

Poetry.

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

ACQUITTED OF THE BISHOPS. A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent, Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire;

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

Calm as an under-current, strong to draw Millions of waves into itself, and run, From sea to sea, impervious to the sun

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Ungrateful Country, if thou'rt correct! The sons who for thy civil rights have bled! How like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head;

William Wordsworth.

THE RETIREMENT OF "HONEST" IZAAK WALTON.

(From the Life of Bishop Ken, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles.)

The honest Angler, [Isaac Walton,] who had left London in 1643, when the storm fell on the communion to which he was so ardently attached, and when, as Wood says, he "found it dangerous for honest men to be there,"—in those days of Presbyterian persecution, retired from his shop at the corner of Chancery lane, and having a cottage near the place where he was born, he removed his humble Lares—his affectionate and pious wife, the sister of Ken—and retired with his angle to this obscure and humble habitation, his own small property, near Stafford.

Here, after a placid day spent on the margin of the solitary Trent, or Dove, musing on the old times, he returned at evening to the humble home of love—to the evening hymn of his wife, to his infant daughter, afterwards wife of Dr. Hawkins—to his Bible—and to the consolation of his proscribed Prayer Book.

This humble and affectionate party was joined by Morley, after he had been expelled from Christ-Church, March 1647-8. In his lives of Herbert and Hooker, written under Morley's splendid roof, and published 1670, Walton speaks of the knowledge derived from his friend, with whom he had been acquainted "forty years." And now, with congenial feelings, in his day of adversity, Morley passed the year before he left England in the cottage of his humble, pious, honest friend, Isak.

Here was the proscribed service of the Church of England performed daily in secrecy, by the faithful minister of Christ and his Church, "now fallen on evil days;" and we can hardly conceive a more affecting group—the simple, placid, apostolic Piscator—Kenna, his dutiful, pious, prudent, and beloved wife, the sister of Ken—the infant child—and the faithful minister of the Church, dispossessed of all worldly wealth, and here finding shelter, and peace, and prayer.

As we have had of late some interesting "Imaginary Conversations and Colloquies," I trust, on a circumstance so remarkable as the origin of friendship between Morley, "My Lord of Winton," and the poor, honest fisherman, the brother-in-law of Ken, and founder of his future fortunes, I may be allowed to sketch a little scene, and introduce an imaginary colloquy between Isak, and Kenna, and Morley, which, at least, I hope may be found consonant to their character, and the peculiar circumstances of the times; and which will be strictly appropriate, as Walton's "Contemplative Man's Recreation" is written in dialogue. Above all, I make this attempt, as my friend Mr. Calcott, so eminent in his silent and beautiful art, has favoured me with a design on purpose for this work, representing the cottage of Isaac Walton, as it appeared at the time, taken from the last edition of Walton—together with an original portrait of Morley, from a drawing of the younger Walton, from life. A few explanatory words may be prefixed.

The Oxford visitation took place in December 1647; Morley was expelled, by parliamentary Precept, in the March following, it is said, not without personal violence. He had lived a confidential and domestic friend, as chaplain, in the household of Lord Carnarvon. By this nobleman he was recommended to the king, 1640. Notwithstanding his speculative religious creed was the very reverse of Land's, his affectionate heart took the warmest interest in the fortunes of his Sovereign from the commencement of his troubles.

The King appointed him Canon of Christ-Church in 1641, and he resided, beloved and respected by all parties, till his ejection, both from the Canonry, and from his Living of Milidenhall, near Marlborough. He was now without house and home in the world, but he remembered the delightful days when in youth he had been the associate of Lord Falkland—of Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon—of Ben Jonson—of Childingworth, now left as bereaved by the storm which scattered the adopted son of Isaac Walton, as he himself had been, in younger days, the adopted son of Ben Jonson. He remembered those times and those men, and having no refuge—as some were killed, the brave and accomplished Falkland—and some struggling themselves, or pursuing, like Hyde, a studious and laborious profession—he thought of the quiet and contented heart of Cotton's adopted father, Walton—of their early acquaintance, when both were hearers of Donne—of Walton's piety and apostolical simplicity—of his warm, but unostentatious attachment to the Church—of cheerful but humble situation remote from the storms of public life, when he lived retired, with his beloved Kenna, and only one infant, in Staffordshire. Perhaps he had been invited to partake there, when the world frowned, his lonely, but pious meal,—he knew he should find welcome, and therefore hastened, in the day of adversity, to find peace and protection in the cottage of honest Isaac Walton.

As this circumstance only accounts for the long and unvarying friendship of the Bishop, whose palace, in grateful remembrance of the protection received in Piscator's cottage, was open, till death, to his long-tried friend—imagination can hardly conceive a more affecting group than Walton's cottage exhibited at the time when Morley, an outcast in the world, was here welcomed.

Having stated thus much, I shall now endeavour to dramatize the parting scene. Isak has returned on a beautiful evening in spring—from his solitary amuse-

ment—to the small garden plot before his door—where appears Morley, musing of the future—and his beloved Kenna, lately become a mother.

SCENE, Cottage of Isaac Walton, near Stafford; Morley, and Kenna, with her infant; Piscator returned from fishing.

Piscator.—I am glad to come back to my best friends upon earth, this fine, beautiful evening of the young May, when the cuckoo has been singing all day, putting us in mind of that verse in the Canticles,—"The winter is past, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;" and trust me, I am no less glad to see my Kenna sitting with you, my friend, to enjoy the fragrant air, and look at the swallows skimming the green as rejoicing to find themselves at home, after their long peregrination in unknown lands.

Kenna.—And I indeed have had my eyes fixed on them, and my heart also; alas! my friend, to whom I shall ever be grateful for so much divine instruction in these troubled times, has spoken to me to-day of leaving us, and going beyond seas, on his distant peregrination to-morrow morning.

Piscator.—I shall be sorry to hear of such a resolve, fearing that our hospitality may be thought too humble, albeit it is not a whit the less hearty; but tell me, good and virtuous Master Morley, are you tired of me and "my Kenna," and this our poor cottage; and the birds that sing us to rest at night, and wake us in the morning; and this small garden, and this neat house-suckle arbour, where we "study to be quiet;" are you tired of me, and of these, or poor Kenna, so soon?

Morley.—Honest Master Walton, my kind and affectionate friend, I have lived here upwards of twelve months, far from noise and sorrow, and the troubles of life, and the painted mask of hypocrisy. I may say, I have lived here with more true joy and content than I have hitherto experienced in my journey to another country, a better country, my Christian friend, where there "is neither storm or trouble, or broken friendships," and "where the sleep of the weary is sweet," and all tears are wiped from all eyes for ever! and trust me, wherever I shall be, whilst this life of trial abides, I shall remember, as among the happiest, and adventure, the most profitable, seasons of my life, the time I have passed here in quietness, and I hope, improvement of temper and heart.

Piscator.—Say not so, good Master Morley; for much beholden to you as I and poor Kenna here may be, for your company, I beseech you stretch not far your kindness as to speak of us otherwise than we are. Yet I thank the Giver of all good, that, in our lonely nook, we have been able to cheer, though but for a season, in his way, one whom we love—whom I have loved and respected so long, and with whom, with the Word of God and our Prayer Book, we have taken sweet counsel so long together!

Morley.—Yes, in this retirement of love and content, and quiet fellowship, we have indeed "taken sweet counsel together;" and we shall neither of us have occasion, if I may judge from my own heart, to say, with the sacred Singer, in his troubles,—"It was not my own enemy, that has done such dishonour; for then I could have borne it; but it was *thou*, my companion and my own familiar friend!" No! no! this shall never say; whatsoever may be the changes and chances of our lot, we shall never say it was "thou, my companion and familiar friend," who hast done "dishonour" to us, or the humblest that live.

Kenna.—But you have left out one word in what you have repeated from the best of counsellors—God's holy Word! and let me be bold to say so, honoured Master Morley—the words are, as I remember them, in our Prayer-book, at the 55th Psalm,—"*It has even been to me, I am sure, the most kind.*"

Piscator.—And yet, Master Morley, God knows what changes we may yet meet with upon earth. Morley.—Like no Royal Master and benefactor, I have ever found in trouble blessed comfort in the words of the Book of Psalms, when my "heart is disquieted within me."—"When the enemy cried and the ungodly came in so fast, and they were minded to do mischief, so maliciously were they set against him, and when the fear of death had fallen upon him," he found his best lesson of hope, or resignation, in this divine book; and am not I ready to cry out,—"*Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest; lo! then will I get me afar off;*" "I would haste to escape because of the stormy wind and tempest."

Piscator.—But if your Kenna corrected the passage in which our kind instructor left out one word; let me remind my "familiar companion" of a verse we have often repeated,—"*We took sweet counsel together,*" and, not only that, "but we have not walked in the house of God as friends?" Morley.—True! we "have walked in the house of God as friends," and we have worshipped together in the "beauty of holiness;" but the house of God is now no more esteemed than the house of thieves, and they who bear rule have taken care to make our venerable Cathedral not of more esteem, as "the houses of the living God," than a stall for oxen, while "they break down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers."

Kenna.—But they may be restored; and the affecting chant, to which I have listened in my younger days, when we went to Paul's with our father and our little brother Thomas, may be heard again in some stiller time, though I shall perhaps be buried in peace—who knows but in some of those beautiful cathedral houses of God, which are the pride of our land. Morley.—Come, for I feel the tears which I have not shed before, stealing into my eyes! To-morrow, before the lark sings above the thatch, I shall bid you long adieu, to seek the King,—to wander, I know not where, or where I may rest my head to-morrow night. I go, perhaps, to die, unremembered, in a distant land, faithful till death to the altars I revere, on which I have sworn no servile, but generous allegiance to the throne! I could be well content to share the humble meal of piety and content, and domestic affection, in this nook; but I have pondered on every thing. Your circumstances, my kind and excellent friend, are not affluent, though such an humble and quiet heart is the best wealth. I might live to be a burden to both. I am advancing in life, but still unshrinking to meet whatever may be my fortune. My Royal and kind Master perished—I have taken leave, at the foot of the scaffold, of my last brave friend, Lord Chapel; lest we grow melancholy—dear daughter, I would pray you before we part—before we part, perhaps for ever—to favour me, for the last time, with one of those ditties which I have so often loved to hear in this solitude.

Kenna.—What shall it be? my husband's own ballad, which I once used to sing on the pleasant banks of Lea, in our golden days of life, I in the pleasant meads would be; These crystal streams shall solace me! when he used to love to hear "Kenna sing a song?" Alas! those pleasant days will never return; and this song now little suits us, with our altered age and fortunes.

Piscator.—No, indeed; not more than the old smooth song of honest Kit Marlowe's— "Come live with me, and be my love."

My beloved Kenna, sing to us that song which reminds of the contentedness of a country life. (Kenna sings.) Let me live harmlessly, and by the brink Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place; And on the world and my Creator think; While some men strive ill-gotten goods to embrace, And others spend their time in vain excess Of wine, or verse, in war and wantonness.

Piscator.—Ah! this song remembers me of those songs gone by, "when we sat down in summers past, under the beech tree, and the birds seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of the primrose hill, where we sat viewing the silver streams glide silently toward their centre, the tempestuous sea. When the milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, sung like a nightingale, a smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe now at least fifty years ago, and the milk-maid's mother sang an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days!"—But we must think no more of these toys. I shall be right content to hear a more serious song of Master Herbert's—that which I did always love. (Kenna sings.) Sweet day, so calm, so clear, so bright, The bridal of the earth and sky! Sweet dew shall weep thy fall to-night— For thou must die. Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses! My music shows you have your cloes, And all must die. Only a sweet and virtuous soul Then chiefly lives.

Morley.—And, trust me, this song was as well sung as it was melodious, and sacred, and full of golden thoughts. I shall remember the time I have passed here, when I lie down to rest, I know not where, among strangers, and I shall dream in a distant land of Kenna's songs!

Piscator.—Yes; and if the dream should make you resolve to return, still, my good Master Morley, you would find the same warm but humble welcome—the same Prayer Book—the same evening and morning hymns—and the same songs of Kenna, who will ever gratefully remember her "guide and familiar friend."

Kenna.—Oh! ever indeed gratefully—and when Sunday night comes, how sadly remember him! Morley.—Then let us now take leave. I wish to retire to solitary communion with God, for the sn is sinking below the mountains of Derbyshire. My generous friend, I have seen much of high station—and much, I need not say, of sorrow—but, for yourself, you will remember with thankfulness to the giver, the prayer of Agur—"Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient."

Piscator.—I thank God that I have always had a thankful and quiet heart; and, though these rooms are poorly furnished, and our thatched roof be low, in the words of the old song, made forty years ago, My mind to me a kingdom is, I am as happy and contented with my dutiful Kenna, in this remote corner—[for the teemest and small territory is my own]—as contented and happy as in the most prosperous state of life; for, in that fine strain set by Orlando Gibbons, The glories of our birth and state, Are shadows, not substantial things. I am sufficiently blessed in my earthly condition, having a wife as dutiful as Kenna, and a place of humble independence in a world of sorrow.

Kenna.—Oh! and how far more delightful than when we lived in the smoke and noise of Fleet street, and were witnesses of the madness of the frantic multitude—where the sullen Presbytery looked so sternly upon us. Morley.—May those who depose us, preserve to you, and your wife and your child this retirement of virtuous independence; for happiness may dwell here as well as in those halls where I had formerly my academical education; and [now I am soon to leave this abode of piety and peace] I may say, in the language of the sweetest of poets, then familiar to me—

Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebat, Et tibi magna saties.

Your early studies, my friend, though not as classical as my own, might enable you to answer, from the same affecting epilogue—

Sed tamen hæc mecum poteris requiescere nocte To-morrow Nos patriæ fines at daleia linguæ arva; Nos patrum finibus atq; Nostra pateris finibus. These lines you might know are from that great poet, Virgilus; I shall endeavour to show Kenna the sense in English: Oh! fortunate old man! here shalt thou be, Amid those pleasant fields, enough for thee. I must apply the other lines, not less affecting, to my own lot: But we from hence, far hence, alas shall roam O'er the wide world, to find no social home; We from the fields of our lov'd country fly, To meet, perhaps, severer destiny.

I will give you, warm-hearted friend, credit for wishing far greater kindness than was expressed by that Mantuan Shepherd: Yet here, at least, contented thus must stay This night—till morning comes with candles grey, And beckons thee far o'er the seas away.

So we might beguile our sad thoughts with kindred images of the classical muses, long since my delightful companions; but at this hour it will be mine, rather to call your attention to an English writer—a most holy man of your proscribed Sion, who has suffered with me the same deprivations for conscience sake, and who was my University friend. Some of his divine thoughts, perused in his hand-writing, now come into my mind. From him we may learn these lessons on contentedness, whatever be our lot here, or in the wide world; and these lessons, from a wiser or more eloquent man, I will leave as the legacy of a Christian monitor at parting, my last legacy to you, good friend, and your beloved and affectionate Kenna: "ON CONTENTEDNESS.—BY JEREMY TAYLOR.—

There are discourses as like friends, necessary in all fortunes; but those are the best which are friends in our sadness, and support us in our sorrows and sad accidents; and, in this sense, no man that is virtuous is friendless, since God has appointed one remedy for all the evils of the world, and that is, a contented spirit.

"Now suppose thyself in as great sadness as ever did load thy spirit, wouldst thou not bear it nobly and cheerfully, if thou wast sure some excellent fortune would welcome thee, and enrich thee, and recompense thee, so as to overflow all thy hopes, and desires, and capacities? Now, then, when a sadness lies heavy upon thee, remember that thou art a Christian designed to the inheritance of Jesus.

"Or art thou fallen into the hands of publicans and sequerators—and they have taken all from me!—What now? Let me look about me; they have left me the sun and the moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and to relieve me; and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they have still left me the Providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too; I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbor's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of nature's beauties, and delight in all that in his whole creation, and in God himself."—Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying."

Well, time is stealing. The King is at present at the Hague! I hasten to join him, and partake his fortunes. Your hand, dutiful and good Kenna; continue to love your husband—bring up your daughter in attachment to the form of religion in which you

have found so much comfort. And—my voice begins to falter—your hand, my worthy, my benevolent, my generous friend. I pray Almighty God to bless you both. I shall think of you in the distant land; I shall pray,—but the tear is on my lid—farewell! I shall pray.—God Master Morley, if we must part in this manner, I have this morning, in the River Trent, when I pursued my contemplative recreation, looked a fine trout. As it is the first, so it may be the best I shall meet with this season; for you must note that a trout is very poor till it gets into the clear, sharp streams, in spring—but let me ask, trusting to forgiveness, whether you have the power of bearing your changes, in your changed fortunes, to the distant countries you think of visiting? I can yet speak—

Morley.—Say no more, good and kind friend, if you love me. The desolate widow of the brave Lord Chapel has taken care I shall not be destitute. Piscator.—Then but one wish remains, in which, for our friendship of old, you will gratify me. Kenna shall put her babe to rest, and dress the last meal of contentedness, the treat, with such directions as I have given—then you shall read our prayers, for the last time it may be—and then, Almighty God be with you, wherever your journey lies in this wide world, and trust that we may yet, in some still time, come together again, where peace and happiness be with us to our life's end, and till we lay our burthens down in peace!

THEY PART.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHURCH PRINCIPLES UPON TRADE.

(A LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF CONTROL.)

SIR,—May I trouble you with a few very plain remarks which appear to me of great importance; and, as I speak from experience, I may draw attention to the subject.

The Church has the remedy for our social evils in herself; not only are her ministers publicly to declare to us the rules by which we should walk, but we, as the flock, are bound to teach by our example, and enforce with all our influence, the lessons which we learn. That much good would result from such a line of conduct my own experience convinces me, and to which I will advert. A few years ago I succeeded to an old established business, employing about twenty-five to thirty men and boys the whole of the summer months, and one-third of that number in winter. I was advised by a highly-valued friend to urge upon the men the importance of steady, sober, conduct, to reward those who behaved orderly, and not to forget the good old custom of sometimes providing them a dinner or supper;—to express approbation and censure where needed, and in every way possible to show that the interests of both master and men were promoted by such a course. I followed the advice given, and the results are most satisfactory. The men were formerly idle and dissolute, never at church on Sundays, and on working days they were addicted to swearing and other evil practices; now I see them clean and orderly in their behaviour at home, and they are regular at church. The business never stands still, because my men never waste their time at the ale-house; and they themselves are reaping the benefit, in having more money at their command, and in knowing how to spend it.

Many masters appear to think that they have no further concern with their workmen than that they should perform a sufficient quantity of work for the wages paid; so far from being anxious that the money should be properly spent, some will encourage their men to spend it at the ale-house, by paying them there on Saturday night, and to this secure the publicans' custom. Others, when they are committed on their own premises; they fear to discharge him lest they should not be able to supply his place. If, however, the master does venture to reprove what is done on week days, he conceives it is no business of his whether his men are at the ale-house or at church on the Sunday. He flatters himself his own interest does not suffer, and cares nothing for the moral responsibility which attaches to him or the interests of his employees; but he is miserably deceived, for by neglecting his duty he is injuring himself and the community, for drunkenness brings on pauperism, and pauperism brings on crime. Let the master encourage sobriety and industry in his servants, identify his interest with theirs, and he will soon find his reward. The Church in solemn voice warns those who oppress or lead astray the poor, whom she views as her special charge, and promises blessings on those who remember them. What greater pleasure can there be for a master, than to see his men walking and working orderly on the week-day, and to see them with himself, at the sound of the bell, repairing to the house of God on the Lord's day in neat attire, to join in the holy service of the church? And is not his own interest thereby promoted? It is the duty of the master in cases of irregularity or immorality, where persuasion or the force of example is of no avail, to use that power which is given him by God, and enforce obedience; and the man who is compelled first, to be sober becomes so in course of time from principle; the man who, against his will, is compelled to appear in church, by degrees obtains decent clothes to appear in, while the comfort derived therefrom confirms the habit, and he ultimately views it as a duty and a privilege; he thus becomes a useful member of society, and both master and man are blessed in this world and the next.

If this rule were universally adopted, then we should have the Church filled, the ale-houses during whole of the Sunday, and fields during divine service empty, and avoid the pain of meeting in this holy day many of our fellow creatures in the streets of our Christian country, in a state worse than can be found in barbarous climes. While we are so worldly and selfish, we cannot expect to prosper. May I be so bold, sir, as to ask you to impress again and again upon the minds of our great statesmen, my homely advice; and tell them if they would restore trade to a wholesome condition, they must think very much less about improving the tariff, and very much more about improving the moral and social condition of the people.

Before I conclude, I would just hint at one other subject. We are not so prosperous in worldly matters as we might be, because we forget that "every good cometh from God," and that he claims a portion of it for his especial service—where this is withheld he often withdraws his blessings; where it is cheerfully appropriated to him, in due time he returns it double. In the patriarchal dispensation we have Abraham and Jacob to instruct us; under the law, the first-fruits were devoted to God, a tenth of all was set apart for his service; and where in the gospel is the duty abolished? And does not the principle apply to us as tradesmen? What can be a happier state of things than for the tradesman to recognise in every blessing the hand of God, and cheerfully devote to his service the first-fruits of his trade, and, in calculating his income, to lay aside a portion for God's glory? This I conceive would be the right means of church extension, would counteract the evils now in existence, deprive the union workhouse of its inmates, and make our country what it ought to be in every sense of the word, a christian land.

I am, &c.

A YOUNG TRADESMAN.

THE BLESSING OF A PARISH.

(From a Speech by the Rev. H. W. Wilberforce.)

I cannot regard the wealth, or splendour, or population of your town as any security by themselves for its true prosperity. We have had sad experience of late, that a place may increase in population, may accumulate wealth, and grow in splendour, while discontent and disunion are spreading like a subtle venom through the hearts of that population, ready to burst out on the slightest occasion into riot and bloodshed. Is this prosperity? On the other hand, perhaps, you will allow me to mention a little anecdote, which shows how a place may be truly prosperous without any of these. I saw a few days ago a letter from an English clergyman, who has been travelling in a remote part of the Alps, and who chanced to visit a poor and solitary village, just after a great calamity had befallen it by the falling of an avalanche. Except the loss of many lives, there was hardly any worse calamity that could have happened; the houses were some overturned—some standing half ruined—roofs every where broken in—walls overturned—the building which had fired the best was the village church, and yet even this had suffered so much as to threaten its fall. When the stranger approached the village, sir, he found all bustle and activity;—it was a scene like that of a hive of bees which has been disturbed,—every man was busy,—some bringing stones, some timber, some preparing them, and some putting them in their places. Nay, the women and children were bringing lime, which had to be carried some distance, over tracks which precluded the passage of wheels—But all this time there was not one of the ruined houses on which any repairs were begun;—the village was busy in restoring their parish church! Sir, the stranger stood looking on at this busy scene, and (having had some little experience in church repairs and church-rates in England) was curious to know how these were managed among the Alps. He engaged one of the labourers in conversation about the work, and enquired who paid the men employed on it? "Pay, sir," said the peasant, "why should they be paid?" "Why," said the stranger, "there is their labour?" "Well, sir, and who should repair our parish church but ourselves?" Is it not our own church, and the church of our children? The stranger most unexpectedly, sir, found himself driven to apologize for supposing the men would need payment for doing their own work; and he said something about their raised houses which stood all around.

"Well, sir," said the poor man, "and would you have us repair our own houses, while the house of God is in ruins?" He went on to say, the only person to be paid would perhaps be the architect, who came from a distance, and perhaps the bishop would pay him; and if it fell on the inhabitants to do it, no doubt God would send them an abundant store to meet it. Now, sir, I say that, in spite of barren soil and avalanches, this Alpine village had true prosperity while its inhabitants were thus of one heart and one soul;—and I say that, come what might, this town of Leamington would be prosperous as long as there was a like spirit here; for the true prosperity of a town is in the contentment, and christian love and union of those who dwell there; be they many or few; and, bearing this in mind, there is no circumstance in the present general restoration of old English Church principles and practice which I hail with greater thankfulness than the spreading desire to be rid of our exclusive and miserable church pews. Gentlemen, (said the speaker) I thank God that you feel with me;—away with them, then; the sooner the better! For, above all things, I desire to see the day when our labourers shall look up to the parish church and say—"It is not my own, and my children's;" and how can they feel it their own, when they are fenced off everywhere by high partitions, which separate it into portions, each the property of some richer man? How could the poor of Leamington feel that the parish church was their own, when they knew that the place where their fathers freely knelt and worshipped God, was fenced off that it might be let for money to strangers from a distance; and when they were either altogether excluded or shut off of the way, where no one else was willing to go? No, sir, what we have gained by our new system, I know not; but I know well that we have lost the noblest possession which God ever gave to his church; we have lost the hearts of men, and, more to our English hearts, and never will the poor feel—"It is my own church, and the Church of my children," till we enable each man and his children, rich and poor alike, to kneel down and worship God in it without distinction of rich and poor. Sir, we have much to do towards this, and there is one circumstance which I would beg to leave to impress on all my kind friends around me to-day. I mean that there is probably not one of us who may not do something towards restoring one parish church, at least, either by his voice in a parish vestry, or by resigning his own exclusive pew in some parish church. Mean-while, let me say, there was no part of this day's solemnity which gave me more heartfelt pleasure than when I saw the labouring masons walking with us in procession and joining with us in the worship of God, and afterwards sharing in our feast. I saw, too, sir, another cheering sign when I saw you, not ministering alone in your parish church, as if the prayer belonged only to the minister of the church, but surrounded by your choir, and heard their voices blending in the praises of their God as well as yours. Sir, I repeat I do heartily wish "Prosperity to the town of Leamington," but you have done, and are doing, more, you are advancing it. Sir, I believe, in the work you have done, you have taken a great step; for when I stood before your new walls, and admired the beautiful and finished columns, on which your roof is to be supported, in the open sight of Heaven, I could not help feeling that you had struck a blow at high pews; for who, that has any heart for that which is noble, or any eye for that which is beautiful, could look at the glorious work you are raising, and could bring himself to disfigure it with those base and miserable erections—those "eye-sores and heart-sores," as they have been well called by a dignitary of our Church. Sir, I cannot but look upon to-day as a good beginning and a great step—not a completion, indeed, for we have stood among half-raised walls and laid the foundation of future columns, but a good beginning;—and I can wish you nothing better than many days like this, and of brighter triumphs like this, while you labour for the advancement of that which I propose to you—"Prosperity of the Town of Leamington."

The Vicar said that, amongst others who had generously assisted him to the utmost of their means, he would allude to a farmer residing in the parish, who had left school at ten years of age, and brought up a large family under circumstances which prevented him from giving pecuniary aid to the undertaking in hand; but who, being engaged in the making of bricks, had liberally promised to give one hundred pounds worth for the purposes of the new structure. If it had been given to build up "Mr. Craig's church," as it was frequently called, Mr. Craig would not have accepted of that donation, but as it was *The Parish Church* which was intended to be benefited by that gift, it was accepted with cheerfulness. Religion, practically considered, meant piety towards God and charity towards man; and their homage to their Maker could not be better displayed than by such a work as the one then in progress. It had been asked, why, if additional church accommodation were necessary, he did not build a chapel? but he declined all connexion, in the shape of pecuniary speculation, with a building,

professed to be built in honour of God, but, in simple truth, for the purposes of extending the worldly riches of man. The rev. gentleman, in alluding to the furniture which should adorn God's house, urged upon the attention of his hearers the necessity of providing it with no sparing hand; for instance, in their own households, the family plate which had been handed down with so much care from generation to generation, and had received additions from time to time with vessels alike distinguished for their costliness and beauty; so should the parishioners look upon the parish church as their family house, and be more desirous to make its family plate perfectly consistent with the sacred purposes for which it is employed.

THE CHURCH.

COBOURG, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1843.

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An early Father very properly remarks, in reference to the plea of necessary reformation by which separatists from the Church Catholic usually attempt to justify their separation,—that "there is no correction they can make so great as the evil of schism." This judgment is equally sound and rational, whether we regard the principles upon which Dissent is ordinarily based,—the mischievous results with which it is attended,—or the scriptural devices to which, from its insupportable character, it is frequently compelled to have recourse.

"It is but a small part of the character of schism," writes Dr. Hammond, "that it is contrary to faith, contrary to charity, and to all the advantages which belong to a member of the Church,—the benefit of prayer and sacraments; that it is as bad as heresy, and that there never was any heresy in the Church which was not founded in it; and that it is constantly forced in its own defence to conclude in some heresy or other. Each of these particulars, and all of them together, are but a small part of the character which the ancient Fathers of the Church give us of schism." The primitive Church, animated by the spirit of its first love, viewed with a natural grief and abhorrence that treachery to the faith of Christ crucified, which the dismemberment of his Church involved; we cannot wonder, then, that the early Christians, in their exposure of the evils and wickedness of such division, should have exceeded even the picture which Dr. Hammond, and others, like him, concerned for the unity of the faith and the bond of peace, have drawn. Deplorable, indeed, are the results to which willful dissension invariably leads; but pernicious as they are, we must regard them as only the natural fruits of the motives by which disorder is commonly excited, and of the means by which it is usually nourished and sustained. A spiritual atmosphere so noxious and blighting as that which encircles the entire system, cannot be otherwise than unfavourable to the growth of truth and piety. "When Christianity, the religion of humanity, is founded upon the proudest faculty of our nature, what can be expected but contradictions,"—is the shrewd inquiry of a religious and philanthropic mind.

Amongst many other stratagems employed by the opponents of Episcopacy, as props to each unsound department of their mere human fabrication, there is one contrivance which has been long and arduous service. This is the attempt to exclude the claim of Episcopacy from the New Testament, by advancing, on every occasion, as conclusive against our views, the community of the terms Bishop and Presbyter; from which, it is argued, that if the same individual in the days of the Apostles could be called at once Bishop and Presbyter, there could be no Bishop over a Presbyter. Now, while the advocates of Episcopacy do not dispute the promiscuous application of these titles in the New Testament, they find no difficulty in making it conciliate with the principle for which they contend. They do not profess to weigh the merits of the Divine institution which they recognize and embrace, by the laws of philology, nor do they look for its authority in the columns of the Lexicon. It is to the thing, not the name; to the office, not the designation, that we appeal. Discarding all fruitless discussion relative to the import of certain words or phrases, which do not affect the question one way or the other, we contend that the principle of Episcopacy,—in its gradation of a threefold ministry,—is clearly developed in the New Testament. There, undeniably, we have Apostles, Elders or Presbyters, and Deacons,—each distinguished from the other by peculiar and distinctive station, authority, and privileges. This is the position we assume: on this ground we claim to be met. The Apostles were originally the Bishops of the Church; the order next below them were, at the first, interchangeably called Presbyters and Bishops, according to the circumstances which might render either designation more appropriate; but in process of time, when the Apostles were removed from the supervision of the Church, their successors, instead of assuming the name of Apostles, adopted the distinctive and inferior order of the special designation of Presbyters. When this took place, there was no more an interchange or confusion of names; at least if a Bishop was, as he might be, called a Presbyter, no mere Presbyter was ever termed a Bishop.—Here is an important distinction; but this distinction it is the interest of our adversaries to keep out of sight.

This resource, which we may call the expedient of dexterity, feeble though it be, has marvelously befriended the adherents of dissent; but it seems likely to be superseded by a subtler still less defensible or honest. There is a limit round which even the labyrinth of schismatical sophistry cannot be drawn; it is arrested at a point where something more decided, more directly iniquitous, than ingenious entanglement is required. We are happy in the conviction that there are properties of "the majestic might of truth," as Freeman terms it, which we class the voice of the primitive Church in favour of Episcopacy, so loud and clear that it must enter the ears of all but the wilfully deaf. Antiquity is a sound that grates harshly on the ear of the separatist. When we challenge him to an examination of the Fathers on the subject of Church Government, we place him, confessedly, in an embarrassing situation. From this perplexity there is no fair method of extrication; but what then? If perversion and false colouring cannot achieve escape from the difficulty, we find that there is an unscrupulous employment of downright mutilation and falsification.

A complete exposure of the dishonest methods by which the anti-episcopal party have sought to dislodge us from what we have been accustomed to regard as our strong-hold and vantage ground, viz., the Fathers of the primitive Church, is contained in a valuable little publication now before us, entitled "The Weapons of Schism," by the Rev. Edward A. Stopford, "in reply to an Essay on Apostolical Succession by Mr. Thomas Powell," a preacher in the Wesleyan Society. The Reviewer,—for the treatise in question is a review,—is a clergyman of the Church of Ireland. The clear