

cultural dioceses, he found that in Salisbury there were 200 parishes, affording accommodation for not more than one half of the population. [Hear, hear.] But there was a want still more imperious than that of funds for the building of Churches; there was a fund requisite for the endowments. [Hear, hear.]—If they wished to have in Established Churches efficient Ministers, they must have clergy not dependent on the congregations. [Loud cheers.] Not dependent on the humour, nor subject to the capricious fancies of the day [cheers]; not dependent, as was unfortunately the case in many dissenting congregations, upon the humour and fancies not only of the whole congregation, but on two or three of the richer members. [Loud cheers.] They must not have the Clergy of their Church placed in a position, he would not say exactly of personal degradation and humility, for he firmly believed that if the cause of God demanded such a sacrifice, the Clergy of the Established Church would willingly submit to it.—[Loud cheers.] But they must not be placed in such a position as would tend to impair their usefulness, and destroy that sacred character which peculiarly belonged to them. [Renewed cheers.] The question of endowment was one of great difficulty.—[Hear.] But it was, nevertheless, for endowment that the Church of England was more anxious to ask the assistance of the State.—[Cheers.] The insufficiency of the voluntary system was not confined to the dissenters of this country: the evil had been, and was still, felt in the United States, where that principle had had a fair and full trial.

THE BISHOP.—We find the following in a late number of the New York Churchman, taken, we presume, from some English paper:—

“On Friday, May 31, at Lichfield, on the occasion of a special meeting of the committee, subscribers, and friends of this Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, a sermon was preached by the lord bishop of Nova Scotia, admirable for the unaffected piety and impressive eloquence with which that amiable and primitive prelate conveyed to his hearers much interesting information respecting the origin and progress, the designs and operations of this excellent missionary institution, and made an animated and earnest appeal to their feelings on behalf of its funds.”

ARCHDEACON WATSON.—“The venerable Archdeacon Watson, after having been incumbent of Hackney for forty years, during which time he was ever actively engaged in promoting the spiritual and the temporal welfare of his parishioners, and never more so, as far as his health would permit, than at the time of his decease, was, on the 9th of June, after an illness of only three days, taken from them by death.”

A long account of the funeral is concluded as follows:—

“It may be added that this method of showing respect for the character of Archdeacon Watson was not confined to the members of his own congregation or even to Churchmen. The Dissenters of the parish were equally ready with their neighbors to close their houses and shops, as an evidence that a parochial loss had been sustained; and many of them, of various denominations, joined the funeral procession. The scene presented to the eye on this occasion was, as may well be imagined, most deeply interesting and imposing; but of far higher interest and value was the moral lesson which it taught. It proved, for the encouragement of those who still are bearing the burden and heat of the day, that, even in these days of rebuke and blasphemy, the minister of God, who faithfully and conscientiously discharges the duties of his solemn trust, and maintains his opinions with firmness and yet with kindness, with Christian courtesy and yet without compromise, may gain the esteem of those around him, and may go down to the grave universally lamented.”

From the Achill Missionary Herald.

THE CHURCH BEFORE LUTHER.

“Why thin, Sir, I’ll tell you no lie, I cant work to-morrow.” “Why so Pat, are you ill?” “No, its not that your honour, but to-morrow’s a holy day and I cant work.” “Do as you please,” replied the gentleman, “you are welcome to remain at home the entire week, I shall hire a man in your place, who does not waste his time in keeping holy days. I wish no man in my employment to act against his conscience, but I will not employ holy day keepers.” “Its not all as one again my conscience, Sir.” “Do you then wish to be idle? I thought you were an industrious man.” “The priest! Sir, bids us keep holy day.” “On what authority?” replied the gentleman. “Would you have me break the Sabbath, Sir?”—“Certainly not.” “Thin, Sir, a holy day is all as one as the sabbath, the catechism tells us so.” “Does your priest, tell you so?” “He does to be sure.” “Then your conscience should tell you, he utters falsehood, the sabbath was the ordinance of God, holy days, the ordinance of man, can they then be equally holy and can you believe in the doctrine that man teaches who utters a falsehood to mislead you?” “Och its little use to be talking, but let me ax you a question Sir? and its may be ye’ll find it hard to answer it. Where was your church before Henry the Eighth’s time, who married his own born sister?” “I will first correct your historical errors, and then answer your question by a story. Henry the Eighth whilst a bigoted slave to papal Rome, married Catharine of Arragon who was the widow of his brother, he did so by a plenary indulgence from the See of Rome, for which he paid Pope Leo the tenth, a large sum of money, you see how careful you should be in blaming Henry’s evil conduct, as a Pope! had sanctioned it. The immense sums of money paid into the Pope’s treasury, as the price of iniquity, was the cause, or origin of the name we bear; we protested against the errors that defiled the church.

So now for my story in answer to your question, where was our church before the time of Henry the Eighth? I think it was of the Black Abbey in Kilkenny I heard the story, it was a noble building, built on a very extensive plan, the chief corner stone was of fine marble, the pillars solid black oak, firm, steady, and upright, the building was erected for the service of that God, who must be worshipped in spirit and in truth, it was admired and revered by many, though there were not wanting some who tried to find fault with it. Years past, it still stood unimpaired; at length a person to whose care it had been intrusted having a large stock of lime on hands, thought he might dispose of it to advantage and give the Abbey a gayer look, he therefore summoned a meeting of the proper officers, and laid before them his plan of improving the building, carefully keeping his hopes of profit out of view. Novelty will ever find advocates, the simple beauty of the edifice was now thought to require ornamenting. Many were eager to propose new plans, but the first proposer declared that the right belonged to him, that unity of purpose could alone support their measures, he then informed them, that he would adorn the building, but must be well paid for doing so, all agreed, for all hoped to share in the gain; to work they went, the walls, the pillars the corner stone, were daubed with lime-wash of various colours, red, green, yellow, &c. As years rolled on, each new superintendent added new embellishments, pictures were painted to conceal the walls, and fix the attention of the crowd who bowed the knee within the now disfigured building. A large and gaudily dressed figure of a woman was painted on the corner stone, and the value and beauty of that stone seemed lost for ever; to cause men more completely to forget its high price, the book in which the beauty of the building was recorded, was ordered to be sealed, saying it was only to be opened by a privileged few, and in its stead a tradition was handed down to explain, the meaning of the name is still retained, ‘The Black Abbey,’ though its chief colour was scarlet. The people were told, a holy man on a holy day, met the devil, they fought, the holy man, though he gained the victory and beat the devil was so mauled in the contest he was black from the bruises of his adversary, he built this edifice in com-

memoration of his victory, and called it black in remembrance of the bruised state in which the buffets of satan had left him. All who crowded the walls believed the legend, if any doubted, they were silent from fear, but the building, though disfigured was still the same! The record, though concealed, was still preserved! At length a man who had the care of that part called the Library, containing few books found one hid beneath much rubbish; curiosity led him to wipe the dust from it, he opened, he read and to his great surprize found that, the Black Abbey, was so called from its beautiful corner stone of black marble and its solid and upright pillars of black oak. He made his discoveries known without delay, at first he was laughed at, then called a pestilent fellow, then persecuted; roused by injustice, he consulted the book more than ever, and every day convinced him that the beautiful building had been disfigured to serve the ends of mercenary men; he therefore boldly determined to convince his countrymen that he told only the truth; he watched his opportunity, and observing one portion much saturated with fresh lime wash, he pressed strongly against it, a heavy mass fell and displayed a portion of the beautiful black oak; great was the uproar this event caused, but supported by some steady friends as determined as himself, he load of disfiguring daubery was removed, the corner stone was cleansed from its disgraceful screen, and again the abbey stood forth to the world’s admiring gaze, a structure as chastely pure as architectural skill could make it. But its chief beauty rested on no man, Christ was its corner stone, faith and holiness the pillars of it. Now friend you may see, your church and mine had the same foundation when the popish church became defiled by gross error, when the record of our faith ‘The Holy Bible,’ was by priest-craft a sealed book to those for whose instruction and reproof it was written, when Christ’s command ‘Search the Scriptures’ was disobeyed, when his divine power, as Mediator, was given to the Virgin Mary, then we protested against the errors that concealed the simple beauty and majesty of our church, and I hope friend that you will soon join those of your popish brethren, who are now cleansing the church from the abominations that have so long hid beauty from your view, and that we shall all become one fold, under one shepherd, and that our only distinguished name shall be Christians. The axe is now laid to the root of the tree, its fall cannot be far distant, that it may come, and come quickly, is my fervent prayer, ‘he that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches.’

“Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall no more go out, and I will write upon him, the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and I will write upon him my new name.”—Rev. iii. 13. 13.

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