

with confidence that Mr. Polham was recommended to the Premier," not even, as was supposed, by Lord Shaftesbury, but by Sir Benjamin Hall;—Sir Benjamin Hall who has distinguished himself chiefly as the advocate of Sunday Bands!

FRANCE.—Napoleon III has hitherto appeared to court the favour of the clergy, and especially of the Ultramontane portion. Lately, however, he has shown that he keeps as watchful an eye over their proceedings as ever his uncle did, and that if he deigns to make use of them to strengthen his own power, he will not permit them to throw off with impunity their subjection to the temporal authorities. By the "Organic Articles" under which the elder Napoleon reconstructed the French Church, a considerable amount of independence is secured to the *curés*, or rectors of parishes, especially that they cannot be removed from their charge by the Bishop except upon trial and conviction of specified offences. The Bishop of Moulins, an extreme Ultramontane, has it appears violated this article by exacting from his *curés* a signed renunciation of their right of "inamovibilité" before he would institute them, and by procuring a statute to be passed by his diocesan Synod, pronouncing excommunication upon any one appealing to the temporal authorities against his jurisdiction. The matter was brought before the Council of State, and their decree, confirmed by the Emperor, suppresses the Bishop's acts. The *Univers*, the organ of the Ultramontane party, undertook the defence of the Bishop, and has, in consequence, received a 'warning' from the police, for 'an attack on the respect due to the laws of the State'. The *Univers* asks whether 'the ecclesiastical power is a sovereign and independent power, or only a power subordinate and subject to the secular power, so that it belongs to lay authority to mark its limits, revise its acts and judge its judgments';—it has received its answer. It is said that the Pope, in order to avoid further complications, will prevail upon the Bishop of Moulins to resign his functions.

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"Few of them (those who separated) assigned the unholiness either of the clergy or laity as the cause of their separation. And if any did so, it did not appear that they *themselves* were a *lot* better than those they separated from."—Extract from Wesley.

Passages from the Diary of a Canadian Missionary.

185.—October 16. To-day I have officiated for the first time in my new mission. How vividly it brings to my memory the day, sixteen long years ago, when first I entered the house of God as His minister, first knelt at the altar to lead the devotions of a congregation, and first ascended the pulpit to preach to people whose souls were committed to my charge. I preached to-day the same sermon, but re-written and remodelled; and how much did I find to alter! How different too were the circumstances. Then, in the golden vigor of my youth—not, I trust; without earnest thoughts and sincere desires to approve myself a faithful servant of Christ, but confident in my own powers and talents—what glowing visions were mine of great success and widely extended usefulness; what bright dreams floated before my mind of a loving and teachable flock, of sinners converted, of the cold and indifferent aroused, and the hard and worldly softened, by *my* earnest exhortations, *my* words of eloquence! How well I recall the day! A bright warm morning in early autumn; one of the fairest landscapes among the lovely valleys of England; near the banks of a shining, rapid stream, skirted on one side by the quiet old country town, and on the other by green meadows, from which rose abruptly an amphitheatre of softly-rounded hills, stood the massive grey walls and solid buttresses of one of the grandest of England's holy edifices; and around it, and beneath it, was the dust of men which, for seven hundred years, had been accumulating there. There a long line of gentle women, who, as abbesses, had borne meek sway in the neighboring convent, had found more peaceful cells; there the grim knight and the stern crusader had ceased from their warfare; there generation after generation of bustling merchants and simple rustics had found repose from their toils. No indifferent person, much less one who had just been appointed to this church as his first charge, could enter its hallowed walls without a feeling of solemn awe and reverence. How well I remember the glorious sound of its deep-toned bells, sending forth their inviting tones far over hill and valley, as I walked up the narrow path through the thickly clustered tombstones. How well I remember the swelling notes of the organ, and their gradual dying away, and the