

was employed turning aside the tufts of grass, as if seeking nuts or berries for the little one; then she would clutch the little rascal and roll over with him, in all the joyousness of a young mother, and he, the tiny scamp, shrieked, pouted, and caressed her, like any Master Johnny or dear Billy would have done. The whole scene was a burlesque upon human nature: unable to contain ourselves longer, we burst into roars of laughter. The father leapt at once upon a neighboring branch, and shaking it with rage, whoo-who'd at us through a very spiteful set of teeth; the lady screamed, the baby squealed and jumped to her breast, clasped its little arms around her neck, and its legs around her chest, and then with a bound she was off and away with her 'tooty-pooty' papa following, and covering her retreat with venomous grins at us, whom he evidently considered only a superior breed of apes."

There are stores of humorous passages, and clever anecdotes, tempting to quotation; but we stay our pen, and recommend our readers, if we have whetted their appetites, to satisfy them with the book itself.—*London Guardian.*

IRON CHURCHES IN THE METROPOLIS.—The erection of iron churches in the metropolis, to meet the deficiency in various districts of church accommodation, is one of the great mechanical novelties of the age. It would appear, from a correct survey of the metropolitan districts recently made, that upwards of one hundred churches are needed to supply the necessities of the case in London, the population of which is increasing at the rate of 45,000 a year. To erect churches on the ordinary principle, by the aid of the architect, the mason, bricklayer, &c., is a slow and expensive operation; and it has been found in most districts that, to raise several thousand pounds for the purpose of fine architectural proportions is generally the work of many months, if not years; whilst to collect one thousand pounds or so for the immediate construction of a building suitable for divine worship is a comparatively easy task. The erection of an iron church, large enough to accommodate from seven hundred and fifty to one thousand persons, can now be accomplished within six or seven weeks, at a cost of from 30s. to 40s. per sitting.

All the iron churches erected in the metropolis have fully answered their purpose. These comprise a church at Kensington, erected under the auspices of Archdeacon Sinclair; one at Kenilworth, District of St. Pancras, for the R. v. Carter Smith; one at Newington Butts, for the R. v. W. C. Moore; one in St. George's East, Old Gravel Lane, for the R. v. F. Lowder; and one at H. way, St. Barnabas District, for the Rev. John Rogers. In describing the last-named, the public will have a tolerably clear perception of what the iron churches are. The Holloway Church cost £1000, and is capable of seating seven hundred people. It was built by Mr. Hemmings in five weeks, and has proved, as the Rev. J. Rogers reports, "a most comfortable place of worship, well ventilated, warm in winter, cool in summer, will endure a hundred years, can be easily and at a small cost taken down when no longer needed in the district, and removed to some other. It is 90 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 20 feet in height. It is lined with wood, which is covered with canvas and papered.—The same clergyman remarks, "Churches of this character, that can be speedily and cheaply erected, and when supplanted by a permanent church, as easily and speedily removed to some other locality, seem to be exactly adapted to meet the peculiar wants of the present day. Why not," he adds, "raise £100,000, and at once supply the pressing wants of the establishment in this metropolis, with comfortable temporary churches? They would be found, not only to meet a present necessity, but to promote in the most effectual manner the erection of permanent churches."

ANGRY ALMS.—Gothold was one day occupied with important business, and deeply absorbed in thought, when his daughter unexpectedly entered the room, bringing a paper stating the case of a poor widow and soliciting an alms in her behalf.

Losing his temper, he spoke harshly to the poor girl, and, in an ill-humor flung to her the sum she asked. Recollecting himself, however, he cried out, "Wretched man that I am! How fair the show that my Christianity often presents, to myself at least, and how boldly I venture to say, 'Lord Jesus, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee;' and yet, now that my Saviour has come and craved a mite for this poor widow, as a practical evidence of my affection for himself, I take offence at Him for disturb-

ing my poor thoughts, though for so short a time and so good a cause. My God, thou invitest me to come to thee whenever my pleasure leads, or my necessities compel me; and, come when I may, never is my coming unseasonable or inopportune. Thou hast the whole world to govern, and yet I trouble thee not, though I break in at morning, noon, or night, and claim an alms from thy mercy. How conceited I must be to reckon my concerns and thoughts of greater moment than the sighs and prayers of my suffering fellow-Christians. I now see that sin is rashness, and have good cause henceforth to give a more gracious reception to the Lord Jesus in his members, lest in my hour of need he turn his back upon me. God loveth a cheerful giver. A benefaction to the poor should be like oil, which, when poured from one vessel into another, flows in silence, and with a soft and gentle fall. An alms reluctantly bestowed, is like a rose spoiled and discolored with the fumes of sulphur, like sanded flour or over salted meat. He who exercises charity with a reluctant heart and angry words, is like the cow which yields her milk, but overturns the pail with her foot."

OPPOSITION TO PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.—A new Catholic association, under the patronage of M. de Segur, formerly an auditor of the Rota, a prelate of the Pope's household, and dignitary of the Imperial chapter, has just been formed at Paris, for the express purpose of opposing the march of Protestant propaganda. The founders of this society are much alarmed at the multiplication of Protestant schools and churches, which they attribute to the subventions and tracts of foreign Bible societies. They complain pathetically that heresy runs rampant in Limousin, has penetrated into Dauphine, even to the very foot of the mountain of the miracle of La Salette, and that a Protestant church has just been built at Avignon, the city of the popes. The weapons with which the new society propose to fight are very harmless, and perfectly fair. They ask all well wishers to their cause to send money and information to M. de Segur, and undertake to offer up prayers every day for the conversion of Protestants and the confusion of the enemies of the one true faith. The Society is to be called "The Society of St. Francis de Sales."—*Correspond. of Daily News.*

ROTHERFORD, NEAR DES MOINES, JUNE 15.

I was trotting slowly down one of those fine descents which mark the approach of the Des Moines River. The town, which for beauty of situation few can rival, was just about breaking on the view. At this moment there unfolded itself on a little platform between the river and the road, a camp of about thirty waggons, each capable of containing, as I afterwards learned, an average of over ten persons. The party was evidently just about to start. The oxen were harnessed to the wagons; the camp fires were smouldering in ashes; a long line of women were marching on ahead, either compelled by the exigencies of the camp, or tempted by the balmy air of the sweet spring morning.

What the party consisted of, I had not much difficulty in surmising. Looking up within the camp, I soon found that my surmises were correct. Four hundred Mormons, men, women and children, were on their way to the Salt Lake. I had little trouble in finding the conversation, first with one or two of the leaders on the camp ground, and afterwards with stragglers along side of whom I was able to walk my mule. Their history was very simple. They comprised representatives from England, Wales, Ireland, France, Germany and Denmark. The majority of them were women. Among them were to be found men evidently of respectability, who brought their families with them. Among the women, the characters were various. There were some whose appearance was anything but respectable. There were others who, from their sober demeanour, their neat, peasant-like attire, their ingenuous countenance, their pleasant and conversational, I could at once determine to be respectable English and Welsh girls, belonging to the humbler classes, it is true, but at the same time instinct with that homely honesty and straightforwardness by which the English agricultural interests are so often distinguished.

What the temptation was which drew them to this country was soon determined. The Mormon missionaries, who are scattered over the continent of Europe, sink the religious in the economical. It is not "What a divine faith!" but "What a splendid home!" The charms of Western life are unfolded to the weary resident of the cramped manufacturing town. The cheapness of prairie farms is exaggerated on to the impoverished tenant of a rack rent field. Free institutions are dwelt upon to the Charist, a pure religion to those who are faint at heart with the corruptions, or the supposed corruptions, of the church to which they belong. Out of the thousands who come over, I believe that there are very few who do not believe that they are coming to a christian agricultural community in which the discipline and purity of the early church

is to be united with the soil and climate of the most fertile region of the globe.

Such is the history of the great body of the Mormon emigrants whom we met near Des Moines City.—They formed but a small camp in proportion to the main body which was following after, and which contains at least a thousand persons. In fact, of the body of emigrants whom we met on our route, a very large proportion belonged to the Mormon faith. They marched in regular order, a captain being allotted to each band, and elders being scattered around in a profusion which must have made the number of unofficial laymen very small. The route they take generally avoids the large towns; and when they stop, they camp at such distances from the centres of population as may prevent their converts from obtaining information as to the true state of facts. So it is that the great Mormon emigration reaches Salt Lake.—*Colporteur Letters in the Episcopal Recorder.*

THE New York *Weekly Tribune* is not a source from which we are likely to receive much instruction in matters appertaining to religion; but whatever otherwise our readers may think of the following article from its pages, it will no doubt be considered sufficiently amusing. It may also lead to a useful train of thought upon an important subject—the proper value which ought to be attached to the different parts of the service of the Church in the worship of Almighty God:

SERMONS.

Of Mr. Robert Sheriff (he declines the title of "Reverend") we know nothing but this: that he has been pastor of the Free West Church in Greenock, Scotland; that he has voluntarily resigned his pastoral office, and that he has written and printed a little pamphlet of four pages, in which he defends to the best of his ability his abdication. Mr. Sheriff is opposed to ecclesiastical titles, to gowns, white neckcloths, bands, and other clerical haberdashery. He regards organs with distrust, and he does not by any means admire public prayer, which he characterises as "tedious, more especially in Scotland." The "impression" of this retired preacher is that "not a word of man's wisdom should mingle in the service, not even in prayer." In order to exhibit his perfected ritual, he informs us that he had already engaged the New Town Hall in Greenock, but he had yielded to the advice of "a relation," who recommended a postponement, and so contented himself with emitting this little dingy tract, which with its modest protest against so much which the world regards as essential, is now before us. Mr. Sheriff's amended ritual seems to consist principally of readings from the Bible and singing, under the direction of a minister or leader. His plan, while it seeks to relieve clergymen from hard work in the pulpit, imposes upon them greater activity in the less ostentatious duty of parochial visits. With the preaching of sermons, this rebellious pastor has small patience, although it is evident that he is not incapable of writing what would be pronounced by the pews, an excellent discourse. He is indignant because in religious exercises "the sermon occupies the first and regal position." He thinks that though the preacher may tickle the brain, he has no effect upon the heart, and irreverently declares that "the perusal of a volume of sermons is about the most laborious reading with which he is acquainted," a remark in which he has been anticipated by some of the most successful pulpit orators.

So much for Mr. Robert Sheriff, who without doubt is ere this time dangling in the limbo of excommunication. But we must confess that if he be mad, there is a certain redeeming method in his madness. Should his secession effect no other object, it may serve to remind us how utterly Christianity, vehemently professing to be based upon divine revelation, has surrendered itself to human wisdom, or to speak with accuracy, to human foolishness. It is startling to reflect, that with traditions, teachings and myths such as no other form of faith can boast, opulent in a morality and philosophy so lucid that the hearts of little children can receive them without discomposing the intellect, our Christianity has resolved itself into an affair of sermons, which in their turn are affairs of rhetoric, elocution, and euphony. It is useless to deny that we think infinitely more of preaching than of praying, and a good deal more of both than of calm reflection and a well balanced life. We go to Church, as Mr. Sheriff says, "to be tickled." Some of us like hard and pitiless logic, and some of us dulcet sentences, flowery figures and musical periods. A good many of us cannot endure a preacher who is not comely to look upon, and who has not a voice of siren sweetness. In deciding upon these qualifications, we believe that some women are governed by a well-regulated code, and judge the preacher very much as they judge a French hat. As the pious crowd emerge from the meeting-house all the talk is of the sermon and its author. The dissatisfied pronounce it to have been stupid, while the pleas-