

at noonday. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry,—censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pickpurse—up with him, the Popery purgatory I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent; up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and His most holy Word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin: there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as, 'Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes shalt thou return'; which are the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people when he gives them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday; but it must be spoken in Latin. God's Word may in nowise be translated into English.

"Oh that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel! And this is the devilish ploughing which worketh to have things in Latin, and hinders the fruitful edification. But here some man will say to me, What, sir, are you so privy to the devil's counsel that you know all this to be true? True; I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies; and I know him as other men do; yea, that he is ever occupied, and ever busy in following his plough. I know by St. Peter, who saith of him, 'He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' I would have this text well viewed and examined, every word of it: 'He goeth about' in every corner of his diocese; he goeth on visitation daily, he leaves no place of his cure unvisited: he walks round about from place to place, and ceases not. 'As a lion,' that is, strongly, boldly, and proudly; stately and fiercely, with haughty looks, with his proud countenances, with his stately braggings. 'Roaring,' for he lets not any occasion slip to speak or to roar out when he seeth his time. 'He goeth about seeking,' and not sleeping, as our bishops do; but he seeketh diligently, he searcheth diligently all corners where he may have his prey. He rovet abroad in every place of his diocese; he standeth not still, he is never at rest, but ever in hand with his plough, that it may go forward. But there was never such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching, which every day, and every hour, labours to sow cockle and darnel, that he may bring out of form, and out of estimation and renown, the institution of the Lord's Supper and Christ's cross? For there he lost his right; for Christ said, 'Now is the judgment of this world, and the prince of this world shall be cast out. And as Moses did lift up the serpent in the wilderness so must the Son of man be lifted up. (John iii.) And when I shall be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all things unto myself.' For the devil was disappointed of his purpose; for he thought all to be his own; and when he had once brought Christ to the cross, he thought all was sure."

In a sermon on the plough, he addresses the men of London in these homely but stirring words:—

"Now what shall we say of these rich citizens of London? what shall I say of them? Shall I call them proud men of London, malicious men of London, merciless men of London? No, no, I may not say so; they will be offended with me then. Yet must I speak. For is there not reigning in London as much pride, as much covetousness, as much cruelty, as much oppression, and as much superstition, as there was in Nebo? Yes, I think, and much more too. Therefore, I say, Repent, O London! repent, repent! Thou hearest thy faults told thee; amend them, amend them. I think, if Nebo had had the preaching that thou hast, they would have converted. And you, rulers and officers, be wise and circumspect; look to your charge, and see you do your duties; and rather be glad to amend your ill living than be angry when you are warned or told of your fault. What ado was there made in London at a certain man, because he said—and indeed at that time on a just cause—'Burgesses,' quoth he, 'nay, butterflies!' What ado there was for that word! and yet would that they were no worse than butterflies! Butterflies do but their nature; the butterfly is not covetous, is not greedy of other men's goods; is not full of envy and hatred, is not malicious, is not cruel, is not merciless. The butterfly glories not in her own deeds, nor prefers the traditions of men before God's Word; it commits not idolatry, nor worships false gods. But London cannot abide to be rebuked; such is the nature of men. If they are pricked, they will kick; if they are galled, they will wince; but yet they will not amend their faults, they will not be ill spoken of. But how shall I speak well of them? If you would be content to receive and follow the Word of God, and favour good preachers; if you could bear to be told of your faults; if you could amend when you hear of them; if you could be glad to reform that which is amiss; if I might see any inclination in you, that you would leave off being merciless, and begin to be charitable, I would then hope well of you—I would then speak well of you. But London was never so ill as it is now. In times past men were full of pity and compassion, but now there is no pity; for in London their brother shall die in the streets for cold—he shall lie sick at the door, and perish for hunger. Was there ever more unmercifulness in Nebo? I think not. In times past, when any rich man died in London, they were wont to help the poor scholars of the universities with exhibitions. When any man died, they would bequeath great sums of money toward the relief of the poor. When I was a scholar in Cambridge myself, I heard very good report of London, and knew many that had relief from the rich men of London; but now I hear no such good report, and yet I inquire of it, and hearken for it; but now charity is waxen cold—none helps the scholar nor yet the poor. And in those days what did they when they helped the scholars? They maintained and gave them livings who were very Papists and professed the Pope's doctrine; and now that the knowledge of God's Word is brought to light, and many earnestly study and labour to set it forth, now hardly any man helps to maintain them.

"O London, London! repent, repent; for I think God is more displeased with London than ever He was with the city of Nebo. Repent, therefore; repent, London, and remember that the same God liveth now that punished Nebo—even the same God, and none other; and He will punish sin as well now as He did then; and He will punish the iniquity of London as well as He did them of Nebo. Amend, therefore."

THE CHARGE OF THE UNWASHED BRIGADE.

MONTREAL, 12TH JULY, 1878.

Half a town, half a town,
Half a town onward,
All in the loyal streets
Strode the five hundred.
"Forward, Unwashed Brigade!
Charge for the Hall!" he said:
Into the loyal streets
Strode the five hundred.

"Forward, Unwashed Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
No; for they all well knew
What one had blundered.
Their's not to reason why,
Their's to let reason die,
Their's to join hue and cry.
Into the loyal streets
Strode the five hundred.

Mob-friends to right of them,
Mob-friends to left of them,
Mob-friends in front of them,
Hoarse-shouting, thundered.
Cheered on by friendly yell,
Strode they with visage fell,
Some from the jaws of law,
Some from the mouth of jail,
Strode the five hundred.

Swung all their weapons rare,
Like arms from Donnybrook Fair,
Clubbing the loyal there,
Charging well-doers, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged 'mid tobacco smoke,
Right through the streets they broke,
Orangemen, loyal men,
Shrunk from their brutal stroke,
Scattered and sundered.
Then they strode back the same,
Still the five hundred.

Mob-friends to right of them,
Mob-friends to left of them,
Mob-friends behind them,
Hoarse-shouting thundered.
Cheered still by many a yell,
Satisfied their purpose fell,
They that had clubbed so well,
Came safe from jaws of Law,
Safe from the mouth of Jail,
All that could walk, at least,
Of the five hundred.

When can their infamy fade?
O, the rude charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Shame on the charge they made!
Shame on the Unwashed Brigade!
Infamous five hundred!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

ITALIAN SALAD DRESSING.—Yolk of one egg, six tablespoonfuls of oil, three of vinegar, put in a bottle and shaken for about ten minutes, or till a white, creamy-looking mixture is obtained. The quantity of oil or vinegar may be varied, and white wine or English malt vinegar should be always employed. A frequent mistake of amateur cooks is not to dry the salad sufficiently after washing. The oil and vinegar may be varied to suit the taste.

HOUSE PLANTS.—A correspondent asks for a list of the best plants for "a dimly lighted room." First of all, ivy will flourish in almost any room if supplied with good soil and water. Several of the palms and many of the ferns will grow well. There is a fern found on the Ottawa, near Portobello, and on Lake Memphremagog, of enormous size, measuring five feet in length. This thrives well indoors. Lantana Borbonica will do well on the centre table. A fine palm is the Seaforthia Elegans, and will be a great attraction. Chamarops Humidis, Corypha Australis, Areca Veschoffritii, also A. Lutescens and A. Rubra will be found excellent. Bazella Tuberosa (Madeira vine) and Common Asparagus form excellent foliage plants for winter. All these plants are easily cultivated, requiring only moisture and occasionally washing the dust from the leaves. An invalid's room may be made very attractive with these plants, having always the sight of green foliage to rest the eye after reading, beside diverting the thoughts. All these plants may be procured from a florist, and if taken early in the fall will not be affected by change from greenhouse. If there is no means of providing moisture for the air, then the pots should be placed on trays of moss, or the sides of the pot covered with flannel, which will prevent too rapid evaporation. Apart from the above there are a variety of bulbous plants, such as Hyacinths, Narcissus, Jonquilles, &c., which will add much to the floral attractions of a dimly lighted room.