

# The Brevian.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY, WHETHER THOSE THINGS WERE SO.—Acts xvii. 11.

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**POOR SUCCESS, AND RICH ADVERSITY.**  
Though I had every bliss in store,  
Of wealth, of honour, and of power;  
Poor were I still, should God deny,  
The seeming good to sanctify.

Though on my back the cross-winds blow,  
And fill my swelling sails with woe;  
Successful shall my journey be,  
If God vouchsafe to smile on me.

MRS. FRANK NOEL.

## VIEW OF THE CROSS.

MATTHEW, XXVII. 25.  
Then answered all the people and said, His blood be on us, and on our children.

Above eighteen hundred years ago, in the city of Jerusalem, a Roman governor was seated on his tribunal. Around him were a multitude of the Jewish priests and people, mingled with Roman soldiers—the most ferocious expression of rage and scorn flashing from their countenances, and their voices lifted up together with infuriated phrensy, crying—“crucify him! crucify him!” Before the judgment seat, in meek, majestic silence, stands the object of all this rage, and scorn, and imprecation! Behold the man! A crown of thorns encircles his bleeding brows; a reed, in derision, has been placed in his right hand; and a purple robe, in mockery, flung round him! His shoulders bear the bleeding traces of the lacerating scourge, and his face is covered with the violent marks of human indignity; for see! the infuriated populace have buffeted him, and spit upon him! Yet oh! what a heavenly expression beams on the countenance of the sufferer—a meekness, which no insults can ruffle; a compassion which no provocations can extinguish; a peace, which no sufferings can disturb. There are tears indeed upon his cheek; but they seem the tears of one, who weeps for the sorrows of others, not his own. Still the wild cry is heard, “crucify him! crucify him!” and still, amidst the frenzy of those fiends in human form, that mysterious man stands calm and silent! There is something strangely awful in that silence; it has filled the heart of the governor with a feeling of fear he can neither understand nor conceal. How agitated seems the judge! how composed the prisoner! False witnesses arraign the silent sufferer, but still he holds his peace! The governor marvels greatly and, convinced of his innocence, endeavours to release him—but again the wild and frantic cry is heard, “crucify him, crucify him!” Again the governor asks, shall he release this man or Barabbas; and they all cry out, “not this man, but Barabbas!” Now Barabbas was a murderer!

Fearing to incense the people, and yet fearing to have the blood of a just man on his soul, the governor takes water and washes his hands before the multitude, saying, “I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it!” Then answered all the people, and said, “his blood be on us, and on our children!” And now the governor has delivered him to the people to be crucified, and with murderous rage, they drag him away from the judgment seat to the place of execution. Meek, unresisting, uncomplaining, as a lamb, he is led to the slaughter! He is almost fainting; yet they compel him to bear the cross, on which he is to suffer! He takes it without a struggle, and carries it without a murmur; till at length, exhausted by the loss of blood, he can support its weight no longer; another is deputed to bear it; and, in silent agony, the mysterious sufferer toils on his way to Calvary! What thoughts are labouring in the bosom, what feelings are struggling within the soul, what sorrows are pressing on the heart, of that most wondrous man, as he is hurried along his bloodstained path to the place of crucifixion! Whatever they may be, those around him heed them not; the people follow him with shouts of derision, with curses and imprecations; but still he is silent! At length, amidst the shouts of insult, he hears the voice of weeping, and he is silent no longer. Those lips, which no insults, no sorrows of his own could open, to pour forth one murmur of complaint, one expression of resentment—are opened at once to pour forth the tender expostulation of affectionate warning; and he turned to the weeping mourners who followed him, and said, “Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for Jerusalem, and for your children!”

At length they have arrived at the fatal spot: three crosses are erected—and there they crucify him, and with him two thieves; on either side one, and he was in the midst! Who? who was in the midst? They crucified him. Whom? who is it that hangs on that central cross? who is it that was thus crowned with thorns, and clothed with mockery; thus scourged and scoffed, thus buffeted and spit upon; rejected when a murderer was chosen, and crucified between two thieves, to mark that he was considered the vilest criminal of the three? Oh! how shall I give utterance to that mystery of mysteries! I am lost in wonder! I am overwhelmed with awe! how shall I speak it! how shall I tell, that that rejected, reviled, scorned, scoffed, scourged, crucified one was—God manifested in the flesh, the mighty God, the Lord God Almighty, the Supreme Maker and Monarch of heaven and earth, “Lord of Lords, and King of Kings, God over all, blessed for ever.” Oh! is it strange that the sun was afraid to look upon that sight? that the heavens were shrouded with darkness, when their Almighty Maker was expiring? or that the earth shook with convulsive terror, as if it trembled to support the cross, on which its adorable Creator hung? Yes, human reason, in its pride, may reject this stupendous mystery, and with it the salvation, which is inseparably linked with its belief; but so unequivocally explicit, so written, as it were, with sunbeams, in the Scriptures, are the testimonies to the essential Deity of Him, who died upon the cross for our redemption, that either this book is false—or falsehood—or else, who brows which wore the plated crown of thorns, are the brows which now wear, and shall for ever wear, the crown of everlasting sovereignty; and the hands, which held that reed of mockery, are the hands that sway the sceptre of creation; and the face, which was once buffeted and spit upon, is the face before which angels and archangels veil their faces, and in its smile of love find the heaven of heavens to consist. And He, who stood, as an arraigned malefactor, before the judgment seat of

Pilate, shall sit as universal judge, on a great white throne, and all the world shall stand before His judgment-seat; and He, who was lifted up on that cross of shame, whilst insulting blasphemers bowed the knee in mockery before Him, shall be lifted up on His throne of glory, whilst adoring Cherubim and Seraphim bow, in reverential awe, before that throne; and at his feet, nearest his throne, and nearest to his heart, His own redeemed people shall cast their blood-bought crowns, and cry, with a loud voice, saying, “Worthy, worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive honour, and glory, and blessing, and praise, and power for ever and ever! Halleluia! halleluia! Amen.”

To those who cordially believe this glorious truth, (the very sun and centre of the whole system of Christian doctrine, and Christian duties,) what a divine preacher of holiness, and promiser of blessings, does the cross become; what a divine foundation of confidence and comfort, and fountain of peace and joy! what divine materials and motives does it supply, for the deepest humility, and the most devoted love; the most fervent thankfulness, and the firmest trust; the profoundest penitence, and the loftiest praise! Look then, believer, at that cross, and learn what can be savingly learned only there! Learn the infinite hatefulness of sin, when thou seest whose blood must be poured out, to purchase its pardon, and expiate its guilt! Learn the deepest abhorrence of thine own sins, when thou seest whom they have pierced with agony, even unto death! Look there, and learn the infinite value of thy soul, when thou considerest who died for its ransom! who died for its redemption! and who considered by whose sufferings it has been accomplished, by whose death it is secured! And oh! look at that cross, long and steadfastly, till the sight fills thy soul with such deep, intense, absorbing gratitude to Him whose love is written there in His own blood, that henceforward thou wilt dread one sin, more than a thousand sorrows; and thine only fear will be a holy fear of offending or dishonouring, and thine only solicitude, an affectionate solicitude to please and glorify that sufferer of Calvary, the God of thy salvation.

But does the divinity of Jesus invest his cross with divine attractions alone? Does it not also invest it with appalling terrors? for, if Jesus be Jehovah, what must be the guilt of neglecting Him, despising his salvation, and trampling on his blood? The Jews made the experiment: what has been the result? “His blood be on us, and on our children!” It was a fearful imprecation, and it was fearfully answered—answered to them who uttered it, by such tribulation poured out upon them, as was never known upon earth, before or since. Answered by the appalling fact, recorded by an infidel historian, that after being scourged, and terribly tortured, (and this by command of a Roman Emperor, distinguished for his clemency,) such multitudes of this devoted people were crucified in the view, and near the walls, of the city of Jerusalem, that there was not room for the crosses to stand beside each other, and, at last, their conquerors had not wood enough, whereof to make as many as they wished. And, oh! when Calvary was seen, as soon after it was, all crowded and blackened with crosses, while from the agonized and expiring sufferers, the wild cry of torture arose from earth, before the throne of God, how would they then remember, and feel that God remembered, the hour when Pilate sought to release Jesus, but they cried, “crucify him! crucify him!” and, when Pilate washed, as he hoped, his hands of his blood, they raised the frightful imprecation, “His blood be on us and on our children!” And look at the history of the Jews, from the hour they lifted up that cry of imprecation to the present, and tell me, oh, tell me, does it not proclaim, in fearful language, in all the scenes and scoffings, the sorrows and sufferings, that have been heaped upon that guilty and devoted race, how that cry of blood has pursued them, for more than eighteen hundred years, and made them an astonishment, and a hissing, and a by-word, among the nations of the earth. And can we read their history, and not tremble for ourselves?

Ourselves, you will say, perhaps! Why! can we be guilty of the crime, which has drawn down such tremendous wrath upon the Jews? Can we have such an imprecation registered in heaven against our souls? Yes, brethren, we can! Oh! it is indeed an awful thought, that the very crime, which has called down such vengeance on the Jews, may, in the essence of its guilt, be committed by ourselves: and the very cry which has pursued them for nearly two thousand years, may this moment, with its fearful imprecation of wrath, be going up from many a soul in this congregation, uttering, in the ears of the Eternal Father, the dreadful words—“His blood be on us.” Do you doubt this, friends? Let us see! what was the crime of the Jews? The rejection of Christ. And do none of you reject Him? How? you will say, are we not baptized into his religion? do we not call ourselves by his name? do we not attend his ordinances? Are we not assembled to-day in His sanctuary to commemorate His death?—Is this all? May not all this be done, and yet Christ be rejected; as decidedly, and as ruinously rejected by us, as by the Jews? Does the Son of God claim no more from us than this outward homage, this external service? Let us not so deceive ourselves: hearken, and judge what I say, and may the Holy Spirit bring it with such convincing power to your hearts, that each of you, who have hitherto rejected the claims of the Son of God, may this day acknowledge yourselves to be verily guilty concerning this matter, and cast yourselves, in humble penitence, at the feet of His cross. By the sufferings He endured, by the sacrifice He offered, by the robe of righteousness He wrought, by the work of redemption He finished on Calvary; He claims to be entirely—exclusively confided in, as your Almighty, your all-sufficient Saviour—your complete and alone salvation—your only and everlasting hope. If this claim be refused, is not this to reject the Son of God? By all the humiliation to which He stooped, and all the insults to which He submitted; by all His tears and groans; by the crown of thorns, and the cross of shame; in a word, by all the sorrows of His life, and all the agonies of His death; He claims to be supremely and unceasingly loved; above father or mother, or brother, or sister, or wife, or children. If this claim

be refused, is not this to reject the Son of God? By all the manifestations of His power, as your Preserver, by all the blessings of His bounty, as your Benefactor, and by all the endearings of His love as your Redeemer, by all the tenderness of His mercy as the Son of Man, and all the terrors of His Majesty as the Son of God, He claims to be supremely and unreservedly honoured and obeyed; as your Lord, who has bought you with His blood, to whose service you are bound to consecrate all your talents, and all your time; as your God, whom you are to glorify, with your bodies and your spirits which are His! If this claim be refused, is not this (again I ask) to reject the Son of God?

And do none here thus reject Him? Do all here thus simply trust in His righteousness; thus supremely love His name; thus devoutly live to His glory? Yourselves, and the heart-searching God alone, infallibly know, if the righteousness of Christ be indeed the only trust, and the love of Christ the ruling principle, and the glory of Christ the paramount aim, of every individual now before me. But this I know, if any of you cannot with truth declare—it is thus with me, you are rejecting Christ; and to you I would address the language of affectionate warning, and say: Look at the Jews and tremble; for how is your guilt less, and why will your punishment be less, than theirs! But may I not press the parallel yet closer? Are there none of you, who, when we bring the Son of God before you, crowned with thorns, and wearing the purple robe, and say, “Behold your King!” do you virtually answer by your lives, “Away with him, away with him; we will not have this man to reign over us!” Again, when we call on you to abandon some evil lust, that like Barabbas, is a robber and a murderer, robbing you of eternal glory, murdering your immortal soul! do none of you, when you know you must choose between that vile lust and Christ, for you cannot keep them both, and we ask you which you will choose; do none of you, by refusing to part with your bosom sin, and thus preferring it to the Saviour, virtually answer, “not Jesus but Barabbas!” And when we tell you that by continuing in your sins, you are crucifying the Son of God afresh, and conjure you not thus to reject Him, and put Him to an open shame; do none of you, by continuing in your sins, answer to all our entreaties, “crucify Him, crucify Him!”

To be continued.

## THE TWO NATURES.

But how then shall he obtain peace of mind, if he must always retain a consciousness of this sin-seared heart? We answer, he must still further learn the art of extracting comfort and consolation from sound scriptural distinctions. Let him mark the difference between the “old” and “the new man” within him. Both live. The one, however, is a continual process of mortification; the other of vivification. He must cherish the life of the latter, and hasten the dying of the former. This is the condition, the work, the warfare, of every Christian on this side of the grave. Unless, therefore, he be able to distinguish the “old man and his deeds,” which is to be put off, from the “new man and his deeds,” which is to be put on, he must be often reduced to a state of spiritual perplexity, and perhaps of spiritual despair. But he need not. Let him cease to expect anything good from his old nature, and so “put it off,” and his perplexity will be at an end. Christ is the source of all within him that is good. In himself he is only an engrafted stock. Let the orchard teach. No man expects the golden fruit from the stock, but from the graft. The growth of the latter we cherish and protect, all the shoots of the former we destroy. The whole tree, then, is a twofold thing, a perfect picture of the Christian. Here is both an old nature and a new. In the former there is nothing good; we therefore describe it, and all that proceeds from it, as radically bad. Though the tree were laden with fruit, yet if the stock could speak, it would say, and say with truth, “In me resides nothing that is good.” Just so is it with the Christian. He separates himself from himself. He employs the life of the new nature to strive against the movements of the old. Overcome, however, at times by its ceaseless and obstinate attempts, he exclaims from the anguish of an inward conflict, that is almost tearing him asunder: “O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death?” (Rom. vii. 24, margin.) Here, then, is the only fountain of his peace and comfort, that while thus wretched, he can look away from himself to Christ, and thank God for such a Saviour. This he does with the greater eagerness and determination, because he feels compelled to declare, “I know that in me, (that is in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing,” ver. 18. Accordingly he never expects to derive any peace, or strength, or comfort, from the old nature; he never willingly allows it to exert itself; he denies his consent to its suggestions; he frowns with disapprobation upon all its movements; he mourns over every successful sally it may make from its prison; he wills not that it should ever think or speak within him; and is so set against this restless foe, that he repudiates its every doing, and says, “It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me,” ver. 17—20.

Here, then, is a remarkable and important distinction which the Christian learns to make. Yet while he makes it, he ought to be as conscious of the existence of the one nature as of the other. Remember, it is, “If I do that I would not.” There must be two wills, the one working against the other. If not—if we consent to the “deeds” of the old man, we must refrain altogether from this language of the apostle. There must be a desire, and an endeavour, we say not in what degree; but still there must be an honest, sincere, and continual, endeavour against sin, and a cordial desire after conformity to the law of God; otherwise we shall awfully deceive our souls, and be guilty of turning the doctrines of truth into licenses of sin. In this same scripture, the apostle states that he possessed also “a delight in the law of God after the inward man.” If then the lukewarm professor of religion comfort himself with a partial and perverted view of some of the verses of this remarkable chapter, overlooking others, he handles the word of God deceitfully, turns his grace into licentiousness, and ruins his own soul. The true Christian does not act after this manner. However weak and feeble may be the

buildings of the new nature within him, he cherishes them with care. He determines, with the help of God, to struggle against every sin that shall be found lurking in his breast. He resolves, in the strength of the Most High, that he will never cease to fight against the law of sin which is in his members. And while he is persuaded that the strife must continue till death separate the combatants, he is also assured that sin shall not have the dominion. Instead therefore of giving up the warfare in despair, at every fresh appearance of the old nature, at every renewed struggle with it he makes, he learns to be more active and vigorous, to rely more on the Strong for strength, and to keep a more watchful eye, that he may not lose the mastery, but retain every thought in subjection to the will of Christ.—Christ on the Cross, by the Rev. J. Stevenson.

## THE GERMAN PROTESTANT PRINCES, AND THE FEAST CORPUS CHRISTI: A. D. 1530.

The next day was the festival of Corpus Christi, and by a custom that had never as yet been infringed, all the princes and deputies present at the diet were expected to take part in the procession. What! would the Protestants refuse this act of courtesy at the very opening of a diet to which each one came in a conciliatory spirit? Have they not declared that the body and blood of Christ are really in the Host? Do they not boast of their opposition to Zwingli, and can they stand aloof, without being tainted with heresy? Now, if they share in the pomp that surrounds “the Lord’s body,” if they mingle with that crowd of clergy, glittering in luxury and swelling with pride, who carry about the God whom they have created; if they are present when the people bow down; will they not irrevocably compromise their faith? The machine is well prepared; its movements cannot fail; there is no more doubt! The craft of the Italians is about to triumph over the simplicity of these German bores!

Ferdinand therefore resumes, and making a weapon of the very refusal that he has just met with: “Since the Emperor,” said he, “cannot obtain from you the suspension of your assemblies, he begs at least that you will accompany him to-morrow, according to custom, in the procession of the Holy Sacrament. Do so, if not from regard to him, at least for the honour of Almighty God.” The princes were still more irritated and alarmed. “Christ,” said they, “did not institute his sacrament to be worshipped.” Charles perseveres in his demand, and the Protestants in their refusal. Upon this the Emperor declares that he cannot accept their excuse, that he will give them time for reflection, and that they must be prepared to reply early on the morrow.

They separated in the greatest agitation. The Prince-electoral, who had waited for his father in the first hall along with other lords, sought, at the moment the princes issued from the Emperor’s chamber, to read on their countenances what had taken place. Judging from the emotion depicted on their features that the struggle had been severe, he thought that his father was incurring the greatest danger, and accordingly, grasping him by the hand, he dragged him to the staircase of the palace, exclaiming in a fright, as if Charles’s satellites were already at his heels, “Come, come quickly!”

Charles, who had expected no such resistance, was in truth confounded, and the legate endeavoured to exasperate him still more. Agitated, filled with anger and vexation, and uttering the most terrible threats, the young Emperor paced hastily to and fro the halls of his palace; and unable to wait till the morrow for the answer, he sent in the middle of the night to demand the Elector’s final decision. “At present we require sleep,” replied the latter; “to-morrow we will let you know our determination.” As for the Landgrave, he could not rest any more than Charles. Scarcely had he returned home, when he sent his chancellor to the Nuremberg deputies, and had them awake to make them acquainted with what had taken place.

At the same time Charles’s demand was laid before the theologians, and Spalatin, taking the pen, drew up their opinion during the night. “The sacrament,” it bore, “was not instituted to be worshipped, as the Jews worshipped the brazen image. We are here to confess the truth, and not for the confirmation of abuses. Let us therefore stay away!” This opinion strengthened the evangelical princes in their determination; and the day of the 16th June began.

The Elector of Saxony, feeling indisposed during the night, commissioned his son to represent him; and at seven o’clock the princes and councillors repaired on horseback to the Emperor’s palace.

The Margrave of Brandenburg was their spokesman. “You know,” said he to Charles, “how, at the risk of our lives, my ancestors and myself have supported your august house. But, in the things of God, the commands of God himself oblige me to put aside all commandment of man. We are told that death awaits those who shall persevere in the sound doctrine. I am ready to suffer it.” He then presented the declaration of the Evangelical princes to the Emperor. “We will not countenance by our presence,” said they, “these impious human traditions, which are opposed to the Word of God. We declare, on the contrary, without hesitation, and with one accord, that we must expel them from the Church, lest those of its members that are still sound should be infected by this deadly poison.” “If you will not accompany his majesty for the love of God,” said Ferdinand, “do so at least for the love of the Emperor, and as vassals of the Empire. His Majesty commands you.” “An act of worship is in question,” replied the princes, “our conscience forbids it.” Then Ferdinand and Charles having conversed in a low tone: “His majesty desires to see,” said the king, “whether you will obey him or not.” At the same time the Emperor and his brother quitted the room; but the princes, instead of following him, as Charles had hoped, returned full of joy to their palaces.

The procession did not begin till noon. Immediately behind the canopy under which the Elector of Mentz carried the Host, came the Emperor alone, with a devout air, bearing a taper in his hand, his head bare and shorn like a priest’s, although the noon-day sun darted on him its most ardent rays.

By exposing himself to these fatigues, Charles desired to profess aloud his faith in what constitutes the essence of Roman-catholicism. In proportion as the spirit and the life had escaped from the primitive Churches, they had striven to replace them by forms, shows, and ceremonies. The essential cause of the Romish worship is found in that decline of charity and faith which catholic Christians of the first ages have often deplored; and the history of Rome is summed up in this expression of St. Paul, *Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.* But as the power was beginning to revive in the Church, the form began also to decline. Barely a hundred citizens of Augsburg had joined in the procession of the 16th June. It was no longer the pomp of former times; the Christian people had learned anew to love and to believe.

Charles, however, under an air of devotion, concealed a wounded heart. The legate was less able to command himself, and said aloud that this obstinacy of the princes would be the cause of great mischief to the Pope. When the procession was over (it had lasted an hour), Charles could no longer master his extreme irritation; and he had scarcely returned to his palace, when he declared that he would give the Protestant princes a safe-conduct, and that on the very next day these obstinate and rebellious men should quit Augsburg; the diet would then take such resolutions as were required for the safety of the Church and of the Empire. It was no doubt the legate who had given Charles this idea, whose execution would infallibly have led to a religious war. But some of the princes of the Roman party, desirous of preserving peace, succeeded, though not without difficulty, in getting the Emperor to withdraw his threatening order.—*D’Aubigne’s History of the Reformation, 4th volume.*

## THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

Account of it given by a Non-Episcopalian, the Rev. Robert Baird, in his work “Religion in America,” Published in 1844.

About that epoch (in 1792, at the first consecration of a Bishop on this side of the Atlantic) the Church may be said to have passed its apogee of depression, occasioned by the American revolution and its effects. Its subsequent history has been marked by an ever-increasing prosperity. I have not the means of knowing what was the precise number of its clergy in 1792, but I am sure that it cannot have exceeded 200, and its bishops were four. Just forty years later, in 1832, according to the Journal of the General Convention held in New York in October of that year, the number of the bishops had increased to fifteen, and that of the clergy to 853. Twelve years later still, in 1844, we find the number of bishops had augmented to twenty three, the clergy to 1176, while the churches probably exceed 1200.

Nor has the spiritual prosperity of this Church been less remarkable than its external. It possesses a degree of life and energy throughout all its extent, and an amount of vitality in its ministers and members, such as it never had in its colonial days. It is blessed with precious revivals, and flourishes like a tree planted by the rivers of water. And in no portion of the country does it possess more spiritual health than in the States of Virginia and Maryland, where, in the ante-revolutionary era, it was in a deplorable state as regards piety, both in its ministry and its laity. Happier days have dawned upon it in those States, and, indeed, everywhere else. Even while writing this chapter, I have received a letter from an excellent young Episcopal minister settled in a country-parish in the centre of Virginia, who informs me that the last winter and spring were seasons of remarkable blessing to the Episcopal Church in that State. He states that about 100 persons have been added to the Church at Norfolk; nearly as many to that of Petersburg; while at Richmond, so interesting was the state of things, that the rectors of the churches there (three or four in number) did not feel it to be their duty to leave their flocks in order to attend the Convention of the Diocese which had just taken place.

I have already spoken of the societies which have sprung up in the Episcopal Church for the promotion of domestic missions, Sunday Schools, the education of poor and pious young men for the ministry, and the publication of religious tracts and books. I have also taken some notice of the theological schools or seminaries connected with it, viz., one at New York, another in Fairfax County, Virginia, a few miles from Alexandria, in the District of Columbia, and a third at Gambier, Ohio, in connexion with Kenyon College. These institutions have already sent forth a large number of young men into the ministry, and some 140 or 150 are at this moment pursuing their theological studies at them, under the instruction of able professors.

The clergy of the Episcopal Church in America, like those of the Established Church in England, are divided into two classes, one called “high church” and the other “low.” Sometimes these parties are called “evangelical” and “non-evangelical,” but not with accuracy, for not a few of the high-churchmen, that is, men charged with carrying their preference for Episcopacy to an extravagant length, are entirely evangelical in their doctrines and preaching. But a part of these high-churchmen are not considered evangelical—not so much because of what they do preach, as because of what they do not preach. Their sermons are of too negative a character; an efficacy unknown to the Scriptures is ascribed to ceremonies and forms; neither are the sinner’s sin and danger as fully and earnestly set forth as they should be, nor is the glorious sufficiency of Christ unfolded, and salvation by faith alone fully and clearly presented. Their preaching, consequently, does not reach the hearts of their hearers as does that of their evangelical brethren, nor does it lead the members of their churches to renounce the “the world, its pomps and its vanities,” to as great an extent as it should do. Yet they are not to be classed with the fox-hunting, theatre-going, ball-frequenting, and card-playing clergy of some other countries. They are an infinitely better class of men and ministers.

I know not the comparative numbers of the evangelical clergy; but infer, from the statement of the Rev. Dr. Tyng, in his speech in London before the Church Missionary Society, in May 1842, that