, and he has already been working very hard two or three years; the church will be ruined if this infamous rector is not beaten out of his selfishness by reform, and made to pay £50 a year more." Then the aristocratic reformers pronounce that the clergy as a body are too rich, and must be brought down; are too independent, and must be made more humble and subservient; and so on. In short, money, and taking away money, are the only things in question; and no master-minds in the country at large, (for one must not look, it would be unfair to do so, to a few marked public men,) seem to come forward and meet this stupid delusion, which, though it may begin with lowering the clergy, or, in other words, depriving them of that, a great part of which even the worst of them cannot help using for the public benefit, and which the best desire in order effectually to promote it, will end, of course, in loss and evil to the public itself. We perish in all points by little views and little men, or because they who have larger views intellectually, and see the truth, are morally feeble, and despair of being able to promote those views, in the present degraded state of the popular mind, by a bold assertion of them.

But the political evil of these low views is far less than the moral. That "money is the root of all evil" we are 'taught in a book whose authority we cannot doubt; and by such means as have been described it has become lord of the ascendant. One of its great evils is that it is made the rule and law and canon by which everything is adjusted; that not only public acts and public stations, but every action and

^{*} From the British Magazine.