

higher allegiance. 'The Church of their baptism' is in danger, and they must defend it even against the successors of the Apostles.' But here they are assailed by their Romish friends with the question, how they can venture, on their private judgment, to pronounce a successor of the Apostles guilty of heresy? Confounded by this difficulty, many of them are driven to renounce Church, baptism, and all. Some, indeed, have contrived to renounce baptism without quitting their Church, which is stranger still. One of their leaders, in a work which he has lately published upon the Greek Church, openly avows that on the 24th of July, 1851 he presented a document to the Patriarch of Constantinople, wherein he stated that, 'finding himself oppressed within the Anglican pale by a majority of heterodox, careless, or weak members,' he 'was desirous of obtaining admission into the orthodox Communion;' and that, to this end, he 'was willing to open the defective character of his former baptism, and to submit to conditional immersion.'\* The clergyman who thus proposed to renounce his baptism still retains his fellowship; and the Tractarian organ mentions his conduct without a word of censure.

The party whose salient features we have thus attempted to sketch, is (as we have intimated) more noisy than numerous. Its chief habitants in England are the two Southwestern dioceses; and we often find in the advertisements for curacies in the 'Guardian,' a proviso that the appointment must be in Exeter, or Bath and Wells. Another favoured haunt of the sect is among the Episcopalian Non-conformists of Scotland. These descendants of the Non-jurors, whose worship was, within living memory, subjected to the penalties of the law, still retain the spirit and temper, as well as the Liturgy, of Laud. Their bishops are elected solely by the clergy, and the clergy of each diocese average from ten to twenty in number.† It is natural that these functionaries should make up for their want of temporal importance by exalting their spiritual dignity. Their communion affords a refuge to those who, though disgusted with the Protestantism of the Church of England, cannot quite resolve to join the Church of Rome.‡ Several of these seceders have been elected to Scotch 'Bishoprics,' and amuse themselves harmlessly by playing at prelacy. For here they can lord it safely over their tiny flocks, and can wield the power of the keys without setting the country in a flame. We rejoice, however, that they have lately been restrained from publishing their excommunications against those who differ from them, by the decision

\* Quoted by the 'Guardian' (March 23, 1853), from a work on the Orthodox Greek Church by Mr. Palmer, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. What would the Fellows of Magdalen of 1688 have thought of their modern successor?

† The three smallest Scotch 'Dioceses' contained in 1852 only 13 clergy apiece. The other day there was a fierce contest for the election of the Bishop of St. Andrews. Sixteen clergy were brought to the poll 9 on one side and 9 on the other, and the successful candidate, Mr. Wordsworth, was so far from affecting the *non episcopari* that he gave a casting vote for himself. It is but justice to say that he deserved a much higher honor than that thus obtained, being a man of real learning, and one who has done much for the cause of Christian education.

‡ From the official accounts that half the Church now officiating as Episcopalian Non-conformists in Scotland were ordained in the English Church.

of the Courts of Law, that such publication is libellous.\*

Tractarianism also flourishes in some of our colonies, where members of the party have been sent out as bishops. We have already expressed our hearty sympathy with the establishment of a colonial episcopate; and we therefore can more freely lament the mistakes made in some of the appointments towards the close of Archbishop Howley's life. The Government very properly consulted the Archbishop on these nominations (the endowments having been subscribed by members of the Church), and the Archbishop having lately fallen under the guidance of a small clique of Romanising clergy, several bishoprics were given to their partisans. Thus we find it stated in a protest of some clergymen at Cape Town, that six out of every seven clergy in that diocese are High Churchmen.† The 'Guardian' applauds the Bishop for having reduced the Low Church to this insignificant minority. We own, that to us, such a victory shows neither the gentleness of the dove, nor the wisdom of the serpent. We were reminded by it that the same bishop, on his way to his own see, invaded a foreign island, and there publically pronounced the British Chaplain appointed by her Majesty, a 'schismatic,' and the Consular Chapel a 'schismatical place of worship.‡ We trembled for the Church, when we found that this prelate had arrived in England to claim a seat in Convocation. Had his claim been conceded, we suppose that the more ambitious colonial bishops would have resided permanently in the Metropolis, and appointed deputies to perform their diocesan duties. As it is, some of them seem to spend half their time here, and we never see an account of any public festivity during the London season, without finding three or four of these *Episcopi minorum gentium* among the company. Xavier never returned from India, to play the courtier at Madrid; and, unless our colonial bishoprics be given to men of Xavier's spirit, they have been created in vain.

The Tractarians are essentially a clerical party, and have but few lay retainers. Nor have they sufficient wealth and influence to attract so large a body of trading members as the Recordites. Still those followers of worthy Master Byends are not altogether wanting in the advertising columns of the Tractarian press. Pedagogues and schoolmistresses make, as before, the principal figure. There we find several 'establishments' where 'the pupils have the great advantage of attending the morning and evening prayers of the Church;' and we are invited to send our sons to receive a 'CLASSICAL AND ANGLO-CATHOLIC EDUCATION;' where a limited number of pupils are received, and where, 'N. B. The Daily Service will be used.' Nor can we hesitate to place our daughters under the shadow of episcopal protection in 'St. Margaret's College, Crief, Perthshire, for the education of young ladies. Visiting, the Bishop of St. Andrews.

Dancing, Madame Apolline Zwingler.' Besides this class of advertisers, there are a few Tractarian tailors, who proclaim the merit of their clerical frock-coats and cassock waistcoats; several High-Church haberdashers, who supply offertory bags,

\* In the case of Sir W. Duntarv the Titular Bishop of Aberdeen.

† Guardian, Dec. 27, 1852.

‡ See the Parliamentary Blue Book on Madeira, pp. 142 and 204.

\* From the English Churchman.

† Guardian, July, 1852.

and clothe the altar and the credence-table with medieval millinery; and one undertaker, who professes (*mirabile dictu*) to make Anglo-Catholic Coffins! But the most formidable tradesman of the party we have ever encountered was a polemical dentist, into whose hands it was once our unhappy lot to fall. We were ignorant of his ecclesiastical politics, and made an incautious reply to his first question, wherein he pressed for our opinion on the character of the Primato. Bitterly did we repent our folly. Plunging his brad-awl (or whatever that horrid instrument is called) right into the nerve of the tooth which he was stopping, he sternly corrected our heterodoxy, and consigned the Archbishop to the company of Judas. We instantly assented, tried to retract our previous blunder, gave up the Metropolitan to his doom, and inwardly acknowledged that martyrdom was not our vocation. But it was too late. Our jaw was ruthlessly seized, and speech was thenceforth impossible. During the succeeding hour, stretched on the rack of a too easy chair, we listened to a lecture on the Gorkham controversy, while every point of the discourse was emphasised by an execrating poke into the living heart of the tooth. Vain were our attempts at recantation, vain our shrieks of agony. The merciless operator continued to storm against heresy, and stab against the nerve, till he thought he had punished us sufficiently. At last we were allowed to rise, with aching jaws, better qualified to appreciate the logic of Torquemada, and vowing that we would rather spend an hour under a Recordite expounder than under a Romanising dentist.

Such Proselytes, however, are very rare among the middle and lower classes. Indeed, the chief mischief done by the Tractarians is that they alienate these classes from the Establishment. The accession of a Tractarian rector is always followed by the overcrowding of old conventicals, and the erection of new ones. Not long ago a worthy yeoman told us that he had been consulted by the farmers of a neighbouring parish, on a knotty ecclesiastical question. They had resolved, they said, to build a meeting house of their own, because their parson was a Papist. But they had not decided on the sect to which they should adhere, and came to ask the advice of their friend, who was a great authority among them, for his advice to guide their choice. At first he exhorted them to continue their attendance at church, and wait for better times. But finding that he could not prevail, he finally recommended them to erect a Wesleyan Chapel. 'I thought, Sir,' said he, 'as they would have a meeting house, that the Methodies was the nearest to the Church.' The clergyman who has thus succeeded in driving half his hearers into Dissent, seems often rather pleased than otherwise at his achievement. He congratulates himself that he has winnowed the corn, and fairly separated the chaff from the wheat. 'I have only twenty people now who come to church,' said a country rector—'but they are all sound churchmen.' Moreover, such a priest feels his labours lessened by the desertion, as he is not bound to take any charge of his schismatical parishioners, and gives himself no further trouble about them, except that of crossing himself and spitting on the ground when he passes the Zion or Bethesda where they assemble.\*

\* A clergyman of this party was walking with a friend through a great manufacturing town. As they passed a large and ugly building, 'How frightful,' said his friend, 'that St'