

wrought the destruction were art and part in the errors of those whom they destroyed. They were not those who thought as we think. They were not those who, some years later, cast to the winds, to follow the usurped authority of Rome, the accretions of the dark ages, the devouring growth which had covered, in the most ignorant and unintelligent centuries, the faith once delivered to the saints. There are persons foolish enough to declare that the Church of England before the Reformation was a Roman Catholic Church. It never was. It was always the *Ecclesia Anglicana, Anglorum Ecclesia*. But if they will have it so, then it was the Roman Catholic Church who threw off the supremacy of the Pope in England, and it was men of Roman Catholic belief and practice who destroyed the monasteries and took the plunder. And it was the head of the Roman Catholic Church himself who guaranteed to one and another of them—as, for instance, to Sir William Petre—that they should not be disturbed in the possession of the property thus acquired. And it was a Roman Catholic Sovereign, Queen Mary, who passed the stringent Act against any one being disturbed in the possession of “the sites of the late monasteries and other the religious or ecclesiastical houses or places, and all the . . . manors . . . glebe lands, advowsons . . . of monasteries, abbeys . . . rectories, vicarages . . . churches, archbishoprics, bishoprics.”

Poor Richard Whiting! It was, so far as we can judge, a foul perversion of justice that sent him to die on the top of Glastonbury Tor, and scattered the jewels and the gold and the broad lands of the abbey. No Act of Parliament directly gave this great house into the hands of the king. The Act gave such of the greater houses as should surrender to the king, and such as should be forfeited. The abbots of Glastonbury and Reading would certainly not surrender, and therefore they must be found guilty of treason. The king's instrument, Thomas Cromwell, had them examined in the Tower, and he had left behind him his memoranda. There we read among business entries, “Item the abbott Redyng to be sent down to be tryed and executed at Redyng with his complycys. Item the abbott of Glaston to [be] tryed at Glaston and also executyd with his complycys.” When we ask, Of what faith was this king? we find the answer in an Act of Parliament of the same year, which condemned to death all who denied transubstantiation and other characteristic Romish doctrines and practices. So far as faith was concerned, it was a “Roman Catholic” king who struck the foul blow; it was a “Roman Catholic” Queen, in a fuller sense, who prevented the vast property from being restored to the Church, and we may fairly add, first,

that centuries before Henry VIII. monasteries had been suppressed by the help of the Pope, and to such an extent that when Henry came to the throne only 800 out of 1,205 were still in existence; and next, that no Roman country in the world takes such scrupulous care of the abbeys it destroyed as “Protestant” England does.

Recessional.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captain and the king depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Amen.

Invincible Ignorance.

Bishop Randolph in an address to the Council of Southern Virginia upon the Lambeth Conference says in reference to the Church of England: “Its bishops, priests, and deacons, are practically the creatures of the will of the State. Their livings are assigned and paid for by the State.” The first two statements are incorrect, palpably so as regards priests and deacons, and although the nomination by the Prime Minister might give some colour to the statement about the Bishops, still the practical working of the *conge d'elire* is to carry out the will of the Church. The discipline is not the discipline of the State, although in certain exceptional cases the secular arm enforces ecclesiastical judgments, as is the rule in every branch of the Catholic Church. The last statement is absolutely false, the endowments of the Church are in no sense State endowments. The greater part of such endowments have been the

gifts to God of pious benefactors both in pre and post reformation days; such as are not, in no case belong to the State, they are remnants of the Church's property left to her by the State, and belong to the latter, only in the sense that all the property of the robbed belongs to the thief.

We are accustomed to the “invincible ignorance” of our neighbours to the south upon matters connected with the Motherland, but that a Bishop should exhibit such a monumental want of knowledge upon matters that every schoolboy is acquainted with, is some what startling. It reminds one of the persistent misrepresentation that the Church had to submit to in the days of the Liberation Society. One expected it, however, from the Church's enemies; one did not expect to see the old, worn out slanderers resurrected, with a Bishop's imprimatur.—*Church Evangelist*, (Toronto.)

Little Tangles.

Once upon a time there was a great king, who employed his people to weave for him. The silk, and wool, and patterns were all given by the king, and he looked for diligent work-people. He was very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send to him and he would help them, and never to fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction. Among many men and women busy at their looms was one little child, whom the king did not think too young to work. Often alone at her work, cheerfully and patiently she labored. One day, when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures, the silks were tangled, and the weaving unlike the pattern, they gathered round the child and said: ‘Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties.’ ‘Then why do you not send to the king?’ said the little weaver; ‘he told us that we might do so.’ ‘So we do, night and morning.’ ‘Ah,’ said the child, ‘but I send *directly* I find I have a little tangle.’

In God's world, for those who are in earnest there is no failure. No work truly done, no word earnestly spoken, no sacrifice freely made was ever made in vain.—*F. W. Robertson*.